

the HUMAN LIFE REVIEW



WINTER 2010

Featured in this issue:

William Murchison on One Man's Evil
Kathryn Jean Lopez on Defining Eugenics Down
Edward Short honors Rose Hawthorne
Donald DeMarco on The Facelessness of the Unborn

THE 7TH ANNUAL GREAT DEFENDER OF LIFE DINNER

JOSEPH BOTTUM • WILLIAM MURCHISON • MARY MEEHAN
ELLEN WILSON FIELDING

Julie Crane on Where Tolerance Had Limits
Brian Caulfield on The End of Men?
Robert N. Karrer on A Clash of Irreconcilable Histories

FROM THE ARCHIVES: Senator James L. Buckley on
A Human Life Amendment

Also in this issue:

David Daleiden & Jon A. Shields • Paul Greenberg • Robert Hamilton

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. . . in the Fall *Review* I saluted the “courageous example of Mr. [Bart] Stupak,” and his “fearless determination to turn back the abortion juggernaut.” Imagine, after decades of political brawling, a *Democrat* standing athwart the Abortocratic party yelling Stop! Alas, when push came to vote, said Democrat’s determination to fund universal health care proved stronger than his desire to *defund* the abortion state. We hope to report on how, specifically, ObamaCare will intersect with abortion in an upcoming issue (this one closed before the March 22nd vote). Meanwhile, Stupak’s defection is an important reminder to proliferators that putting too much faith in political princes can have painful consequences.

Roe v. Wade was essentially a *cultural* disruption whose aftershocks, senior editor William Murchison warns in “One Man’s Evil” (p. 5), continue to roil the national landscape. Such shocks include the high rate of abortion among blacks, a controversial subject addressed by *National Review*’s Kathryn Jean Lopez in “Defining Eugenics Down” (p. 11). Brian Caulfield, who edits the Knights of Columbus’s Fathers for Good website, examines another—the altered state of male/female relations in the age of routine baby-killing (“The End of Men?,” p. 64). And the late Julie Crane, whose work appears here for the first and (sadly) last time, vividly recalls how the community mores now fractured by the *Roe* decision had once kept abortion taboo (“Where Tolerance Had Limits,” p. 60).

Newsweek editor Jon Meacham recently remarked during a panel discussion on the then-raging health-care debate that “politics changed” with *Roe v. Wade*. You think? Not unlike the health-care bill, *Roe* was rammed down the nation’s throat—at the time most Americans were against legalizing abortion—by a Supreme Court that surprised even proabortionists with the breadth of its decision. Robert Karrer, a new contributor we welcome to these pages, provides a useful critique of abortion histories which have since appeared—pro and con—in “The Two Sides of Looking Back” (p. 84). Speaking of looking back, the 35-year-old *Human Life Review* has an unparalleled archive of material chronicling the abortion (and euthanasia, et al.) debates. In this issue we debut “From the Archives,” reprinting James L. Buckley’s “A Human Life Amendment” (p. 71) from the *Review*’s first issue (Winter, 1975). In it, Senator Buckley documented what was known about fetal life at the time *Roe* was decided, powerfully refuting all those “it’s just a clump of cells” arguments abortion supporters have disingenuously perpetrated for decades.

The sacrificing of truth (along with infants) is a defining characteristic of the age of *Roe*. The *Review*’s mission from the beginning has been to put the truth on record: Donald DeMarco’s beautiful meditation on “The Facelessness of the Unborn” (p. 29) and Edward Short’s engaging profile of “Rose Hawthorne and the Communion of Saints” (p. 18) are two more worthy additions. As is the complete transcript of last October’s Great Defender of Life dinner (p. 36). Read on.

ANNE CONLON
MANAGING EDITOR



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INTRODUCTION

Thirty-five years ago, in his Introduction to this *Review*'s inaugural issue (Winter, 1975) founding editor J.P. McFadden wrote that, in his judgment, most Americans both wanted to and *needed to* know more about abortion in the wake of the shocking *Roe v. Wade* decision. "The *Human Life Review*," he wrote, "hopes and intends to contribute as much as possible to the narrowing of this information and education gap." Future issues would pursue in-depth coverage, because the "abortion issue is intimately linked to many other problems that confront Americans today, from such obviously related life-and-death questions as euthanasia, to much broader social questions that are bound to arise if, in fact, the abortion mentality produces a society in which the 'future generation' are a distinct minority."

As I write today, I'd say that while many Americans may have wanted to know more about abortion in those immediate post-*Roe* days, their openness did not last. Over the past three-and-a-half decades, the "abortion mentality" has become deeply entrenched, largely because too many people really haven't wanted to know more; instead, they averted their minds, their eyes, and their consciences from the obvious reality that an unborn baby is a human being worthy of protection, and that once the law allows for any class of humans to be killed, none of us are safe.

In this first issue of 2010, we have reprinted from that same premier issue Senator James L. Buckley's introduction of his Human Life Amendment (p. 71), given on the floor of the Senate on May 31, 1973. In re-reading it, we were struck by its relevance: Buckley's penetrating analysis of *Roe* and its companion (and just as deadly) decision, *Doe v. Bolton*, is as hard-hitting and as valuable in the public debate as ever. He saw that the Court "reached its result through a curious and confusing chain of reasoning that, logically extended, could apply with equal force to the genetically deficient infant, the retarded child, or the insane or senile adult" and, though the Court gave lip-service to distinctions of trimesters, because *Doe* defined "health" of the mother as including "just about every conceivable reason a woman might advance for having an abortion," it in effect legalized abortion on demand, for the entire length of pregnancy. Again, in the decades since, polls repeatedly have shown that many Americans are unclear about what *Roe* actually delivered, believing that restrictions on second- and third-trimester abortions have remained.

Whether or not we are aware of the connections, we are living with the "state of affairs" the *Roe* decision created, writes William Murchison in this issue's lead article, and that is the loss of our "moral center." In "One Man's Evil," he writes:

If moral centers have given way formally in our time to diversity—and they have, for the most part—it behooves us to reckon with the likely consequences. We will not like all of them. Some are jarring in the extreme—the sound, for instance, of a revolver going off point blank on a quiet Sunday morning in a quiet Midwestern city.

