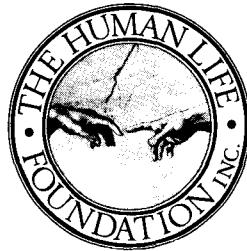


the HUMAN LIFE REVIEW



FALL 1998

Featured in this issue:

William Murchison on "The Bible Tells Us *No*"

Wesley J. Smith on . . . Dr. Death's Mouthpiece Mouths Off

John F. Matthews on When Charity Dries Up

Infanticide Chic II: Professor Singer Goes to Princeton

Maria McFadden • David S. Oderberg • George McKenna

Naomi Schaefer • Ellen Wilson Fielding • David van Gend

Read and Rachel Schuchardt on The Babycult

Mary Meehan on *The Road to Abortion (Part I):*

How Eugenics Birthed Population Control

Also in this issue:

Noemie Emery • The Hon. Henry J. Hyde • *The Weekly Standard*

Linda Chavez • Mona Charen • Kathryn Jean Lopez • Mary Kenny

Published by:

The Human Life Foundation, Inc.

New York, New York

ABOUT THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . this issue is largely dedicated to the unbelievable: in Michigan, Jack “Dr. Death” Kevorkian’s clever lawyer and disciple, Geoffrey Fieger, won the Democratic Party’s nomination for governor (see Wesley Smith, page 15); a “professor of infanticide and euthanasia,” Australia’s notorious Peter Singer, has been given a permanent academic chair at prestigious Princeton University (see the special section beginning on page 30)—such bizarre happenings are of course nothing compared to the unthinkable things happening in Washington, where a President of the United States who is (as we write) in grave danger of impeachment continues to sustain his veto of a ban on “partial birth” abortions that prominent members of his own party call infanticide (for a fascinating view of “Clintonism,” see Noemie Emery on page 90).

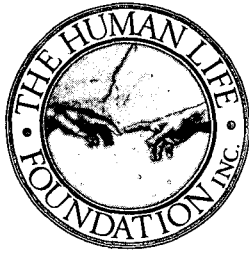
We thank the Honorable Henry J. Hyde of Illinois, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, whose impassioned and eloquent speech in support of the ban on partial-birth abortion is reprinted on page 95. Mr. Hyde is a long-time friend of this journal, and (as everybody knows) a tireless advocate for the unborn.

Contributing Editor William Murchison, whose “The Bible Tells Us *No*” leads our issue (page 7), has a new book out, *There’s More to Life Than Politics*, from Spence Publishing, Dallas, Texas. And Wesley Smith, author of *Forced Exit: The Slippery Slope From Assisted Suicide to Legalized Murder* (Times Books/Random House) has recently published an article on Peter Singer in *Heterodoxy*, the magazine of the Center for the Study of Popular Culture in Los Angeles.

Babycult (page 68) was reprinted from *re:generation quarterly*, a magazine on “faith and culture for a new generation”: it can be contacted at P.O. Box 3000, Denville, NJ, 07834 (for subscription information, call 1-800-783-4903). We thank *The Weekly Standard* for permission to reprint both Noemie Emery’s article on “Clintonism” and their own editorial (page 99); you may contact them at 1150 17th Street, Suite 505, Washington, DC 20036. And we thank our friends at *National Review* for allowing us to reprint Kathryn Jean Lopez’ article “Egg Heads” (page 106). *NR* is located at 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10016.

Finally, we’d like to once again thank Nick Downes for his wonderful cartoons. This issue completes 24 years of publishing—we will see you in ’99!

MARIA MCFADDEN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR



the HUMAN LIFE REVIEW

Fall 1998

Vol. XXIV, No. 4

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Published by THE HUMAN LIFE FOUNDATION, Inc. Editorial Office, 215 Lexington Avenue, 4th Floor, New York, N.Y. 10016. The editors will consider all manuscripts submitted, but assume no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and subscription inquiries, and requests for reprint permission, should be sent directly to the editorial office. Subscription price: \$20 per year; Canada and foreign \$25 (U.S. currency).

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INTRODUCTION

JUST BACK FROM ENGLAND, our intrepid colleague William Murchison somehow managed to convey breathlessness in his fax: What did we want him to do? He knew he was already late with his promised article, but covering the Lambeth Conference of Bishops representing the “worldwide Anglican Communion” in Canterbury had proved to be a bigger story than he’d imagined, he had to write about *that* too, while it was fresh. Could we give him something *specific* to write about to concentrate his attention? He’d get right on it.

We were delighted to hear it all: “Write away,” we answered back, “and right away on Lambeth!” Our readers would certainly enjoy a first-hand report of what may well have been an historic turning point in the course of “Western morality”? True, the decisive wedge in the Lambeth Palace debates was homosexuality, not “our” abortion issue, but “Gay Rights” have become an integral part of the moral revolution that includes the “right” to kill preborn humans; defeat for the grotesquely-misnamed “Gays” at Lambeth was a counter-revolutionary victory for our side. We couldn’t resist suggesting a title (“The Lambeth Squawk”), the enthusiasm was catching. (Alas, our youthful readers may not know that The Lambeth Walk was a famous ballroom dance craze in 1930’s England.)

And it *is* a good story, perfectly suited for Murchison’s verbal *gusto*, so you are in for a treat. You need not be an Anglican to enjoy it: the brimming-with-irony plot is that—when the British Empire dominated the Third World—the Church of England was a “world religion” that sent true-believing missionaries to convert the “natives” in Africa and Asia, which they did so well that their fruits (personified by hundreds of “non-white” Bishops at Canterbury) have come back to reject the . . . er, fruits of the “Modernism” that has withered *white* Anglicanism.

But enough: we’re enthusiastic because of course we’ve already read Murchison’s spanking good story, now it’s your turn to savor it all. And the title we actually used (“The Bible Tells Us *No*”) is more than a pun: those diligent missionaries “sold” the Good Book, which does indeed condemn homosexual *practice* as an “abomination”—their converts merely voted for that Old Time Religion.

Alas, Mr. Murchison’s class act is a hard one to follow; however, we’ve managed to provide another strong dose of irony, albeit *sans* the fun. Mr. Wesley Smith, Esquire, writes about another “current event” that by no means got the attention it deserved from our Major Media (but then what *did* during Monica Mania?). What happened was, Geoffrey Fieger, whose sole claim to “fame” is that he is Jack “Dr. Death” Kevorkian’s lawyer, actually won the Democratic gubernatorial primary in Michigan earlier this year. By the time you read this (we write well before the

November 3 election) we *trust* you will know that the abominable Mr. Fieger was roundly rejected by a great majority of Michigan's voters. But even a landslide defeat cannot wipe out the shame of his running at *all* without being publicly repudiated by both state and national Democratic leaders which (at this writing) has emphatically *not* happened.

Well now: if Fieger's "success" outrages you, our next offering should be just the antidote: our old friend John Matthews, erstwhile distinguished academic at Brandeis over here, is stewing away his retirement in Jolly Old England which, enjoyable as it is (he says he loves it there), cannot calm his anger and frustration at the demise of the Good Society—the ideal he tried to teach his students to pursue. This one *is* about "our" abortion issue, although as usual Mr. Matthews ranges far and wide over the moral landscape (*bravo*).

Next we interrupt ourselves for another of our "mini" symposiums, which are becoming a regular feature here. Normally symposiums are a kind of *ad hoc* debate, often merely transcribed from a "live" performance. But that format too often includes much tedious talk and/or repetition which invites the reader to give up. On the other hand, it is also difficult to get a single article to cover a complicated issue that ought to be viewed from more than one perspective. So we hit on the idea of providing our unique editorial mix: important pieces published elsewhere, interwoven with relevant fresh stuff we went out and got ourselves.

Also as usual, the special section has its own brief introduction (see page 30), which explains the title "Infanticide *Chic* II"—it is indeed a kind of sequel to our previous one (*Winter '98*) on Professor Steven Pinker's "peculiar" arguments justifying infanticide. In this one the Leading Man is Professor Peter Singer, an Australian who has gained considerable notoriety with his book *Animal Rights*—not for rats, of course, but a smart pig is in Singer's view worth more than an unwanted human, etc.—up to now he has been far better known back home and in Europe (where groups of "handicapped" people regularly protest his lectures) than over here, but that could change abruptly. As you will see, Singer has accepted the offer of a permanent chair in bioethics at once-Presbyterian Princeton University; beginning next July he will be lecturing at its prestigious University Center for Human Values, never mind that Singer is (as the *Wall Street Journal* put it) "a man who propagates a philosophy explicitly at odds with the civilization Princeton was founded to embody—and defend" (*amen*).

If Princeton should know better, so should Singer? A Jew who says he had relatives consumed in Hitler's Holocaust, Singer claims to see no connection whatever between his lethal proposals and the Nazis' extermination of *lebensunwerten Lebens* ("lives unworthy of life")—others *do* make the connection, for instance several members of Germany's parliament who have publicly compared Mr. Singer to Hitler's Deputy-for-Evil Martin Bormann.

You will note that Messrs. Oderberg and van Gend are fellow Australians, both well acquainted with Singer's career; they provide a "background check" that even

Princeton ought to find interesting! Then, as always, Professor George McKenna adds a provocative view: he hopes the appointment of a Professor of Infanticide to an elite university will send “a wake-up call” to academia that Singer is a breach too far beyond the acceptable.

And Ellen Wilson Fielding points out an “in-house” interest: in our last (*Summer*) issue we ran the sad story of Marilyn Hogben (“What Size Is an Embryo’s Soul?”), also an Australian, who agonized over the “final disposition” of her five “left-over” frozen embryos; she would have to “use” them, or order their destruction. Despite terrible pangs of conscience—the embryos were, after all, “potential” siblings of the daughter (and only child) she has, she had nightmares of willing five *abortions*—Ms. Hogben gave the order. Whose “advice” was decisive? Well, she had heard a professor discussing the issue on the radio; she e-mailed him asking for advice and, while she does not tell us exactly what his sage counsel was, we know what she did. The ready-to-help professor was (Who else?) Peter Singer.

Back to our regular articles; we have another good example of our “unique editorial mix” mentioned above, which in turn is a good example of the Law of Unintended Consequences—let us explain. Way back in 1974 when we were planning to launch our journal (this issue completes our *24th* year of uninterrupted publication), we simply assumed that we’d never find enough “fresh” material on our “Life Issues” to fill a big quarterly: What to do? Our answer was to search out good stuff already published elsewhere; after all, our issues—abortion *et al.*—were peripheral at best to most other journals, whereas we were putting together a “permanent record” of the Great Abortion War.

As it happened, we were quite wrong to fear too little original stuff: we’ve never been able to publish all we’ve got; we were quite *right* to think readers would enjoy the “mix” we’ve been presenting ever since—even if they *have* seen some of it before, it’s useful to have it all wrapped up in one package? But in fact much of what we reprint is from “little” mags most readers never see (it’s our *job* to find them for you); that is true of the most unusual piece by Read and Rachel Schuchardt, which first ran in a nicely-produced little quarterly titled *re:generation*.

You may well find their article not only informative but also charming, never mind that they begin with the ghastly facts about the New Jersey Prom Girl who delivered her baby in the Ladies Room, tossed it in the trash, and went back to dance some more; contrasted with the quiet young mother who *welcomed* septuplets, it illustrates, say R&R, the “culture of ambivalence” we now have about children. From there, they take you through the current scene as it looks to *them*, self-described as a young couple who just fell in love, married, and soon had three kids—you know, just like people in love *used* to do.

Our final article is most certainly an important addition to our “permanent record”—it’s a story that *should* have been recorded long since, but the sad truth is that there are not many investigative journalists who are *also* anti-abortion. Author Mary Meehan is an exception. You will see (at the bottom of page 76) that we

describe her in a single line; true, we try to keep our “Bio” sketches short (and they are *ours*—if authors wrote them they might be much longer?), with just enough information to establish the writer’s expertise. But in Mary Meehan’s case, we could have justly used half a page; she is not only a veteran journalist but also a reporter of the Old School type—a vanishing breed. Time was when a “newspaperman” (alas, Mary might prefer “person”—she has feminist failings!) took great pride in getting the *whole* story, digging it all out was their craft, objectivity an honest goal, reporting what you *found* a matter of honor.

That’s the kind of reporting you get in Meehan’s in-depth account of how we’ve got to the point where it’s “progressive”—not to mention “politically correct”—for some people to advocate and *fund* the elimination of other people, for the crime of being . . . well, among the “lesser breeds” that superior people must deplore. In *practice* things can get out of hand, as in the current brutal “population policy” in Red China. But such horrors are merely aberrations of *theory*: there is a long and too-little-known history of the *ideas* that produce such consequences, which is what Meehan traces for you. We hope you will settle down and read it (it’s history you *should* know), and that it will whet your appetite for more—which you will get in our *next* issue—Miss Meehan has done her job so thoroughly that you get only Part I here (the second half is as good or better, we’ve read it all of course).

* * * * *

Our appendices this time are fewer than usual, but *as* usual all relate in various ways to our articles, even Noemie Emery (*Appendix A*), who writes mainly about what *everybody* is writing about, i.e., “Sexgate” and what she calls “The Clinton Legacy,” which of course includes our present (as we write) President’s remarkable consistency in support of totally *unrestricted* abortion, up to and including “partial birth” infanticide. As Emery puts it, “Clinton proclaims he will carefully monitor [tobacco] ads . . . because parents ‘have a right to know’ who is luring their children into smoking” but *not* to know “if their children are supplied with abortions” or even “transported for abortions out of state.”

In *Appendix B* you get the text of another eloquent oration by the Honorable Henry J. Hyde of Illinois—who himself connects the same two controversies, “Sexgate” because he chairs the committee in charge, and abortion because he’s the *sans peer* anti-abortionist in the U.S. House, where he delivered this floor speech in support of (What else?) the “partial birth” abortion ban.

Next is an editorial commentary from *The Weekly Standard* (*Appendix C*), which many think has already up-staged *The New Republic* as the hottest Washington-based political magazine. The issue, again, is the outrageous notion that parents have no right to know what is done to their daughters—even when it involves rape and *de facto* kidnapping—so long as the “issue” is abortion, *re* which “ordinary rules” no longer apply. Concludes *The Standard*: “There is now one reason, above all others” why the U.S. has “the Western world’s most extreme and destructive

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abortion regime” and “That reason’s name is William Jefferson Clinton.”

The next two items complement each other; both begin with another abortion horror, the New Jersey Teen Sweethearts who achieved infamy by hurling their born-alive “ex-fetus” son across the alley into a motel trash bin. In *Appendix D*, Columnist Linda Chavez wonders why so brutal a murder produced *sympathy* from prosecutors—the two “kids” got off with minimal sentences —her answer is that we are well on the way to accepting “neonaticide”—the right to kill unwanted newborns. In *Appendix E*, Columnist Mona Charen also marvels at the kid-glove treatment given the guilty-as-Hell “parents” and the grotesque irony that their “punishment” is to include 300 hours of “community service” and *that* will include “counseling teenagers on parenthood”! Charen comments “That’s what we need—child killers lecturing on what it means to be a parent!”

We move on to a different issue—or is it? Prostitution is called “the oldest profession” (journalism has been called the *second* oldest!) and without doubt Ladies of the Night have, like the Poor, always been with us. As a rule, the “pay and benefits” are ruinous, but now Modern Science has provided opportunities undreamed of on the streets. As Kathryn Jean Lopez puts it (*Appendix F*), “Young women in need of cash are increasingly deciding to sell their bodies”—not for an hour, but for an *egg*—they can get up to \$5,000 as “donors” for infertile couples—it’s the Brave New World as a growth industry!

We conclude with a piece we first ran some years back (*Winter ’95*) by our roving European editor Mary Kenny; *then* it seemed like news—a distinguished “Freudian analyst” claiming that our culture, far from progressing *re* sex, is “regressing towards the ‘instant gratification’ of the infantile”! We’d forgot about the piece, but recent events caused a Washington reader (she *had* remembered it) to call and ask for a copy. We obliged and, curious, re-read it ourselves. Not far into it we read that one manifestation of “infantile regression” was “the prevalence of denial of reality”—that did it, we obviously had something far more relevant *now* than when we first ran it. So we reprint it (*Appendix G*) for your edification, including the cartoon (by the peerless Nick Downes) we thought very funny then. We never dreamed that it was in fact a visual prophecy of what has come to pass, which is *not* funny at all.

There you have it, another issue chock full of good stuff you just can’t find elsewhere, plus things you wouldn’t want to miss—it *is* a unique mix, which we hope to go on providing while we can—some of it may be *grim* stuff, but be sure it’s fun putting it all together for you—we hope to do as well next time.

J. P. McFADDEN
EDITOR

The Lambeth Squawk:

“The Bible Tells Us No”

William Murchison

Among the readers of this distinguished journal, I strongly suspect, only the tiniest percentage is Anglican. Well, meet a member of that exiguous percentage: me. As an Episcopalian, I belong to a worldwide communion—to give it a fancy name—that embraces an estimated 70 million members, centered in English-speaking or British-influenced countries.

An admission of this kind is enough, almost, to prompt someone eavesdropping in the next room to fumble for the telephone: “Hello, 911? Got a crazy here. Says he’s an Episcopalian. Better send somebody to get him. Wouldn’t want anybody here to get hurt.”

Are we not a wild and wacko bunch, we Anglicans, with our taste for bad publicity: bishops who boldly declare the old morality specious and outdated, or who write books saying the Scriptures just won’t cut it in this modern world; priests who perform gay (current sense of the word) weddings and incorporate clowns, dancers, and elephants into their services; a church weak in Gospel outreach, which nevertheless talks as though the whole country awaited its latest Nice Thought on . . . whatever.

What is the relevance, in other words, of our bunch to the aims and purposes of a journal committed to the defense of human life? I raise this rhetorical question as I prepare to address the matter of the 13th Lambeth Conference of Anglican bishops, held last July and August in historic Canterbury.

Did we, at this seemingly interminable three-week meeting, so much as take up the question of human life? (I was at Lambeth for a time, as a reporter; thus I make bold to say “we.”) We did, a little bit. Abortion, a matter most Anglicans tend to sidestep delicately, never hove into view—or if it did, in some obscure speech by some equally obscure Lord Bishop, no one subsequently mentioned the fact.

The topic of euthanasia did come up in one general session. The bishops, hearteningly, treated it as a serious topic meriting serious interest. They passed

William Murchison, our contributing editor, is a nationally-syndicated columnist at the *Dallas Morning News* and a popular speaker on a wide range of current religious and cultural issues. He also edits the Episcopal magazine, *Foundations*, and it was in this capacity that Mr. Murchison attended the 13th Lambeth Conference of Anglican bishops in Canterbury, England last summer.

a resolution declaring euthanasia incompatible with Christianity. This condemnation, they said, did not extend to the point troubling many conscientious Christians—"excessive medical treatment and intervention." The bishops declared that "withholding, withdrawing, declining, or terminating" the aforesaid "may be consonant with Christian faith." "May"—a good, circumspect Anglican word; like "consonant," come to think of it. On this critical matter, in any event, world Anglicanism came down far to the right of the State of Oregon. That must be accounted a matter of some consequence and astonishment.

There was more to Lambeth than this, though, from a human life perspective; and what there was, was more encouraging, frankly, than could have been foretold. A short prolegomenon; if you please.

Human life questions are, at bottom, who's-in-charge-here questions. If God is in charge—*really* in charge, I mean—questions concerning the value of life receive one kind of answer, a highly deferential one. If on the other hand, individual humans generally make the call, quite a different viewpoint emerges: a Dr. Kevorkian, Betty Friedan kind of viewpoint. Thus it matters profoundly what men and women think of God, and of His authority.

The authority-of-God question is one that used to set many Anglicans coughing politely behind their hands. The Reformation-era Articles of Religion, and the Book of Common Prayer, made small enough room for human presumption. A typical collect from the prayer book is this one, for the Fifteenth Sunday After Trinity: "Keep, we beseech thee, O Lord, thy Church with thy perpetual mercy: and, because the frailty of man without thee cannot but fall, keep us ever by thy help from all things hurtful, and lead us to all things profitable to our salvation . . ." From the old Catechism came this answer to a question concerning the Christian's duty toward God: "My duty towards God is to believe in him, to fear him, and to love him with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, and with all my strength . . ." Little room in all this for the entry of Pride!

So what happened? Modernity happened to Anglicanism, as it happened to virtually all other Christian bodies: the vaunting of human purposes, the explainings-away of biblical passages that seemed (but no more than seemed, if you looked closer!) to constrict human behavior in un-modern ways. Anglicanism, without a Pope or College of Cardinals, with an Archbishop of Canterbury empowered only as spiritual symbol and "pastor to the pastors," lacked defenses against the onslaught.

Anglicans adapted generously to the modern way of thinking. New insights about human liberty and intellectual exploration barged into the church. The prayer book was tamed and watered down. Anglican sheep derived from

Anglican shepherds the assurance that we were engaged in a long-necessary updating of a church increasingly irrelevant to its age. By the onset of the eighties, there *might* have been things no Anglican could believe, and still remain Anglican, but what these things were nobody could say with exactitude.

Earlier this year, Bishop John S. Spong of Newark, N.J., published a book that faulted or derided every major Christian doctrine, including the Virgin Birth and the Ascension of Christ. He asserted that science had overthrown most or all of the old suppositions about God, starting with the “three-story universe” of Heaven, earth, and Hell. According to his book title, Christianity had to “change or die.” Cries of outrage from the orthodox remnant resounded loudly, but the objectors knew they had no recourse beyond denunciation. Today’s Episcopal Church was not going to discipline or demote any Episcopalian, unless perhaps for “homophobia” or owning tobacco shares.

Thus the Episcopal Church, Anglicanism’s American offshoot. Significantly there is far more to modern Anglicanism than the Episcopalian Church, or for that matter the equivalent bodies in England, Scotland, Canada, South Africa, and so on. The largest Anglican component in the late 20th century is in what was called the Third World, back when the first two worlds comprised the United States and the Soviet empire. In Asia and Africa, Anglicanism enjoys a vitality that the poor wattled, liver-spotted Episcopal Church—down in membership to 2.4 million from 3.6 million in the mid-’60s—has no early prospect of recovering.

In Asia and Africa, conversions are the order of the day. New parishes spring up with regularity; dioceses, to keep up with growth in demand, divide, then sub-divide. Not all liberals are charmed by this development. In a pre-Lambeth interview, Bishop Jack Spong looked down his episcopal nose at Africans, imputing to them a superstitious ignorance of scientific developments in the West. Didn’t they know, poor fellows, we no longer live in a “three-story” universe?

Such a swipe, coming from a conservative, would have earned the perpetrator a tar-and-feather party at best. Liberal Westerners tut-tutted over Spong’s tactlessness but placed never a protesting phone call to Jesse Jackson.

The new Christians (not to mention the old ones) of Africa and Asia were insulted, to be sure, but managed to turn the other cheek. What were Spong’s scientific speculations, themselves a little musty, against the historic faith of the church? Three-story universe? Who’s counting? And why the “scientific” quibbling? Is it that the Bible—the same blessed book brought by the Europeans, so full of Good News—has become untrustworthy? The church’s moral traditions no longer deserve the old-time respect? The Christians of

the south are at a loss to understand how their northern brethren can accord the wisdom of the world the same stature, more or less, that they accord the pronouncements of the Lord God Almighty.

Plenty of northern Anglicans wonder, too. It is merely that, outnumbered and outvoted ecclesiastically by proponents of the new dispensation, they have drawn deeper and deeper into themselves. What they have lacked are allies. At the 13th Lambeth Conference, allies they found. The northern traditionalists and the joyful southerners joined together at Lambeth to stand the Anglican Communion on its head. It may never swagger again in the same self-sufficient, thank-you-my-good-man way.

The Episcopal Church itself, reporting on the event through its news service, acknowledged that “When the conference adjourned after three weeks, it was clear that the center of gravity of Anglicanism had shifted to the church in the developing world—and that the bishops, especially those from Africa and Asia, had some sobering messages for their brothers and sisters on controversial issues such as human sexuality.”

What did happen, exactly? Exactly what “revisionist” bishops (as Episcopal “conservatives” sometimes call “liberals”) had successfully suppressed in the recent past: the forcible assertion, by southern bishops, of the church’s historic beliefs both as to theology and morality.

Prior to Lambeth, the media had predicted that sex, especially homosexuality, would command more attention than any other issue. This proved true. With white bishops focused increasingly on giving sanction to homosexuality and gay rights, black and brown bishops focused on reasserting the scriptural standard—heterosexual monogamy. Pleas were entered in behalf of homosexuals seeking ordination to the priesthood or the blessing, by the church, of their same-sex unions. Insistently the Asians and Africans countered: Scripture doesn’t allow such arrangements. Not: you *shouldn’t* do such things. Rather: you *can’t*, and that’s all there is to it.

At a preliminary meeting on gay rights, the Asians and Africans showed their hand in a fashion that terrified the other side. An English gay-rights group had been invited by the conference sponsors to present its viewpoints. The southerners were aghast. There was but one viewpoint, so far as Christians were concerned; homosexuality was its polar opposite. A vote was taken, and the gay righters were disinvented from their missionary endeavor.

On another occasion, an African bishop got directly in the face of an ordained gay-rights activist. “Repent, repent!” cried the bishop, laying his hand on the man’s shoulder. The man’s vast bewilderment was written on his face. No English or American bishop had ever talked to him thus! What was going on here?

Subsequently a resolution wrestling with the question of homosexuality, and its alleged propriety in a Christian context, bubbled up from the same sub-group that had barred the door to the gay-rights group. The Asians and Africans looked over the resolution, wrinkled their noses. Too mild, too inclusive. The resolution was duly strengthened. Then it passed—526 to 70, with 45 abstentions. And—what was more—with the Archbishop of Canterbury urging a yea vote.

The resolution endorses as the Christian viewpoint “faithfulness in marriage between a man and a woman in lifelong union,” with abstinence enjoined upon “those who are not called to marriage.” The bishops said they reject homosexual practice as “incompatible with Scripture” but recognize “all baptized, believing, and faithful persons, regardless of sexual orientation,” as “full members of the Body of Christ.”

The Episcopal Church would throw such a resolution directly out the window (though a significant minority of U.S. bishops voted enthusiastically for it). Lambeth forthrightly called the Anglican Communion’s attention to what Christians of all sorts are supposed to stand for in the sexual realm.

Proponents of gay rights were flabbergasted. The head of the Scottish church pitched what is widely known as a conniption fit, from which he had barely recovered when he, and others, began broadcasting their view that the Africans’ votes had been bought by unnamed rich Americans. The smell of “fascism” was in the air, the bishop asserted. Various liberal bishops returned to the United States pointing out informatively to their distracted flocks that Lambeth resolutions are after all just that—resolutions—lacking authority; and that this one might just happen to get lost in the shuffle back home.

A resolution of any kind, endorsing what Scripture says is right and Christian, would have attracted hardly any notice a few decades ago. However, in the Episcopal Church, as in much of Western Anglicanism, gay rights is what people talk about the most. This made the issue *the* issue at Lambeth. The “revisionists,” for all their appeals to the non-binding character of the statement, were duly rocked. If they could not carry the day on this one, on which one could they?

On one small but relatively important one, as it turned out. American traditionalists who hope for the creation of a separate Anglican province in North America—one whose members can say of Jack Spong, “Oh, we’ve got nothing to do with *him*; that’s the other bunch”—failed to prevent passage of a resolution on diocesan boundaries. The resolution frowns on a plan cherished by traditionalists—to send their own bishops into liberal territory, never asking permission, in the name of the Gospel.

With Asian and African help, the conservatives won another key vote, nonetheless: a resolution disapproving of coercion against diocesan bishops—just four are left in the Episcopal Church—who bar ordained women from ministry. The church's General Convention made a great show in 1997 of ordering dissenters on women's ordination to get with the program or get out. Athwart this effort now lies the Lambeth resolution.

The precise form that Anglican ecclesiology may assume in the 21st century is of less interest to this journal's non-Anglican readers than some account of what Lambeth may mean for the defense of life. Here is that account. As I said at the beginning, the life question is an authority question: Who's in charge here? Who makes the decisions?

Why, God does; life-affirmers are wont to say. The ultimate decisions anyway. The decisions to conceive or not, to end an "excessive" treatment—these decisions human beings may implement but only with a glance heavenward (pardon me, Bishop Spong) for direction. A society as attentive to its Christianity as to the stock market or the J. Peterman catalog would never think of countenancing abortion or "assisted suicide." The decline of Christian orthodoxy is wholly responsible for the light regard in which life, the creation of God the Holy Spirit, is held.

To take orthodoxy seriously, and the scriptures that informed the historic understanding of God, is to take life seriously. The two persuasions are inseparable. Thus, anything that weakens orthodoxy weakens commitment to life; anything that strengthens orthodoxy undermines selfishness and laxity in the exercise of God's gifts to humanity.

The 13th Lambeth Conference has strengthened orthodox religious belief and commitment; it has strengthened, by that token, solicitude for life. The euthanasia resolution is the tip, if a bracing one, of the iceberg. The gay rights resolution, in its way, strengthens understanding of God as the ultimate and only rightful arbiter of human affairs, human destinies. Underlying the push for gay rights is the same apprehension of the human condition that underlies the push for abortion: the apprehension that "It's *my* life!" If so, of course, I can live it any way I like. Or not live it at all. It depends.

According to historic Christianity, dependence is on God, and on Him alone. A God who can create beings out of dust, ribs, and the like is seemingly entitled to specify, through his Prophets and Apostles, the arrangements He likes best for the living of life. If not, why did He start this whole business? The arrangement He has commended consistently, and to which the Church has acquiesced faithfully, is heterosexual marriage.

On this prescription, much of the Church has developed weak knees since the 1970s. The official rationale, when one is offered (Bishop Spong has

offered it many times), is that the more we learn, the more we know. In our post-Copernican universe we know things that ignorant past generations never suspected. One of those things is the total, unequivocal suitability of the homosexual and lesbian relationship. Except that the pre-Copernicans who dominated the 13th Lambeth Conference seemed not to know this at all. God had not told *them!* Was it possible he was talking only to Bishop Spong and his friends? Possible, but not likely.

So two things in this respect come out of Lambeth. First, the powerful affirmation that God the Holy Spirit remains as connected as ever to the original plan for life: one man, one woman, one lifetime; the family as incubator and nurturer of life; life, virtuous life, as an act of praise to God, a form of worship, directed upwardly instead of inwardly, with duty and joy as the motives rather than gratification; life, last of all, as a glorious and wonderful gift, to be cherished and protected, not discarded. The Evangelicals like to say, "God didn't make trash." This would seem, under the circumstances, a direct and forceful way of putting it.