The city is Wichita Kansas, where the late-term abortionist Dr. George Tiller

was fatally shot by Scott Roeder, a “white, middle-aged, divorced airport shuttle driver with a history of mental problems.” Roeder was convicted of first-degree murder on January 29th (and sentenced to life in prison without parole on April 1st). Murchison doesn’t argue with the obvious point, that we cannot allow “roving wildmen” to “decide who deserves to live and who needs to die.” He asks the deeper question: *Why?* What caused each man to choose to kill?

For Murchison, it is the loss of a moral center that created this strange situation in which, ironically, “The Supreme Court, without intending in the least to do so, had empowered Scott Roeder by assigning to individuals the right to make up their own minds in certain specified cases as to the worth of human life.” Murchison’s is a powerful voice appearing in almost every issue of our *Review*; he and his fellow senior editors Ellen Wilson Fielding and Mary Meehan were honored last fall with our Great Defender of Life Award. You may read the remarks of all three and see photos of the evening in our special section, pages 36 to 59.

In her remarks that evening, Mary Meehan emphasized the “driving” role eugenics plays in so many of our problems today, but reminded us that eugenics “has one great weak point: Its advocates have offended nearly every group in our country at one time or another. Their bigotry against African Americans and other people of color is well known.” The connection between such bigotry and abortion is the focus of a new ad campaign, as you will read in Kathryn Jean Lopez’s excellent report, “Defining Eugenics Down.” The campaign, initiated by the non-profit Radiancance Foundation and Georgia Right-to-Life, put billboards up in and around Atlanta declaring “Black Children Are an Endangered Species,” and publicizing a website, *toomanyaborted.com*. As Lopez reports, “not only is the ad campaign controversial, but “the relatively isolated Georgia campaign appears to be driving the abortion industry mad.”

Contributor Edward Short’s reporting has a decidedly literary quality, and his subject here is from the world of literary figures. He writes the fascinating story of the youngest daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Rose, who converted to Catholicism and entered religious life. She founded the order of the Dominican Sisters of Hawthorne, nuns who care for incurably ill cancer patients. Last fall, Short visited their Rosary Hill Home in Hawthorne, NY (a hamlet in Westchester County renamed for Rose); he was impressed at how the order’s care for the dying is diametrically at odds with attitudes prevalent today. At a time “when life is under attack, not only the life of the elderly and the infirm, but also that of the disabled and unborn,” the sisters show us the “personal, loving, sacramental character of true healthcare.”

True compassion, of course, means recognizing the dignity of every human being as a *person*. In our next essay, a fascinating foray into the philosophical, Donald DeMarco introduces us to the field of “the philosophy of the face.” Physiognomy, he explains, was a “doubtful intellectual discipline” until several 20th-century thinkers began linking the human face with both philosophical and theological dignity. Emmanuel Lévinas, a Lithuanian-born French philosopher, stated that the first word of the face is “Thou shall not kill.” But DeMarco wonders if the

INTRODUCTION

“facelessness” of the unborn—unseen except for “cloudy ultrasound imaging”—has allowed humans to do the unthinkable, and kill their own.

There *was* a time when abortion was considered an unthinkable act. “Where Tolerance Had Limits,” p. 60, is a haunting memoir from those pre-*Roe* days, written by the late Julie Crane, a friend of ours and of the *Review*. (The story was found among Ms. Crane’s possessions after her death this January, and we are honored to reprint it here.) Reading Ms. Crane’s piece, one is struck afresh by how much has changed. Certainly attitudes about abortion, and motherhood, have drastically changed since *Roe*. But so have the realities of fatherhood. The Knights of Columbus has listened to hundreds of men who are struggling with these cultural shifts; the organization decided it was time to highlight the discussion in cyberspace, and has launched a website called Fathers For Good (www.fathersforgood.org). The site’s editor, Brian Caulfield, explains for us (in “The End of Men?” page 64) how fathers are faring in today’s society and how the Fathers for Good initiative aims to help bolster men’s roles in the family.

Our final two articles are both compelling reading and excellent educational resources. Senator Buckley’s, as noted, explains the effects of the *Roe* and *Doe* decisions on law and morality. In our final piece, newcomer to the *Review* Robert N. Karrer has contributed a trenchant analysis of abortion *history*, from both “sides.” In his well-researched and documented article, he demonstrates how “pro-choice” history has been significantly re-written to “suit a predetermined agenda,” whereas “pro-life books, especially histories and legal studies of abortion, have been neglected, overlooked, disregarded, and trivialized by scholars and reviewers.” It is time, he writes, for a “balanced, objective and thorough history of the modern pro-life movement” to be written.

* * * * *

The appendices section of the *Review* includes columns from other publications that we think should be part of our record; we have included four such eminent pieces here. *Appendix A*, reprinted from the *Weekly Standard*, is a wrenching look at the emotional trauma of abortion providers, by Jon A. Shields and David Daleiden; *Appendix B* is the powerful testimony of a pediatrician, Robert Hamilton, about why he changed from a “pro-choice believer to a pro-life advocate”; and finally, in *Appendix C*, we include two columns from one of our all-time favorite commentators, Pulitzer prize-winning Paul Greenberg, of the Arkansas *Democrat-Gazette*. As you’ll see in the second piece, Greenberg gave our *Review* a marvelous plug. And he described J.P. in an unforgettable image: As Greenberg alerts us to recent horrors of the abortion mentality, he writes: “The *Human Life Review* was founded by Maria McFadden’s father, who saw this all coming, and, like some monk in a sci-fi fantasy about the end of civilization, was determined to set it all down.” We are privileged to continue setting it all down, and we are grateful to all our contributors, as well as our treasured cartoonist, Nick Downes, for making it such an excellent endeavor.

MARIA MCFADDEN
EDITOR

One Man's Evil

William Murchison

Here I go again—apologies for that self-referential start—peeking at a news story whose immediate end is a few weeks over the horizon. I did this last with respect to the 2008 election. The habit, I fear, of peeking around corners belongs to those of us who have spent too much time in the newspaper trade. We can't help it. We want to talk, which, when you are writing for a quarterly, can complicate matters.