The second thing that comes out of Lambeth is a new sense of the oneness of created life—a particular kind of oneness we don't often notice in modern society. It is oneness that spans racial boundaries and borders in the name of a far higher good than racial "purity" or pride. That good is service to God.

Growing up in the segregated South, I never thought to see black and white Christians embracing. At Lambeth they did just that. The embraces were hearty and sincere. The Lord of life had not precisely wiped away the divisions of race; rather, he had rendered those divisions silly and embarrassing. What mattered less than the flesh was the spirit. This was abundant.

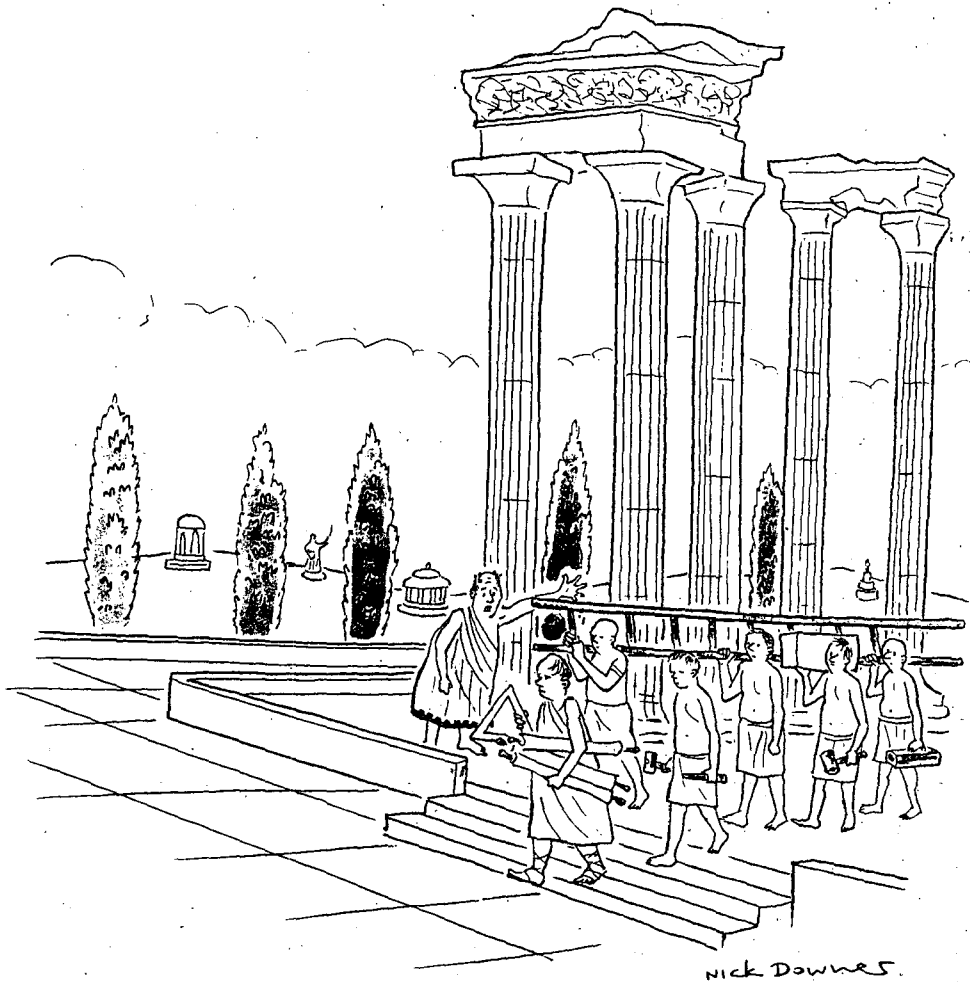
The Lambeth alliance between black, brown, and white Christians—all of similar if not identical viewpoint, theologically speaking—was no marriage of convenience. The participants, if my eyes do not deceive me, recognize in each other natural friends and collaborators. Friends stay in touch, make common cause when called on to do so. The theological disarray of late 20th century Anglicanism produced an alliance that might not have been forged otherwise but that, to the allies, is infinitely sweet. If Anglicanism can be spared from its present instinct to dismantle so much that once made it attractive, the whites, browns, and blacks will save it together, in tandem.

There is much excited talk—I have heard it both here and at Lambeth—about the reconversion of Europe and America . . . by Africa and Asia. I did not hear this talk from Africans; I heard it from Americans—wishful, wistful talk that may prove more than idle chatter before all is said and done. One independent Anglican parish in Arkansas—where so much seems to happen

WILLIAM MURCHISON

these days!—has lately placed itself under the spiritual oversight of a bishop from Rwanda, in Central Africa. A prominent American Episcopal church-planter has placed himself, and his gifts, under the jurisdiction of the archbishop of Singapore. More of this sort of thing is to come, sooner probably rather than later.

This is for a logical reason. Front and center, among Anglicans, the Who's-in-Charge question has moved. Firmly in charge, according to American traditionalists, the bishops of Asia and Africa, and the orthodox remnant throughout Anglicanism, is God Himself. In charge of the Church Catholic. In charge of all things bright and beautiful, all creatures great and small. The rightful Owner comes home. There will be no evicting Him now.



“FINISHED? WHAT DO YOU MEAN IT’S FINISHED?”

Dr. Death's Mouthpiece Mouths Off

Wesley J. Smith

We haven't heard lately about Jack "Dr. Death" Kevorkian helping to kill anyone. As of this writing, it has been several months, longer than he usually goes between "terminations." The unemployed and medically unlicensed pathologist, who has helped end the lives of over 100 people since 1990, has not had a change of heart: he continues to proclaim that assisted suicide is right and proper. Nor has he been cowed into submission by Michigan's newly-passed statute prohibiting assisted suicide and punishing it as a felony—he has arrogantly defied previous bans and has promised to disobey this new one.

Why, then, would Kevorkian, whose ghoulish "crusade" was gaining speed as recently as last spring, suddenly stop alive in his tracks? The most likely answer is that his *consigliere* and minister of propaganda, Geoffrey Fieger, asked him to cease and desist while *he* runs for governor of Michigan.

It's not that Fieger's bid for public office has led to a sudden attack of conscience. On the contrary, he still represents Kevorkian, as he has since 1991. In fact, during the last eight years, Fieger has triumphed over traditional morality and the rule of law, winning acquittals for his client in three jury trials. (In a fourth, he unethically maneuvered a mistrial by using his opening statement to falsely accuse a prosecutor of covering up a murder, so as to poison the jury against the prosecution.)

Fieger has done well for Kevorkian, but he has done even better for himself. Once a successful but relatively obscure Michigan medical malpractice lawyer, he is now—thanks to Dr. Death—one of the most famous attorneys in the United States. He has been a guest on countless television and radio talk shows—including *60 Minutes*, *Larry King Live*, and ABC's *Nightline*—and has been interviewed in endless newspaper and news magazine stories. He has also grown extremely rich. Already well-off when Kevorkian first walked through his office door, Fieger has become a multi-millionaire thanks to the increased number of malpractice cases his firm garnered because of his notoriety. (As one lawyer put it, representing Kevorkian has brought so much business that Fieger can "cherry pick" the best malpractice cases in the Midwest.)

That brings us back to Fieger's run for Michigan's highest political office.

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Successful electioneering requires at least two political assets—name recognition and money. Fieger's representation of Kevorkian brought him plenty of both. In April, Fieger joined a weak field of Democrat nominees and, using his bombastic persona and "populist" rhetoric, parlayed these political assets (plus his own money), into a 41% plurality victory in the August primary.

Paradoxically, Fieger's campaign was undoubtedly assisted by both his identification with Kevorkian and his client's sudden suspension of his lethal activities. Because Fieger was well known, he gained an immediate leg up on his lesser-known adversaries. However, Fieger and Kevorkian are intensely controversial, and thus candidate Fieger also had high "negative" ratings (which he would have to reduce to have any chance to win in November against incumbent Governor John Engler). That required Kevorkian to fade into the background. Indeed, once in the race, Fieger publicly distanced himself from his notorious client, going so far as to disingenuously proclaim his "personal opposition" to assisted suicide!

Kevorkian played his part: his killings were reaching a crescendo in the early months of 1998: two victims in January; three in February; four in March; five in April. Then, Fieger announced he would run for governor. Kevorkian immediately began to reduce his death output. There were only two victims in May. His last known assisted killing occurred on June 7, a case in which he made headlines for announcing that he had been part of a "team" that removed the victim's kidneys for potential transplant. At the news conference announcing the deed, Fieger was nowhere to be seen. Instead, Kevorkian was represented by Fieger's law partner, Michael Schwartz. Little has been heard or seen of Kevorkian since.

That Kevorkian—who is notorious for doing what he wants to do, when he wants to do it—would stop "assisting" suicides when his friend Fieger needed him out of the news speaks volumes about their relationship. The two are much more than attorney and client. They are joined at the hip. Without Fieger, Kevorkian knows he would probably have been jailed years ago. Without Kevorkian, Fieger knows he would still be a prosperous but unknown malpractice lawyer. Together, they make a formidable team which has subverted the rule of law in Michigan and turned the morality of the country on its ear.

Fieger's distancing himself from Kevorkian had an unlikely ally in Governor Engler, whose campaign against Fieger has been focused primarily on the lawyer's harsh rhetoric and his personal life. Engler has criticized Fieger for his many remarks disparaging religious belief, for example, calling Jesus Christ "some goof ball who got nailed to a cross" (he's referred to Pope John

John Paul II as “some [expletive deleted] who’s wearing a hat three feet tall”). He has also objected to Fieger’s many *ad hominem* attacks, such as when he said that the governor was “at a minimum, the result of miscegenation between human beings and barnyard animals.” And Engler ran a TV spot complaining about Fieger’s drunk driving conviction (he has also publicized his wife’s since-withdrawn accusation in a canceled divorce case that she was physically abused).

However, Engler has made little mention of the best reason that Fieger is absolutely unqualified to be governor of anywhere: his intimate involvement with Kevorkian in a blatantly-illegal campaign that has resulted in the assisted killing of more than 100 people. Put bluntly, Fieger is equally responsible with Kevorkian for the terrible toll—yet Engler seems afraid to talk about it!

Engler’s decision, which is probably based on polling and focus groups, may be good politics. But it is timid leadership and, unfortunately, it is nothing new. Engler has consistently failed to provide rigorous and sustained intellectual opposition to Kevorkianism, which is part of the reason Kevorkian has prevailed. The energetic Fieger filled the resulting leadership vacuum as Kevorkian’s mouthpiece and redefined the issue successfully as a matter of not permitting the state to “force” people to suffer, rather than of the laws protecting vulnerable human lives.

The Human Cost of Kevorkianism

With so many victims, it has become disturbingly easy for some to lose sight of the ultimate cost that lies at the tragic core of the Kevorkian/Fieger juggernaut. To date, we count at least 109 of them (there may be more). Here are a few of their stories:

- Janet Adkins, aged 54, had been diagnosed with “early Alzheimer’s” when she flew to Michigan in 1990 to become Kevorkian’s first victim. Few know that it was not Janet but her *husband* who contacted Kevorkian—it was he who took care of all the arrangements. Adkins was still vigorous at the time—she beat her son at tennis just prior to leaving for Michigan.

- Marjorie Wantz, aged 58: her autopsy report showed fine physical health until the day she flipped a switch, and poison from Jack Kevorkian’s suicide machine poured into her veins. Wantz was not a happy woman, it is true. She had bitter complaints about pelvic pain but had not followed through with a prescribed program of pain control. Wantz’ real problem appears to have been emotional or mental. She had been hospitalized for psychiatric illness, and according to published reports had been overdosing on Halcion, a sleep aid that can cause suicidal impulse when abused. Kevorkian helped kill this woman without verifying any organic illness or injury and, presumably,

without referring her for psychiatric help.

- Margaret Garrish, aged 72: she turned to Kevorkian because she was in terrible pain from rheumatoid arthritis. Prior to her assisted killing, Fieger called a news conference and played a video of Garrish, whose identity was concealed, in which she begged for medical help for her pain. Fieger issued a threat that unless physicians came forward to care for her, Kevorkian would act. At least seven pain control specialists wrote Fieger, offering to treat Garrish. But Fieger never put them in touch with her and Kevorkian soon ended her life. When Fieger was later asked why he and Kevorkian denied Garrish access to the medical treatment that might have saved her life, he sneered that the doctors were nothing but publicity hounds.

- Esther Cohan, aged 46: she had multiple sclerosis and was disabled but not terminally ill. Cohan's sister told reporters that her sister's body was covered with bed sores. Yet, according to Fieger, Kevorkian had been "counseling" Cohan for months before her death. At the time, Dr. Randolph Schiffer, an adviser to the National Multiple Sclerosis Society, told me, "If a patient with multiple sclerosis has bed sores, it means by definition that, for whatever reason, they are receiving inadequate medical care." Apparently Kevorkian and Fieger either didn't know that or, as seems more likely, didn't care.

- Patricia Cashman, aged 58: when Fieger announced Cashman's death, he declared "She suffered from metastatic breast cancer that had spread to her bones, her chest, and her brain . . . She had been on every drug known to man and woman, including morphine, and nothing helped." Wrong. Her autopsy showed only microscopic traces of cancer. There were no cancer tumors in her bones or any vital organ system.

- Rebecca Badger, aged 39: she believed she had multiple sclerosis when she flew to Michigan to be "attended" by Kevorkian. She also complained about inadequate pain control and having to wait hours at public hospitals for medical treatment because she was uninsured. However, her autopsy showed she had no known organic disease. Upon hearing the news, Fieger immediately denounced the medical examiner, Dr. L. J. Dragovic, as "a liar" and declared, "I will put up a million dollars that Rebecca Badger had severe and crippling MS." Dragovic offered to permit Fieger to bring in a pathologist of his choice—along with the media—to view the physical evidence. Fieger has never taken him up on the offer.

- Karen Shoffstall, aged 34: unlike Badger, Shoffstall actually had MS. She was moderately disabled, but that wasn't what caused her suicidal despair. Rather, she was terrified about future debilitation. She contacted Fieger's office for an introduction to Kevorkian, whom she found more than willing to reinforce her worst fears. She left her suicide note with Fieger, who read it

at a press conference he called to announce Kevorkian's participation in Shoffstall's death. Her devastated family called for Kevorkian's trial for murder and wanted to see Fieger, at the very least, disbarred.

◦ Judith Curren, aged 57: Curren's autopsy showed no evidence of organic disease; she was obese, addicted to pain killers, and may have had a non-terminal disease commonly known as chronic fatigue syndrome. She was brought to Michigan by her husband, a psychiatrist, whom she had had arrested for spousal abuse a mere few weeks earlier. Fieger outrageously compared her condition to AIDS, and falsely claimed that the syndrome can be progressive and fatal, a notion quickly rebutted by medical experts.

◦ Roosevelt Dawson, aged 21: Dawson was in the midst of a depression over a viral infection that left him paralyzed. Fieger represented him to obtain a court order for his release from the hospital so he could be killed by Kevorkian. Within five hours of his release, Dawson was dead, thwarting attempts by the disability-rights community and the Catholic Church to reach him for counseling to overcome depression and feelings of hopelessness.

◦ Joseph Tushkowski, aged 45: The body of homicide victim Joseph Tushkowski underwent "a bizarre mutilation," proclaimed Dr. Dragovic, who conducted the autopsy. According to Dragovic, after lethally injecting Tushkowski, the mutilators crudely ripped out his kidneys without even bothering to remove the dead man's clothes. They simply lifted up his sweater, did their dirty work, and tied off the blood vessels with twine. Months earlier, Kevorkian and Fieger had appeared at a press conference promising to begin harvesting organs from assisted suicide victims. True to their word, Kevorkian and Fieger's law partner Schwartz offered Tushkowski's kidneys, "first come, first served." There were no takers.

That the assisted killing of these and 100 more medically vulnerable and despairing people by Kevorkian, as justified and enabled by Fieger, has barely raised the public's collective eyebrow illustrates how deeply the Deadly Duo has twisted and eroded traditional American values. Too many Americans no longer believe in suicide prevention when the despairing person is seriously ill or disabled. Rather, they assume that *they* too would not want to live in such circumstances. The Adkins, Wantz, Garrish, *et al.* tragedies are the result.

But there is more to the story than needless killings (most of the victims were *not* terminally ill). We are being changed as a society to our very core. A story out of Oakland County, Michigan from about a year ago illustrates how bizarre our values have become. Charles Woodworth, aged 54, allegedly became so enraged by his dog's chronic disobedience that he shot and wounded the animal. After looking into the case, Oakland County Prosecutor

David Gorcyca decided not to indict. That caused such a howl of popular protest that Gorcyca reversed himself and prosecuted the shooting as a felony. Woodworth now faces two years in jail.

This is the same Oakland County where Kevorkian lives and Fieger has his law office, and where Gorcyca won office by promising *not* to enforce Michigan's common law banning assisted suicide, giving Kevorkian virtual free reign. That the people of Oakland County and its prosecutor appear to care more about the attempted killing of a dog than they do about the actual assisted killings of more than 100 people by Jack Kevorkian is cause for great alarm.

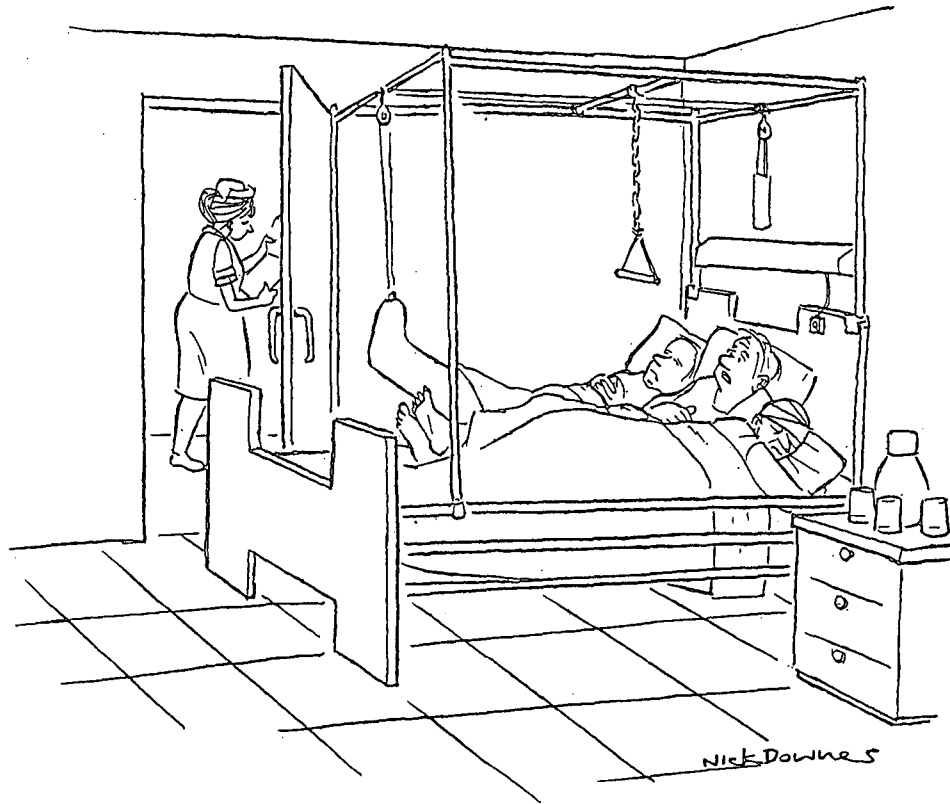
This is all reminiscent of a movie about a married couple, both doctors. The wife, disabled by multiple sclerosis, perceives her life as useless and she becomes terribly worried that she is a burden. She wants to end her suffering and free her husband to make a new life for himself while he is still young. So, she begs him to kill her as an act of love. After intense soul searching and anguish, he agrees, and with tears in his eyes, lethally injects his wife as a friend plays a soulful piano concerto in the next room. There follows a dramatic courtroom scene in which the doctor is tried before a jury of his peers and exonerated. One sympathetic juror explains that euthanasia for the disabled is acceptable so long as "the patient wants it."

No, it wasn't a made-for-TV movie based on a true story. It was the infamous "I Accuse" (*Ich Klage an*), a propaganda film produced in Germany in 1941 to promote the idea that disabled people have "lives unworthy of life." That a Nazi movie so presciently mimics current Kevorkian headlines tells us all we need to know about the actual state of his and Fieger's moral consciences.

Geoffrey Fieger is primarily responsible for this. He has not only masked the depth of Kevorkian's evil from the public but he is also morally responsible for the death of most of Kevorkian's victims. After all, many who died at Kevorkian's hands contacted him through Fieger's office. Indeed, in the Winter 1998 *Timelines*, the Hemlock Society newsletter, Fieger's law office fax telephone number is published and readers are advised that "Dr. Kevorkian can be reached through his attorney by fax." Moreover, many of Kevorkian's victims have left suicide notes advising police to contact *their* attorney, Geoffrey Fieger. Thus Kevorkian's *modus operandi* evidently works like this: a would-be victim contacts Geoffrey Fieger's law firm, which passes the information on to their "client," Jack Kevorkian. After the killing, Fieger or his partner Schwartz calls a press conference to announce it and give it their mendacious spin. Then, to thwart any police investigation, the entire act is shrouded behind a claim of attorney/client privilege.

In a better world, Fieger would long ago have been investigated by the Michigan Bar Association and the police for joining Kevorkian in criminal conduct, instead of merely representing him after the fact. He should have been disbarred *and* prosecuted. Instead, he won the Democrat nomination for governor!

As I write, the polls show that Engler will be reelected for a third term. That is to be desired, of course. But Engler's politics-as-usual campaign has fumbled an important opportunity to educate the citizens of his state about the true evils of Jack Kevorkian, Geoffrey Fieger, and the entire assisted-suicide movement. It isn't often that opponents of the Culture of Death have such an opportunity to drive the public debate. Engler's conspicuous failure will only make it more difficult for Michigan to stop Kevorkian when he resumes his deadly campaign, as he surely will once Fieger is sent scuttling back to his law office by the voters.



"I'M GOING TO HAVE TO REVIEW MY GROUP HEALTH PLAN."

When Charity Dries Up

John F. Matthews

How much is a bit of pleasure worth? A dime? Ten bucks? A couple of hundred? How about a life? (Somebody else's, of course; one's own is presumably priceless.)

There are people who seem willing to pay plenty for their fun. Highwire daredevils, obsessive homosexuals who risk AIDs for sodomy with a stranger in some public "convenience," drunken teen-agers who try to take a turn too fast. Then there are the strange, masochistic perverts who occasionally tie themselves up in weird positions and then put plastic bags over their heads to increase what they apparently consider the ineffable ecstasy of pain-enhanced "solitary sex" (a prominent Tory died that way).

The press in England and America enjoys telling us all about these obscene "adventurers"—seeing them off with remarkable sympathy, as if their fates were "tragic" rather than merely disgusting and stupid. But despite the publicity, compared to most of us who love living and fully intend to go on doing it as long as we can, there really aren't very many of them.

More to the point, their dying is plainly not on *purpose* but merely accidental; the product of *risk*, not intent. Suicide does not seem to be something people do for pleasure.

Killing somebody else, however, appears surprisingly popular. We read every day about the psychopaths, perverts and the apparently omnipresent paedophiles, muggers and serial murderers whose ideas of "fun" have nowadays made perfectly innocent activities (children walking alone to school, or adults strolling in a public park at night) quite unwise for many, even in supposedly "civilized" communities.

And along with these well-known sociopathic monsters, we also have the "war-lovers," the hooligans and rioters who delight in the vehement joys of "class revenge" or "ethnic cleansing," sometimes with whole neighbourhoods rampaging with murderous fury and blazing high spirits through the homes of their unwanted neighbors. To see them at work—in Africa, the Balkans, India, the Middle East, and sometimes even in America—simply turn on your friendly evening TV News—which is what we *do*, of course.

Most of us would clearly never kill or even risk *being* killed for pleasure. But we seem to like watching somebody else doing it—just as the Romans

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did. Public executions have always been popular; sex and violence are easily the most important basic ingredients, nowadays, of the “mass entertainment” which has become, after the military, our largest and most profitable single industry.

Seeing people killed, night after night (or reading or hearing about it) is just as enticing and “thrilling” as ever it was in the horrifying days of the Roman Arena, or in Mexico when great, bloody spectacles of torture and human sacrifice regularly took place for the benefit of the crowds outside the towering Aztec temples.

And let us not fool ourselves. What we see in the movies and on TV has at least some of the physiological and psychological consequences that the Romans or the Aztecs felt. It can alter our heartbeats, excite us, bring tears to our eyes or lascivious smiles to our faces, or make us hold our breath and grip the edge of our seats in shuddering fear or horror just as if what is being enacted on the stage or screen were *real*. (And sometimes it *is* real, as in those satanic “snuff” movies that are said to be available in every major city in the world.)

What is often forgotten is that by regularly watching pain and depravity we (and our children) can get *used* to it. Familiarity with this sort of thing can change us, alter our sensitivities and moral perceptions, brutalize us into an indifference that requires more and more vehement stimulus in order to provoke any sort of response. Suffering, pain and death can become so commonplace as to lose the quality of reality and all but eliminate normal reactions of regret or repulsion.

As many relief agencies are discovering, if you publish enough pictures of starving Sudanese or Somali or Bengali children, the charitable impulses tend to dry up. What they call “compassion fatigue” sets in. The horror of what goes on in the world ceases to be shocking, comes to be taken for granted—disgustingly tiresome stuff that we already *know* about Africa or Bangladesh (or wherever), and is hard to go on caring about.

Similarly, in the movies, it takes ever-more-frantic and inventive demonstrations of calamity and catastrophe to arouse the interest and applause of the jaded ticket-buyer who has seen it all before, and to whom nothing apparently seems really exciting (or worth paying for) unless the creative impulse has been directed to more and more monstrous exploitations of destruction, disorder and death.

For better or worse, the loss of life plainly gives pleasure to many apparently quite “normal” people who would presumably never, in the ordinary course of affairs, even *think* of killing somebody as the appropriate price to pay for a moment or two of “fun”—they pay good money to *see* it. Death is

a subject of interest, not a real *desideratum*—and it's worth remembering that even the producers of the hugely popular and agonizing movie "Titanic" (its record-setting profits have surely brought *them* enormous pleasure) took every possible precaution to make sure that nobody actually *did* get killed.

Which is the point at which Modern Liberated Women plainly choose to differ from the loving, caring reality of most people's lives. They not only watch death or read about it, they actively participate in inflicting it. It is the price they pay (willingly and legally) for the pleasure of indulging in unrestricted and undisciplined "sex." What it costs them for their moments of passionate "fun" is the death and extermination by abortion of a living human being too tiny and defenseless to fight back and protect itself.

And why-ever not? It's the Feminist Way, isn't it? Young women nowadays are taught from childhood that "Sexual Fulfillment" is the single most valuable and necessary element in human experience—and a great many of them are perfectly prepared (with the help of their "doctors") to sacrifice somebody else's life to pay for what they consider the "Right" to physical desire and "satisfaction."

Human sacrifice is nothing new in the world. It has been practised for millennia for all sorts of purposes. People—young, old, male, female, whatever—have in some societies periodically been killed as offerings to bring rain or to make the floods go away. They have been slaughtered to persuade monstrous "gods" like Moloch to save the city from the Romans, or to persuade equally monstrous tribal deities in Africa or Haiti to bring fertility to the barren wombs of women. They have been sacrificed to lighten the sinking boat, or to provide a last desperate measure of sustenance to a starving band of travellers in some frozen wasteland.

But wherever and however they have been (or still are) sacrificed, it has generally been for what was deemed to be some great purpose such as salvation or survival, a tribute paid to vast, malevolent cosmic entities as an expression of hope or gratitude. But we are not talking about societies or situations like that.

Nothing at *all* like that. The great sacrifice of the unborn, willingly offered up by modern feminist True Believers, is carried out simply to keep their self-chosen moments of sexual passion or pleasure from costing them anything further in the way of time, money, discomfort or affection. With abortion readily available (by law) a dead baby is apparently a perfectly natural and appropriate price to be paid for the "fulfillment" a certain sort of Modern Woman feels entitled to enjoy from sexual intercourse.

Of course if it turns out she actually wants to *have* a child she has con-

ceived, that's her own business and nobody can stop her from going ahead with it. But that is what might be called "serious" sex. What has led to the *killing* is the "modern" rejection of the moral code on which Western Civilization was founded.

Times have changed, we are told, and as people like Britain's current Prime Minister (who prides himself on rejecting the "elitest" dignity of a proper name and prefers, instead, to be called simply "Tony") keep assuring us, we *must* change with them!

Which is why, one supposes, his obedient majority in Parliament keeps trying to lower the "age of consent" for homosexual sodomy from 18 to 16 (only prevented, so far, by opposition in the House of Lords). And why, in something like one out of four pregnancies nowadays, the developing infant inside a woman's womb is viewed in both Britain and America as simply an unwanted intruder into her present and future life-style, so that "relief" (for her, not the baby) must of course be provided by law.

What abortion does is prevent an undesired and still embryonic new "human person" from interfering with its unwilling mother's pleasures and privileges by the simple expedient of killing it. And the "constitutional right" to pay for female sexual indulgence with the formerly *criminal* currency of legal infanticide is the one thing—more than any other—that today's "feminists" are really prepared to dig in their heels and fight for.

In the words of the popular song, "*Girls just want to have fun.*" And fun, if it means anything at all in this age of thudding, cataclysmic "rock music" and violent, foul-mouthed exhibitionist movies has to mean *sex*—what else is there? Anything that gets in the way of it obviously has to be banned, barred or destroyed.

This is a commitment based on years of exposure to the animalistic notion (diligently propagated by organized homosexuals) that sex is the only thing human beings are really interested in—and that men have an enormous advantage over women in that for them gratification of this all-consuming lust has no lasting or binding consequences.

This "modern" belief is, like many other doctrinaire notions, based on an appalling ignorance of reality. Try explaining it, for instance, to the billions of men in human history who have found that sex (transient, after all, in its pleasure) has laid on them for the rest of their lives the enormous and binding consequence of *paternity*—with all its burdens and obligations, all its joys and disappointments, its satisfactions, sorrows and endless surprises. Or try selling it to the homosexual with AIDS, who has found—perhaps to *his* surprise—that there is really no such thing as "sex without consequences" either for males *or* females.

Actually, it's a very adolescent idea, and the "Leaders" who promote such nonsense evidently have adolescent mentalities to claim that they *believe* it all, and that we must *believe* it too. In truth, this fixation on "sex" and the virtual *duty* to "enjoy" it without restraint or responsibility has led to what is probably the most massive slaughter in all of human history.

Figures published recently in the London *Times* suggest that since 1912, our indulgence in war has killed approximately 67 million people. Which is quite staggering, no doubt, until one notices that *just since 1973*, members of the medical profession in the USA and the United Kingdom—*acting not on the orders of tyrants like Hitler, Stalin or Chairman Mao, or tribal "chieftains" like Idi Amin, but solely at the behest of women who have exercised their "freedom of choice" not to be pregnant*—have killed more than half that horrifying number without a single shot being fired, a single city being bombed.

And still counting. As of now, there are over two million *more* added to that list every year.

Which means that in these two great democracies alone, we have had—and continue to have—the numerical equivalent of the Jewish Holocaust repeated every three years for the past quarter century! Not because of race, creed or colour this time. Just to meet popular demand from women who have managed (with the help of their "physicians") to create so many tiny corpses since the legalization of abortion that if you could inter all of them together into a steel container you could make a memorial tower two or three times the height of Mount Everest!

It is extraordinary, this power that women who "choose" to exercise it have been given over other people's life or death. Fortunately for the rest of us, it is still somewhat limited.

If a baby actually manages to get out of the womb alive, killing it is still treated (perhaps oddly) as a crime. As reported in the London *Daily Telegraph* (July 10, 1998), a girl named Amy Grossberg and a boy named Brian Peterson were given two-and-one-half and two-year prison sentences respectively for killing their newborn son by "multiple skull fractures" in a Delaware motel. The same newspaper also reported on June 17 that in Yorkshire, 32-year-old Tina Jamadar was imprisoned for three years by Leeds Crown Court (but assured that she would only have to serve about 18 months) after pleading guilty to "infanticide" for having suffocated two of her babies, one aged three weeks, the other (six years earlier) at only 13 days ("She was tired, and the babies made great demands on her"). Yet at Cardiff Crown Court in Wales, on July 24, 1998, 20-year-old Dean John was found guilty of

punching his girl-friend's eight-week-old baby to death because it cried too much. Being a man, he was sentenced to life imprisonment.

All these cases were of course "do-it-yourself" killings, whereas abortion almost invariably involves hiring somebody. But a woman can't even always get away with *that* unless the victim is an unborn baby. There are various well-publicized cases before the courts just now about widows accused of having contracted for the deaths of their husbands or ex-husbands—in June a British woman named Jackie Ambier was jailed in Spain for paying two men named Holmes and Stewart to murder her lover and "partner" (She got 27 years—the men each got 29 years).

Had she been tried in England or America and the killers had been dealing with her "pregnancy" instead of her adult "lover," nobody would have gone to jail for anything at all because of the peculiar notion that a "fetus" is not really (or ever likely to *become*) a human being. Which is why, if a woman chooses to have the thing killed before it actually escapes from her own body, it doesn't count.

Most women cannot *make* this particular choice and do not wish to. They want their babies to live; they want not only to have them but also to raise them and love them as best they can—and even after decades of media indoctrination they remain as kindly and caring and protective of their young as used to be thought "normal" in human beings just as it generally is among animals and birds.

But the "choice" of abortion nowadays is made by the sort of woman brought up to believe that she has an absolute, even sacrosanct right to do and be whatever she pleases. Social conventions like "Right" or "Wrong" have nothing to do with it. What she wants is what she must have—and if her idea of personal "freedom" requires that she be rid of the helpless little human creature kicking and squirming in her belly, she is free (sacred word) to have it killed.

The fact that the pain and horror of what she is doing may very well haunt her and warp her psychologically for the rest of her days is simply put straight out of mind. What she wants—and what the medical profession has to give her if she asks for it—is for the baby to be dead. Not given to somebody else who may love it, not saved alive for whatever future luck, genetics and the kindness of others may help provide for it, but simply for it to be finished and done with and *not to survive*.

One cannot know who the child might have turned out to be. Another Mozart? Maybe another Marie Curie or Mother Teresa, or perhaps another Jack the Ripper—nobody will ever *know*, and the person who gives the order to kill does not even want to. Later she may indeed wonder, but for the

moment at least all she claims to want is “freedom.”

For herself, that is; not for anybody else. The freedom that is sought by abortion is something only an individual woman can choose—and nobody else, by law, can interfere with it.

Obviously there is always a man involved in every normal pregnancy, but nowadays he has no choice whatever as to what may or may not happen to his progeny. He can neither save it nor order it to be destroyed. A woman’s unrestricted and absolute “freedom to choose” life or death for her unborn child is, in the end, the one true achievement of contemporary “Feminism.”

True, Feminists have demanded much more—“equality of opportunity” and “equal pay for equal work”—even the “anti-biological” claim that women can be equal to men in military combat. But the single non-debatable achievement of Feminism has been a woman’s “right” to unrestricted, unfettered access to abortion, even the grotesquely horrible “partial birth” abortions (like the one in Arizona recently, where the child actually survived, born alive with a brutally fractured skull).

This, it seems, is what the whole passionate “cause” (to which so many honourable, loving and devotedly caring mothers and respectable, high-minded spinsters once gave so much of their lives) has come down to in the end. To the “Women’s Movement” of today, if you try to limit abortion in any way you are inhibiting a woman’s freedom to have the same sort of fun that a licentious and profligate man has always had—even though (unlike the man) she’s had to pay a “little something” for it—the life of her own child.

One should remember, perhaps, that people used to “have sex” (and many *still* do) with the hope and expectation of *having* children. The intense pleasure of the act itself was a bonus, reserved by law and tradition to those prepared to accept the bonds and responsibilities of marriage, in return for the joys of “making love.”

But today, the media, entertainers and the “sex-educators” insist that lust gratified is all that matters, the responsibilities (other than to avoid “disease”) have miraculously disappeared. No civil or religious rite required; no inhibition or modesty considered to be in any way healthy—do as you please whenever you want with anybody who happens, at the moment, to please you!

What a pathetic vision of “freedom” the Feminist ideal has turned into! What a cheap, shoddy, thoroughly adolescent alternative to the dreams of the great liberal minds of the past—who were so certain that if men and women were at last unshackled from the bonds of necessity and custom, they could aspire to great and truly noble things, and that “freedom” would

finally make both sexes physically, morally and intellectually superior to anything our species had ever been before. And that women in particular would lead the world into a new and glorious era of virtue and achievement.

But according to current dogma, the right place for women (when not slaving away in the office, the Army, or the workshop) is in bed somewhere. Having a good time, a time of uninhibited sexual freedom as libertine as men are supposed to be about it all.

Well, not *quite*, actually. However early, however successful, the “procedure” of abortion has to be at least *somewhat* uncomfortable? And though it is the price millions of women are apparently prepared to *pay* for their “fun,” it cannot *be* much fun.

But worth it, apparently. Certainly to the doctor who profits, and presumably to the woman, because otherwise she wouldn’t choose to have it done?

Whether the baby who pays for his Mum’s pleasure enjoys what happens to it is another question entirely. Research published in London’s *Daily Telegraph* (Aug. 2, 1998) indicates that—far from feeling no pain—the unprotected nerves of unborn “fetuses” are infinitely *more* susceptible to agonizing pain than we safely-born former fetuses are.

But then one isn’t really supposed to *think* about that sort of thing, is one? After all, it’s not *you* being killed. Anyway, according to “Pro-choice” dogma, a pre-born baby isn’t really human like us: Who need care what it may feel? In truth of course, what we have done is declare an entire class of fellow humans to be sub-human—*Untermenschen*—just as Hitler did with the Jews.

But then we need not think about that sort of thing either, need we?

Infanticide Chic II:

Professor Singer Goes to Princeton

Last June, Princeton University announced the appointment of the Australian philosopher Peter Singer to the Ira W. DeCamp Professorship of Bioethics at the University's Center for Human Values. Singer is well-known to us, coming to our attention with his 1975 book *Animal Rights*, which argued that humans as a species should not necessarily be given special rights over animals, and continuing with his work promoting infanticide and euthanasia. Singer may well be the best-known world champion of the Culture of Death.

His appointment to a prestigious American university is thus appalling, and worth, we thought, a symposium on the professor and his courses in killing. We call it "Infanticide Chic II" because it adds to our previous symposium on Professor Steven Pinker, whose views on infanticide were the subject of the special section in our Winter, 1998 issue.

We first heard of Singer's appointment in a Washington *Times* Op-Ed column (June 30), and we asked the author, Professor David Oderberg, to expand on it for us—he graciously did so, and his trenchant "Academia's 'Doctor Death'" leads our section. We then asked our esteemed contributor (also a professor) George McKenna to weigh in with his thoughts. The resulting article is a powerful dissection of Singer's beliefs and what the acceptance of his ethics would really mean—*nihilism*. And yet McKenna hopes that Singer's very radicalism will provide a wake-up call to the academic world that Singer's "views" are beyond the pale.

Naomi Schaefer, writing in the *Wall Street Journal*, echoes McKenna's hope: perhaps Singer's blatant disregard for any sanctity in human life will strip bare for his students the lethal philosophy behind abortion and euthanasia.

Next we have Ellen Wilson Fielding, picking up on a piece we had in our Summer issue by another Australian, Marilyn Hogben, who destroyed her frozen embryos after getting counsel from Peter Singer himself (via e-mail!). Though sympathetic to Hogben's anguish, Fielding makes it clear that her decision to *kill* was, in fact, encouraged by Singerian ethics.

Finally, we bring you a powerful article written in 1995 by Dr. David van Gend, an Australian physician who knows Singer as few in this country do, having followed his career for years. He brings us back to basics with a look at Singer's views on babies, including his promotion of partial-birth abortion. Singer's "new ethic," is actually as "old as Moloch and Gehennah"—and King Herod—but, van Gend adds, "Nevertheless, Herod could not slaughter all the innocents," and "Singer will not corrupt the love of innocence in every reader"—or student.

MARIA MCFADDEN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

Academia's 'Doctor Death'?

David S. Oderberg

Writing about the French Revolution, Edmund Burke said: "On the scheme of this barbarous philosophy, which is the offspring of cold hearts and muddy understandings, and which is as void of solid wisdom as it is destitute of all taste and elegance, laws are to be supported only by their own terrors In the groves of *their* academy, at the end of every vista, you see nothing but the gallows."

This is a peculiarly apt way of describing the current state and trend of legislation throughout the world insofar as it touches upon the lives of innocent and vulnerable human beings. In the arena of public policy, many people of good will have for decades been fighting a wearying and depressing battle against the death culture. In the academy, however, the battle has been conspicuous by its absence.

Academics, it seems, have either given up the fight for life or were never convinced of the need for such a fight in the first place. And yet it is the academy which is, as always, the breeding ground of the very ideas which end up as the law of the land. Theories have consequences. Academics have a grave responsibility to uphold public morality and the common good; when they protest that their ideas have no power, they are guilty either of ignorance or false modesty. Which is why the recent appointment of Professor Peter Singer to a prestigious professorship at Princeton University is ground for serious concern.

Singer is currently a professor of philosophy at Monash University in Melbourne, Australia, the city from which he hails. He is renowned throughout the philosophical world for being one of the founders of the modern discipline of "practical ethics," in which moral philosophy is applied to concrete contemporary problems such as abortion, euthanasia, genetic engineering, the environment, rich and poor, war, capital punishment, and so on. Of course, ethics has *always* been practical—how could it not be?—but what Singer did was to capitalize on the fact that ethics in the academy had for decades been obsessed with high-level theory, whether there really *is* right and wrong,

David S. Oderberg is currently Lecturer of Philosophy (he has a doctorate in Philosophy from Oxford University) at England's Reading University. A native Australian, he is well acquainted with Prof. Peter Singer's academic career "Down Under." He was asked to write an Op-Ed column for the *Washington Times* (June 30, 1998) on Singer's appointment to Princeton; we invited him to expand on it, which he has kindly done and then some (this article being several times longer than the original). Oderberg is perhaps best known in American academic circles for his book *The Metaphysics of Identity over Time* (St. Martin's Press, 1993).

whether “good” and “bad” are objective or mere reflections of personal opinion, and the like.

Whilst recognizing the importance of philosophizing *about* ethics, what Singer did was urge philosophers to get back to *doing* it. Let’s bring moral philosophy back to earth, he said. Let’s return to doing what ethicists have traditionally done, looking at the real world, the problems of society, and in doing so let us try to apply our conceptual tools for the betterment of mankind. Singer’s first application of his method of practical ethics was in the field of animal welfare: his early book *Animal Liberation*, for which he is best known in the USA, was a best-seller, and put the cause of animals on the map, in particular the question of vegetarianism.

There can be no doubt that in seeking to bring moral philosophers back to doing moral philosophy, Singer performed a valuable service. He certainly brought ethics out of a rut. He spawned a whole new discipline, whose practitioners number in their hundreds and serve on newly-established “ethics committees,” write position papers, publish furiously in journals, attend endless conferences, referee each other’s typescripts, review each other’s books. He helped to create an industry—the bioethics industry. Now, industries are not as such bad things. Even a bioethics industry could, in theory, be a good thing.

But the bioethics industry Singer helped spawn is anything but good, though some of its workers are. The vast majority of bioethicists pursue an anti-life agenda. The vast majority follow Singer’s preferred ethical theory, utilitarianism. (His particular brand of utilitarianism will not be expounded here, but explained only where necessary. But note that utilitarianism is a “broad church” that accommodates all sorts of sometimes mutually contradictory theories.)

In other words, practical ethical decisions, even life-or-death ones, come down to a cost-benefit analysis of one kind or another. If the benefits outweigh the costs—if the utilitarian calculation “maximizes happiness,” then the act in question is at least allowed, if not a positive duty. Unfortunately, many bioethicists seem not to have disengaged Singer’s *general* project—applying ethics to practical problems—from his *particular* method—doing it the utilitarian way. The result is that, whatever the differences between anti-life theorists, they tend to draw the same conclusions as Singer: abortion is permissible, so is euthanasia, genetic engineering, embryo experimentation, foetal research, *in vitro* fertilization, and just about any practice that devalues life and treats the human being as an object, a lump of tissue, a cog in the production process—anything but *as a human being*.

Professor Singer is, then, an influential man. And a powerful one, who can make or break careers (and has), who can get books published and articles accepted in learned journals; who can get his disciples on the mass media with ease; who established the internationally known and pioneering Centre for Human Bioethics at Monash University; whose supporters can be found at every level of policy-making in Australia and throughout the world; who has the ear of judges, lawyers, politicians, doctors and nurses.

So now, in recognition of his contribution to philosophy, he has been appointed to the Ira W. DeCamp Professorship of Bioethics at Princeton's University Center for Human Values. It is expected that, among other things, he will engage in joint research with Jane Goodall, famous for her fieldwork on the life of chimpanzees, as part of the "Great Ape Project"—the campaign to give "civil equality" to non-human primates.

Princeton is no doubt pleased with its *coup*, as are Singer's followers in the bioethics industry. Nevertheless, the appointment raises serious questions given the nature of Singer's ethical views. One assumes that the University Center for Human Values has as its mission to promote human values, not undermine them; but even the most cursory look at what Prof. Singer stands for shows that Princeton ought to think very carefully about the wisdom of its decision.

One thing American readers may not know is that Singer has been dogged by controversy wherever he goes on the lecture circuit. His visits have been met by protests in Britain, Switzerland, Germany and Austria, among other places. In the late 1980s a major international philosophy conference in Austria had to be cancelled because of protesters from groups representing the disabled and handicapped, who threatened to disrupt proceedings. In 1996 demonstrators tried to storm a building in Bonn, Germany, where Prof. Singer was launching his latest book. Young protesters, some in wheelchairs, chanted "Singer out!". Three parliamentarians from Helmut Kohl's Christian Democratic party likened Singer to Hitler's henchman Martin Bormann. Prof. Singer can now hardly speak in Europe without being assailed by the shouts of the handicapped, who have been known to chain themselves to barricades outside his lecture venues.

To be sure, just because a speaker attracts protesters does not mean his views are wrong, though it does indicate that he is controversial. Moreover, the fact that some of the most vociferous objectors are found in Germany and Austria gives us a clue. It would appear that young Germans and Austrians are saying something like: "We know about your views. We've *tried them out* in our country, and we know now how bad they are. Listen to us!"

So what *are* some of Singer's more objectionable views?

For a start, do not be misled into thinking he believes in *rights*, whether for humans, animals, trees or whatever. "I am not," he has written, "convinced that the notion of a moral right is a helpful or meaningful one . . ." ¹ Nevertheless: "The language of rights is a convenient political shorthand. It is even more valuable in the era of thirty-second TV news clips . . ." ² In other words, Singer approves of *pretending* to believe in rights as a propaganda tool, whilst knowing the "truth" that no one has rights, and that any life, in the end, can be sacrificed for the "overall good" mandated by the utilitarian calculus.

Does anyone deserve at least some sort of protection sanctioned by morality? According to Singer, only a certain category of human beings merits serious protection, namely those who have "lives worth living." ³

Perhaps the phrase rings a bell? If so, this is because the euthanasia programme of the Nazis was centred on those whose lives were "unworthy of life" (*lebensunwerten Lebens*). But Singer has argued time and again that the Nazi death programme was wrong because of its racial element—no part of his own philosophy—and that we have become blinkered by the sad facts of history, unable rationally to discuss what might have been *good* in what the Nazis did.

So let us take the point for argument's sake, ignoring the obvious reply that if a society condones the killing of one kind or class of innocent human being, other kinds—grouped, perhaps, by race or religion—are likely to follow. What is it that Singer thinks the Nazis did that was praiseworthy?

For one thing, they killed handicapped babies. As Singer asserts: "killing a disabled infant is not morally equivalent to killing a person. Very often it is not wrong at all." ⁴

Singer distinguishes between human beings and 'persons'; since he uses the latter term in a special sense of his own devising, it will be placed in single quotes. He believes that "life only begins in the morally significant sense when there is awareness of one's existence . . ." ⁵ If human beings have "awareness of their own existence," they are candidates for 'personhood.' But they must *also* have "rationality." If they are "rational and self-aware," they are 'persons,' and so are "morally significant," that is, their lives should at least be taken seriously in the utilitarian calculus. ⁶

No one else, according to Singer, is a 'person.' Certainly, he thinks, "infants lack these characteristics. Killing them, therefore, cannot be equated with killing *normal human beings*" ⁷ [*emphasis added*]. But wait a minute—what happened to being disabled?

No, I have not omitted the word from the beginning of the last quotation. It turns out that “no infant—disabled or not—has as strong a claim to life” as a ‘person.’⁸ Not only, then, does Singer believe that disabled babies can—indeed sometimes *should*—be killed if their lives are “not worth living,” but that *any* baby, disabled or not, can legitimately be killed if the utilitarian calculus requires it—babies just are not ‘persons’ in the first place.

It may be hard—though not impossible—to imagine why parents would want to kill a healthy baby. But suppose, for instance, their baby had a mild condition such as haemophilia. Now, if no one objects to the baby’s being killed, and if killing him “has no adverse effects on others,”⁹ it would be permissible to do so if, say, the parents found their child a burden.

Then suppose the same parents could go ahead and produce a disease-free baby; in such a case they would be in a position to *increase* the sum total of human happiness, and so killing the haemophiliac child and replacing him with a healthier one would be a *positive duty*, since as good utilitarians we are bound to maximize human happiness. But that is all right, says Singer, because non ‘persons’ are, in his words, “replaceable,” just like barnyard animals. There is no moral objection to killing one chicken and replacing it with another, if the farmer has a good reason to do so; the same goes for non ‘persons’ such as infants (and, of course, the unborn).¹⁰

Indeed, it may be hard to believe, but for Singer newborn babies are in the same moral category as *snails*, since neither are capable of having a desire for the future: “Killing a snail or a day-old infant does not thwart any desires of this kind [for the future], because snails and newborn infants are incapable of having such desires.”¹¹

Singer’s general position, then, is that if “the family as a whole” decides that it is in *its* own interest to kill their child, that child should die.¹² “Parents may,” he says, “with good reason, regret that a disabled [the first edition used “defective”] child was ever born. In that event the effect that the death of the child will have on its parents can be a reason for, rather than against killing it.”¹³

Mere regret—that is all that is necessary for the parents of an infant to be able to justify killing him; though as a utilitarian one must also consider the interests of the health care workers involved (would killing the child free up an urgently needed hospital bed?), other relatives (are they keen for the child to stay alive?), the government (does keeping the child alive, or providing drugs or other care, cost money that can be put to better use elsewhere?), and, in short, the interests of anyone who may be affected by the child’s living or dying. Since it is the interests of society as a whole which are relevant,

the primary question must be: Is this non 'person' a "burden" on society?¹⁴ After all, "There is a limit to the burden of dependence which any community can carry."¹⁵

In any case, Singer says, "It does not seem wise to add to the burden on limited resources by increasing the number of severely disabled children who will, if they are to lead a worthwhile life, need a disproportionately large share of these resources."¹⁶

Lest the reader think that it is just the young who are at risk in Prof. Singer's bizarre ethical universe, it should be noted that he is a champion of euthanasia for *any* adult whose life is "not worth living." Indeed, it would not be unfair to call him the thinking man's Jack Kevorkian?

In the first place any human being, at whatever age, ceases to be a 'person' if they are so disabled that they are deemed to have lost "rationality and self-consciousness," if they are in a coma, or if they become a "senile elderly patient." In such cases, they are on the same moral level as any newborn baby, a level that is, as we have seen, very low indeed. But what about a human being who is capable of wanting to stay alive? What if they choose not to die?

Remember that Prof. Singer is a utilitarian, and so what matters is the overall calculation of costs and benefits, not any human being's particular desire to live. For example, elderly people might be allowed to opt out of being killed (in an advance directive) should they ever become "senile elderly patients," especially if this will prevent elderly people from living in fear for their lives. But if the *balance of advantage* requires it, their opt-out will be overridden.¹⁷ (Whatever Singer can be called, the supreme irony is that he cannot be called "pro-choice.")

Whether a person desires to go on living may have some relevance as one element in the calculation, but it may well not be decisive. Still, people should be encouraged to believe that their desires are always of paramount importance, since otherwise everyone would live in great fear.

In other words, according to Singer, it is permissible to *deceive* people into thinking they have a decisive say over whether they live or die.¹⁸ Large-scale deception is, in fact, at the heart of Singer's brand of utilitarianism. Nevertheless, he assures us, the practice of killing disabled babies should not instill fear in society at large, because "those old enough to be aware of the killing of disabled infants are necessarily outside the scope of the policy."¹⁹ If anyone is safe in Singer's world, then, it would have to be professional philosophers—they *must* know what's going on, and so be "rational and self-aware" by definition.

I have tried, as much as possible, to present the views of Prof. Peter Singer

in his own words. It should be apparent by now what he stands for. In short, he advocates the killing of disabled infants; the killing of any infant, disabled or not, if the “balance of advantage” requires it; the killing of children and adults who are non ‘persons’ by virtue of being comatose, or senile, or handicapped. The killing does not have to be voluntary (the victim wants to die) or non-voluntary (they are not capable of expressing their wishes), but may even be involuntary (they do not want to die). If they are capable of expressing their wishes it may well be right just not to consult them, because the “balance of advantage” might mean thumbs down but if they are asked they may kick up a fuss and make the whole process rather awkward.

There are many other aspects of Peter Singer’s philosophy which have not been mentioned, but two should be noted in passing. For instance, although he disapproves of it, his moral theory implies the permissibility of “baby-farming”—that is, the “harvesting” of the organs and body-parts of babies whose lives are “not worth living,” or of other non ‘persons,’ so they can be put to better use elsewhere. One might, for instance, deliberately grow brain-damaged embryos and foetuses who end up in a permanent coma, spending their whole lives as no more than an experimental spare-parts factory. I say his theory *implies* that this is all right, for obvious reasons—but he disapproves.²⁰ Why, for Bentham’s sake? Because, he answers, such practices would—wait for it—violate “the basic attitude of care and protection of infants,” which is something “we must not imperil.” Any commentary would be superfluous.

The second point involves the question of just *when* a non ‘person’ becomes a ‘person.’ In an intriguing aside appearing in an interview in the London magazine *The Spectator* (September 16, 1995), Singer put forward a proposal: “Perhaps . . . we should have a ceremony *a month* after birth, at which the infant is admitted to the community. Before that time, infants would not be recognized as having the same right to life [*sic*] as other people” [emphasis added]. Why not two months? Or ten? Beats me—you’d better ask the good professor.

A society constructed on Singerian lines (we’re getting there, of course) would, it should now be apparent, be shot through with deception, delusion, secrecy, mixed messages, bland but false reassurances, gentle proddings, financial inducements, sweet promises, and maybe even threats, force and incarceration.

So: What about this much-debated comparison with the Nazis, to which Singer objects with such a great sense of having been wounded, being Jewish *himself*, and the son of refugee parents? Has he been plain misunderstood?

Defamed? Calumniated? This overview, brief as it is, should lay to rest the idea that there is something outrageous in comparing his policies with those of Nazi Germany.²¹ There may be obvious differences, but the overlaps are hardly trivial, certainly when one looks both at what Singer explicitly advocates and at what his position logically implies. Singer believes the comparison introduces blind emotion into what should otherwise be a rational debate.

He even goes so far as to compare the activities of his *opponents* with—you guessed it—the rise of Nazism in the 1920s and '30s.²² Leaving aside the obvious *tu quoque*, I note that Singer believes his opponents are the fanatics, lacking balance and common sense, appealing to emotion, stoking up hoary old historical monsters, drawing blatant disanalogies, throwing dust in the eyes of the unwary.

And yet I suspect Prof. Singer knows exactly why many people, handicapped or not, are scared of him. As he himself has written: “One protester quoted from a passage in which I compare the capacities of intellectually disabled humans and nonhuman animals.”²³ Thus the idea he propagates that he is a wounded innocent is, I would suggest, disingenuous.

But should his opponents disrupt his lectures and force the cancellation of conferences at which he is invited to speak? The Cambridge philosopher Jenny Teichman has courageously exposed Singer’s philosophy for several years now, a philosophy she called “false and dangerous” in the Australian magazine *Quadrant* (December 1992, pps. 26-9). Needless to say, her supporters in the academy have been few. In a recent article, she points out with great cogency that it is not Singer’s right to speak which is being objected to by his opponents, but his right to regular access to a *public platform*. This right “is not a universal human right but a special right. In some cases it goes with wealth and power, and in others with certain kinds of work. It is a privilege which belongs to popes, and politicians, and newspaper proprietors, and journalists, and television programmers. One kind of work the privilege goes with is teaching . . .”

However, Teichman adds, “the privilege is not always deserved. It can be used for good, and also for evil. . . . In my view academics abuse the privilege when they advocate ‘euthanasia’ of human beings too young or too old or too ill to answer back.”²⁴

If a person abuses his right to a public platform, if he airs views which reach millions of people, and which are morally abhorrent, how can it *not* be right to show disapproval by protests and demonstrations and lawful inhibition of that person’s abuse of his right?

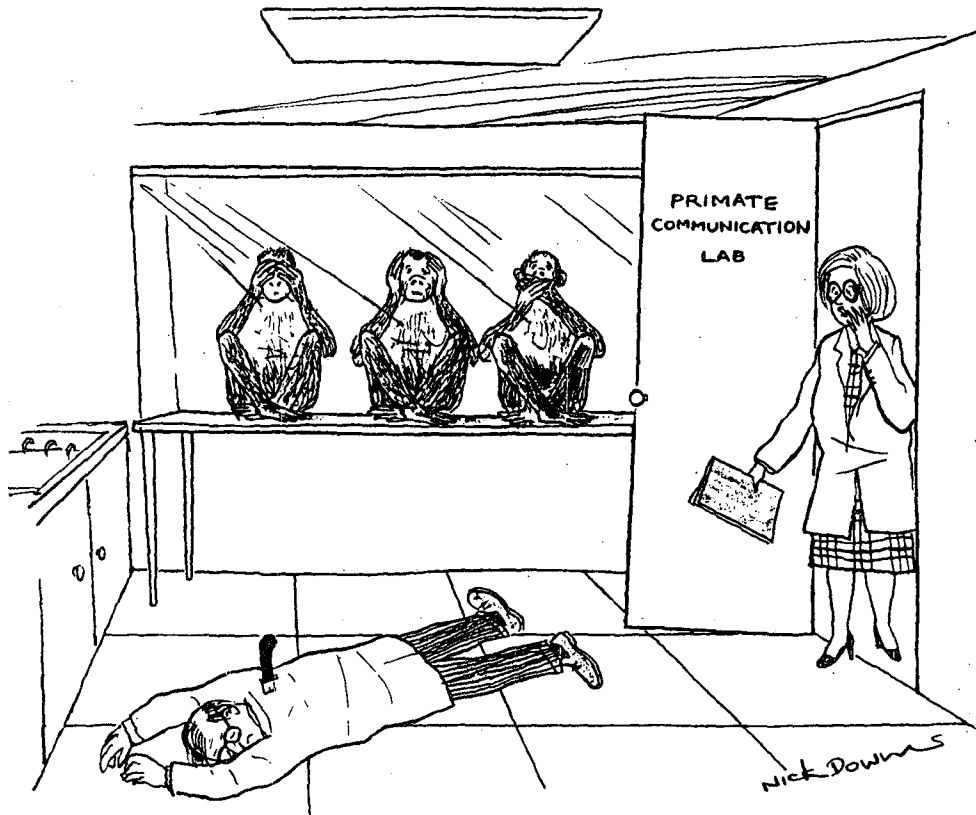
Prof. Singer's intellectual mentor is the well-known moral philosopher R.M. Hare, who advocates nearly all of the views espoused by Singer. And yet even he said, in a letter to the German bioethicist Prof. George Meggle (July 1, 1989) who also supports Singer, that *if* Singer's views were at least comparable to the Nazis' (which he thought they were not), then protesters would be correct to do what they have been doing: "Nobody now advocates practices such as were followed by the Nazis, and it would be right to protest if they did." Furthermore, Peter Singer *himself* concedes that "some modes of expressing our thoughts may be too dangerous or too offensive to be allowed in a particular place or time."²⁵

If he had added "or some thoughts themselves, irrespective of the mode in which they are expressed," he would have had my unqualified agreement. As it is, it seems that Singer is well aware of why he frightens so many people. The controversy surrounding him will not go away. I invite Princeton University, and its Center for Human Values, to re-examine carefully the appropriateness of their appointment.²⁶

NOTES

1. *Practical Ethics* (Cambridge, England: Cambridge University Press, 1993; 2nd ed.; hereafter *PE*), p. 96.
2. *Animal Liberation* (London: Random House, 1990; 2nd ed.), p. 8.
3. See, e.g., *PE*, ch. 7.
4. See *PE*, p. 191. In the first edition (1979, p. 138) he says "defective" instead of "disabled." Was he worried about giving offence?
5. *PE*, pp. 189-90.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 182.
7. *Ibid.*, p. 182.
8. *Ibid.*, p. 182.
9. *Ibid.*, p. 186.
10. *Ibid.*, pp. 132-3, 185-8.
11. *Ibid.*, p. 90.
12. See "A German Attack on Applied Ethics," *Journal of Applied Philosophy* 9 (1992), pp. 85-91 at p. 86.
13. *PE*, p. 183.
14. See P. Singer and H. Kuhse, *Should the Baby Live?* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1985), pp. 161-71. Singer's disciple Helga Kuhse is now in charge of the Centre for Human Bioethics at Monash University.
15. *Ibid.*, p. 170.
16. *Ibid.*, p. 171.
17. See *PE*, pp. 192-3.
18. See *PE*, pp. 99-100, 191-2.
19. *PE*, p. 192.
20. P. Singer and D. Wells, *The Reproduction Revolution* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1984), pp. 148-9.
21. For the definitive account of the Nazi euthanasia programme and its German predecessors, see M. Burtleigh, *Death and Deliverance: "Euthanasia" in Germany 1900-45* (Cambridge, England: Cambridge University Press, 1994).
22. *PE*, p. 357.