I write, in other words, before the sentencing, in Wichita, Kans., of one Scott Roeder for the murder of Dr. George R. Tiller, on May 31, 2009. For which crime a jury convicted Roeder Jan. 29, 2010, after 37 minutes of deliberation. Roeder had, so to speak, testified against himself: "I did what I thought needed to be done to protect the children. I shot him." Little more needed saying? Hardly that. Much, much more, in my own view, needs saying, irrespective of copy deadlines.

I write—here is a considerably larger complication—knowing that whatever I say will displease particular readers, however I couch the matter. That is in fact the reason I write. We need to think about the issue raised by Tiller's murder at the hands of the self-deputized Roeder. The matter is a solemn and nasty one, and yet crucial to talk about due to the state of affairs the *Roe v. Wade* decision, in 1973, created for us to live amidst—a situation of sharply contrasting moral and emotional perceptions, clipped carelessly, often as not, to individual appraisals of right and wrong.

For our souls' health, we need to talk of these matters, in as level a tone as possible. Lamely, following the habits of a lifetime, I stick my hand in the air to volunteer as . . . what? Moderator? I don't know. Let's see where this goes.

Only so much detail wants recounting at this point. The facts of the case are reasonably well known. Scott Roeder, a white, middle-aged, divorced airport-shuttle driver with a history of mental problems, went to Reformation Lutheran Church on the last Sunday in May 2009. He encountered there, in the role of church usher, Dr. George R. Tiller, described by the *New York Times* as "one of the few doctors in the country to perform late-term abortions." There, in the church, Roeder shot Tiller dead. Roeder was arrested a few hours later. He showed no remorse, or even sympathy for the dead

William Murchison writes from Dallas for Creators Syndicate. A senior editor of the *Review*, his latest book is *Mortal Follies: Episcopalians and the Crisis of Mainline Christianity* (Encounter).

doctor's family. He had done, he explained, what had to be done to save the lives Dr. Tiller would have extinguished had he lived.

Tiller's prominence as a target was nothing new. He performed a lot of abortions—"as late as in the third semester of pregnancy," the *Times* reported. His abortion mill, as I think it not unfair to call the operation, was called Women's Health Care. He had founded it two years after *Roe v. Wade*. Tiller was himself the son of a Wichita doctor said to have performed abortions—"illegal operations" people called them back then, in the days before *Roe v. Wade*. He was a bespectacled man of 67, with the bland face of a bank teller; born the same week of August 1941 as two or three of my high-school classmates. To think—had I myself grown up in Wichita, Kans., as Tiller did, rather than in North Texas, we would have gone to the same high school; possibly golfed together or tried out the new steps on *American Bandstand*; sported crew cuts and dodged polio; attended the same 50th reunion last year amid hugs and how-ya-been's. Or, in the last case, maybe not; around reunion time, at the end of May, Tiller was dead.

Roeder may have seemed equally ordinary, early in life at least and on the surface. I do not know. It is Tiller who pulls me into the story, partly on account of our synchronicity, a thing that makes me wonder . . . how? Why? A third-trimester baby is, for God's sake—and I mean that literally, not "in vain"—a baby, all but ready to debut in the affairs of his parental and, of course, medical, patrons. Somehow my contemporary, Dr. George Tiller, raised on Lucy and Desi like the rest of us, accustomed to Rock Hudson and William Holden at the picture show, and to summer fireflies in jars, failed to take in that crucial datum. Nor was that all. Having seized the flaming torch of abortion rights, he refused to lay it down, unassailable in his conviction that what he did was exactly what needed doing.

For public purposes, the crime—the murder of George Tiller—is the central event of the narrative; that, and how we react to it. When I first thought of writing about the murder, it was the division of opinion between Roeder defenders and Roeder critics that interested me. It was certainly one thing on which the media focused: people who said, approvingly, so much for one abortionist, over against far larger numbers of people, from the small to the great, who said, whatever the killer's motives, no one should take the law into his own hands. As our mothers used to assure us back in the Lucy-Desi days, "Two wrongs don't make a right." They surely don't. One has to make very certain that roving wildmen don't get it into their heads to decide who deserves to live and who needs to die. They do, of course; it's just that we can't encourage it, because life is a more serious thing than George Tiller or Scott Roeder, either one, supposed it to be. More serious than other free

agents—the Branch Davidians, for instance, or Joe Stack, who crashed his plane into an Austin office building in February—can ever have supposed.

What is it that uncouples ordinary-seeming people from the suppositions and restraints by which most of us try at least to live? Despair, anger, hatred—these sorts of emotions, of course. But something more appeared to drive the parallel, in some sense, careers of George R. Tiller, physician, and Scott Roeder, triggerman. That something was the sense of loss.

I say that. I can't prove it. Tiller's dead, and Scott Roeder, I suspect, is too far around the bend for cogent questioning. Let us talk about loss and see where we get.

Loss of what? A moral center. Better said, perhaps, *the* moral center—the one that, for all its holes and gaps and deficiencies, exercised some purchase on the minds of Americans prior to the era of *Roe v. Wade*. I said holes and such like. I meant it. No moral order of which I have ever heard, from Babylon and Greece to the present day, was or is without cruelty, cowardice, stubbornness, indifference, hypocrisy—enduring traits of the human race, we have to acknowledge. I mean no more than that the moral order amid which George Tiller and I grew up was demonstrably different from that which succeeded it.

For one thing, abortion was a crime back during the Lucy-Desi days. Its being a crime meant, first, of course, you shouldn't do it; but there was more to the matter. It was that the obligation of parent to unborn child—of power to weakness and vulnerability—of maturity to futurity—had a profound character that organized society had engaged to uphold. The abortion laws evidenced that insight, that determination, that public sense of a moral center on questions pertaining to human life. The First Amendment to the Constitution naturally allowed objections, angry or piteous, to that state of affairs. Louder and louder, harsher and harsher the objections grew. There followed, at last, *Roe v. Wade*.