23. *Ibid.*, p. 347.
24. "Freedom of Speech and the Public Platform," *Journal of Applied Philosophy* 11 (1994), pp. 99-105, at p. 104.
25. "A German Attack on Applied Ethics," p. 89.
26. The reader who would like to see the views of a number of academics who have criticized utilitarian or Singer-style bioethics should consult: David S. Oderberg and Jacqueline A. Laing (eds.), *Human Lives: Critical Essays on Consequentialist Bioethics* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1997). In particular they should look there at the most comprehensive critique of Singer's own philosophy currently available: J. A. Laing, "Innocence and Consequentialism: Inconsistency, Equivocation and Contradiction in the Philosophy of Peter Singer," pp. 196-224.



Acting into History

George McKenna

A Refusal to Mourn the Appointment of a Professor of Infanticide to the Faculty of Princeton University

In front of me are two newspaper clippings. One, from the *New York Times* (last August) is about the sudden jump in enrollments at evangelical Christian colleges such as Calvin College in Michigan and Bryan College in Tennessee. Over the last year the enrollment increases at these colleges have been in double digits, in some places as high as 30 percent. The article attributed much of the increase to revelations about President Clinton's sexual relationship with Monica Lewinsky, but it seemed also to be connected to larger issues. One parent, who encouraged her son to enroll at one of these colleges, was quoted as saying that the Lewinsky scandal "goes with abortion, children being born out of wedlock and morals not being considered 'in.'" The article is straightforward enough, but the headline has a trace of condescension: "Into the Sheltering Arms of Evangelical Colleges."

The second clipping, a recent Op-Ed piece from the *Washington Times*, also has a headline with an attitude: "A Messenger of Death at Princeton." The article is about Princeton University's decision to appoint Australian philosopher Peter Singer to the Ira W. DeCamp Professorship of Bioethics at Princeton's University Center for Human Values. Singer, first known in the '70s as a champion of "Animal Liberation," rejects the view "that places the lives of members of our species above the lives of members of other species." For Singer, "some members of our species are persons: some members of our species are not." Non-persons include not only unborn but newborn children. "A week-old baby is not a rational and self-conscious being, and there are many nonhuman animals whose rationality and self-consciousness, capacity to feel, and so on, exceed that of a human baby a week or a month old." Therefore, he concludes, there is no reason to accord greater value to the life of a baby than to "the life of a nonhuman animal at a similar level of rationality, self-consciousness, awareness, capacity to feel, etc." In Singer's 1979 book *Practical Ethics* he asserted that there is no inherent ethical difference between killing a day-old infant and killing a snail.

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The only difference is that the infant may have parents who want it to live. But if the child is “defective”—which he defines broadly enough to include children with Down syndrome, spina bifida, and even hemophilia—and the parents do not want the child, then the children may be given lethal injections. In another book (*Should the Baby Live?*) he and co-author Helga Kuhse suggested that children should be given a 28-day trial period after birth, during which time parents can decide, much as they did in ancient Greece, whether or not they want to terminate the life of their child.

Professor Singer considers himself a modern-day Copernicus. Just as Copernicus junked the ancient and increasingly complicated Ptolemaic model of the solar system—a stationary earth with the sun and planets spinning around it—and replaced it with the much simpler model of our planet moving with others around the sun, so he intends to launch his own “Copernican revolution” in morals.

Because of Copernicus we finally abandoned the conceit that our planet was at the center of the universe—yet we continue to think of our species as the pinnacle of creation. We imagine that the lives of humans are infinitely more valuable than the lives of animals. But this explanation no longer fits the facts. For some time now we have been routinely killing humans *in utero*, and today we even kill them during the birth process.

We do this because our laws say that these humans are not *persons*, and therefore have no legal rights. Now there is scarcely a difference between killing humans *in utero* and killing them at some point after birth. If we take away the Christian foundation of personhood—as, in our pluralistic society, Singer thinks we must—then personhood can only be defined in terms of observable characteristics, such as rationality, self-consciousness, and ability to communicate. In these respects, newborn humans are not any more rational or self-conscious than humans inside the womb about to be born.

The conclusion, he thinks, is inescapable: if we can kill the ones inside, we can kill the ones outside.

The great irony, of course, is that the right-to-life movement has been making this “slippery slope” argument for the past quarter century, to the scornful guffaws of its critics and most of the press. “Oh, come on!” has been the usual reaction. Now, lo and behold, the argument is taken up and used again, this time not to condemn abortion but to legitimize infanticide, and not by some crackpot in an attic but by a newly-appointed professor of bioethics at one of America’s most prestigious universities.

A Princeton spokesman tried to suggest that the Singer appointment was simply part of the university’s commitment to uninhibited discussion. “He is

a first-rate scholar who will help the scholarly debate on these issues. . . . We can anticipate that the debate will be lively.” Well, yes, we can all anticipate that. There will be lively exchanges, and they will probably continue right into lunch. But if what Princeton wants are debates on hot topics, how about appointing a professor with a controversial view of racial differences or gender roles? Don’t hold your breath. Such a proposal not only would not get out of a faculty committee meeting, it wouldn’t get *into* one. There are certain points of view we academics don’t even like to talk about, much less hire someone else to talk about at the front of a classroom.

Some arguments are arguable in the academy, some are not. Some are inside the bounds of respectable debate, some are outside the bounds. Arguments about racial and gender differences are out. Certain arguments about homosexuality are out (though they were once in—others are in that used to be *out*). Ten years ago infanticide was pretty much out. Now it’s in, and you can expect some lively debate on it, right into lunch.

What are we to make of all this? There certainly are grounds for alarm. The philosopher Isaiah Berlin once cited the warning given to the French in the nineteenth century by the German poet Heinrich Heine, who told them, Berlin wrote, “not to underestimate the power of ideas: philosophical concepts nurtured in the stillness of a professor’s study could destroy a civilization.” In this century there has been, indeed, a kind of trickle-down economics of intellectual blather, which in some cases has culminated in terrible destruction.

As Robert Jay Lifton and others have shown, the Nazi killing program that began in the 1930s did not appear out of nowhere. It grew from ideas nurtured for several decades by Western intellectuals, respected writers not only in Germany but in France, England, and the United States. And so it may be today with the revival of Eugenics among intellectuals.

The idea of permissive infanticide now being tossed around almost playfully in respectable academic circles may eventually find a place in our legal system; if that does happen, soon afterwards we will be seeing some senator defending infanticide as a basic parental right, or some governor saying that as a Catholic he is personally opposed but can’t force his opinion on others.

All this could happen. But history is so full of surprises that neither the optimists nor the pessimists ever get it quite right. That is where Professor Singer’s Copernicus analogy breaks down. History is not like astronomy, where we passively observe the sempiternal motions of the universe. We act *into* history, and what we say and do right now can nudge events in quite different directions. The appointment of Professor Singer to a chair of bioethics

at venerable Princeton University thus provides us with an enormous challenge and opportunity. Princeton has declared as legitimate, as academically respectable, a line of reasoning that could culminate in a moral catastrophe. But it could also set the stage for the rediscovery and regeneration of America's moral roots.

Singer thinks he is proclaiming a new Copernican Revolution, but what he is really heralding is a Raskolnikov Revolution. Rodion Raskolnikov, the anti-hero of Fyodor Dostoevsky's 1866 novel *Crime and Punishment*, worked out a philosophy that bore some resemblance to Singer's. Raskolnikov declared that the contributions of certain great men are of such extraordinary worth that many human lives may be sacrificed for their sake. Like Singer, Raskolnikov alluded to the field of astrophysics to make his point:

I maintain that if the discoveries of Kepler and Newton could not have been made known except by sacrificing the lives of one, a dozen, a hundred, or more men, Newton would have the right, would indeed have been in duty bound . . . to eliminate the dozen or the hundred men for the sake of making his discoveries known to the whole of humanity.

Raskolnikov put his theory to work by taking an ax to an old widow to whom he had pawned most of his valuables; after killing and robbing her, he murdered her simpleton sister when she blundered into the room. Wasn't his life worth much more, he reasoned, than the lives of those two wretched women? It took the rest of the book, and the quiet guidance of Sonia, the good prostitute, for Raskolnikov to realize where he went wrong.

In fairness to Singer, I can find no evidence that he is ready to kill off any of us ordinary, mediocre people for the sake of super-geniuses. His scythe cuts much lower. His mind is not on *Übermenschen* but on *Untermenschen*, the "defective" ones who live at the other end of the I.Q. scale.

Not just babies, either. Singer has worked out a sort of General Theory of Defectiveness which permits him to consider anyone lacking sufficient consciousness to be a candidate for extermination. That would include old people with Alzheimer's, young people who suffered injuries that have left them in some stage of unconsciousness, and mentally retarded people of all ages.

About the last category he is rather cagey. He knows, for example, that most people with Down syndrome are conscious, can communicate, interact with others, and enjoy life. Still, "we cannot expect a child with Down syndrome to play the guitar, to develop an appreciation of science fiction, to learn a foreign language, to chat with us about the latest Woody Allen movie, or to be a respectable athlete, basketballer, or tennis player."

So the parents should have the option of giving a lethal injection to the child. Though he expects such a decision to be made during infancy, there is

nothing in his theory to prevent parents from doing it much later (presumably after years of trying to get the child to like Woody Allen movies). Thus “defectiveness” turns out to have an accordion-like quality. It could mean something as disabling as a total unconsciousness, but it could expand to cover a much wider range of defects, including the inability to enjoy things that Singer thinks people should enjoy—it means whatever Singer wants it to mean.

There is a shamelessness about it, yet it is just this which gives it a kind of perverse integrity. Singer illuminates in a flash the whole dark landscape America began to enter in 1973. Underneath the prissy and humorless writing style is a real passion, a passion for consistency. If you say this, he keeps telling us, you have to say that. If we can kill fetuses because they aren’t persons, we can kill babies because *they* aren’t either. If we can yank the feeding tubes out of Aunt Tillie, because there isn’t a lot going on in her brain, we can give her a lethal injection. (Indeed, we *should*, because it’s more painless.) Of course, we may want to keep her around a while longer. But if we don’t?

One of the crueller refinements in Singer’s theory is his criterion of “wantedness.” Besides consciousness, capacity for interaction, and so on, we may take account of other factors, including the relationship of the “being” to other people, for instance, “having relatives . . . who will grieve over your death.” If you are in any way “defective,” and there is no one to grieve over your death, don’t expect any mercy from Dr. Singer.

The logic of this sounds like Raskolnikov’s in *Crime and Punishment*. Since, as Raskolnikov saw it, these two women—once of them retarded and the other a parasitic old hag—were useless, and since no one would grieve over their deaths, and since both of them, for different reasons, stood in his way, therefore. . . . Singer might quarrel with Raskolnikov about particulars, but the same coldblooded logic runs through both. The main difference is that Dostoevsky presented the Raskolnikov story as a cautionary tale of where nihilism leads if you take it to its conclusion, Singer presents his analysis as a reasonable, sensible “practical ethics” for our time.

But that doesn’t mean that we have to read Singer the way he wants us to read him. We can read him in the Dostoevsky way, as a *reductio ad horribilis*. “If you say this, you must say that,” the hectoring refrain that underlies Singer’s arguments, can serve as a giant strobe light. For the past quarter-century this nation has permitted, even facilitated, the wholesale killing of unborn human beings.

In the last few years it has begun the first tentative steps toward similar

treatment of already-born people. But the justification for this new killing has been hesitant, timid, shrouded in euphemisms—in short, embarrassed. But Singer is never embarrassed. “Show me,” he seems to shout, “Show me the difference between an eight-and-a-half month fetus and a baby—show me the difference between abortion and infanticide—Show me the difference between the reasoning powers of a smart dog and a senile old lady—Show me why it’s more humane to starve her to death than to give her a lethal injection!” And who would dare to try? With murderous logic, Singer has ripped away all the respectable drapery from the culture of death; he has given us a frontal look at it in all its nakedness, without a fig leaf, the full monty.

The danger of course is that, missing Dostoevsky’s irony, we could accept Singer’s conclusions, and so take the final plunge down the slippery slope. That is the risk. But my betting is that the American people are not yet morally tone-deaf. We can still go the other way. We can start back up the slope, and reexamine the premises that got us to this low point.

It was clear to Dostoevsky what had gone wrong. It was the atheist utilitarianism fashionable in Russia’s intellectual circles in the 1860s that had tempted an anguished, fevered university student to become a murderer. By the book’s end, Raskolnikov is in a prison camp. Sonia, who followed him there, had earlier read to him the New Testament story about the raising of Lazarus. He becomes ill, recovers, then remembers that he has the New Testament under his pillow.

He had asked her for it himself not long before his illness and she brought him the book without a word. Till now he had not opened it.

He did not open it now, but one thought passed through his mind: “Can her convictions not be mine now? Her feelings, her aspirations at least . . .”

With this, Raskolnikov takes the first step in a long, painful journey toward renewal and regeneration. Dostoevsky leaves the clear impression that Raskolnikov is about to rediscover the Judeo-Christian roots of humanity.

We, too, have a chance to rediscover those roots, and one of the people pointing the way is the Ira W. DeCamp Professor of Bioethics at Princeton University, Professor Peter Singer.

Singer doesn’t much like the word “humanity,” at least not in its literal sense. To him it smacks of “speciesism,” the Ptolemaic conceit that human beings are the pinnacle of creation. Remember, he thinks that smart dogs are more worthy of life than dumb babies. (I’m simplifying: If the dumb baby has a smart adult to grieve over his death, he gets to live—unless of course the smart dog also has someone smart to grieve, and then it really gets complicated.)

So why am I using Singer to help us find the roots of human decency? Because of another gauntlet he has thrown down. The whole notion, he says, that the lives of human beings “are more worthy of protection than the lives of any other being” derives from the Judeo-Christian idea “that God created man in his own image, granted him dominion over the other animals, and bestowed an immortal soul on human beings alone of all creation.”

In other words, the ethic of the specialness of human life is integrally, inseparably tied to Judeo-Christianity. Or, if we were to put it in the imperative: “Show me why, if we abandon these foundations in faith, we should regard human babies as worth any more than intelligent animals.” Especially unwanted babies. You will find no special reason for keeping them alive in Plato or Aristotle, who never flinched from justifying infanticide, or among the Roman Stoics, or among any people whose religion is not derived from the Old or New Testament.

So we have come to quite a pass. We can treat babies in nurseries as they treat puppies at the ASPCA, or we can have another look at why we consider them so special. We can treat a diseased, barely conscious homeless man as we might treat a very sick stray dog, or we can pull back and try to figure out how we got to this pass. I feel uncomfortable saying this, because I know there are non-believers on the right side of the life issue, but Singer forces me to acknowledge it: *there is no purely secular ethic of human life*. Without Judeo-Christianity, all we have is empirical observation, i.e., what we see with our eyes.

And what we see when we look around are all kinds of people, misshapen people, people in wheelchairs, people sleeping on gratings, retarded people, drooling people, people who soil themselves. Then of course we see the clever, healthy ones, people who jog, people in universities and think tanks who write books and articles. Aboard Singer’s *Titanic*, we know who would get first seats on the lifeboats; it wouldn’t necessarily be women and children (a sentimental remnant of Judeo-Christianity). It would probably sort out more or less the way it actually did, with most of the steerage passengers coming in last. (After all, if they were clever they wouldn’t *be* in steerage.) In *Eichmann in Jerusalem*, Hannah Arendt bitterly commented on this kind of thinking: “There are more than a few people,” she wrote, “especially among the cultural elite, who still publicly regret the fact that Germany sent Einstein packing, without realizing that it was a much greater crime to kill little Hans Cohn from around the corner, even though he was no genius.”

For all of her life Hannah Arendt remained a professed unbeliever. It is not at all clear how she could have made that observation without the prior

assumption—the Judeo-Christian assumption—of the sacredness of human life. (Arendt referred, of course, to sending Einstein “packing,” not killing him, but from her other writings on the Holocaust it is clear that she would reject any suggestion that “little Hans Cohn” had less right to live than the great Einstein.) Indeed, all of our thinking about the Holocaust is based on the “speciesist” assumption of the sacredness of human life.

Imagine this take on the Holocaust: “The Nazis did terrible things, but their mistake was in the minor premise. They were right to speak of life unworthy of life (*lebensunwerten Lebens*), but wrong to apply it wholesale to the Jews. Some Jews, yes, the defective ones. But also defective Gentiles.” Try setting up the Nuremberg tribunals on that foundation.

Yet the insistent, nagging, pedantic logic of Peter Singer keeps after us. It says (I will give it a voice): “How do you arrive at the sacredness of human life without starting from Judeo-Christian premises? How do you do that? Show me!”

I can't. I don't think Hannah Arendt could. Her indignation over what was done to people whom the Nazis considered “unworthy of life” can only be explained in Judeo-Christian terms. It was fueled by the reserves of a very old tradition. But the reserves are running out, and Singer wants them thrown out. The “old commandments,” as he calls them, need to be rewritten. In place of the “First Old Commandment,” to “treat all human life of equal worth,” he suggests a First New Commandment: “Recognize that the worth of human life varies.” In place of the “Second Old Commandment,” to “never intentionally take innocent life,” he wants a Second New Commandment of “responsibility,” meaning that we sometimes have to “Use active means to take innocent human life.” And so on. He has five new commandments, each one with lethal implications.

So these new commandments, or something like them, are what you get when you throw out traditional Judaism and Christianity. That is Peter Singer's argument, and it seems to me irrefutable. We are left, then, with only two alternatives: we can either be led forward into that good night, or we can resist, and perhaps even reclaim some lost territory. When Isaiah Berlin cited Heine's warning about the deadly effect of certain lines of thought, he was not suggesting that we should retreat from thought. Far from it. If professors, he added, “can truly wield this fatal power, may it not be that only other professors, or, at least, other thinkers (and not governments or congressional committees) can alone disarm them?” This sounds to me like an order. But who is listening?

I began this article with a reference to a New York *Times* piece about the

sudden growth of evangelical colleges. The headline was, “Into the Sheltering Arms of Evangelical Colleges.” If I were giving advice to evangelical colleges (and none of them, strange to say, has asked me for it) I would urge them not to “shelter” their students too much. I would say that they should expose their students to very ugly stuff, show them the weapons now being assembled against their religious and ethical beliefs. And then show them how to fight, and disarm, their enemies—our enemies. I would say to them, “You’re evangelical, aren’t you? Well, evangelize already.”

Most Catholic universities seem deaf to this plea, and virtually every mainstream Protestant college has gone the way of once-Presbyterian Princeton. But for some other Christian colleges, and for individual Christians teaching at secular institutions, moles like myself, the appointment of a professor of infanticide to the faculty of venerable Princeton should be a loud wake-up call; a reveille.



“BUT DO THEY EVER ASK HOW *I*’M DOING,
HOW *I*’M FEELING, WHAT *I* WANT?”

Professor Pleasure—or Professor Death?

Naomi Schaefer

When Princeton University's Center for Human Values offered Peter Singer the Ira W. DeCamp Professorship of Bioethics, the center's leaders may not have realized what they were getting. A somewhat obscure academic at Monash University in Melbourne, Australia, Mr. Singer is well known in his field for an uncompromising philosophy that pulls together the disparate strands of abortion-rights proponents, animal-rights activists and advocates of euthanasia. His philosophy may unintentionally do more damage to liberal pieties than a thousand Alan Blooms ever could.

Give Mr. Singer his due. The soft-spoken Australian has a simple and clear principle to apply to all these moral debates: "The most obvious reason for valuing the life of a being capable of experiencing pleasure or pain is the pleasure it can experience." So, he goes on to explain, in order to increase the "total sum" of pleasure, we can either bring into the world more beings capable of experiencing pleasure, increase the pleasure of already existing beings or remove what he calls "miserable beings."

If cows lead pleasurable lives, Mr. Singer is for saving them from the butcher's knife; if handicapped people have lives that aren't pleasurable, Mr. Singer stands equally ready to have them killed. Thus Mr. Singer supports all forms of euthanasia, voluntary or not; abortion and infanticide; and rights for animals. And who decides which lives are pleasurable? Presumably people as enlightened as Mr. Singer.

There is an impressive, if lunatic, consistency to his arguments. Unlike many pro-choice, animal-rights, or "death with dignity" advocates, he does not feel compelled to hide his views behind euphemisms. Indeed he makes no compromises at all for traditional notions of morality. Mr. Singer claims that the problem with the way most professors teach ethics is that they "assume that the point of moral philosophy is to provide a theory that meets as many moral intuitions as possible."

"But," he told me in an interview, "many of our considered moral intuitions are formed for selfish reasons, or for religious reasons which were once strong but are now outdated." For instance, we justify killing animals because we want to eat them, he argues, and we prevent some women from choosing abortion merely because the pope tells us to. Mr. Singer wants to take us into

Naomi Schaefer is an intern on *The Wall Street Journal's* editorial page, where this article first appeared (September 25, 1998). It is reprinted here with permission of The Wall Street Journal (© 1998, Dow Jones & Company, Inc. All rights reserved.).

a brave new world where these traditional notions don't apply.

So what is Princeton, one of the most prestigious universities in the country, doing giving Mr. Singer a platform? Justin Harmon, the university's director of communications, notes Mr. Singer's degrees from Oxford and Melbourne Universities and his publication of more than 10 books, and assures us that "experts in the field of ethics have been impressed with Mr. Singer." Mr. Harmon allows that "many of the faculty who participated in the search process disagree with his conclusions and the process by which he comes to those conclusions," but adds: "It's not the university's position to make people comfortable."

It would be interesting to know just how comfortable Mr. Singer makes his new colleagues at Princeton. He certainly causes discomfort on the left, since his arguments expose the inconsistencies many of them would rather paper over.

Consider Mr. Singer's stance on abortion. In his book "Practical Ethics," he begins by arguing that "the life of a fetus is of no greater value than the life of a nonhuman animal at a similar level of rationality, self-consciousness, awareness, capacity to feel, etc. and that since no fetus is a person no fetus has the same claim to life as a person." So far so good: Mr. Singer sounds like a conventional feminist. But then he adds the kicker: "Now it must be admitted that these arguments apply to the newborn baby as much as to the fetus." In short, he agrees with pro-life activists who argue that nothing distinguishes, say, partial-birth abortions from infanticide—though Mr. Singer *approves* of both. Unsurprisingly, pro-choice activists have kept their distance.

Similarly, Mr. Singer doesn't make any of the politically palatable arguments for euthanasia. While most proponents argue that a patient in great pain has the "right to die" if he so chooses, Mr. Singer bases his decision not on individual rights but on the notion that the overall sum of pleasure will be increased when an unhappy person dies. Opponents argue that once certain forms of euthanasia are adopted, it will be difficult to draw the line. Mr. Singer evidently relishes this prospect. "Once we abandon those doctrines about the sanctity of human life that . . . collapse as soon as they are questioned, it is the refusal to accept killing that, in some cases, is horrific."

The reaction from right-to-die activists? "He's certainly out on the fringe," says Don Blake, a spokesman for the Hemlock Society.

In assessing which lives are pleasurable and which are not, Mr. Singer also accounts for the lives of other creatures in the animal kingdom. "We should recognize that from the points of view of different beings themselves, each life is of equal value," he writes. Mr. Singer is not convinced that just

because “a person’s life may include the study of philosophy while a mouse’s life cannot” that “one is more or less valuable than the other.”

What is interesting about Princeton’s decision is not that the university hired someone who does not even register on the compass of mainstream political debate—the wonders of academic freedom have taken us to stranger places—but that it hired someone whose arguments will lead his students to see the flaws of many of his colleagues’ conventional thinking. Who knows what may happen when Princeton students begin to think critically about what Peter Singer is saying? The inconsistencies of the liberal worldview may begin to strike them in a horrifying way.

The search team, according to Mr. Harmon, understood that “there is legitimate room for disagreement about how you decide what is moral and that it’s not for us to hold a particular set of values.” But the moral relativism of the university may reach its breaking point in this case. “I am not convinced,” Mr. Singer tells his readers, “that the notion of a moral right is a helpful or meaningful one.” His colleagues—the ones who argue that he has the right to speak his mind—might disagree.



Marilyn Hogben Meets Peter Singer

Ellen Wilson Fielding

Australian Professor Peter Singer has turned up in American news stories because of his controversial appointment to a chair in ethics at prestigious Princeton University, but regular readers of this journal encountered him in his native Australian *milieu* just one issue ago—the Summer 1998 *Review* included the original text of Marilyn Hogben's article for the *Monash* (Australia) *Bioethics Review*—at the urging of Professor Singer of Monash University.

Her article took the form of a diary attacking her deliberations on authorizing the destruction of fertilized eggs frozen for her and her husband in the course of successful *in vitro* fertilization (IVF) treatments. Bear with a useful sidetrip as we first consider Ms. Hogben's travails before turning to Peter Singer's entrance into her life.

Ms. Hogben and her husband had decided not to attempt further additions to their family following the birth of their daughter. When, several years later, their fertility clinic notified them that they were legally required to either use or destroy frozen embryos over five years old, and that the decision rested with the "parents," Marilyn Hogben was plunged into a process of doubt, conflicting desires, and agonizing familiar to many who undergo or observe others undergo more "traditional" abortion decisions.

Ms. Hogben acknowledges that her frozen embryos are at least potential human life. She personalizes them in her thoughts and in a series of drawings that convey her pain, self-revulsion and self-indulgence. She understands that she is pronouncing judgment on her daughter's "younger" siblings, and yet she cannot bear the thought of surrendering them to another childless couple. This happens with sad frequency to pregnant women who are unmarried or otherwise unable to care for the babies they are carrying: they regret that they are not in a position to care for their babies, they suffer guilt, pain, and deep remorse. Yet many of them, however reluctantly, end up sentencing their babies to death rather than hand them over for adoption—to become someone *else's* babies.

Does this sound too blunt? Not to me: I find it easy enough to understand the psychology of these women. Mothers who give birth to their babies and keep them feel similarly protective and possessive when they consider who

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they would entrust their children to if they died. No one seems quite good enough, because no one can be counted on, in the mother's view, to love her child as much as she does. So, in an excruciating paradox, the pregnant mother in desperate circumstances cannot bear to will her child to someone else.

This is completely understandable as a feeling, but utterly indefensible as a course of action. Ms. Hogben's plight is equally understandable, but her course of action, for all the agonizing and journal-writing that accompanies it, comes across as curiously callow and self-absorbed. She sees those frozen embryos in her mind; they take shape in her drawings; she fills her journal with her thoughts about them. But the fertilized egg, that hopeful beginning, that long-ago cause for jubilation in the fertility clinic, that loser in the lottery that determined which embryo would be implanted in Marilyn Hogben's uterus, will never be able to see and talk to her. Unlike the developing subjects of all those pregnancy journals composed by first-time expectant mothers, these embryos will never see and talk to their mother, or read her journal.

So where does Peter Singer, philosopher and ethicist, enter this story? Several entries into her journal, Ms. Hogben overhears him holding forth on a radio show. She e-mails him for advice and receives a reply the next day. We are never told exactly what she asked him, or the details of his reply, but we learn that "he gave me his opinion on the right-to-life of embryos," and recommended some reading material.

The meeting of these two minds is interesting to imagine. Though they shared a common subject matter, so to speak, their styles of decision-making appear radically different. Almost any reader of Marilyn Hogben's journal would conclude that its end was in its beginning, that she was highly unlikely to reach any other decision than her determination to dump the embryos, barring some great epiphany. What tension exists in the journal is not that of suspense but of emotion. Ms. Hogben has set herself and her emotions a passage—I might almost say a passion—to undergo before she allows herself to sign the document that will destroy her embryos. She works her way doggedly through all the relevant grieving stages, but there's no doubt that the clock is ticking for her objects of conception.

Yes, she reads up on the subject (including some of Mr. Singer's contributions), but none of this reading matter, with the authors' abstruse definitions of what it means to be human, appears, even in shorthand, in her journal. There she seems mostly preoccupied with arriving at her destination in an appropriate psychological state—mournful, but resigned.

Mr. Singer, on the other hand, distrusts emotional reactions as a basis for ethical decisions. As evidenced by books like *Making Babies* and *Rethinking*

Death and Dying, he prides himself on addressing moral quandaries with strict logic and rationality, and denying any role for religion or the voice of tradition. The issues posed by modern medical and biological advances must be debated, he repeatedly tells us, without recourse to feelings or false dictates from a thankfully-moribund religious tradition. Here, for example, is a quotation from *Making Babies: The New Science and Ethics of Conception* (which Singer co-authored with Deane Wells in 1984) on the role of Australia's National Ethics Commission which, the authors argue,

should base its recommendations on general ethical principles that all can accept. It should not appeal to revelations of God's commands, to the idea that our natural capacities, for instance our sexuality, were "given" to us for specified purposes, nor to belief in the existence of an immortal soul. . . . We all agree on enough basic ethical principles to make it unnecessary to prejudice the argument with such controversial assumptions.

What Singer wants are "general principles that depend on no sectarian allegiances" and he identifies the chief of these as that which "will lead to the kind of society in which the greatest possible number are able to satisfy their most important needs and desires. What will most reduce misery and suffering? These are basic principles that all of us can accept. . . . To see their validity, all we have to do is think about the significance our own needs and desires have for us and then apply the Golden Rule so that we allow to others as much significance for their needs and desires as we would have them allow to ours." [*Rethinking Death and Dying*, p. 181.]

A lot of things are going on in this signature Singerian passage. He begins with some kind of simple Benthamism, concerned with maximizing pleasure and minimizing pain. But a large dollop of Kant is spooned in to try to fill the gap between our natural desire to maximize our own pleasures and the ethicist's efforts to universalize this self-centeredness into the goal of maximizing pleasure for the greatest possible number. Note the surprising appearance of the Golden Rule in Singer's quotation—the Golden Rule, which developed from those very religious traditions that Singer wants to consign to the dustbin of history. Doing unto others is not self-evident good sense without essentially religious arguments regarding the brotherhood of mankind under divine fatherhood, or divinely prescribed duty. Even the Kantian argument familiar to everyone in its somewhat debased form as "if everyone acted selfishly no one would be happy" is not self-evidently compelling in societies where it is clear that not everyone *will* act selfishly. Or as Diane Keaton responded to Woody Allen's attempt at Kantian persuasion, Yeah, and if everyone went to the same restaurant on the same night there'd be

chaos—*but they don't*. Singer is not proving a basis for a secular ethical consensus; but simply affirming one that he thinks will fly, attempting to prop up modern, secular utilitarianism with some leftover pre-modern religious crutches.

In reality, we know by now what happens when society attempts to steer for relatively high moral ground by using the utilitarian argument of the greatest good for the greatest number: Lots of people decide that the best way to begin counting that number is with number one—Me. In other words, they seek first to satisfy their own needs and desires, and if there is time or resources left over, *then* they consider the needs and desires of those around them.

For as we also know, if you work first toward making the greatest possible number of your fellow citizens happy, you will never be sure when your turn has come to grab some for yourself.

Consider abortion and infanticide. Both of these decisions, in Singer's mind, should be decided by the parents, since neither the unborn nor the newly born have the capacity for self-knowledge, self-awareness of their lives as past, present, and future, the ability to communicate—and one or two other faculties which at present escape me. By Singer's reasoning, the pain experienced by the pre-born or newly born is regrettable, and should be minimized if possible, but does not weigh against the parents' desire not to be burdened with this child. Logically consistent, at the other end of life, Singer praises Dr. Jack Kevorkian's assistance to "patients" wishing to shuffle off this mortal coil.

Let's turn back for a moment to the conflicted-yet-resolute Marilyn Hogben, recipient of Peter Singer's counsel. It is hard *not* to believe that, in philosophical terms, the two were simply talking past each other, arguing from very different sets of assumptions. It is clear that Ms. Hogben's bottom line was not some greatest good for the greatest number—that might have inclined her to think harder about donating the frozen embryos?—but rather her own needs and desires (and perhaps those of her husband, a very shadowy figure in her journal).

What difference does it make? Don't both Peter Singer and Marilyn Hogben argue away or ignore the rights of the embryos, lodging the right to decide with the parent(s)? Both have little to say to those obsolescent traditionalists Singer dismisses so eagerly, with their non-logical attachment to the sacredness of human life (the vegetarian Singer's sympathies are at once wider and less absolute than that). The difference between the two does not hold particularly consoling implications for us; it simply describes two post-Christian

(post-religious, really) approaches to calibrating the rights and values of human beings. Mr. Singer's is the more rigorously argued and hence the more initially shocking. It does not fudge or shade or attempt to endear itself. Ms. Hogben's, drawing on emotional realities difficult for most of us entirely to suppress, is in some ways the more treacherous because the most recognizable and appealing.

Can we imagine more than a handful of human beings who would use the freedoms Mr. Singer awards them—to create and destroy life, to tinker with unwanted fetuses and the like—according to the ethical guidelines, such as they are, that he adheres to? He wishes society to establish the conditions within which the greatest number can find their needs and desires fulfilled. As part of that project he holds out to society's citizens the right to grant or withhold meaning to its weakest members, as they wish—the unborn, the newborn, the handicapped, the terminally ill. He is not saying we should have the legal freedom even to choose to do what may be immoral; he is assigning us the power to self-legislate our own morality over wide tracks of ethical territory, without second guessing by God or his ministers.

Mr. Singer lost several grandparents to Hitler's Holocaust and strongly resists comparisons between his arguments and those the Nazis used. But the jettisoning of our moral foundations and the denial of our sense of the sacred are more dangerous than Mr. Singer will admit. He cannot control the potentially-anarchic trajectory of his thinking, however "logical," since he does not leave us anyone higher than our own egalitarian selves to control it. Inevitably, the criterion of the greatest satisfaction of needs and desires for the greatest number is bendable to purposes benevolent or appalling. It is much less rigorous, for instance, than appeals to the greatest good for the greatest number. It depends upon and refers to no definition of the good, and leaves us little direction in distinguishing between innocent and base desires.

Despite Singer's distaste for the analogy, Hitler no doubt imagined he was creating something like that kind of society for his Germans (the greatest possible number not happening to include Jews or gypsies—they, like Singer's pre-born or unwanted newly-born, could be sacrificed to fulfill the needs and desires of the rest). Yet when non-totalitarian societies use similar utilitarian language today, they do little better, quickly corrupting themselves into societies in which members seek to fulfill their own needs and desires, even at another's expense, against Singer's unsupported standard of the Golden Rule.

In fact, non-totalitarian people or societies that reject a transcendent moral authority and set for themselves no higher goals than the satisfaction of

unspecified needs and desires conduct themselves rather like Marilyn Hogben. While there is no doubt that I hold even Post-*Roe v. Wade* America to be morally superior and vastly preferable to Nazi Germany, both are morally disordered and permit catastrophic acts to be committed in their name. A relatively non-contentious example of widespread havoc permitted and almost encouraged by America's unofficial philosophy of hedonism is no-fault divorce. This does not involve us in debates over what constitutes human personhood, since those most harmed are children who have survived infancy, but nicely-secular sociological studies like Judith Wasserstein's establish the long-term painful effects of even low-conflict divorces on children.

Singer and co-author Deane Wells write, almost wistfully, near the end of *Making Babies*:

We argued that the very early embryo is not yet a bearer of rights. Our arguments for this position are, as far as we can see, logically irrefutable. Yet we know from experience that many people presented with the argument remain unconvinced. Whatever the reason for our failure to convince, such disagreement raises fundamental issues both about the nature of ethics and about the nature of democracy.

Maybe this is because Singer's version of Ethical Man is as unreal as other one-sided modern constructs such as Economic Man (come to think of it, Ms. Hogben's embryos had more life in them). Both lack the vivifying effect of the Creator's touch upon Adam in Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel. Unfortunately, Singer's is no mere sterile vision, but a destructive one in which man cannibalizes on man in pursuit of satisfaction of his needs and desires. What is the consumption of a hamburger or two to this?

Meanwhile, Marilyn Hogben's child has no brother or sister with whom to share her blessings.

The Hollow Men

David van Gend

Human babies are not born self-aware, or capable of grasping that they exist over time. They are not persons. Hence their lives would seem to be no more worthy of protection than the life of a fetus.

—Peter Singer, *Rethinking Life and Death*

There is a new note of triumphalism, even of impatience, in Professor Singer's recent book *Rethinking Life and Death*. It opens with a flourish:

After ruling our thoughts and our decisions about life and death for nearly two thousand years, the traditional Western ethic has collapsed.¹

Here, as elsewhere, he makes the Western ethic contiguous with Christendom (“Perhaps it is now possible to think about these issues without assuming the Christian moral framework which has, for so long, prevented any fundamental reassessment”²) and their mutual demise means that “we have an historic chance to shape something better, an ethic that does not need to be propped up by transparent fictions no-one can really believe.”³ Nietzsche had the best line, but Singer comes to declare dead and to bury one of the chief legacies of the late Deity, namely the sense of the sanctity of life. In both cases rumours of death have been greatly exaggerated. Singer's rigorous atheism has no time for “efforts to understand imaginatively and humbly the complex moral and religious tradition that informs the sense of what is at issue for those who resist the calls for more liberal laws,” as Raimond Gaita wrote in the *April Quadrant*.⁴ One aspect of this “liberalisation” is Singer's defence of infanticide-on-demand. Gaita rejected his claim to the moral high ground of “compassion and common sense” on this matter:

God help us if it is now regarded as no more than common sense to argue that infanticide may be permissible under much the same conditions as abortion now is.⁵

The chief concern of this article is to consider Singer's defence of infanticide in the light of recent events in Queensland, over which the philosopher's shadow looms, which show the attempt to move beyond theory to practice, introducing social infanticide on a continuum with social abortion. I write as a specimen of the old tradition, for whom the sanctity of life ethic, properly understood, has not collapsed, and for whom the “something better” heralded

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by Singer gives no joy. This millennial sense of a new post-Christian ethic, so opposed to—in particular—the sanctity of the life between mother and baby, is strangely found in the last lines of Yeats' "Second Coming":

*The darkness drops again; but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?*

If the dominant image of Christendom's twenty centuries has been the mother and child, then Singer's desecration of the life between them strikes deeply into those nurtured on Bethlehem's "transparent fictions," and invites a response.

Singer has been laying the theoretical basis for infanticide-on-demand since at least 1979, writing in *Practical Ethics*:

If the fetus does not have the same claim to life as a person, it appears that the newborn baby does not either, and the life of a newborn baby is of less value than the life of a pig, a dog, or a chimpanzee . . . In thinking about this matter we should put aside feelings based on the small, helpless and—sometimes—cute appearance of human infants . . . If we can put aside these emotionally moving but strictly irrelevant aspects of the killing of a baby we can see that the grounds for not killing persons do not apply to newborn infants.⁶

The call to "put aside feelings" recurs in Singer's work. Gaita saw in this "an impoverished understanding of reason and its relation to feeling, of the distinction between knowledge of the head and knowledge of the heart." C. S. Lewis, who may have crossed paths with the philosophy student at Oxford, made the point in *Men without Chests*: "It is not excess of thought but defect of fertile and generous emotion that marks them out. Their heads are no bigger than the ordinary: it is the atrophy of the chest beneath that makes them seem so."⁷

The coldly cerebral Singer is not talking here of the lethally handicapped infant, but of any infant ("they are not persons") who is unwanted. As with his defence of abortion, infanticide is "right" purely if that is what the parents desire, for whatever private reason; it is "wrong" if it is done against the wishes of the parents—a shining example of what Jenny Teichman, in this journal, has called "adulthood."⁸ The 1993 edition of *Practical Ethics* puts it this way:

My comparison of abortion and infanticide was prompted by the objection that the position I have taken on abortion also justifies infanticide. I have admitted this charge . . . In cases of abortion, however, we assume that the people most affected—the parents-to-be, or at least the mother-to-be—want to have the abortion. Thus infanticide

can only be equated with abortion when those closest to the child do not want it to live . . . Killing an infant whose parents do not want it dead is, of course, an utterly different matter.⁹

Utilitarian justice means being true to the desires of the adults alone, since the infant has no meaningful desires to be weighed against them. A man of “compassion and common sense,” however, realises that the law must at some point step in to limit adult freedom and recognise the “interests” of their young:

If we must have a point at which the developing human being has the same right to life as you or me, then, as I have suggested elsewhere, it is plausible to base this on the capacity of the being to want to go on living—and this needs at least a minimal awareness that one is a being existing over time, with a past and a future. On this basis, neither the early nor the late fetus has a full right to life—and neither does the newborn infant. This right, I would suggest, emerges gradually during the first few months after birth.¹⁰

It takes a remarkable man to achieve such empathy with infants only a few months old, enabling him to discern the first humanising flicker of *joie de vivre* in their hitherto lifeless faces, and to know with a deep inexplicable knowing that they now want to go on living. Now, as persons, they are no longer free to be killed. Singer made these latter comments at a conference he convened in Melbourne, August 1994, on “Ethical Issues in Prenatal Diagnosis and the Termination of Pregnancy.” In the audience was a man more familiar with babies a few months before birth, a man at the cutting edge of the Singerian ethic.

The medical director of Planned Parenthood of Australia, Dr. David Grundmann, had given an address two hours earlier on late term abortions, including babies older than the youngest infants in our premature baby wards.¹¹ Infants now survive from 23 weeks, while he practices abortion at 24 weeks; Singer’s continuum from social abortion to social infanticide is finding practical expression.¹² “This exciting topic presents a number of interesting challenges,” Dr Grundmann said.¹³ “It is my belief that abortion is an integral part of family planning. Theoretically this means abortion at any stage of gestation.”¹⁴ Grundmann deserves to be considered in the *avant garde* of Singer’s “something better,” for few other people defend abortion as a form of family planning up to birth. Equally remarkable is the list of five special categories he gives to justify late abortion, and his claim that “abortion beyond 20 weeks is unavailable anywhere in Australia, except at our clinics for the last five categories.” Heading the list is: “Minor or doubtful abnormalities,” where the baby may or may not have something minor wrong.

There is no indication of how minor an abnormality needs to be before a doctor should decline to do a six-month abortion. Another category: "Women who do not know they are pregnant," with examples of where women might think their five missed periods were due to anorexia, athletic training or exam stress. At the end of the list: "Major life crises or major changes in socio-economic circumstances. The most common example of this is a planned or wanted pregnancy followed by the sudden death or desertion of the partner who is in all probability the breadwinner."

None of this would upset Singer, who might point out that no justification at all is needed beyond the stated desire of the adults to abort the foetus. The practice did, however, upset many less enlightened citizens when Grundmann's lecture was tabled in the Queensland parliament. The State's main newspaper reported Dr. Grundmann as saying that "the graphic nature of the speech was intended only for the benefit of medical professionals, not lay people." The most graphic aspect of Dr. Grundmann's practice, which would upset even Singer, was the distressing nature of the technique used for abortion, "cranial decompression." He described this technique, his "method of choice,"¹⁵ on national television as: "essentially a breech delivery where the foetus is delivered feet first and then when the head of the foetus is brought down . . . into the top of the cervical canal, it is decompressed with a puncturing instrument so that it fits then through the cervical opening." To make it a breech delivery, which means legs first—and babies almost always lie head first—the doctor first reaches into the womb with grasping forceps and pulls the baby's struggling legs round and down into position. By being careful to dilate the birth canal to only 75% of the skull diameter, the doctor can deliver the legs and back but be confident of lodging the baby's head in the cervix, so it can be dealt with before birth is complete. Decompression involves removing the skull contents under high pressure suction so that, as Grundmann puts it, there is "no chance of delivering a live fetus," but that was too unpleasant to describe on television.¹⁶

There is no doubt about the baby suffering pain. A recent article in the *Lancet* (9/7/94) observed the full range of pain responses in unborn babies given needles *in utero* for blood transfusion at 23 weeks—not only "vigorous body and breathing movements" but "a hormonal stress response to invasive procedures." Grundmann seems to be indifferent to the "sentient" nature of these babies. On ABC Radio A.M. (27/10/94) he was asked: "So at what point do you believe the foetus does become a sentient human being?" and replied: "When it is born." With the right attitude, any action is possible.

The procedure of cranial decompression takes place a few blocks from the Royal Women's Hospital, where I recall assisting at the birth of a baby just

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under 24 weeks. It seems to me that if I had taken that baby from its mother's arms and pushed a puncturing instrument through its skull, that would be murder. Even if it had some minor abnormality, even if the mother wanted it dead and threatened suicide if I did not kill her baby, it would be violent murder. But when another doctor does this to another 24-week baby while it is being delivered at his clinic, that is family planning. Such is the divergence of outlook between the old ethic and the new.

The patient information brochure for the Brisbane Planned Parenthood Clinic has one instruction repeated and underlined: "*Please do not bring babies . . . we have no facilities to cater for them.*"

IN THE VESTIBULE

per me si va tra la perduta gente
(Dante, "The Inferno")

Above the clinic entrance, words of fire,
which burned our eyes on entering, boldly said:
Blind hope and desperation here conspire . . .

Here, too, a ghostly plenitude of dead,
who died because they were not suffered birth
—some, at the very brink of being, sped

Clear of the barbed entanglements of earth,
while others lived five months or even more
(slept, woke, kicked at times, heard music, mirth)

Before being hustled off . . . We turned and saw
within that place a surgeon whose dark skill
it was to do the hustling. He wore

A green gown, and his specialism was to kill
by puncturing infant skulls and diligently
suctioning out the brains. We stood stock-still,

Shaken by cries the world would never hear,
from those forbidden voices by decree
(the cost of living proving much too dear).

Returning from that nether-region, still
those cries pursued us: endless, indignant, shrill.

—Bruce Dawe

The new ethic is not new, but is as old as Moloch and Gehennah. Bethlehem was already threatened by it; one of its transcendent fictions recounts Herod's

episode of infanticide on demand, with one infant escaping by the warning of the Magi. The Three Wise Men today do not show the same concern with saving strangers' babies. Three pillars of civil society: the Philosopher, the Physician, and also the Lawmaker. Queensland's Attorney General, Deane Wells, was co-author with Singer of the book *The Reproduction Revolution*, and a journal article dealing with IVF, abortion, and the moral status of the embryo.¹⁷ At his feet was laid the request for an enquiry into this practice of aborting premature babies, and the request was refused.

Perhaps this is a sign of the times. Perhaps Singer's ethic and Grundmann's practice will prevail and we will become spiritually a society of dingoes, amongst whom no baby is safe. Nevertheless, Herod could not slaughter all the innocents, and Singer will not corrupt the love of innocence in every reader. As long as some hearts are softened by the image of an infant stirring in its sleep, or even by their baby's sleepy movements on ultrasound at 16 weeks, Singer's call to "put aside feelings" in killing babies will reek of decay. Aldous Huxley's "normalisation of the deindividualised," which Singer serves, can be passionately resisted.

A new Name is spoken at conception, which takes a lifetime to be fully expressed; a Name known to God if not yet to us. A new character is scripted into our common story, which no other poor strutting player has the right to erase. As long as there are hearts which sense this and will submit to their duty of care rather than asserting their power to kill, then there is life in the old ethic still.

* * * * *

In the ensuing correspondence in Quadrant, it was claimed that Singer did not defend infanticide-on-demand; this was Dr. van Gend's response, which also pointed to the implausibility of Singer's sterile, reductionist worldview being able to account for "the great gnarled growth of living ethics."

Sir,

Professor Peter Singer does not defend infanticide-on-demand, according to Brent Howard's quote from *Practical Ethics*, p.173 (letters, October): "We should certainly put very strict conditions on permissible infanticide." Mr. Howard should have completed the quote: ". . . but these restrictions might have more to do with the effects of infanticide on others than on the intrinsic wrongness of killing an infant." For Singer there can be nothing *intrinsically* wrong with killing a perfectly healthy but unwanted infant ("they are not persons"), provided it is done humanely. The wrong lies in its effect on others—

the frustration felt by childless couples who would have adopted the infant, or more subtly the weakening of species-valuable attitudes of protection towards infants in general. Singer's restrictions on infanticide have nothing inherently to do with the infant. Howard should not be confused merely because the ill-mannered term "on demand" is avoided; infanticide "on the interests of others" is the equivalent. In the same way the late abortion specialist, Dr. Grundmann, denies support for abortion "on demand" but advocates it "on request." Nobody tells a doctor what to do. In conversation with Dr. Grundmann at the recent AMA enquiry into late abortion, after he had said that "there is no stage of pregnancy at which I consider the fetus my patient," and that even with surgically correctable conditions "it depends on whether the woman wants to put her fetus through all that surgery," I asked him if there was anything *intrinsic* to a baby shortly after birth that meant one should not kill it. He replied that there are laws against it, and it should not be done. The same moral outlook which enables a doctor to put scissors through the head of a struggling 24-week baby for "minor or doubtful abnormalities," is the outlook which enables the philosopher to deny any intrinsic wrongness to the killing of such infants. The one man's pen is the other man's puncturing instrument.

Mr. Howard falsely suggests that I portray Singer as unconcerned with foetal suffering. In fact, with regard to Dr. Grundmann's practice, I said Singer "would object, I believe, to the pain suffered by the small animal." At the RSPCA level we are brothers in arms; it is at deeper levels, more ontological than zoological, that we are irreconcilable. Where Singer demands of our young a certain quantity of certain qualities before grudging them membership of the human family, I am bound by the brute fact of their being, even if asleep in the small darkness of the womb, and oppose those who consider it nothing to kill them in their sleep. In the end one cannot politely debate the way Singer chooses to see babies, one can only hate it. G. K. Chesterton wrote of the war with Carthage over its practice of ritual infant sacrifice: ". . . when two visions of the world, two moral atmospheres meet. What is the one man's breath is the other man's poison; and it is vain to talk of giving a pestilence a place in the sun."

Singer's conclusion that there is nothing intrinsically wrong with killing babies gives us a warrant to inspect his premises more closely. A desolate scene greets us. His *Credo* is contained in one paragraph of *Practical Ethics* (p. 331) under the heading "Has Life a Meaning?":

When we reject belief in a god we must give up the idea that life on this planet has some preordained meaning. Life as a whole has no meaning. Life began, as the best available theories tell us, in a chance combination of gases; it then evolved through

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random mutations and natural selection. All this just happened; it did not happen for any overall purpose. Now that it has resulted in the existence of beings who prefer some states of affairs to others, however, it may be possible for particular lives to be meaningful. In this sense atheists can find meaning in life.

It is a brave man who would adhere to such naive neo-Darwinism with colleagues like Paul Davies at large, and a con-man who would try to sell this as a plausible motive for the nobler strivings of the human spirit. Our roots go much deeper than Singer allows. The sole foundation of Singer's ethical edifice is the blindly-evolved, chemically-determined preference for some states of affairs to others—a proposal so trivial and sterile that, when set up against the great gnarled growth of living ethics (Gandhi, Mother Teresa, 'Weary' Dunlop), it should crumble in a rubble of derision. It is philosophical snake-oil, yet in the hands of such a smooth talking salesman it is a best-seller. It is the hollow creation of a mind which believes that all is vanity, yet finds diversion in building (in Howard's words) "a more realistic, compassionate and intellectually credible system of bioethics" over the abyss.

When Mr. Howard concludes by suggesting that this is part of a "campaign to discredit Peter Singer" I agree it is a necessary objective, but doubt that the author of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* section on ethics is feeling embattled. Nevertheless, there is a long tradition going back to the days of the naked emperor, and it would greatly gratify my chemically-determined preferences for some states of affairs to others to be part of that tradition.

Yours sincerely,

David van Gend

NOTES

1. Peter Singer, *Rethinking Life and Death*, The Text Publishing Company, Melbourne 1994, p. 1.
2. Peter Singer, *Practical Ethics*, Cambridge University Press, Cambridge, 2nd ed. 1993, p. 173.
3. *Rethinking...* p. 4.
4. Raimond Gaita, "On the Sanctity of Human Life," *Quadrant*, April 1995, p. 53.
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6. Peter Singer, *Practical Ethics*, Cambridge University Press, Cambridge 1979, reprinted 1990, pp. 122-125.
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"I TOLD YOU TO BUY LARGER TRAPS."

The Babycult:

Having Children in an Age of Affluence

Read & Rachel Schuchardt

"A child is the ultimate pet."

—JOOP! Jeans Ad

At first blush, it might not seem that the New Jersey Prom Girl (a.k.a. Melissa Drexler) and the McCaughey septuplets are manifestations of the same cultural malaise. In the middle of her high school prom, Drexler gave birth and then dropped her newborn in a trash can. Bobbi McCaughey, on the other hand, became the world's first mother of surviving septuplets, a fact achieved by modern medicine (and its unpredictable side effects) but celebrated by the McCaugheys with the famously ironic line, "We're just trusting in God."

These two examples point to a culture of ambivalence that has grown up in the U.S. around the conception and care of children. On the one hand, Americans spare no effort to conceive and consume for wanted children; on the other hand, they leave the care of all too many of those children to nannies, illegal immigrants, and daycare workers. More ominously, Americans leave unwanted children to trash cans, abortion clinics, and contraceptive devices.

Our ambivalence to children is rooted in the thoroughgoing worldliness of American life and in the premium Americans place on raising our children with access to the best schools, toys, and neighborhoods. In the early years of their adult life, many Americans don't want children because (a) they impinge on careers, degrees, leisure, romantic relationships, and various and sundry material goods (cars, a home, and so forth) and (b) children seem to require more than adults think they can give in the way of material and emotional support. As they move closer to middle age, however, these same adults realize that the biological clock is ticking and, as their worldly pursuits grow less meaningful, that the one objective they have not achieved is parenthood. It is at this point that children become objects of desire, worthy

Read & Rachel Schuchardt, parents of three young children, say that they "get by on one salary and one bedroom" so their kids will have "at least one" full-time parent. This article first appeared as the Cover Story in *re:generation* (Vol. 4, No. 1), a quarterly of "faith and culture for a new generation" which has its editorial office in Cambridge, Massachusetts. It is reprinted here with their permission (© 1998 by The Regeneration Forum. All rights reserved).

of worship and sacrifice—in a word, wanted. This desire is the animating passion of the cult of the baby.

The demographic trends tell part of the story. After World War II, the original baby boom brought a birth rate of more than 4 million babies a year. The birth rate didn't reach 4 million again until the late eighties and early nineties, and it has stayed relatively high ever since. But the rhymes and reasons behind the nineties' boomlets are vastly different. In the fifties, a smaller U.S. population of women was having lots of babies, often starting in their early twenties; now, a larger U.S. population of women is having fewer babies, generally starting in their late twenties, and on into their thirties, and up, so far, into their sixties.

This huge demographic shift—largely concentrated in the middle and upper classes—is related to the way people meet, marry, and have children. Not many men are marrying their high-school sweethearts or secretaries anymore. Instead, they are marrying their colleagues, professional acquaintances, and grad school classmates, which means older and more financially independent women.

The percentage of women in the American workforce has risen steadily over the last thirty years, with 75 percent of college-educated women in the paid labor force. The median age for first marriages has increased steadily since 1970, when most women got married at age 20. Today, 33 percent of women aged 25 to 29 have never married; for men the figure is even higher—48 percent of today's 25 to 29 year olds have never married. Moreover, according to the National Center for Health Statistics, one quarter of today's first time births are to women between 30 and 44 years old.

The shift towards older first births leaves many parents with more cash to spend on their children. Today's prospective parents have more books, catalogs, clothes, diapers, furniture, magazines, toys, and childcare options to choose from than any other group of humans currently or previously inhabiting the globe. From magazine subscriptions targeted at preliterate six-month-olds (I swear: it's called *Baby Bug*) to electric bottle warmers that plug into car cigarette lighters (since we dare not actually use them to light cigarettes), today's parents have turned baby products into a \$23-billion-a-year industry.

Drive down any Main Street USA, walk through any suburban shopping mall—or just open your mailbox—and you will be tempted to believe that we are a culture completely devoted to our children. You will see shops, playhouses, and catalogs that never existed when you were growing up: The Baby Superstore, Kids 'R' Us, The Discovery Zone, The Play Zone, Motherwear, After the Stork, A Step Ahead, The Natural Baby Company. Companies like The Gap, The Right Start, Land's End, L. L. Bean, and

Patagonia started selling baby clothes just in the last decade, jumping into the market just as the birthrate began peaking. Today's expectant mother can choose from a slew of baby name books, dozens of pregnancy workout videos, and over 200 separate titles for national and regional parenting magazines and newspapers.

But while some of this commercial feeding frenzy is the natural result of a market growing to meet the needs of the increasing boomlets, it doesn't end there. The darker underbelly to this devotion is the objectification of the "wanted" child. Many parents come to see wanted children as both a commodity and an opportunity for expiation of past sins. Babies are not only the object of consumer spending; they have themselves become the ultimate consumer item. As Stanley Fridstein, founder of *The Right Start Catalog*, says, "Babies are the BMWs of the nineties."

It wasn't always like this. There was a time when, for the most part, marriage, sex, and children followed naturally from one another. Men and women married at the peak of their fertility and there was little question about the outcome of consummated love. But babies today have been removed from the realm of the ordinary and placed on a peculiar pedestal in the minds of many parents. Having a baby is now an option for the discriminating married (and unmarried) consumer—in other words, a choice.

"To have or not to have?" is, accordingly, the question most couples ask themselves, and now that the baby is only a theoretical possibility rather than a biological inevitability, the prerequisites for baby-readiness in the mind of the modern couple grow every year. Previously all that was needed were two sets of loving arms, two breasts, and a way to put bread on the table. Ask a couple today when they will conceive and they will say the same thing: "Oh, we're planning to have children in about two years when we can afford it, when we have saved enough for a down-payment, when the car is paid off, when I'm done with grad school, when I'm at the point in my career when I feel comfortable taking a break." Or a recent favorite, "we'll be ready when we've taken the two great European tours we've been planning." But ask them again in two years, and you'll often get the same answer, "In about two years . . ."

The presumption that biological destiny can be avoided or delayed is made possible by the advent of increasingly reliable birth control technology. In one fell swoop the morality of the roaring twenties was made safe by the near-perfect technologies of the birth control pill, the intra-uterine device, and contraceptive abortion. But this progress came at a price. Women availed themselves of these technologies in large numbers and were able to partake

in the sexual expression of anti-Vietnam fervor, little realizing that the agents that denuded the forests of Indochina were kissing cousins with the chemicals that kept their wombs empty. And once empty, it later became clear, the wombs of these women did not always jump immediately back into fertility when the birth control methods were stopped.

Indeed, medical research for the last thirty years has consistently shown that almost all forms of birth control pose independent risk factors to subsequent pregnancies. And these risks are only exacerbated by birth control's other dirty little secret: that it has, on the whole, failed to reduce the transmission of sexual disease.

The false security of fruitless sex has spilled a troubling brew of sexually transmitted disease onto our generation. Prior to the sexual revolution, gonorrhea and syphilis were the only known threat (other than children of course) to unlimited hedonism. Currently there are over twenty sexually transmitted diseases. Even among the "treatable" diseases like chlamydia (up 500 percent since 1960), there is a high risk for tubal pregnancy due to internal scarring. And if a woman's first pregnancy is tubal, studies show that she has a 75 percent chance of becoming completely sterile thereafter.