On human-life questions the moral center cracked and crashed. Fragments of witness still existed—sermons and speeches; websites; the action programs of churches; journals such as the *Human Life Review*; all of it loose, informal, uncoordinated. In the official absence of a center, options multiplied, with the blessing of the U.S. Supreme Court. It was up to individuals henceforth to sort out the rights and the wrongs, the shoulds and the shouldn'ts of abortion—as indeed these individuals did. No state legislature, no state court was to stand in the way of individual discernment. The High Court had made that plain.

Well, individual discernment can and does take interesting forms. It seems

to have worked so in George Tiller's case. Into the cause of abortion virtually on demand he plunged with what might well be called recklessness. In 1986, his clinic was firebombed. In 1993, an anti-abortion activist named Shelley Shannon shot him five times. What was it about abortion that kept him on the case? One couldn't call his determination heroic, but there was a quality to it that stuck out a mile. He had decided somehow that the brand-new right to conceive but not deliver a live baby was of transcendent worth in . . . in what? The liberation of modern folk from the rules of dead people? No moral center—no tapestry of belief, supported by statute and exhortation—was there to make him question or actually doubt his premises. The new moral center, after *Roe v. Wade*, was, we don't need moral centers any more.

Neither, for that matter, did Scott Roeder, though he thought perhaps he had one. In the moral vacuum produced by *Roe v. Wade*, Roeder felt free to decide for himself which lives were good and which deserved elimination. The Supreme Court, without intending in the least to do so, had empowered Scott Roeder by assigning to individuals the right to make up their own minds in certain specified cases as to the worth of human life. The problem that raised was, what about other human lives? If one class of life had suddenly become vulnerable to human whim, did not that at a minimum raise the question, what about other classes of life—say, the George Tiller class? How could Dr. George Tiller's right to life outrank that of the entirely human, certainly not animal, lives he extracted in gruesome fashion from women's wombs? What was the qualitative difference? The Supreme Court, which in the matter of unborn life, had subcontracted moral understanding to individuals, cannot have thought someone like Scott Roeder would embrace the invitation in such cold-blooded fashion. But he did.

None of this, I emphasize, is to adduce some backdoor justification for the murder to which Scott Roeder calmly confessed. It is to show how certain things lead to certain other things: how, when the lid to Pandora's box gets lifted, out fly things previously unimaginable—never intended for introduction into the world.

The moral center collapses—and life, if it goes on, flows differently and between reconfigured banks. I have not seen much made, journalistically, of the scene of the crime: the narthex of a Lutheran church, where Dr. George Tiller was handing out programs to fellow church-goers. These, one can only assume, found it un-startling to receive a church program from a practitioner of partial-birth abortion. Why would this be?

One can visit the website of Reformation Lutheran Church, 7601 E. 13th St. N., in Wichita, Kans. (www.reformation-lutheran.org) and discover a normal-seeming American Protestant church, "Christ-centered," with

ministries to youth and adults (including Cub Scouts and Golfers for God) and a commitment to “Scripture, liturgy, and inspiring music.” “[W]e respond with love to the needs of others,” the website affirms. Further, “We respect varying points of view and consider diversity to be one of our attributes.” That would seem to have cleared a space for the late Dr. George Tiller, whose commitment to abortion cannot in any case be read as offending deeply, if at all, the policy of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America under a teaching statement dating from 1991 (www.elca.org/What-We-Believe/Social-Issues/Social-Statements/Abortion). “Induced abortion,” as the teaching puts it, “is one of the issues about which members of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America have serious differences.” The church wishes members to talk about those differences “in ways that do justice to our”—that word again—“diversity.” ELCA, as you will have deduced by now, is neither passionately opposed to abortion nor passionately for it. It all seems to depend on circumstances. Abortion to save the mother’s life, and in cases of rape, incest, or “fetal abnormalities”—that’s all right, according to the teaching. Also all right would be legislation outlawing “abortions that are performed after the fetus is determined to be viable, except when the mother’s life is threatened or when lethal abnormalities indicate the prospective newborn will die very soon.” Plenty of wiggle room there if you’re a certain local clinic owner with a commitment to Lutheran worship. Plenty of space for personal interpretation.

George Tiller’s commitment to abortion, in the face of bullets and bombs, has about it, I say, a notable quality, whatever else could and should be said about it. No less observable is the lack of evidence that the generality of fellow worshipers at Reformation Lutheran Church found the doctor’s presence in Lutheran worship in any way offensive. Possibly the congregation’s commitment to diversity barred the wary sideways glance when the local abortion doctor passed down the aisle.

If moral centers have given way formally in our time to diversity—and they have, for the most part—it behooves us to reckon with the likely consequences. We will not like all of them. Some are jarring in the extreme—the sound, for instance, of a revolver going off point blank on a quiet Sunday morning in a quiet Midwestern city.

The Supreme Court, in *Roe*, thought to liberate. In striking down old laws that prohibited abortion, it wiped away, supposedly, the convictions behind those laws. Though, as we see, the seven justices in the *Roe* majority were as naive as first graders if they believed a piece of official paper—an opinion by our highest court—could erase a moral/cultural instinct traceable to earliest

times, the instinct to care for and protect unborn life. All the court did was enfranchise, I suppose one could say, local-option views on a matter formerly reserved for much larger oversight—that of states responding to moral prompting of an urgent sort. With the fall of the abortion laws, it became less urgent than in quite a long time to examine or even notice the premises that underlay the old laws. One such premise was the sacredness of life—life as proceeding from the mind and the work of God. Another was the welfare of women, who were seen by various reformers as the victims of abortion quacks and butchers.

The moral center, as to abortion, consisted in the duty to protect unborn life for a complex of reasons that heavily outweighed the pleas that grew in the 1960s for the right “to control one’s own body.” The moral center, as to unborn life, was concerned with protection—a historic aim of government and of organized society. To the culture that began to show its face around the time George Tiller and I were leaving undergraduate life, protection savored, oddly, of oppression. It was time to free humanity from old shackles, time to empower individual appreciation of individual wants and needs (as if the United States, pre-1965, had been some factory for the obliteration of human differences!).

The old moral center had outlived its usefulness, as many saw the matter. It had to go. Rules went out; choice came in. Normlessness was the new norm—the one that did in, eventually, both Dr. George Tiller and his murderer and, in no small degree, further unsettled the normless society around them. What Tiller could do—kill—was also what Roeder could do. It required only an act of the will to see as much. One man’s evil was another’s good—an unstable and highly undesirable condition, even in a culture verbally committed to “diversity.”

Where from here? It is hard to say. No path in life leads backwards, only forwards. The construction of a new moral center is the most urgent task of 300 million diverse Americans, relatively few of whom, one surmises, hope to see their own principles of self-determination and choice unlimited turned against them. So it fell out with Dr. George Tiller. The culture that had made him, killed him.

The Greeks gave us the definition of tragedy—the mighty laid low by personal flaws or moral mistakes. For staging directions, visit Wichita, Kans.

Defining Eugenics Down

Kathryn Jean Lopez

I was in a bit of a dream world at the March for Life in Washington, D.C., this year. One of the first scenes I saw was a gathering of Lutherans for Life right by a carousel on the National Mall: perfection, as far as Kodak moments go. I saw happy, energetic, seemingly well-adjusted students from Ivy League schools, Notre Dame, and my own Catholic University of America. I saw evangelical church groups from Tennessee and New Orleans. I ran into Kevin Burke from Rachel's Vineyard, a ministry he and his wife, Theresa, have devoted themselves to, helping women and men who have come to regret their abortions.

All along the way, I encountered Scott Brown signs: Here, a Republican who actually says he supports *Roe v. Wade* was being celebrated for representing the task pro-lifers face in changing hearts and minds. In his Massachusetts legislative career and along the campaign trail, he has found himself erring on the side of life on more than one occasion, including on partial-birth abortion and religious freedom in the realm of reproduction. Where Scott Brown stands today is a sign of the vitality of the pro-life movement. He may not be totally with us. But, effectively, he very often is. Because it makes sense to be.

Other political signs I ran into along the March route were encouraging words for Michigan Democratic congressman Bart Stupak, who at the time was a hero of sorts for Democrats who support protecting innocent human life, as well as Republicans who felt somewhat powerless in the health-care debate without him, despite the fact that they are on the side of the majority of Americans.

A great deal of the March, in other words, was about affirming life in a beautiful, positive, and even practical way.

And so when I walked up Independence Avenue toward the Capitol building to see a graphic display of the remains of unborn babies, flagged by the words, "black genocide," instead of walking over, I cringed and looked away.

I regret that.

"Different strokes for different folks," is how Day Gardner, president of the National Black Pro-Life Union, reacts to my reaction. "What affects me one way won't affect you the same way," she continues. But "when it comes

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to the aborted-baby pictures and using words like ‘genocide’: It is truth. It is a fact that this is what abortion looks like. We have to understand that this is what it is.”

And the truth, by the numbers, looks like this: According to the Planned Parenthood-associated Alan Guttmacher Institute, black women account for 37 percent of abortions. The *New York Times* reports: “Data from the federal Centers for Disease Control and Prevention show that black women get almost 40 percent of the country’s abortions, even though blacks make up only 13 percent of the population. Nearly 40 percent of black pregnancies end in induced abortion, a rate far higher than for white or Hispanic women.”

And yet, when the ad campaign debuted, the *New York Times*, unsurprisingly, did not lay out the welcome mat for it. They missed its point completely. In a blog post I commissioned for *National Review Online*, Michael New, a prolife researcher and professor at the University of Alabama, worked to educate the “paper of record.” As he explained: “The fact that a disproportionately high percentage of abortions are performed on black women is not well known outside of pro-life circles. Neither is the fact that Planned Parenthood founder Margaret Sanger was a proponent of eugenics. These pieces of information might be of interest to the black community, especially since many surveys show that African-Americans are more likely to describe themselves as ‘pro-life’ than whites.”

New believes—and I tend to agree with him, if the reaction I’ve seen nationally to it is any indication—that “this ad campaign marks an important step [for a pro-life movement that] has not always invested much in minority outreach. Generating both more discussion about abortion and more interest in pro-life activism among minorities might pay some real dividends. Furthermore, the fact that these ads have already received nationwide media coverage is no small accomplishment. This nicely demonstrates that supporters of legal abortion fear the potential of this ad campaign.”

If you’re reading the *Human Life Review*, it’s probably not news to you that the abortion movement has a deep, dark history of entanglement with the eugenics movement. Margaret Sanger, founder of Planned Parenthood, was one of the leaders of eugenics. The introduction to her 1922 book *The Pivot of Civilization* includes the following: “We want fewer and better children . . . and we cannot make the social life and the world-peace we are determined to make, with the ill-bred, ill-trained swarms of inferior citizens that you inflict on us.”

And yet Margaret Sanger continues to be lauded. About a year ago, Secretary of State Hillary Clinton announced that she is “really in awe” of Sanger. “The 20th-century reproductive-rights movement, really embodied

in the life and leadership of Margaret Sanger, was one of the most transformational in the entire history of the human race,” Clinton announced upon receiving an award from Sanger’s organization, Planned Parenthood.

And it involves more than ceremonial remembrances. You may have read about Ruth Bader Ginsburg’s comment to the *New York Times Magazine* last summer. She told an interviewer: “Frankly I had thought that at the time *Roe* was decided, there was concern about population growth and particularly growth in populations that we don’t want to have too many of. So that *Roe* was going to be then set up for Medicaid funding for abortion.” The interviewer didn’t seem fazed by the comment; she didn’t follow up.

Justice Ginsburg is far from alone. In 1993, *Roe v. Wade* co-counsel Ron Weddington urged President-Elect Bill Clinton to rush to get an abortion pill into the hands of American women, arguing that it would help to “start immediately to eliminate the barely educated, unhealthy, and poor segment of our country.”