Even abortion, once touted as being safer than giving birth, carries with it a host of complications that are rarely mentioned in the mass media or ob/gyn offices. Aside from the hundreds of women who have died as a direct result of "safe and legal" abortions—a fact never mentioned in polite society—even successful abortions have been shown to create medical and psychological complications for subsequent pregnancies.

Studies show that two of the common paths women take after having an abortion cause considerable damage. Almost 30 percent of post-abortive women choose to have what researchers call "replacement pregnancies"—getting pregnant within a year after the first abortion in an attempt to make up for the lost child. For reasons of persistent psychological distress, many of these women abort even their replacement pregnancies, one reason why 40 percent of all abortions are repeat abortions. But the second path many women take after aborting an unborn child is to put off childbearing for quite some time—upwards of ten and fifteen years—to separate the two experiences with as wide a chronological gap as possible. Both of these paths tend to create a psychological motive for post-abortive women to treat their subsequent children with a heightened sense of responsibility and obligation. And here again the vicious cycle loops around on itself—the very technology that relieved these women from bringing "unwanted" children into the world now condemns them to raise "wanted" children according to a new standard that somehow leaves all their efforts inadequate.

The myth of the überfrau, the superwoman who has it all—education, career, wanted children—in that order, has drawn thousands of women into the potential heartbreak of timing their children not to the hands on their biological clock but to the rungs on the corporate ladder. Many of these women, resisting the “biology is destiny” dictum as pure patriarchal pabulum, have been bitterly disappointed to discover that in denying biology they may have denied themselves the fulfillment of one of life’s greatest desires.

Because, as pills are popped and years pass, Fertility, often an unpredictable sprite, often flees back into the land of dear dreams. Fertility for first pregnancy begins to drop after thirty, and spirals down after thirty-five. Then the real odyssey begins. The child becomes the holy grail, sought after through endless rounds of infertility treatments. The money pours out, often to the tune of \$70,000, and if you’re lucky, the product of life’s longing for itself is conceived in a petri-dish. But in the process, the child has grown out of all proportion in the mind of the parent; exaggerated desire brings exaggerated expectations. This is a heavy burden for any child to bear. Like a long sought after but illusive love, the question becomes, “now that I’ve got you, what do I do with you?”

All too many parents answer this question by turning their children over to a nanny, au pair, or childcare worker. Seventy percent of working mothers return to work within a year of giving birth. Parents do this because they are often desperate to maintain their lifestyle and career status. They also covet a second income, hoping that it will allow them to give their child every educational and material opportunity. But in so doing they deprive their child of the two ingredients essential to any definition of love: time and energy.

Parents who leave their children in the care of others for 40-plus hours a week struggle with some degree of guilt. Parents in our secular world may not express it as such, but it comes out in doctors’ offices, in the courtroom, in therapy, and in the popular culture as a whole. Look at the angst-ridden themes behind recent movies on the subject of parents and children: *Honey I Shrunk the Kids*, *Parenthood*, *Home Alone*, *Baby’s Day Out*, *The Hand That Rocks the Cradle*, *Honey I Blew Up the Kids*, *Beethoven*, *My Stepmother is an Alien*, *Don’t Tell Mom—The Baby-sitter’s Dead*. In each of these films the story line revolves around guilty parents running like mad to make up for their inadequacy. It seems to be the staple of Disney’s animated features—look at the number of parental figures who just don’t get it in *The Little Mermaid*, *Aladdin*, and *The Lion King*.

A guilt-ridden parent is usually ineffective as an authority figure in the life of a child. Parents who see their children through a haze of guilt will

treat them with kid gloves. Why spoil quality time with a time-out, much less with a spanking? So the baton of authority is quietly laid aside by the parent, and the displaced child is more than happy to pick it up. In China, famous for working parents with only one child, they have introduced a new character into their language. The two thoughts associated with it are “baby” and “empire,” taken together to mean “imperial baby.”

Not surprisingly, the baby industry benefits from the inability of parents to set boundaries for their children. As Fridstein comments, “In this industry, guilt translates to geld.” A guilty mother who can’t say no to her child will be at the mercy of that child’s whim in the public mall when little Claire sees something she has to have. In magazines, newspapers, and websites, stories abound of parents admitting that their public purchases are often the result of giving in to a child who threatens to make a scene. And in the matter of material desires the imperial baby has more ammunition than the law should allow quietly stashed away in a corner of his living room—the television.

The average American child watches five thousand hours of television before entering school. For the child whose parents work full time, this makes television as close a companion as his parents. Ten thousand years of accumulated visual history is now piped into every room in the house via 175-channel televisions, Internet connections, and radio. Combine this with the recent boom in product placement programming designed to sell five hundred thousand licensed action toys at a Burger King near you. What you are left with is a generation of children whose desires are shaped, not by the slow growth of gentle dreams fed by ancient tales, but by the constant repetition of commercialized story lines that lead directly to the check-out aisle at Kids ‘R’ Us.

I asked Mary Leep, store manager of Kids ‘R’ Us in Bethesda, Maryland, what she thought was the single greatest influence on her store’s success. Her answer was immediate: “Mass media gives them more of a choice. When I was growing up my parents said, ‘OK, here’s your school clothes and you’re going to love them.’ Now the kids will come in and tell their parents what they’re going to wear based on what their friends like and what they see on TV. We see it all the time.” And so the result of absentee parenting—that is, excessive TV consumption—becomes the source of the demands that children place upon their parents for more merchandise, and more merchandise requires more money, and more money requires more overtime. And so the well-heeled child is left alone in front of the TV without the one thing he really craves above all else in the world: time with his parents.

Spurred by guilt and the advice of countless parenting experts, the new style of parenting maxes out on permissive quality time even as it minimizes quantity time and consistent discipline. Take a brief stroll through any shopping mall in America and you will see the results: unruly children and sullen teenagers who have little admiration or respect for their parents, not to mention any filial piety. Turn on the news and hear about Marshall Jones, 13, the child of parents who both logged long hours at work, who recently gunned down three of his peers in Jonesboro, Arkansas.

This pattern is only exacerbated by the fact that many children are led deeper and deeper into disturbing and disruptive behavior by their deep hunger for parental attention. And nobody, not even a parent, enjoys the company of bratty children. Thus, the golden child loses his sheen and the imperial baby comes home to find that his power over both of his subjects has evaporated.

As a friend of ours, returning to work after a brief stint at home, recently said of her children, "I can't wait to get back to work so that someone else will have to take care of them." Similar sentiments abound in parenting magazines.

For instance, articles on planning for vacations will routinely ask, "Should you take the kids?"—a baffling question to those who think of vacations as a chance to spend uninterrupted time with the family.

Publicly we profess unconditional love for children. But perhaps we're hiding our true attitudes to our children. The cult of the baby defeats itself because parents who treat children as the ultimate consumer item often end up not loving, but secretly resenting and even hating their children. As an enhancement to personal freedom, career goals, and social status, children are more often than not terribly disappointing.

So we have a culture that professes to adore children even as it disposes of unwanted children in trash cans and abortion clinics and foists all too many wanted children onto substitute parents who make, on average, less than minimum wage. Like most cults, the object of worship has become the object of sacrifice.

Ann Maloney is a philosophy professor at St. Catherine's College in St. Paul, Minnesota, as well as a pro-life feminist and mother. Why the cult of the baby? Maloney sums it up pretty well: "In the thirteenth century we saw ourselves as sinners under God's hand, capable and worthy of salvation. Now we see ourselves as consumers whose chief aim is to purchase products. We have gone from the cathedral to the shopping mall. How can we not see our children as possessions? Aren't they really the ultimate consumer item?"

So what do we suggest? We don't have all the answers, but perhaps our experience offers a few clues for steering clear of the baby cult. We're Presbyterian but we act Catholic: so far, we have three children, four years old and under, and the truth is, we were never ready for them. We were crazy in-love newlywed undergraduates when we conceived Constance, with no idea of what was about to befall us. Nonetheless, people often ask us our advice about children, mistaking our foolish luck for courage, and we always tell them the same thing: have babies, they're fun to make. Love them: they are little angels. Discipline them: they can be little devils. Don't worship them: they are not little gods. Don't wait until you are "ready" for children because you never will be; hold your nose and jump—you can learn to breathe again after you surface.



"THIS BEING 'TAKE YOUR DAUGHTER TO WORK' DAY, PETERS, I THOUGHT I'D LET MY AMY HAND YOU YOUR PINK SLIP."

The Road to Abortion (I):

How Eugenics Birthed Population Control

Mary Meehan

The typical account of the battle for legal abortion in the United States goes something like this: brave civil libertarians and women's rights advocates, encouraged by liberating currents of the 1960s, dared to raise the abortion issue in public and to prompt serious debate about it. Some of them started amending state anti-abortion laws to allow exceptions beyond life-of-the-mother cases, while others challenged abortion restrictions in the courts. The U.S. Supreme Court gave them a huge victory with its 1973 *Roe v. Wade* decision. Yet that decision resulted in a backlash which has kept the issue in politics, and the country badly divided over it. So the brave civil libertarians and feminists soldier on in their lonely battle.

This version, while including a few truths, leaves out so many others that it is deeply misleading. A wealth of inside information, now available in private and government archives, suggests that the eugenics movement (devoted to breeding a "better" human race) led to population control, which in turn had enormous influence on the legalization of abortion. Civil libertarians and feminists were certainly in the picture, but in many cases they were handy instruments of the eugenicists and population controllers. Moreover, far from fighting a lonely battle, abortion supporters received enormous aid from the American establishment or "power elite."

It is important to note the difference between birth control and population control. Birth control, although often used as another label for "contraception," actually includes any method to limit births for any reason. It can be used by individuals or couples with no involvement by government or private agencies.

Population control, however, involves a public or private program to reduce births within a specific area or group (for example, within China or among African-Americans) and/or to increase births elsewhere (for example, within France or among the highly-educated). In other words, those running the program have a specific demographic outcome in mind. While equal-opportunity population programs are theoretically possible, in practice one race or nationality generally uses population control against another.

Population control may involve any or all of the following: propaganda in

Mary Meehan, a Maryland writer and veteran *Review* contributor, is writing a book about eugenics.

favor of smaller families; pressure for legal change such as raising the legal age for marriage or repealing restrictions on contraception and abortion; widespread availability (often including public subsidy) of contraception, sterilization and abortion; the use of specific target numbers for birth control “acceptors” and for reduction of birth rates; economic penalties for having more than one or two children; and physical coercion to use birth control.

Occasional internal disputes among U.S. population controllers have obscured broad areas of agreement. Key figures such as Garrett Hardin and Alan Guttmacher, for example, disagreed over whether it was best to use a radical or a gradualist approach to advance the cause of abortion.

In 1963 Prof. Hardin, an environmentalist who was also an ardent population controller and a member of the American Eugenics Society, made a radical argument for repealing anti-abortion laws. In an approach that would be copied by many others, he put his population and eugenics concerns in the background and based his argument mainly on the welfare and rights of women. To religious objections citing the commandment “Thou shalt not kill,” Hardin responded that the Bible “does not forbid killing, only murder.” And murder, he said, means “unlawful killing. . . . Murder is a matter of definition. We can define murder any way we want to.” Later he said that “it would be unwise to define the fetus as human (hence tactically unwise to refer to the fetus as an ‘unborn child’).”¹ Hardin had learned well the Humpty Dumpty technique:

“When *I* use a word,” Humpty Dumpty said in rather a scornful tone, “it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less.”

“The question is,” said Alice, “whether you *can* make words mean so many different things.”

“The question is,” said Humpty Dumpty, “which is to be master—that’s all.”²

Dr. Alan Guttmacher, President of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America, wrote Hardin that anti-abortion laws could be changed “inch by inch and foot by foot, but not a mile at a time.” Later Guttmacher told another correspondent that “I am in favor of abortion on demand, but feel from the practical point of view that such a social revolution should evolve by stages.” Publicly he, like Hardin, presented access to abortion as a benefit for women. Guttmacher undoubtedly believed that it helped women; in fact, he had referred patients to an illegal abortionist as early as 1941. Yet he also had other motives, ones indicated by his service as vice president and board member of the American Eugenics Society.³

He had a fair amount of medical prestige, which he used to advance the

abortion cause. But prestige alone was not enough. Substantial amounts of money were needed to promote the kind of change he wanted.

John D. Rockefeller 3rd, his family, and their foundations provided much of the money. JDR 3rd's grandfather and father (that is, oil baron John D. Rockefeller and his son, John D., Jr.) were members of the American Eugenics Society, and JDR 3rd helped keep the eugenics group afloat financially during the Depression.

While he focused especially on population growth overseas, JDR 3rd was happy to squelch it within the United States as well. In 1967 he told his sister that "the matter of abortion is the principal remaining area in the population field which has not been given the attention it should." He suggested that she join him in giving money to the Association for the Study of Abortion. This sophisticated propaganda group, which pressed for legalization, included major eugenicists such as Guttmacher, ethicist Joseph Fletcher, and statistician Christopher Tietze. JDR 3rd and other Rockefeller sources contributed substantial amounts to the Association. They also gave money to support the winning side in *Roe v. Wade*.⁴

Another key figure in the abortion wars was Frederick Osborn, an immensely talented establishment figure who at various times was a businessman, scholar, army general, diplomat, and foundation executive. Osborn was also the strategist of the American Eugenics Society and the first administrator of a Rockefeller enterprise called the Population Council. Well before surgical abortion became a major issue, Osborn promoted Council research on chemical abortion and Council distribution of abortifacient intrauterine devices (IUDs). In 1974 he suggested that birth control and abortion were a great step forward for eugenics, but added: "If they had been advanced for eugenic reasons it would have retarded or stopped their acceptance."⁵

Who are the eugenicists, and why are they so obsessively interested in other people's fertility? When and why did they become involved in abortion?

English scientist Francis Galton, a cousin of Charles Darwin, invented the term "eugenics" in 1883. Taken from the Greek words for "well born," the term is used to describe the movement to "improve" the human race by encouraging the healthy and well-off to have many children and persuading, pressuring or coercing others to have few or none at all. The eugenics movement took root in many Western nations and also in China and Japan, with results that are very much with us today.

Galton, writing in the heyday of the British Empire, shared the profound bias against non-whites typical of his country and time. In one book, for

example, he suggested that the “yellow races of China” might eventually push “the coarse and lazy Negro from at least the metaliferous regions of tropical Africa.”⁶ Racial bias deeply infected Western eugenics from the start; and in the United States, it reinforced bad attitudes of the slavery and segregation eras. Eugenics encouraged superiority attitudes of the upper class and all too many members of the middle class. They flocked to an ideology that seemed to give a scientific seal of approval to bigotry against the poor, non-whites, the immigrants pouring through the Golden Door, and people with physical and mental disabilities.

Several upper-class people devoted portions of their huge fortunes to promote eugenics. Mary Harriman, widow of railroad baron E. H. Harriman, gave large sums to support the Eugenics Record Office. The Rockefellers and George Eastman (of Eastman Kodak) also backed the cause. They supported not only the efforts of academic eugenicists, but also practical efforts to limit births among the poor.

Some eugenics supporters, viewing their own heredity as splendid, had the large families that eugenics doctrine said they should have. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., had six children, as did Frederick Osborn. Some later supporters of population control have continued the tradition: Former President George Bush, television entrepreneur Ted Turner, and financier George Soros each has five children.

U.S. eugenics in the 1920s and 1930s sometimes looked like a strange assortment of academics, socialites, crackpots and racists who were going off in all directions at once—a circus in need of a ringmaster. Harry Laughlin and Rep. Albert Johnson were fighting to reduce immigration from Southern and Eastern Europe. Margaret Sanger and Clarence Gamble were spreading contraception everywhere they could, but especially among the poor. Paul Popenoe, E. S. Gosney and Harry Laughlin were persuading states to pass laws for compulsory sterilization of “feeble-minded” Americans. Many eugenicists were churning out propaganda, and some were even running “Fitter Families” contests at state fairs.⁷

Late in life, Frederick Osborn would look back upon this era as one that was almost useless in advancing eugenics. Yet there is much to suggest that he was too harsh in his judgment. Eugenics groups recruited many people who remained interested and active in eugenics throughout their careers, often passing on the ideology to children who also became active. Eugenics was firmly established in many prestige institutions, especially Ivy League universities and elite women’s colleges. Its influence on the American establishment, through the education of its professionals and politicians and foundation executives, was profound.

Laughlin and his friends, moreover, had great influence on immigration and sterilization policies. Others turned the new birth-control movement in the direction of population control for eugenic purposes.

Margaret Sanger—the charming, articulate and ruthless champion of birth control—was a eugenicist through most of her long career. She was a member of the American Eugenics Society and also a fellow of England's eugenics group. Her marriage to the wealthy Noah Slee and her enjoyment of the upper-class lifestyle toned down the radicalism of her youth—so much so that she suggested birth control as a solution for unemployment and labor militance during the Depression. After a 1931 demonstration by unemployed marchers in Washington, D.C., she wrote to industrialist George Eastman: “The army of the unemployed—massed before the Capitol yesterday morning—reminded one very forcibly that birth control in practice is the only thing that is going to help solve this economic and current problem.”

In one of her early books, Sanger said that eugenicists were showing “that the feeble-minded, the syphilitic, the irresponsible and the defective breed unhindered” and that “society at large is breeding an ever-increasing army of under-sized, stunted and dehumanized slaves.” In 1932 she called for a Population Congress that would “give certain dysgenic groups in our population their choice of segregation or sterilization.” She had in mind “morons, mental defectives, epileptics,” suggesting that “five million mental and moral degenerates” would be segregated. She also estimated that a second group of “illiterates, paupers, unemployables, criminals, prostitutes, dope-fiends” could be segregated “on farms and open spaces as long as necessary for the strengthening and development of moral conduct.” She mentioned numbers casually and in a confusing way, but apparently was speaking of between fifteen and twenty million Americans to be segregated or sterilized.⁹

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, writing for a 1927 Supreme Court majority that upheld a Virginia sterilization law, shared Sanger's cold view of the mentally-retarded when he said: “Three generations of imbeciles are enough.” The compulsory sterilization laws, aimed at people in public institutions, victimized many poor whites in the South and elsewhere—and not just the retarded, either. A woman who was sterilized as a teenager in 1928, but told she was having her appendix removed, was shocked to learn about the sterilization fifty-one years later. “I wanted babies bad,” she said. “Me and him [her husband] tried and tried to have 'em. I just don't know why they done it to me. I tried to live a good life.” Her husband, a retired plumber, said that they were “always crazy about kids.”

One writer suggests that black people were increasingly targeted for sterilization by the early 1940s, as state institutions in the South were opened to

black residents. Targeting poor women—black and white, Native American and Hispanic—continued long after that period. Sometimes it involved mainly the enticement of public subsidy (still offered today), and sometimes pressure or outright coercion.¹⁰

Abortion was not much discussed in the 1920s, even among eugenicists, for it was a criminal venture widely condemned in the medical profession and the major churches. But there were rumblings of interest in the next decade. In 1933, for example, the Eugenics Publishing Company published a book advocating substantial loosening of anti-abortion laws. At a 1935 high-level meeting of eugenicists and population controllers, Dr. Eric Matsner suggested making abortion law more permissive, but the meeting notes did not mention any discussion of his proposal. Other participants were primarily interested in encouraging births among “good stock” or in spreading contraception. Mrs. Robert Huse of the National Committee on Maternal Health “suggested getting rid of the undesirables before trying to stimulate the birth rates of the top strata of society.”¹¹

Her committee sponsored a conference on abortion problems in 1942, one that indicated ambivalence on the topic but included suggestions for fighting illegal abortion.¹² This was a serious problem in large cities at the time. Had there been more interest in positive solutions among the conference participants, they might have set up a network of crisis pregnancy centers to aid women in need. That, however, would have resulted in the births of many children eugenicists would have viewed as inferior.

German eugenicists, including Adolf Hitler, were interested in the American experience with immigration and sterilization. In *Mein Kampf*, published soon after Harry Laughlin and others had persuaded the U.S. Congress to pass immigration restrictions, Hitler suggested that American immigration policy was superior to German policy, although he called American restrictions “weak beginnings” and “slow beginnings.” According to Leon Whitney, who had served as executive secretary of the American Eugenics Society and had become a sterilization enthusiast, a Hitler aide “wrote me for a copy of my book, *The Case for Sterilization*, which I sent and which Hitler personally acknowledged.” Whitney showed Hitler’s letter to Madison Grant, who chaired the eugenics group’s immigration committee. Grant’s response? “He smiled, reached to a folder on his desk and gave me a letter from Hitler to read. It was in German. It thanked our chairman for writing *The Passing of the Great Race* and said that the book was his Bible.” Clarence Campbell, president of another American group called the Eugenics Research Association, attended a 1935 population congress in Berlin, where he offered a banquet toast to “that great leader, Adolf Hitler!”¹³

Frederick Osborn, who was in the process of taking over the American Eugenics Society, realized that hobnobbing with the Nazis had a down side in public relations. In 1938 he remarked that American public opinion was “opposed to the apparently excellent sterilization program in Germany because of its Nazi origin” and warned fellow eugenicists: “We must keep ourselves as Caesar’s wife, beyond reproach. And that means the things we do, the people we keep company with, the things we say, and the things other people say about us.”¹⁴

Osborn certainly changed eugenics rhetoric for the better, but he did not really reject class and racial bias. He probably contributed some thoughts to a remarkable chapter on population in Gunnar Myrdal’s *An American Dilemma*, the classic 1944 study of race relations in the United States. Osborn was a trustee of the Carnegie Corporation of New York, which funded the massive Myrdal study. Myrdal included Osborn in his acknowledgments and cited Osborn and many other American eugenicists in his footnotes to the population chapter. Myrdal and his wife Alva, although mainly known in the U.S. as Swedish socialists, were also eugenics sympathizers.

As a whole, the Myrdal study was a strong indictment of white cruelties against the black community in America. But his population chapter might be described as intellectually chaotic, deeply cynical, or both. Perhaps his comment about the confusion, ambiguity and inconsistency that lurk “in the basement of man’s soul” should be applied first to himself.

Myrdal wrote that “*the overwhelming majority of white Americans desire that there be as few Negroes as possible in America.*” He claimed, though, that the desire for “a decrease of the Negro population is not necessarily hostile to the Negro people.” He said that it “is shared even by enlightened white Americans who do not hold the common belief that Negroes are inferior as a race. Usually it is pointed out that Negroes fare better and meet less prejudice when they are few in number.”

Myrdal remarked that “all white Americans agree that, if the Negro is to be eliminated, he must be eliminated slowly so as not to hurt any living individual Negroes. Therefore, the dominant American valuation is that the Negro should be eliminated from the American scene, but *slowly.*”

Myrdal genuinely wanted to improve the living standards of the black community, but believed that until reforms could be made, “and as long as the burden of caste is laid upon American Negroes, even an extreme birth control program is warranted by reasons of individual and social welfare.” He said that many Negroes “are so destitute that from a general social point of view it would be highly desirable that they did not procreate.” Many, he

said “are so ignorant and so poor that they are not desirable parents and cannot offer their children a reasonably good home.” He suggested that expanding birth control and lowering the black birth rate could relieve “the poverty of the Negro masses” and improve black women’s health.¹⁵

This mishmash of eugenic and humanitarian motivations became standard fare among population controllers in the decades after Myrdal wrote. By no means were all population controllers liberals. But some who were apparently made a bargain with their own consciences: they supported civil-rights laws and programs to fight poverty in the black community, while also supporting birth-control programs to contain or reduce the black population. Many of them probably believed the humanitarian rationale yet also had, deep down, a fear of growing numbers among non-whites.¹⁶

Myrdal also stressed the problem of sexually-transmitted disease in the black community, suggesting contraception to prevent its transmission to children and adding: “A case could also be made for extending the scope of the circumstances under which physicians may legally perform therapeutic abortions.” His native Sweden had already done this.¹⁷

Myrdal was familiar with Margaret Sanger’s “Negro Project,” although he did not use that term in describing it. Sanger was trying to spread birth control to Southern Negroes in pilot projects that featured black doctors and nurses as well as endorsements by black ministers and other leaders. According to her defenders, Sanger was genuinely concerned about the health and welfare of black women and felt that too-frequent childbearing harmed them. Dorothy Roberts, a black law professor who has studied the Negro Project, says that black women wanted birth control and that many were already using it at the time. Black leaders, she notes, thought it was needed for the advancement of their community. Yet Roberts also remarks that W. E. B. Du Bois “and other prominent Blacks were not immune from the elitist thinking of their time” and “sometimes advocated birth control for poorer segments of their own race in terms painfully similar to eugenic rhetoric.”¹⁸

Possibly some black leaders had a bias against poor members of their own community that started in the house servant/field servant division of the slavery era. But Sanger, who was white, had both class bias and racial prejudice of the paternalistic variety. By dealing with doctors of their own race, she suggested, Negroes could more easily “lay their cards on the table, which means their ignorance, superstitions and doubts.” She told another white eugenicist, Dr. Clarence Gamble: “We do not want word to go out that we want to exterminate the Negro population,” adding that “the minister is the man who can straighten out that idea if it ever occurs to any of their more rebellious members.”

Earlier, Dr. Gamble had suggested *buying* black support for the project. He told a Sanger colleague that “relatively minor contributions to local churches might be made which would result in continuous backing of the project by the local ministers.” He added: “If colored newspapers are found to be influential it might be found effective to exchange cash for editorial and news support.”¹⁹

Sanger’s friend and birth-control colleague, Mary Lasker, won large contributions from her wealthy husband for the Negro Project and other Sanger ventures. Lasker was a talented strategist in her own right. She and Sanger lobbied relentlessly to get federal and state governments involved in birth control. With help from their mutual friend in the White House, Eleanor Roosevelt, they had some success. The initial federal efforts were relatively small, and quietly arranged, but they provided a precedent when Presidents Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon decided to expand federal involvement in a dramatic way.²⁰

In the early 1940s, while Sanger worked on her many projects, U.S. troops were fighting in World War II and U.S. policymakers were making careful plans for the postwar era. Much of the planning was done through a secret project called “Studies of American Interests in the War and the Peace,” which was financed by the Rockefeller Foundation and conducted by the private Council on Foreign Relations for the U.S. State Department. Major concerns included postwar access to the rich natural resources of colonial areas and the possibility of finding markets everywhere for American products.

Frank Notestein—a eugenicist, an economist/demographer, and a friend and colleague of Frederick Osborn—wrote a paper on population for the project. Rapid population growth in colonial areas, he suggested, would result in great hardships for some of them, including hunger, disease and war. Such areas, he said, “will be increasingly expensive and troublesome to administer, and unsatisfactory to do business with.” He proposed a program of modernization for the colonies, including the development of industries that would “draw a surplus and ineffective agricultural population into effective production,” the use of popular education “to create new wants for physical and material well-being” and “propaganda in favor of controlled fertility as an integral part of a public health program.”²¹ Notestein’s proposals for manipulating entire societies had profound effects on other population experts and eventually on government policy.

Jacob Viner, a noted economist, also wrote a paper for the war/peace studies in which he remarked that “higher-standard-of-living populations” made better trading partners for the West than did “low-standard populations even

if greater in size.” Lower birth rates in the “backward areas,” Viner suggested, were “very much to the interest of the United States.”²² This point was extremely important to the businessmen who participated in the Council on Foreign Relations and had great influence on U.S. foreign policy.

As American private and public agencies developed programs of population control over the next several decades, they stressed humanitarian objectives such as fighting poverty and famine and improving the status of women. Some of the population controllers, such as Notestein, actually believed the humanitarian rationale, at least in an abstract or paternalistic way. They did not, however, sit down with poor people as equals to discuss the matter; instead, *they* decided what poor people should have and then manipulated the poor to accept it.

For many population controllers, the humanitarian rationale was a cover for other motivations: (1) the eugenicists’ desire to breed a “better” human race by suppressing the birth rate of poor people and non-whites; (2) the goal of retaining access to the natural resources of the old colonial areas and of developing markets there; and (3) as the Cold War intensified, a decision by U.S. leaders to use population control as a way of keeping the lid on poor nations so they would not fall victim to Communist take-overs. These three motivations reinforced one another; all of them were oriented toward keeping the industrialized West, and especially the U.S., dominant in the world.

After World War II, eugenicists started two organizations to promote population control in ex-colonial nations. (Populations there were increasing even more rapidly than predicted because of improved disease control.) Margaret Sanger, C. P. Blacker of England’s Eugenics Society, and others formed the International Planned Parenthood Federation (IPPF), which now has worldwide national affiliates. John D. Rockefeller 3rd and Frederick Osborn launched the Population Council, a private foundation that first convinced government leaders in poor nations that they had a serious population problem and then showed them how to solve it through population control.

Osborn, who was the key administrator of the Population Council in its early years, wanted it to keep a low profile in order to avoid charges of U.S. imperialism. At the Council’s 1952 founding conference, he had asked, “Supposing a perfect contraceptive should be developed. Should it be announced by the University of Chicago, or Bellevue Hospital . . . or should it get its final development in Japan or India, so it would appear to spring from there?” Using grants and fellowships, he started building in the poor nations a network of population experts with career interests in population control. “We were trying to help foreign countries with large grants,” he said years later, “and it was far better to do it quietly, without the public in the foreign countries

knowing that this was an American effort.”²³

Osborn, Rockefeller and their colleagues were eager to develop birth-control drugs and devices that could be distributed on a massive basis both at home and abroad. They were interested in chemical abortifacients; for example, they funded research by Dr. J. B. Thiersch on “anti-metabolites” to induce early abortion. Documents on this project show a remarkable lack of concern about its ethical problems—not only abortion, but also the occasional disguise of the project as one involving only “the rat litter and fetus *in utero*” and the use of “institutionalized patients” for toxicity studies. Osborn was concerned about *legal* problems, though, at a time when abortion was illegal in all states with limited exceptions. Noting that an early Thiersch grant application did not “say explicitly that the people he is going to experiment on will be exclusively women certified for therapeutic abortion,” Osborn asked, “Shouldn’t we be so protected in making the grant?”²⁴

The Population Council also put great effort into developing and distributing intrauterine devices, or IUDs. (An IUD can either prevent conception—that is, fertilization—or prevent implantation of the embryo in the womb, thus causing an early abortion.) In 1966 Osborn told a correspondent that the Council was spending major sums on IUDs, adding: “We have felt this could be done far more effectively in the name of the Population Council than in the name of eugenics . . . Personally, I think it the most important practical eugenic measure ever taken.”²⁵

Possible medical complications of IUDs include cramps, heavy bleeding, anemia, uterine perforation, pelvic infection, infertility, ectopic pregnancy, and even septic abortion and death. Feminist Betsy Hartmann says that the “mortality rate from IUDs in the Third World is roughly *double* that in the West” and the infertility sometimes caused by IUDs can lead to “social ostracism, abandonment, and ultimately destitution” for women.²⁶

Long ago, population controllers worked out a way to deflect criticism of abortifacient drugs and devices. At a 1959 conference, one expert suggested “a prudent habit of speech,” hinting that it would be wise to consider implantation—rather than fertilization—the beginning of pregnancy. In 1962, in its “model penal code” project, the American Law Institute recommended legalizing the use of “drugs or other substances for avoiding pregnancy, whether by preventing implantation of a fertilized ovum or by any other method that operates before, at or immediately after fertilization.”

In a 1964 Population Council conference, eugenicist Dr. Christopher Tietze pointedly reminded his colleagues that theologians and jurists do listen to doctors and biologists. “If a medical consensus develops and is maintained

that pregnancy, and therefore life, begins at implantation, eventually our brethren from the other faculties will listen,” he said. A committee of the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists soon obliged Tietze by defining conception as “the implantation of a fertilized ovum.”²⁷ With that kind of support, the population controllers were off to the races, developing more and more abortifacients, which they usually referred to as “contraceptives” or simply “birth control.” The IUDs and the later Norplant devices have proved useful in coercive population control, such as that in China, since it can be difficult and dangerous for non-physicians to remove them.²⁸

The second and final part of this series will show the growth of population control with strong government support, using President Richard Nixon’s administration as an example. It will also explain how eugenicists and population controllers played a key role in the legalization of abortion in the United States and the promotion of abortion overseas.

Notes

Here are the locations of manuscript collections cited in the notes below:

- American Eugenics Society Archives, American Philosophical Society Library, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Carnegie Institution of Washington Archive, Washington, D.C.
- Clarence J. Gamble Archive, Francis A. Countway Library of Medicine, Boston, Mass.
- Alan F. Guttmacher Papers, Francis A. Countway Library of Medicine, Boston, Mass.
- Norman E. Himes Archive, Francis A. Countway Library of Medicine, Boston, Mass.
- Ellsworth Huntington Papers, Manuscripts and Archives, Yale University Library, New Haven, Conn.
- National Committee on Maternal Health Archive, Francis A. Countway Library of Medicine, Boston, Mass.
- Frederick Henry Osborn Papers, American Philosophical Society Library, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Population Council Archives, Rockefeller Archive Center (RAC), Sleepy Hollow, N.Y.
- Rockefeller Family Archives, Rockefeller Archive Center (RAC), Sleepy Hollow, N.Y.
- Rockefeller Foundation Archives, Rockefeller Archive Center (RAC), Sleepy Hollow, N.Y.
- Margaret Sanger Papers, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C.

The writer is most grateful to archives staff for their assistance and, where needed, for permission to quote from their documents.

Statements about membership in the American Eugenics Society (later called the Society for the Study of Social Biology), unless otherwise indicated, are based on the 1930 membership list in the Margaret Sanger Papers, microfilm reel 41; the Eugenics Quarterly (especially the membership list in the Dec., 1956 issue); or issues of Social Biology.

Statements about membership or fellowship in England's Eugenics Society are based on 1928 and 1944 lists in the Norman E. Himes Archive, box 7, folder 78; an Aug., 1957, list bound with 1957 issues of Eugenics Review, National Library of Medicine, Bethesda, Md.; and Eugenics Watch, "The British Eugenics Society, 1907 to 1994," posted on the Internet (www.africa2000.com).

1. Garrett Hardin, *Stalking the Wild Taboo* (Los Altos, Calif., 1973), pp. 24-25 & 66. Hardin was a member of the American Eugenics Society as early as 1956. He served on its board in 1972 and remained on it in 1973-74 after the group changed its name to Society for the Study of Social Biology.
2. Lewis Carroll, *Through the Looking-Glass and What Alice Found There* (New York, 1993), p. 124.
3. Alan F. Guttmacher to Garrett Hardin, Dec. 30, 1963, Guttmacher Papers, box 1; Guttmacher to Emily C. Moore, Dec. 20, 1968, *ibid.*, box 2; and Dr. Regine K. Stix to Dr. Boudreau, Feb. 11, 1941, National Committee on Maternal Health Archive, box 9. Guttmacher was vice president of the American Eugenics Society in 1956-1963 and was on its board in 1955 and 1964-1966.
4. Typed copy of John D. Rockefeller 3rd [hereafter JDR 3rd] to Frederick Osborn, June 30, 1936, Huntington Papers, Group 1, Series III, box 77; Rudolph Bertheau to Robert C. Cook, March 12, 1942, *ibid.*, box 88; JDR 3rd to Mrs. Jean Mauze, Jan. 12, 1967, Record Group 3 (JDR 3rd, unprocessed), box 388, Rockefeller Archive Center [hereafter RAC]; folder on "Association for the Study of Abortion," *ibid.*; "John D. Rockefeller 3rd Contributions in the Area of Abortion, 1966-1978," April 24, 1978, Record Group 5 (JDR 3rd, General, unprocessed), box 3, RAC; Record Group (A 79) (Rockefeller Foundation), Series 200A, folders on "Madison Const. Law Institute," RAC. (Note: All JDR 3rd materials recently have been processed and reorganized as Record Group 5.)
5. Frederick Osborn, "Notes on Markle and Fox . . .," Jan. 25, 1974, Osborn Papers, folder on "Osborn—Paper—Notes on 'Paradigms or Public Relations . . .'"
6. Francis Galton, *Inquiries into Human Faculty and Its Development* (London, 1883), pp. 24-25 & 316-317.
7. Daniel J. Kevles, *In the Name of Eugenics* (New York, 1985), pp. 54-56 & 60; Rockefeller Foundation, 1913-14 annual report; folder on "Genetics-Eugenics Record Office/Finance 1918-1940," Carnegie Institution of Washington Archive; Ellen Chesler, *Woman of Valor: Margaret Sanger and the Birth Control Movement in America* (New York, 1992), *passim*; and Elizabeth Brayer, George Eastman (Baltimore, 1996), pp. 474-476. See *Who's Who in America* and *Who Was Who in America* for information on family size of noted population controllers.
8. Frederick Osborn, "Notes on Markle and Fox . . .," *op. cit.* (n.5).
9. Margaret Sanger to George Eastman, Dec. 8, 1931, Sanger Papers, microfilm reel 51; Margaret Sanger, *The Pivot of Civilization* (New York, 1922), p. 175; and Margaret Sanger in *Birth Control Review*, vol. 16, no. 4 (April, 1932), pp. 107-108. Sanger appeared on the 1930 and 1956 membership lists of the American Eugenics Society. She was listed as a fellow of England's Eugenics Society in 1928, 1944 and 1957.
10. *Buck v. Bell*, 274 U.S. 200, 207 (1927); Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, Feb. 23, 1980; and Dorothy Roberts, *Killing the Black Body* (New York, 1997), pp. 89-98.

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11. David Garrow, *Liberty & Sexuality: the Right to Privacy and the Making of Roe v. Wade* (New York, 1994), p. 273; and "Notes on Meeting of Council on Population Policy," Nov. 7, 1935, pp. II & I, Osborn Papers, folder on "Council on Population Policy."
12. National Committee on Maternal Health, *The Abortion Problem* (Baltimore, 1944).
13. Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf*, trans. by Ralph Manheim (Boston, 1971, original German version published in 1925-1926), pp. 439-440; Leon Fradley Whitney, (unpublished) autobiography manuscript, pp. 204-205, American Philosophical Society Library, Philadelphia; *Time* magazine, Sept. 9, 1935, pp. 20-21; *New York Times*, Aug. 29-31, 1935; and Stefan Kühl, *The Nazi Connection* (New York, 1994), pp. 26, 27, 32-35 & 85.
14. "American Eugenics Society, Annual Meeting—May 5, 1938," pp. 2 & 1, American Eugenics Society Archives, "Osborn, Frederick Papers I," folder 9. At various times, Osborn served as president, secretary, treasurer and/or board member of the Society; he was its key strategist for about 40 years.
15. Gunnar Myrdal, *An American Dilemma* (New York, 1962, anniv. ed.), pp. 1xix & 167-178, emphasis in original. See Nils Roll-Hansen in *British Journal for the History of Science*, vol. 22, part 3, no. 74 (Sept., 1989), p. 342 on Gunnar Myrdal's role in proposing sterilization for handicapped people in Sweden. Alva Myrdal, Gunnar's wife, apparently was a member of the American Eugenics Society; see Norman E. Himes Archive, box 5, folder 56.
16. Myrdal, *op. cit.* (n. 15), pp. 1017-1018; and Hodding Carter III, *The South Strikes Back* (Garden City, N.Y., 1959), pp. 209-210.
17. Myrdal, *op. cit.* (n. 15), p. 177; and Alva Myrdal, *Nation and Family* (London, 1945), pp. 205-212.
18. Roberts, *op. cit.* (n. 10), pp. 82-85.
19. Margaret Sanger to C.J. Gamble, Dec. 10, 1939, Clarence J. Gamble Archive, box 195; and "CJG" to Miss Rose, Nov. 26, 1939, *ibid.*, box 136.
20. David M. Kennedy, *Birth Control in America: The Career of Margaret Sanger* (New Haven, Conn., 1970), pp. 259-267; and Chesler, *op. cit.* (n. 7), pp. 387-391.
21. Frank W. Notestein, "Problems of Policy Toward Areas of Heavy Population Pressure," No. T-B 72, April 21, 1944, pp. 6 & 11, in Council on Foreign Relations, *Studies of American Interests in the War and the Peace* (New York, 1944).
22. Jacob Viner, "The United States and the 'Colonial Problem,'" No. E-B 71, June 24, 1944, pp. 10-11, in *ibid.*
23. Beryl Suitters, *Be Brave and Angry: Chronicles of the International Planned Parenthood Federation* (London, 1973); National Academy of Sciences, transcript of "Conference on Population Problems," Williamsburg, Va., June 21, 1952, afternoon session, p. 16, Record Group 2 (JDR 3rd, unprocessed), box 44 (but recently reorganized under Record Group 5), RAC; and Frederick Osborn, *Voyage to a New World, 1889-1979* (Garrison, N.Y., 1979), p. 133.
24. Population Council, 1956, 1957 & 1958 annual reports; Frederick Osborn to Laurance S. Rockefeller, March 31, 1955, Record Group IV3B4.2 (Population Council), box 16, RAC; Frederick Osborn to Warren Nelson, Dec. 6, 1954, *ibid.*
25. Frederick Osborn to P.R.U. Stratton, Jan. 12, 1966, American Eugenics Society Archives, folder on "Osborn, Frederick, Letters on Eugenics."
26. "Patient Package Insert" for ParaGuard T 380A, n.d. (received from Food and Drug Administration in May, 1998); Betsy Hartmann, *Reproductive Rights and Wrongs* (Boston, 1995, rev. ed.), p. 218.
27. Carl G. Hartman, ed., *Mechanisms Concerned with Conception* (Oxford, 1963), p. 386; American Law Institute, *Model Penal Code: Official Draft and Explanatory Notes* (Philadelphia, 1985), pp. 165-166; S.J. Segal et al., ed., *Intra-Uterine Contraception* (Amsterdam, 1965), p. 213; ACOG Terminology Bulletin, no. 1 (Sept., 1965); and Germain Grisez, *Abortion: the Myths, the Realities, and the Arguments* (New York, 1970), pp. 111-116. Dr. Tietze was listed as a member of England's Eugenics Society in 1948, 1957 & 1977.
28. Hartmann, *op. cit.* (n. 26), pp. 77, 164, 180, 211 & 218; and British Broadcasting Corporation, transcript of "The Human Laboratory," Nov. 6, 1995. See, also, Barbara Mintzes et al., ed., *Norplant: Under Her Skin* (Delft, The Netherlands, 1993).

APPENDIX A

[The following article first appeared in *The Weekly Standard* (August 17, 1998) and is reprinted here with permission of the magazine (Copyright 1998, *The Weekly Standard*). Miss Emery, a frequent contributor to the *Standard*, lives in Alexandria, Virginia.]

The Clinton Legacy

Morality Turned Upside Down

Noemie Emery

Linda Tripp, says Margaret Carlson, when she pressed the “on” button of her little tape recorder, “lost membership in the family of man.” Read herself out of the human community. Lost contact with the whole human race. And for what crime? Not murder, not larceny, not even lying; but for recording and spreading truths others wanted kept secret. By most standards, this is not wholly lovely, but as grounds for damnation, it appears rather thin.

Not so, it seems, in the Clintons’ America, where Linda Tripp’s offense and others like it have become mortal sins. And as this goes on, something still stranger is happening: Real sins—sins in the Bible, like adultery and bearing false witness, two of the activities captured on Tripp’s tapes—are being defined down to meaningless pranks. Adultery is “just sex” and nothing to bother with. Likewise, lying about it is just “lying about sex” and also trivial. Even lying under oath about sex is no big deal. From all of this, the true dimensions of the Clinton Project—the Clinton legacy, one might venture to call it—have begun to emerge.

The Clinton Project is not really about politics. It is about values. That is, it is about an inversion of values. Many have wondered whether the Clintons and their friends are truly immoral—engaged in knowing wrongdoing—or merely amoral, unable to tell right from wrong. Now, it appears neither is accurate. In the strange p.c. terms of their culture, the Clintons appear to be “differently moraled”—that is, they have morals, even quite strong ones, but ones of which no church or state has ever heard. This is the Church of Bill, in the State of Bill, with its own mores and standards. There is the Bible, with its boring old Ten Commandments, where certain acts are simple no-no’s. Then there is the Bible of Bill, in which Thou-shalt-nots are downsized to glitches, and trendy new sins are invoked in their place. We are at the verge of a meaningful moment. Let us pause for a look at what the new morality has wrought.

It was back in January, when Bill Clinton was alleged to have said that, according to his interpretation of Scripture, certain forms of sex are not adultery and possibly not even sex, that we began to realize we might have a moral thinker of rare imagination on our hands. And sure enough, his policies have embodied his unique point of view.

Thus abortion, an issue groaning with grave value questions—What is a life? When does it start? When is taking it justified?—is drained of its moral dimension and becomes a mere medical matter, a personal choice. On the other hand, smoking,

which *is* a choice and a health matter, acquires solemn moral overtones. Is drawing smoke through your lungs, which one day may hurt you, *morally* wrong, while ripping a life from a womb and ending it *isn't*? In the Clinton code, yes.

Thus Clinton proclaims he will carefully monitor the ads taken out by tobacco companies, because parents “have the right to know” who is luring their children into smoking. On the other hand, Clinton doesn't think parents have the right to know if their children are supplied with abortions or transported for abortions out of state. His surgeon general didn't even think parents had a right to know when schools gave young teenagers condoms. Traditionally, moral codes have sought to discipline and regulate—to moralize—sexual conduct, not out of stuffiness, but because unregulated sex can cause havoc. As this is the traditional view, it must now be uprooted. So sex becomes the one behavior one must never, ever judge.

Indeed, long before Bill Clinton appeared, trailing his fragrant scandals behind him, the Left had already marked out sex as the one great exception to its general political enterprise: the island of license in its sea of restriction, in its ocean of meddling and interference. Socialist in all else, the Left here believes in unrestricted markets. Communitarian to a fault in economics, health, education, welfare, you name it, it is libertarian in this to an extreme. “Privacy” here is the watchword. Government must safeguard the right not to tell a partner one may be giving him or her a fatal illness, along with the right to kill a human being inches or days from being born. Smoking and fat tend to kill over time, but they kill older people, and many people survive them. AIDS kills younger people and always is fatal. Anti-smoking crusaders justify their campaign by citing the high cost of treating lung cancer. Per patient, AIDS costs much more, yet the causes of AIDS are never mentioned, much less condemned.

While the administration works itself up to near hysteria over the harm done to young people by secondhand smoke, an epidemic of sexually transmitted diseases (STDs) goes unremarked. The office of Republican congressman Tom Coburn, a physician, cites data showing that 12 million Americans, two-thirds of them under 25, acquire new STD infections every year: That's 12 times as many as start smoking. Five of the 10 most frequently reported infectious diseases in the country are STDs. Some of these ailments cause cancer in women; some cannot be checked by condom use. Like most epidemics, this one feeds on ignorance: Many people don't know that these dangers exist. Why no crusades to save the young from the peril of sexually transmitted diseases, in this most caring and safety-conscious of administrations?

The reason is obvious: the fear of even seeming to censure promiscuity *for any reason whatsoever*. Such censure would violate the code of the strange new religion. People might think you were reading the Bible. How out of step can you be?

Smoking, of course, is a dumb thing to do, and a White House might plausibly use its moral authority to discourage the practice. It is only in the context of other ills considerably more deadly that the intensity of the campaign against smoking must be seen as perverse. Likewise, taping a phone call that one party thinks

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private is a betrayal. But given the context in which it occurred, its singling out for special condemnation seems odd.

Linda Tripp betrayed a young woman who trusted her. But that offense did not occur in a vacuum. Around, before, and after it, there is good evidence that these and other things have happened too:

1. The president of the United States sexually exploited a young woman in his employ.
2. The president of the United States sexually assaulted an aide in his office who had come seeking a job.
3. The governor of Arkansas exposed himself to a state employee of low rank and no power.
4. The most powerful man in the world sent his flacks on missions to destroy the reputations of several women, whose only crime was that he had approached *them*.
5. The president of the United States put an airheaded intern in the position of lying under oath to protect him.
6. The airheaded intern tried to get another government employee to lie under oath.
7. The Pentagon revealed confidential information about an employee to a hostile reporter, who used it to damage her.

Surrounding Linda Tripp's act were many betrayals, of which hers must appear the most innocent. She herself was betrayed by the Pentagon and by Lewinsky, who urged her to lie. Like Tripp, Lewinsky is betrayed and betrayer, used by the president as she tried to use Tripp. But the source of these acts is always Bill Clinton, truly the root of all evil in this sordid case. Tripp made the tapes because she was being pressured to lie under oath about Kathleen Willey, the woman who claims Clinton harassed her, in the Paula Jones law suit. Tripp was also afraid of Clinton's lawyers and fixers and the dirt they had dumped on these women and others. In all of this, devoted disciples of the First Church of Clinton apparently see nothing amiss.

Of all these sins, Linda Tripp's would appear the least deadly—just as smoking seems less perilous for young people than promiscuous sex, binge drinking, or hard drugs. Thus, of course, by Clintonian standards, smoking and taping become the all-important sins. It's an inversion we have seen before. Six years ago, Daniel Patrick Moynihan wrote of the social equivalent and called it "defining deviancy down." Back then, faced with obvious social dysfunction—violent crime, aggressive panhandlers, deranged people sleeping in the streets and subways—some people coped by calling the situation "normal" instead of aberrant or dangerous. So, too, defenders of the moral swamp that is the Clinton administration deal with its obstruction of justice over sex and fund-raising scandals by defining these down, either as commonplace—"Everyone does it"—or as too trivial to mention—"So what?"

But this downsizing of sins into glitches is only part of the story. As Charles Krauthammer has noted, when some forms of deviancy are defined down, there is

always a parallel movement in the opposite direction: “defining deviancy up.” As real crimes are downgraded to background street noise, fascinating new crimes, like date rape, hate speech, and insensitivity, are invented and pushed up in their place. In fact, it is the decay of the real that *requires* the creation of the fraudulent: People need rules, no matter how ludicrous, to supply a sense of order to their world and a sense of their own effectiveness. “Helpless in the face of the explosion of real criminality, . . . we satisfy our crime-fighting needs with a crusade against date rape,” says Krauthammer. “Like looking for your lost wallet under the street lamp even though you lost it elsewhere, this job is easier, even if not terribly relevant to the problem at hand.” Unable to say much about AIDS—mustn’t condemn promiscuity—or about infants in dumpsters—too much like late-term abortion—liberals vent through their jihad against tobacco. Hillary Clinton can’t make her husband keep his hands off the help, but she sure can ban smoking. Her White House may have high rollers in the Lincoln Bedroom and sex in the pantry, but you can’t say it isn’t smoke-free.

This also explains the feminist rage over Tripp. For six years, all the members of the Nina Burleigh school of presidential assessment who treasure the Clintons for abortion and quotas have worked hard to reconcile their political theories (and their dreams about Hillary) with the unbuttoned urges of Bill. Thanks to Linda Tripp and her tapes, this is no longer possible: Bill stands exposed as a lech and a liar, his wife as a very old kind of feminine victim, and their whole model life as a sham. Thanks to the tapes, Clinton’s agenda is dead in the water; his party in trouble; his heir losing altitude. As his legacy is, too. Because of the tapes, the Clintons will go down in history as the second coming of the Warren G. Hardings, not the Franklin D. Roosevelts. Because of the tapes, the feminist groups have been forced to surrender their pretense of caring for women, driven to explain that (a) assault isn’t assault when a liberal does it or (b) any woman should be thrilled to be harassed or assaulted by such a strong supporter of abortion rights. Of course, they want Linda Tripp disemboweled. They could say, “She blew up our charade.” But somehow it sounds so much better to say, “She betrayed that poor girl.” It allows them to vent *and* feel righteous. Or so they can tell themselves.

Somewhere in his meandering through history—Truman today, Reagan tomorrow; TR and FDR on weekends; JFK in between—Clinton caught the idea that presidents get remembered when they identify a threat to human freedom and dignity—the Axis, Jim Crow, the Evil Empire—and mobilize the country against it. But what to fight when the “health-care crisis” failed and all the other good stuff is taken? Besides, both Clintons seem so hemmed in by the scandals that there is precious little they can rail against. Greed? Lust? Gluttony? Buck-passing? Cowardice? Dissimulation? And they face another small problem: On what ground can they appeal to people? Duty? Honor? Self-restraint? Courage? Self-discipline? TR’s bully pulpit, from which his successors have rallied the nation, has shrunk to the size of a pinhead, on which the Clintons are trying to dance. They were forced to embrace smoking as a last resort—one sin or vice in which neither has been

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tempted to indulge. Feeling called upon to moralize about something, they have cloaked their little cause in grand moral language, railing against a cluster of dubious admen as FDR railed against the Axis during World War II. Meanwhile, when called upon to account for their own actions, they continue to stonewall, obstruct, dissimulate, and to trash and use other people. It's a new kind of morality, but their own.

In the 1970s, Jeb Stuart Magruder, a figure out of our last major debacle, admitted he had "lost [his] moral compass" in the course of the Watergate scandal. The Clintons have done something different: Their compass is not lost, just re-set with north and south reversed. When Clinton and company went to Washington in 1993, talking about new ways of seeing and doing, who could have known what they meant? "Reinventing government" is tame by comparison. Six years later, government is much as it was, but the moral traditions of millennia are under assault. With a president likened to Zeus (by Nina Burleigh) and personally keen on Biblical allusion, his administration sounds more and more like a religious cult. He has his disciples (Carville and Blumenthal) eager to serve him. He has his vestals (Carlson and Clift) eager to tend him. Who then can blame him for using his "mandate" to try to make life anew? But this is a prophet who should be without honor, for his is a devilish work. It is a work of confusion, inversion, and chaos that ruins perspective and sets all our standards adrift. A crime is a choice and a choice is a crime. Convicted felons like Webb Hubbell and Susan McDougal are innocent victims, while people engaged in self-preservation are expelled from mankind.

Should friends tape friends? No, they shouldn't. But the questions don't end there. Should friends try to talk friends into crime? Should adult men present ditzy interns with the kind of dilemma that propelled "that woman . . . Miss Lewinsky" to fame? Should employers make such use of those in their power? Is this the way presidents act? Under the present administration, apparently yes.

In fact, the whole sorry train of betrayals was set in motion by one person, Bill Clinton, president of the United States, who betrayed his wife, his employees, and his office repeatedly. A walking source of moral contagion, he is not only corrupt in himself, but the source of corruption in others.

Before they knew him, Linda Tripp and Monica Lewinsky were unlikely candidates for legal entanglements. Bill Clinton has flouted the time-honored standards—but by his standards, he is righteous. The question for the rest of us is whether we will let him seduce us into accepting his transvalued morality as ours.

APPENDIX B

[Henry J. Hyde of Illinois is the foremost opponent of abortion in the U. S. House of Representatives. The following is the text of his floor speech delivered to the House on July 23, 1998 during the debate to override President Clinton's veto of HR 1122, the Partial Birth Abortion Ban Act. The House voted 296 to 132 to override later that day; however on Sept. 18, the Senate sustained the president's veto by a margin of three votes, 64-36.]

Consideration of the Veto Message on HR 1122, Partial Birth Abortion Ban Act

Henry J. Hyde

Madame Speaker, first of all, I want to thank the chairman for allocating so much time to me. I hope and pray I do not use it all. I know I express the feelings of everyone in the chamber that I do not use it all. . . .

This is a soul-wrenching issue. Your passion, your commitment, are respected on my side, and certainly by me, and all I ask is that you respect our passion and commitment, because people of goodwill can be on both sides of this issue.

That is the wonder and the beauty of this debate, that we are here today talking about the most fundamental issues, life and death, health versus a life. And that is the problem. You are trading apples and oranges, or chickens and horses. A life and health.

To me, if you put those on the scale, life weighs heavier. Health has been defined by the Supreme Court almost amorously. It is a state of well-being. *Roe v. Wade* and the other [companion] case, *Doe v. Bolton*, defined health for us in the most poetic way, as a state of well-being.

The problem is, if health is an exception and the abortionist defines what is an impairment of health. I would suggest that the little unborn ought to have an Independent Counsel, because there is a conflict of interest there [with] the *abortionist* finding that a woman's health will be impaired. So it is not a simple question.

Demeaning to women? Over half the children that are aborted are women. I do not want to demean women; my God, no. I was married for 45 years. I have had a mother, a sister, a daughter. I never would want to demean women. But I do not want to trivialize the unborn either.

Now, I go through life trying to offend as few people as possible, and I do not always succeed. I may offend some people today, because I want to talk about slavery. I am keenly aware that there are some people who resent bitterly any discussion of slavery or the Holocaust, emphasizing the uniqueness, the singularity of those two realities that are a part of our human history, and saying that nothing can compare to them in evil. And I agree.

I think slavery is absolutely unique in its horror and in its evil, and I think the Holocaust similarly is unique. But there are lessons to be learned. History is nothing if it does not teach us something. I analogize, I do not compare; I look for the common thread in slavery, the Holocaust and abortion, and, to me, the common

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what is fact and what is fiction.” Such a procedure cannot be truthfully called “medically necessary” for either mother or the baby. Gee, the Administration listens to Dr. Koop on tobacco—I wish they would listen to him on partial birth abortion.

For over two centuries of our national history, we have struggled to create a society of *inclusion*—we keep widening the circle of those for whom we are responsible—the aged, the infirm, the poor. Slaves were freed, women were enfranchised, civil rights and voting rights acts were passed, our public spaces made accessible to the handicapped, Social Security for the elderly—all in the name of widening the circle of inclusion and protection.

This great trajectory in our national history has been shattered by *Roe v. Wade* and its progeny. By denying an entire class of human beings the welcome and protection of our laws, we have betrayed the best in our tradition.

We have also put at risk every life which someday someone might find inconvenient.

Madame Speaker, we cannot repair the damage to our culture done by *Roe v. Wade*—we cannot undo the injustice done to 35 million tiny babies who have been exterminated, because seven Justices, strip mining the Constitution, found a right to abortion that no one had seen for 200 years.

We cannot unring the bell, we cannot undo that injustice, but we can stop the barbaric butchery of partial birth abortion.

We betray our own humanity if we do not.

Matthew 25 is often read at Catholic funeral masses. It is a lovely passage.

*I was hungry and you fed me
I was naked and you clothed me
I was a stranger and you took me in.*

That is what I ask here today.

Welcome the little stranger.

Vote to override.

APPENDIX C

[The following editorial commentary, written by David Tell, first appeared in *The Weekly Standard* (July 27, 1998) and is reprinted here with permission (Copyright 1998, *The Weekly Standard*). Mr. Tell is the magazine's Opinion Editor.]

“Responsible Adults” and Abortion

The Weekly Standard

Last Wednesday morning there appeared on the op-ed page of the *New York Times* a paid advertisement from the Planned Parenthood Federation of America. The federation wanted *Times* readers to understand the 105th Congress's various legislative sins against “family planning.” The federation also wanted to warn us all about a few such sins still forthcoming—bad votes in utero, as it were. Certain of our senators and representatives, for example, intend to “bar teens from turning to a responsible adult if they can't talk to their parents about abortion.”

The reference here was to a bill sponsored by Ileana Ros-Lehtinen and scheduled for final consideration in the House later the same day this ad was published. We will return to that measure's merits in a moment. It is worth considering, first, exactly whom, in context of this controversy, Planned Parenthood considers a “responsible adult.” This is not a theoretical question. One Rosa Marie Hartford, of Shunk, Pennsylvania, directly inspired the legislation at issue.

In the summer of 1995, Hartford's son, Michael Kilmer, had eyes for a local girl named Crystal Lane. Crystal's mother, Joyce Farley, vehemently objected to his attentions—Kilmer was 18 at the time; Crystal was only 12, just out of seventh grade. But the young man secretly pursued Farley's daughter just the same. And one day in July, he plied Crystal with alcohol, so much that she passed out cold. While she was unconscious, Kilmer had sex with her.

At 6:30 A.M. on August 31, 1995, a few weeks past her thirteenth birthday, Crystal Lane crept out of her house, leaving a note for her mother. She had gone to school early, the note said, and would return late from an afternoon visit with friends. But Crystal saw neither school nor friends that day. Instead, she was escorted by Rosa Marie Hartford to the Southern Tier Women's Services clinic, 60 miles away in Binghamton, New York—where, unlike in Pennsylvania, no parent or judge need be notified in advance of an abortion performed on a minor child. Even when the abortion is intended, as in this instance, to destroy evidence of a rape.

At the Binghamton clinic, the rapist's mother identified the girl as her stepdaughter, “Crystal Hartford.” She presented and signed a false medical history, paid for the abortion, and bought Crystal lunch when the deed was done. Then Rosa Marie Hartford escorted Crystal back to Pennsylvania, dropping her off at 5:30 P.M. 30 miles from home, bleeding and in severe pain from what would turn out to be botched surgery. By this time, Joyce Farley, panicked by her daughter's odd note and unexplained absence from Sullivan County High School, had already contacted the Pennsylvania state police.