He wrote: “Government is also going to have to provide vasectomies, tubal ligations, and abortions. . . . There have been about 30 million abortions in this country since *Roe v. Wade*. Think of all the poverty, crime, and misery . . . and then add 30 million unwanted babies to the scenario. We lost a lot of ground during the Reagan-Bush religious orgy. We don’t have a lot of time left.” Sounds a lot like the population-culling paranoia of Sanger, doesn’t it?

The lack of attention the Supreme Court justice’s comment received—the lack of outrage when this eugenic mentality is so clearly on display—is the real news. One doesn’t have to dig up quotes from the deceased to see that this poisonous thinking is alive and well in the halls of power, driving the activism of a movement that has refused to confront and purge the darkest side of its past.

Marching through Georgia

Georgia Right to Life and the Radiance Foundation are getting the word out about abortion’s racial aspect. During February and March, 80 billboards in and around Atlanta declared: “Black Children Are an Endangered Species.” The message is tied to a website, *toomanyaborted.com*.

Margaret Sanger is very much on the mind of Catherine Davis, minority-outreach director for Georgia Right to Life. In an interview this winter, she told me: “Margaret Sanger, in her craftiness, created an aura of promoting women’s rights. She approached two groups that in the 1920s and 1930s were starved for rights—women and blacks. She convinced them that reducing the number of children born, by taking birth control, was a civil right they were entitled to exercise. Her successor, Alan Guttmacher, took

the eugenics agenda a step further when he included abortion in the arsenal they were using to control the population.”

Davis explained the ad’s approach: “The pro-abortion movement would love for everyone to forget its close ties to the American eugenics movement, the forced sterilizations of blacks, and the unapologetic racism of many of its founders and pioneers. Blacks need to understand that we did not get to this place overnight. We were actively targeted and, in many cases, deceived.”

And so she’s unapologetic. “I believe the message of *toomanyaborted.com* is a positive message. What is more positive than saying that your children are worth saving?”

Her point is well-taken on a number of fronts. Civil-rights activist Ward Connerly finds himself applauding Davis and company despite his instincts. “Generally, I find it highly distasteful to single out groups based on ‘race,’ whether for the purpose of giving them preferential treatment in the public arena or to highlight problems that appear to be endemic to the group as a whole,” he explains. But this is an issue—this is a group, these are lives—that requires an alarm-sounding. And so, he continues: “On the other hand, the problem of abortion is so widespread among black women that I consider it socially irresponsible to ignore it. In addition to the immorality involved, there are other consequences that flow from our current attitude of looking the other way and ignoring the problem. For example, when I was in my formative years, abortion was frowned upon among blacks. The level of social ostracism was intense. Unfortunately, this led to many abortions being obtained through unsafe practices in unsafe environments, sometimes resulting in deaths of the women. But I am convinced that social ostracism also resulted in significantly fewer out-of-wedlock pregnancies and, thus, fewer abortions. With abortion being so commonly accepted, there is greater teen promiscuity, and a greater tendency for black males to get females pregnant and take no responsibility for their actions. And the failure of black males to accept responsibility for their actions is at the core of many of the problems that blacks face. Therefore, I support efforts such as the billboards to promote greater awareness of the problems associated with abortion among black women.”

Davis further explains the reasoning behind the campaign: “The numbers show that a disproportionate number of black women have embraced the message of abortion. We believe that is so because that message has been specifically and aggressively marketed to them. If Planned Parenthood is going to set up clinics in urban areas where blacks reside, doesn’t it make sense that those of us who value life should expose their history and their agenda to that community? If they start setting up clinics down the street

from expensive prep schools, we'll come up with a strategy for that too.”

Peter Kirsanow, a lawyer and member of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, says: “Does the race of an aborted child matter? I suspect most pro-lifers believe the race of the baby is immaterial—it’s the life of the child that’s the singular concern. Nonetheless, where the racial disparities in abortion rates are so pronounced, the subject is hard to ignore. Yet the black establishment has effectively ignored it. Not a peep out of those in the racial-grievance industry who talk incessantly about the slightest of racial disparities, whether real or imagined.”

He is alarmed by the “enormous difference” in black and white abortion rates: “The U.S. Commission on Civil Rights is statutorily charged with investigating all forms of racial disparity in the country—except that Congress specifically barred it by statute from addressing abortion. Apparently, politicians don’t want to hear anything about it.”

Kirsanow makes one last important point: “The gap between the black abortion rate and the white abortion rate is about as large as the black single-motherhood rate and the white single-motherhood rate. [Sen. Daniel P.] Moynihan sounded the alarm over the black single-motherhood rate 35 years ago. Who will sound the alarm over the black abortion rate?”

If it takes some billboards to start to highlight that, it’s an ad campaign that will save lives.

Taking off the Cherry-Blossom-Colored Glasses and Moving Forward

Not surprisingly, the Georgia campaign has been controversial. Irene Monroe, who describes herself as “a nationally renowned African American lesbian activist, scholar, and public theologian,” demonstrates in a blog piece on *The Huffington Post* both how close we are to having a sane public conversation on the topic, and how painfully far we remain. Looking at the high proportion of black babies aborted, she concedes that “there is no doubt a problem here.” Like many other proponents for legal abortion, she opines that “the high rates of abortions among African American women in Georgia and elsewhere is a systematic problem that pro-lifers can do something about rather than pointing an accusatory finger at black women who chose to have abortions. They can help the African American community curb sexual violence in our relationships, homes, and communities; help provide access to services like comprehensive sex education and pregnancy-prevention programs; and help provide the availability of contraception.”

But Day Gardner isn’t interested in accusing women. She, like her fellow black pro-life leaders, wants to save the baby headed for abortion and save the woman from feeling forced into an option that would bring her a lifetime

of pain and regret. She wants education, which she believes ultimately leads individuals and society to life. (Polls tend to bear out her view.)

And though she and others necessarily point to Sanger—and unapologetically so—she is not convinced Planned Parenthood and its lethal ilk are all dyed-in-the-wool eugenic ideologues. They are an “industry,” she says. “They’re going to set up business where they are going to make the most money.” So they set up shop targeting the “impoverished, unemployed, people who live in devastated communities.” What they’re not doing is “helping these women by setting up daycare centers, suggesting if they really wanted to they could find funding”—private or otherwise.

If you still doubt this is a good strategy, consider that the relatively isolated Georgia campaign appears to be driving the abortion industry mad. As I write, the *RH Reality Check* website has launched a counter campaign of its own, accusing “anti-choice advocates across the country” of an effort to “renew old charges of genocide and racial discrimination by reproductive health providers. These myths do far more harm than good, as they are used to deny women, particularly low-income women, access to essential reproductive health care.”

They sound threatened: The Georgia campaign may, in fact, be having an impact. “This is not to tug at heartstrings,” Gardner says about the Georgia “Endangered Species” ads and other graphic images. I immediately thought of my cringing at the March for Life in January. That presentation wasn’t for me. But “the billboards and the pictures help to get the true picture out,” Gardner says.

“Prudence is the most important virtue in politics,” says Clarke Forsythe, author of *Politics for the Greatest Good: The Case for Prudence in the Public Square*. He cites Aquinas’s definition of it—“right reason about what is to be done”—and “an old proverb”: “Zeal without knowledge is folly.” He cautions: “In my experience, political activists are most tempted to be imprudent by being unduly influenced by zeal, thinking good intentions will carry them through, and failing to understand the obstacles that surround us or identifying effective solutions to those obstacles. For example, we can’t ignore the fact that the impact on the unborn child and the impact on women from abortion are two sides of the coin in the public debate in this country. The public is concerned about both. In addition to our focus on the baby, we must also raise awareness of the negative impact on women and the medical risks from abortion. Progress will require us to focus on both.”

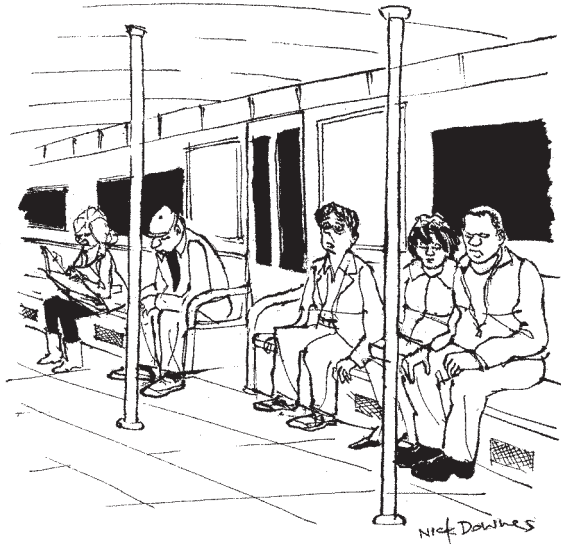
Is the Georgia campaign a prudent one? Forsythe thinks so: “The main goal of publicizing the fact that black women have a disproportionate number of abortions is a good thing, and that does seem to be the basic content of the

billboards.” He points to critics of the strategy, who, like Monroe, admit the facts of the numbers, and even the fact that Planned Parenthood clinics tend to congregate in minority communities. “The enduring question, though, concerns the follow-through.”

Alveda King, director of African American outreach for Priests for Life and niece of Martin Luther King Jr., is all about follow-through. A board member of Georgia Right to Life, she views campaigns like the Georgia billboards not merely as prudent, but as necessary extensions of the civil-rights struggle her uncle and father were integral to. And she considers the first black president, Barack Obama, who is, of course, an adamant supporter of abortion rights—who has referred to surprise pregnancy as “punishment”—as “missing an opportunity.”

At the recent Bloody Sunday anniversary, marking the 1965 Selma-Montgomery march, she handed Jesse Jackson a video on the history of blacks and abortion in America. She says Jackson was noncommittal about watching it. But she’ll keep trying, keep educating.

King says, meanwhile, that “the president has a defining moment before him. The nation has become prolife. It’s evident. This is a tide. This is a time. It’s a conversation of energy. And the energy is with life.”



“Ladies and gentlemen, we are being held here forever. We won’t be moving shortly or at all. Thank you for your patience.”

Rose Hawthorne and the Communion of Saints

Edward Short

For Elsie Karwowski

One evening last autumn, Father Aquinas Guilbeau, a young Dominican priest with whom I had been reading the Church Fathers, asked if I knew anything about Nathaniel Hawthorne's daughter, Rose. I had a vague memory of reading something about her many years before but I could not place her. Who was she? Why was he asking? Well, he replied, she was an extraordinary convert, and after visiting with the order of sisters she founded—the Dominican Sisters of Hawthorne—in a place called Hawthorne in Westchester County, N.Y., and seeing the work they do on behalf of incurable cancer patients, he was convinced that there was a good deal about her and her order that should be better known, especially at a time when the majority party in Washington was moving aggressively to bring health care under state control. Rose also happened to be a candidate for sainthood. Would I be interested in writing about her and her order? If I was, he would arrange a meeting with the Mother Superior and drive me up himself to their Rosary Hill Home.

Here was Dominican preaching at its practical best and I readily took Father Guilbeau up on his kind, intriguing offer.

The next morning we meet in the high-ceilinged old Priory of St. Vincent Ferrer on Lexington Avenue and set out in the parish automobile for Hawthorne. Once on the road, we are treated to brilliant foliage. It is one of those October days tailor-made for New York: The air is brisk and pungent; the light is of a radiant sharpness; the leaves are in their autumn beauty: crimson and jasper, saffron and sienna. On fall days like this, no one thinks of the death of summer but only of the extravagant preciousness of being alive. Later, Mother Mary Francis of Rosary Hill Home (founded by Rose Hawthorne in 1901) likens her cancer patients to fall leaves, which reminds me of those lovely lines from John Donne: "No spring nor summer beauty hath such grace / As I have seen in one autumnal face." Later still, when I meet with some of the residents, I find myself confirming the accuracy of this observation.