APPENDIX C

Michael Kilmer eventually plea-bargained multiple charges of rape and corrupting a minor. He is currently serving a 30-month prison term. Rosa Marie Hartford was sentenced to probation upon conviction of “interfering with the custody of a minor” during Crystal Lane’s trip to Binghamton. At trial and on appeal (the charge is now being re-prosecuted for technical reasons), Hartford was represented by abortion’s leading legal advocate, Kathryn Kolbert of the Center for Reproductive Law and Policy. Kolbert minimized her client’s offense as akin to having helpfully “taken this girl to New York to buy a toothbrush or go to the mall.” In any case, she contended, child-custody statutes are unenforceable whenever a teenage girl seeks to terminate a pregnancy, since a “young woman’s constitutional right to choose abortion outweighs any interest her parents have” in the decision.

This argument—Joyce Farley loses all rights to counsel her daughter, or even to know the girl’s whereabouts, the moment Crystal Lane begins travel toward an abortion clinic—is a familiar one. Kathryn Kolbert used much the same argument as lead plaintiff’s attorney in the 1992 Supreme Court case *Planned Parenthood v. Casey*. She was rebuffed by the justices, who upheld as valid any state law like Pennsylvania’s that requires guidance from a parent—or from a judge acting confidentially in a parent’s stead—before an underage girl may receive an abortion.

Kolbert and Planned Parenthood were rebuffed again last Wednesday by the House of Representatives, which voted 276-150 to impose federal, Class One misdemeanor penalties on anyone who knowingly spirits a minor girl across state lines for the purpose of evading parental-notification and consent rules governing abortion. In essence, the House sustained the unimpeachable judgment of more than 20 state legislatures that people like Rosa Marie Hartford are *not* “responsible adults.” The Senate version of this “Child Custody Protection Act,” sponsored by Spencer Abraham and Jeff Sessions, was approved by the Judiciary Committee this past Thursday, and will likely win final passage at some point in the next few months. The bill will then be sent to the president. Who, his aides say, will immediately veto it.

Which brings us to a separate but related abortion issue. In its *New York Times* advertorial, Planned Parenthood also complained that Congress is “trying to outlaw the safest and most common forms of abortion.” This was a peculiar protest. The only “form” of abortion Congress has lately attempted to ban is the infamously hideous, late-term “partial-birth” procedure. And precisely because partial-birth is hideous, as readers of this magazine are well aware, abortion advocates have never before been prepared to acknowledge that it is “common.” Perhaps the federation’s advertising agency was unaware of this key political nuance.

There was clearly no mistake, however, in Planned Parenthood’s apparent insistence that partial-birth remains the “safest” surgery for women in certain rare medical emergencies. This has always been the abortion movement’s basic party line. And it has always been a lie. Here, too, recent real-world experience is at war with pro-choice dogma.

On April 7 of this year, Louann Herron visited the A-Z Women’s Center in

Phoenix, Arizona, seeking an abortion. Her pregnancy was entirely without medical complication; she was undergoing a divorce and she simply did not want a child. But an ultrasound exam conducted at the center indicated that Herron's baby was more than 23 weeks old, and a second exam placed the age at more than 24 weeks—potentially “viable” outside the womb, according to the best available science, and therefore protected from death by abortion under Arizona state law. Herron was initially informed that the clinic could not help her.

But she wept at the news and appealed the decision. So she was invited back to A-Z nine days later, by then about 26 weeks pregnant. A nurse who was present there April 16 has since told the *Arizona Republic* that Dr. John Biskind instructed an assistant to fake a third ultrasound exam and produce results that suggested a less-than-24-week pregnancy. Biskind next dilated Herron's cervix. The following day, at noon, he subjected her to a partial-birth abortion. Biskind finished the procedure at 12:40 P.M. and left the clinic at 2 o'clock. Two hours later, Louann Herron was dead; Biskind had perforated her uterus, producing a massive hemorrhage.

Three weeks ago, on June 29, a 17-year-old girl entered Biskind's office. She, too, like Louann Herron, sought a purely elective abortion to end an otherwise normal pregnancy. She, too, like Louann Herron, was given a questionable ultrasound exam. The girl was 23.6 weeks pregnant, the clinic's records certify. But when Biskind performed a partial-birth abortion on this patient June 30, he suddenly “discovered” that he was about to puncture the skull—and suction the brains—of a full-term, six-pound, two-ounce baby girl. So he delivered the infant alive, after inflicting a skull fracture and two deep facial lacerations. She will be adopted by a Texas couple, the only known survivor of a partial-birth assault.

This week, the House of Representatives will vote to override the president's veto of a federal ban on this allegedly “safest and most common” of abortions. They will probably succeed. Sometime soon, the Senate may make a similar attempt. But there is a fair chance the Senate will fail; it last approved the partial-birth ban with just 64 votes, three short of the two-thirds majority required to enact a bill over the president's objections. Partial-birth, in other words, may live—that those like Louann Herron, and uncounted unborn children, might continue to die.

There is much to say about all this, and *THE WEEKLY STANDARD* has said a good bit of it before. One thing bears repeating, though. There is now one reason, above all others, why the United States maintains the Western world's most extreme and destructive abortion regime—one reason why the Rosa Marie Hartfords and Dr. John Biskinds still run amok, beyond effective public sanction. That reason's name is William Jefferson Clinton.

—David Tell, for the Editors

APPENDIX D

[Mrs. Linda Chavez is president of the Washington-based Center for Equal Opportunity. The following syndicated column was posted on the web site of the Jewish World Review (July 15, 1998) and is reprinted with permission (Copyright 1998, Creator's Syndicate).]

Will “neonaticide” become the new buzzword?

Linda Chavez

Amy Grossberg was sentenced last week to 30 months in prison for the death of her newborn son. Her boyfriend Brian Peterson, the baby's father, was sentenced to two years for his role in the crime.

In November 1996, the fresh-faced teenage couple's arrest made national news when their infant was found dead in a trash bin behind a Delaware motel where they had thrown him out in a plastic garbage bag. At the time, prosecutors in the case said they would seek the death penalty, but they soon weakened in their resolve as local public opinion shifted toward pity for the teenage parents.

“They've been punished enough,” a family friend told author Melanie Thernstrom, whose July 13 New York magazine cover story “Child's Play” dissects not only the infant's murder but social attitudes toward infanticide generally.

Both Grossberg and Peterson pleaded guilty to manslaughter in separate plea agreements with prosecutors, but neither parent admitted to inflicting the skull fractures that contributed to the baby's death. Yet, according to Thernstrom, the evidence clearly showed that either Amy or Brian—or both—“bashed in (the infant's) skull while he was still alive and then left his battered body in a Dumpster to die.”

So why did the young couple get off with such light sentences? Because killing one's baby usually results in a lighter sentence than killing an adult or even an older child, reports Thernstrom.

Neonaticide—the murder of an infant immediately after or within a few hours of birth—occurs about 250 times a year in the United States. What was unusual about the Grossberg-Peterson neonaticide was that both parents participated in the newborn's murder. Usually, only the mother is involved. According to a leading authority cited in the Thernstrom article, the Grossberg-Peterson case is unique in the 200 years of recorded history of this particular crime.

“There are no stories of two parents collaborating to kill their baby,” says Dr. Neil S. Kaye, a forensic psychiatrist who studies infanticide. And mothers who kill their babies often receive scant punishment—two years in prison is about average.

Under Roman law, Thernstrom reports, parents had the right to kill their own children until adulthood. Even today, many states do not consider the deliberate killing of a newborn first-degree murder. In England, the crime is treated as a mental disorder. And there are even some intellectuals—among them, moral philosopher Michael Tooley—who argue that newborns are not true “persons” and that killing them is not really akin to murder.

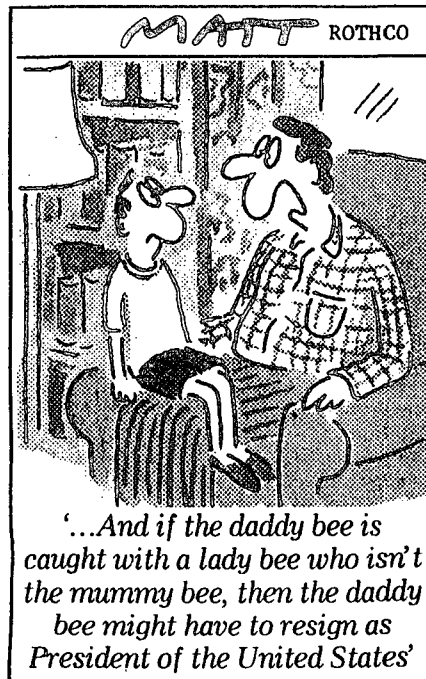
Steven Pinker, a professor of psychology at MIT, wrote a controversial article in

The New York Times last November arguing that neonaticide is a fairly common practice in all cultures and that it has served an important role in human evolution, ensuring that mothers didn't waste time caring for infants whose chances of survival were slim anyway.

But if a newborn isn't a person, when exactly does a human being become a full person? Is it age or intelligence or the capacity to speak or reason that confers personhood on a human? And what happens if a human loses or lacks whatever attribute it is that confers the status of personhood? Are we free to kill him then as we are free to kill any other animal?

"All I want is for it to go away," Grossberg wrote Peterson early in her pregnancy. But "it" wouldn't go away and she never sought an abortion, despite Brian's pleading with her to do so. Not even after their baby was born did he become anything more than an "it" to his parents, a bloody thing to be thrown in the garbage.

"I'll never be able to forgive myself for what has happened," Amy told the judge at her sentencing. "All I can say is I'm sorry for what happened," Brian added in his statement. The statements were oddly passive, as if the young couple were spectators at an event in which they took no part. But their baby's death didn't just happen—they caused it. Too bad their punishment fell so far short of justice for such a brutal and cruel act.



APPENDIX E

[Mona Charen's syndicated column appears in many newspapers throughout the country. The following was posted on the web site of the Jewish World Review on July 15, 1998 and is reprinted here with permission (Copyright 1998, Creator's Syndicate).]

Feelings, not morality, rule

Mona Charen

It was Brian Peterson who placed his newborn son in a plastic bag and then heaved him into a Dumpster 12 feet away. There was an audible crack as the body, perhaps the baby's head, hit the metal trash bin. Peterson then turned on his heel on that freezing November morning in 1996 and returned to the hotel room where Amy Grossberg was waiting. It was she who had ordered Peterson to "get rid of it" after giving birth to a curly-haired baby boy.

It might have worked, this first foray into infanticide for the doting couple, had it not been for their ignorance of the basics of childbirth. Neither of them knew enough to deliver the afterbirth—the part you really are supposed to "get rid of"—and so when Amy went back to college, she began to hemorrhage and was rushed to a hospital. That's when the question was asked: "Where's the baby?"

Last week, as Grossberg and Peterson were sentenced, we delved deeper into the moral junkyard that characterized these two products of an affluent New Jersey suburb. Grossberg had written to her boyfriend of her regret that the pregnancy had interfered with their sex life. "I wish I could have my nice body back," she whined. "As soon as everything gets better, I'll be my sweet, normal self. We'll be able to uh-uuh lots. I really miss it." About the pregnancy, she wrote, "All I want is for it to go away." (She declined an abortion for fear that her mother would discover it.)

These youngsters are not monsters. They are quite normal. Grossberg was probably trained at school to have lots of self-esteem. She was also instructed—not just at school but by the Supreme Court, a pro-choice president and most of elite opinion—that abortion is a morally acceptable solution to an unwanted pregnancy. In Delaware, she could have reported for a partial-birth abortion at almost any time up until the birth. In fact, just days before Peterson and Grossberg were sentenced, an Arizona abortionist started to perform that procedure on a fetus he had been told was 23 or 24 weeks old. Only after the procedure began did he realize that the baby was actually a 6 pound, 2 ounce baby girl at full term. He delivered the child alive—but with a fractured skull and two large lacerations on her face—the results of the aborted abortion.

So there is really no surprise that Amy Grossberg—her "sweet, normal self"—can have believed that an unwanted baby just seconds after birth is just as disposable as an unwanted fetus at midterm. Melissa Drexler, who gave birth in a toilet at her prom, the mother who left her newborn in a bathroom at Disneyworld, and the others who have left babies to die in the cold or drown in toilets in cities around the nation are acting on the same insight—there is no intrinsic value or sacredness to life. What gives life value is the desire of the mother.

THE HUMAN LIFE REVIEW

What else are these young women to conclude? We permit a pregnant woman to sue if her fetus is harmed by environmental or other hazards—because she wants the baby. If not, she can kill it.

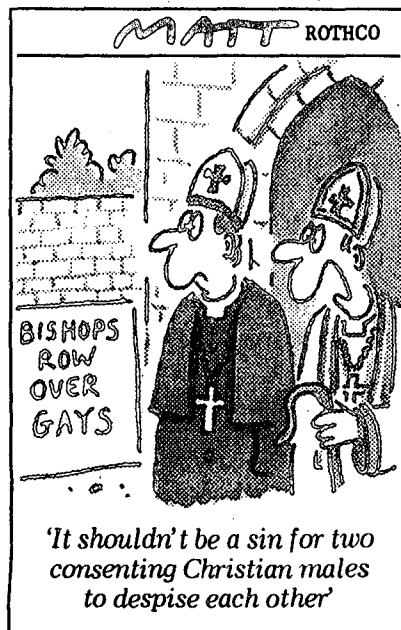
The judge revealed his own peculiar moral standards by ruling that 24 months for Peterson and 30 months for Grossberg was sufficient punishment for treating a newborn infant like an empty shoe box. He also sentenced the couple to perform 300 hours of community service—including working in clinics for pregnant teenagers and “counseling teenagers on parenthood.”

That’s what we need—child killers lecturing on what it means to be a parent!

Even the prosecutors seem to have been confused about the gravity of the case. Praising Peterson for his cooperation with authorities, one prosecutor said, “He was chivalrous, but stupid.” So the code of chivalry now includes killing the defenseless—even one’s own baby?

Yes, feelings seem to have trumped absolute values quite thoroughly. The feelings of the mother, not the child made in the image and likeness of God, determine the baby’s value. In Janesville, Wis., a 37-year-old man was sentenced to 12 years in prison—for killing cats.

They were wanted cats.



APPENDIX F

[*This article first appeared in National Review (Sept. 1, 1998) where Miss Lopez is an editorial associate. It is reprinted with permission. (Copyright 1998 by National Review, Inc.)*]

Egg Heads

*Young women in need of cash are increasingly
deciding to sell their bodies*

Kathryn Jean Lopez

Filling the waiting room to capacity and spilling over into a nearby conference room, a group of young women listen closely and follow the instructions: complete the forms and return them, with the clipboard, to the receptionist. It's all just as in any medical office. Then they move downstairs, where the doctor briefs them. "Everything will be pretty much normal," she explains. "Women complain of skin irritation in the local area of injection and bloating. You also might be a little emotional. But, basically, it's really bad PMS."

This is not just another medical office. On a steamy night in July, these girls in their twenties are attending an orientation session for potential egg donors at a New Jersey fertility clinic specializing in in-vitro fertilization. Within the walls of IVF New Jersey and at least two hundred other clinics throughout the United States, young women answer the call to give "the gift of life" to infertile couples. Egg donation is a quietly expanding industry, changing the way we look at the family, young women's bodies, and human life itself.

It is not a pleasant way to make money. Unlike sperm donation, which is over in less than an hour, egg donation takes the donor some 56 hours and includes a battery of tests, ultrasound, self-administered injections, and retrieval. Once a donor is accepted into a program, she is given hormones to stimulate the ovaries, changing the number of eggs matured from the usual one per month up to as many as fifty. A doctor then surgically removes the eggs from the donor's ovary and fertilizes them with the designated sperm.

Although most programs require potential donors to undergo a series of medical tests and counseling, there is little indication that most of the young women know what they are getting themselves into. They risk bleeding, infection, and scarring. When too many eggs are matured in one cycle, it can damage the ovaries and leave the donor with weeks of abdominal pain. (At worst, complications may leave her dead.) Longer term, the possibility of early menopause raises the prospect of future regret. There is also some evidence of a connection between fertility drugs used in the process and ovarian cancer.

But it's good money—and getting better. New York's Brooklyn IVF raised its "donor compensation" from \$2,500 to \$5,000 per cycle earlier this year in order to keep pace with St. Barnabas Medical Center in nearby Livingston, New Jersey. It's a bidding war. "It's obvious why we had to do it," says Susan Lobel, Brooklyn IVF's assistant director. Most New York-area IVF programs have followed suit.

Some infertile couples and independent brokers are offering even more for “reproductive material.” The International Fertility Center in Indianapolis, Indiana, for instance, places ads in the *Daily Princetonian* offering Princeton girls as much as \$35,000 per cycle. The National Fertility Registry, which, like many egg brokerages, features an online catalogue for couples to browse in, advertises \$35,000 to \$50,000 for Ivy League eggs. While donors are normally paid a flat fee per cycle, there have been reports of higher payments to donors who produce more eggs.

College girls are the perfect donors. Younger eggs are likelier to be healthy, and the girls themselves frequently need money—college girls have long been susceptible to classified ads offering to pay them for acting as guinea pigs in medical research. One 1998 graduate of the University of Colorado set up her own website to market her eggs. She had watched a television show on egg donation and figured it “seemed like a good thing to do”—especially since she had spent her money during the past year to help secure a country-music record deal. “Egg donation would help me with my school and music expenses while helping an infertile couple with a family.” Classified ads scattered throughout cyberspace feature similar offers.

The market for “reproductive material” has been developing for a long time. It was twenty years ago this summer that the first test-tube baby, Louise Brown, was born. By 1995, when the latest tally was taken by the Centers for Disease Control, 15 per cent of mothers in this country had made use of some form of assisted reproduction technology in conceiving their children. (More recently, women past menopause have begun to make use of this technology.) In 1991 the American Society for Reproductive Medicine was aware of 63 IVF programs offering egg donation. That number had jumped to 189 by 1995 (the latest year for which numbers are available).

Defenders argue that it’s only right that women are “compensated” for the inconvenience of egg donation. Brooklyn IVF’s Dr. Lobel argues, “If it is unethical to accept payment for loving your neighbor, then we’ll have to stop paying babysitters.” As long as donors know the risks, says Mark McGee of the University of Pennsylvania’s Center for Bioethics, this transaction is only “a slightly macabre version of adoption.”

Not everyone is enthusiastic about the “progress.” Egg donation “represents another rather large step into turning procreation into manufacturing,” says the University of Chicago’s Leon Kass. “It’s the dehumanization of procreation.” And as in manufacturing, there is quality control. “People don’t want to say the word any more, but there is a strong eugenics issue inherent in the notion that you can have the best eggs your money can buy,” observes sociology professor Barbara Katz Rothman of the City University of New York.

The demand side of the market comes mostly from career-minded baby-boomers, the frontierswomen of feminism, who thought they could “have it all.” Indeed they *can* have it all—with a little help from some younger eggs. (Ironically, feminists

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are also among its strongest critics; *The Nation's* Katha Pollitt has pointed out that in egg donation and surrogacy, once you remove the "delusion that they are making babies for other women," all you have left is "reproductive prostitution.")

Unfortunately, the future looks bright for the egg market. Earlier this year, a woman in Atlanta gave birth to twins after she was implanted with frozen donor eggs. The same technology has also been successful in Italy. This is just what the egg market needed, since it avoids the necessity of coordinating donors' cycles with recipients' cycles. Soon, not only will infertile couples be able to choose from a wider variety of donor offerings, but in some cases donors won't even be needed. Young women will be able to freeze their own eggs and have them thawed and fertilized once they are ready for the intrusion of children in their lives.

There are human ovaries sitting in a freezer in Fairfax, Virginia. The Genetics and IVF Institute offers to cut out and remove young women's ovaries and cryopreserve the egg-containing tissue for future implantation. Although the technology was originally designed to give the hope of fertility to young women undergoing treatment for cancer, it is now starting to attract the healthy. "Women can wait to have children until they are well established in their careers and getting a little bored, sometime in their forties or fifties," explains Professor Rothman. "Basically, motherhood is being reduced to a good leisure-time activity."

Early this summer, headlines were made in Britain, where the payment of egg donors is forbidden, when an infertile couple traveled to a California clinic where the woman could be inseminated with an experimental hybrid egg. The egg was a combination of the recipient's and a donor's eggs. The clinic in question gets its eggs from a Beverly Hills brokerage, the Center for Surrogate Parenting and Egg Donation, run by Karen Synesiou and Bill Handel, a radio shock-jock in Los Angeles. Miss Synesiou recently told the London *Sunday Times* that she is "interested in redefining the family. That's why I came to work here."

The redefinition is already well under way. Consider the case of Jaycee Buzzanca. After John and Luanne Buzzanca had tried for years to have a child, an embryo was created for them, using sperm and an egg from anonymous donors, and implanted in a surrogate mother. In March 1995, one month before the baby was born, John filed for divorce. Luanne wanted child support from John, but he refused—after all, he's not the father. Luanne argued that John *is* Jaycee's father legally. At this point the surrogate mother, who had agreed to carry a baby for a stable two-parent household, decided to sue for custody.

Jaycee was dubbed "Nobody's Child" by the media when a California judge ruled that John was not the legal father nor Luanne the legal mother (neither one was genetically related to Jaycee, and Luanne had not even borne her). Enter Erin Davidson, the egg donor, who claims the egg was used without her permission. Not to be left out, the sperm donor jumped into the ring, saying that his sperm was used without his permission, a claim he later dropped. In March of this year, an appeals court gave Luanne custody and decided that John is the legal father, making him responsible for child support. By contracting for a medical procedure

resulting in the birth of a child, the court ruled, a couple incurs “the legal status of parenthood.” (John lost an appeal in May.) For Jaycee’s first three years on earth, these people have been wrangling over who her parents are.

In another case, William Kane left his girlfriend, Deborah Hect, 15 vials of sperm before he killed himself in a Las Vegas hotel in 1991. His two adult children (represented by their mother, his ex-wife) contested Miss Hect’s claim of ownership. A settlement agreement on Kane’s will was eventually reached, giving his children 80 per cent of his estate and Miss Hect 20 per cent. Hence she was allowed three vials of his sperm. When she did not succeed in conceiving on the first two tries, she filed a petition for the other 12 vials. She won, and the judge who ruled in her favor wrote, “Neither this court nor the decedent’s adult children possess reason or right to prevent Hect from implementing decedent’s pre-eminent interest in realizing his ‘fundamental right’ to procreate with the woman of his choice.” One day, donors may not even have to have lived. Researchers are experimenting with using aborted female fetuses as a source of donor eggs.

And the market continues to zip along. For overseas couples looking for donor eggs, Bill Handel has the scenario worked out. The couple would mail him frozen sperm of their choice (presumably from the recipient husband); his clinic would use it to fertilize donor eggs, chosen from its catalogue of offerings, and reply back within a month with a frozen embryo ready for implantation. (Although the sperm does not yet arrive by mail, Handel has sent out embryos to a least one hundred international customers.) As for the young women at the New Jersey clinic, they are visibly upset by one aspect of the egg-donation process: they can’t have sexual intercourse for several weeks after the retrieval. For making babies, of course, it’s already obsolete.

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[In 1994, we asked our European editor, Mary Kenny, to expand on a column she had written for the London Sunday Telegraph (November 13, 1994). The expanded version, together with the Nick Downes cartoon at the bottom of its final page, appeared in our Winter '95 issue. Given the current national "public interest" in the very matters Dr. Yorke discusses, we think the article has greater relevance now than when it first appeared.—Ed.]

On Dr. Clifford Yorke

Mary Kenny

Dr. Clifford Yorke is a Freudian analyst: a very distinguished and experienced shrink who is one of Anna Freud's last living colleagues. Until recently he was psychiatrist-in-charge at the Anna Freud Centre in Hampstead, north London, in the street where Sigmund Freud spent his last years with his devoted daughter.

You might expect a Freudian psychoanalyst to be against "repression" in all its forms, but Dr. Yorke is a lot more subtle and intelligent than that. Indeed, a series of lectures that he gave on the BBC recently—broadcast on the "culture channel," Radio Three—took many listeners in Britain by surprise. For in the gentlest possible way he *damned* the permissive society, *damned* the motives of some of the sex educators, *damned* the destruction of the family and *damned* the feminist-gay alliance which he sees as ushering in so many confusions and perversities for children today. (He did not damn, but he questioned, whether day-care for young children was pursued in the interest of the child, rather than for the convenience of its advocates. He is not against some day-care—Anna Freud herself started a nursery in 1940s London which is still in existence—but the criterion for it should be whether the child is ready to leave the mother, and for how long.)

It was, Dr. Yorke said, the combination of the Sixties idea of "do your own thing," along with commercial pressure to buy, buy, buy and never be frustrated in your gratification that brought about changes which are now, he believes, leading to the perverse. "Access takes the waiting out of wanting," he quoted the credit card selling-point. "No slogan could better exalt the pleasure principle . . . in appealing regressively to the infant within the adult, it prompted the wish to take precedence over reality. What is natural in one phase of childhood may be inappropriate in another, and, if unmodified in the adult, may be perverse, sexually or otherwise. What is in a sense polymorphously perverse is the belief that anything goes."

Our culture, instead of developing progressively, is regressing towards the "instant gratification" of the infantile, said Dr. Yorke. The values of self-control, of seeing the interplay between duty and happiness, of rational links between actions and consequences had been replaced by the babyish pleasure principle at all costs.

One of the manifestations of this "infantile regression" was in the prevalence of denial of reality. The child indulges in fantasy and denial as a way of protecting itself against the distressing facts of life—pretending an abandoning parent will return, having imaginary playmates when lonely: but this "denial of reality" was

now affecting social policy makers at the very top of our society. "Over the past 20 years or so widely disseminating doctrines have sought to justify and encourage widespread social and family changes. The growing replacement of the traditional family by cohabitation without commitment, the rapid spread of divorce with its many outcomes, elective single parenting . . . and many other styles of life have been seen and presented as equal and separate forms of social and personal organisation that reflect the free choice of the emancipated adult: [and all] depend to a significant extent on fantasy, on denial of reality." The notion that homosexuals can "marry" and have children is based on a total denial of reality; the idea that men and women are the same is reality denial (or that pregnant women can serve as soldiers, a current example of denial being practised in Britain).

Some sex education, said Clifford Yorke, is based on denial. "Adolescent pregnancy may sometimes result from conscious ignorance but any child therapist knows how often it represents the triumph of an unconscious wish." Some sex educators were suspect, he mused: they were drawn by paedophilic urges to "talk dirty" with children. It excited the sex educators themselves to be explicit about sexuality with very young people.

"The growth of militant feminism has brought an increase in the number of *elective* one-parent families," he noted in his final, hard-hitting talk. "Women have a 'right' to children and they're under no obligation to marry or co-habit with the father. There need be no role for the man except to supply the sperm . . . This kind of radical feminism is based on an envious hostility to men with deeply unconscious roots. But in denying the man any rights in relation to the woman or to the child, a serious complication is introduced into the family structure. . . . So the child does double duty: he not only serves as child; he has to stand in for the adult relationship that's missing from the mother's life.

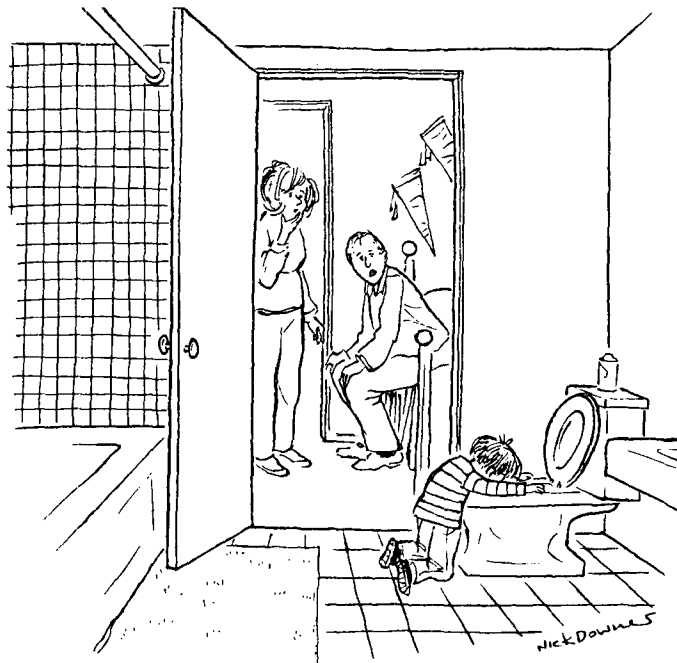
"There may be another very serious problem. If hatred of men impels the radical feminist who disposes of the need for a partner, what happens if she gives birth to a male child? . . . The fateful issue of *sexual identity* is at the heart of the widespread and influential movements of radical feminism and its natural ally, proselytising homosexuality. The convictions of both pressure groups are deeply rooted in childhood anxieties, fantasies and wishes. Both, unconsciously, seek resolution in a changed social order."

Dr. Yorke, who has published more than fifty books and papers on childhood disturbances, drug abuse, anxiety, and the development of shame, delivers his lectures in the manner of a friendly country doctor giving a fireside chat. His observations are often elliptical rather than confrontational and it is only after the sense of his meaning has sunk in that it becomes clear how deep his critique goes. The impact is all the stronger in that he has no political or moral agenda. He is simply very concerned about the bewildering situation that arises for children today in a world of "polymorphous perversity" where, despite so many protests to the contrary, the best interest of the children—in divorce, in family breakdown, in confusing sexual identities—are so often put last.

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“Today, what is pejoratively called the ‘traditional family’ is under sustained attack and retreat,” he noted. “And the needs of children seem curiously disregarded in the social doctrines that encourage and seek to justify these changes Many parents stand by their ‘rights’ to have children but are only too happy to leave the whole miserable business of bringing them up to somebody else.” (That many careerist parents today regard the raising of a child as a “miserable business” is testified by the evidence that any half-literate illegal immigrant can quite easily get a job as a nanny with top people!)

Among Clifford Yorke’s incisive observations are the contradictions implied by the affirmation of adult rights over the child’s needs: and the paradox that in our world it seems that the adults, instead of giving guidance to the children, are themselves reverting to childishness. It is significant that the contemporary psychological fashion is “to seek the inner child” in ourselves, instead of considering the actual children we are responsible for. We force children into adult modes of thought, in overloading them with sex education too young, while we adults may be busy practising “childhood amnesia” ourselves—forgetting and denying the child’s yearning for his parents to stay together, forgetting and denying our childhood pleasure in coming home from school to find our mother waiting for us, baking sweet-smelling bread.



‘Perhaps it was a bit early to tell him about the birds and the bees.’

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