Mother Mary Francis, a petite dynamo of a woman, whose smile radiates good sense and good fun, greets us in Chapel, where she is praying with 30 or so other Sisters of varying ages from very young to very old. Father

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Guilbeau tells me that whenever he visits the Sisters, it is always here that he finds them. When we sit down in a cozy old parlor, we are joined by Sister Mary Joseph and Sister de Paul, one an astute, gentle Southerner from Georgia and the other the order's knowledgeable archivist from Philadelphia. To understand the work of the Dominican Sisters of Hawthorne, they stress, it is necessary to know something of their founder, Rose Hawthorne, because she personified the love of Christ and the love of Christ's poor that animates all they do.¹

In her introduction to *A Memoir of Mary Ann* (1961), Flannery O'Connor describes how Nathaniel Hawthorne's encounter with a rheumy child in a Liverpool workhouse changed his daughter's life forever. In his notebooks, Hawthorne had confided how "a child about six years old, but I know not whether girl or boy immediately took the strangest fancy for me. It was a wretched, pale, half-torpid little thing, with a humor in its eye which the Governor said was the scurvy." In responding to the child, Hawthorne was responding to something at once in and beyond himself.

I never saw . . . a child that I should feel less inclined to fondle. But this sickly, humor-eaten fright prowled round me, taking hold of my skirts, following at my heels, smiled in my face, and standing directly before me, insisted on my taking it up. . . . It was as if God had promised the child this favor on my behalf, and that I must fulfill the contract. I held my undesirable burden a little while, and after setting the child down, it still followed me, holding two of my fingers and playing with them, just as if it were a child of my own. It was a foundling, and out of all human kind it chose me to be its father! We went upstairs into another ward; and on coming down again there was this same child waiting for me, with a sickly smile around its defaced mouth. . . . I should never have forgiven myself if I had repelled its advances.²

Later, in *Our Old Home* (1863), his account of his English sojourn, Hawthorne attributed this experience to a nameless gentleman "burdened with more than an Englishman's customary reserve, shy of actual contact with human beings, afflicted with a peculiar distaste for whatever was ugly, and . . . accustomed to that habit of observation from an insulated standpoint which is said (but I hope erroneously) to have the tendency of putting ice in the blood. So I watched the struggle in his mind with a good deal of interest, and am seriously of the opinion that he did a heroic act and effected more than he dreamed of towards his final salvation when he took up the loathsome child and caressed it as tenderly as if he had been its father."³

It was characteristic of the storyteller in Hawthorne to attribute this to an imaginary figure rather than himself. Modesty played some part in this, but also a kind of awe. Responding to that wretched child's yearning to be held, he told his wife, brought him closer to God than he had ever been before. After revealing that the man referred to in the passage was Hawthorne himself,

Rose reckoned that it was “the greatest passage my father ever wrote.”⁴ In Hawthorne’s “small act of Christlikeness,” as O’Connor characterized it, Rose had seen something of the sanctity of life that transformed her own life.⁵

Born in Lenox, Massachusetts, Rose Hawthorne (1851-1926) was the third and youngest child of Hawthorne and Sophia Peabody. She spent most of her happy childhood in England, where her father was appointed American consul by his good friend President Franklin Pierce. When Hawthorne resigned his post, the family traveled to Italy. In Florence, they resided in Belloguardo, about which Hawthorne reported to a friend, “The house stands on a hill, overlooking Florence, and is big enough to quarter a regiment. . . . At one end of the house there was a moss-grown tower, haunted by owls and by the ghost of a monk who was burnt at the stake in the principal square of Florence. I hire the villa, tower and all, at twenty-eight dollars a month.”⁶ The monk was Girolamo Savonarola (1452-98), whose “bonfires of the vanities” sent him to his own bonfire in Palazzo Vecchio. That he happened to be a Dominican friar was an amusing harbinger of Rose’s later vocation.

Before returning to America, the family stayed for another year in England in Leamington Spa in Warwickshire, where, coincidentally enough, Jack and Nuala Scarisbrick established the headquarters of their pro-life charity 40 years ago. Recently, I visited with them and one morning we walked down the Parade to Lansdowne Circus where the Hawthorne family lived and where, on the unassuming white Regency house, a plaque has been mounted commemorating their happy residence. In *Our Old Home*, Hawthorne admitted that one reason he enjoyed the place so much was that “the ordinary stream of life does not run through this little, quiet pool, and few or none of the inhabitants seem to be troubled with any business or outside activities. I used to set them down as half-pay officers, dowagers of narrow income, elderly maiden ladies, and other people of respectability, but small account, such as hang on the world’s skirts rather than actually belong to it.”⁷ In several visits to Rosary Hill Home, I saw how the residents there also seemed to “hang on the world’s skirts,” without actually belonging to it, though, in the eyes of the Hawthorne Sisters, this only entitles them to more loving kindness and care.

It has to be said that such a view is not widespread in England, where assisted suicide is debated from the standpoint of whether it should be regulated, not banned. Unaware that life is a gift from God, many of the English are convinced that they can dispose of it as they please. But this could change. In mounting their Hawthorne plaque, the good people of Leamington are commemorating more than the father of American literature;

they are commemorating the father of a saint—as yet uncanonized but a saint nonetheless. When Rose Hawthorne is canonized, she will be an enormously influential witness to the inviolability of life, and it is not only the English who will benefit from that. Many in America also need to be disabused of the notion that killing the inconveniently elderly and infirm is somehow merciful.

Although Rose was educated by private tutors and governesses, it was from her parents that she received the special tutelage and love that helped sustain her throughout her difficult adulthood. She was deeply attached to her father and when he died in 1864, just shy of her 13th birthday, she was heartbroken. In her wonderful *Memories of Hawthorne* (1897) she recalled how “Hawthorne worked hard and nobly. Not even the mechanic who toils for his family all day, all week-days of the year . . . toils more nobly than this sensitive, warm-hearted, brave, recluse, much-seeing man. He teaches the spiritual greatness of the smallest fidelity, and the spiritual destruction in the most familiar temptations.”⁸

Hawthorne has never been without sympathetic critics. Henry James spoke of him as one who “had lived primarily in his domestic affections, which were of the tenderest kind; and then—without eagerness, without pretension, but with a great deal of quiet devotion—in his charming art.”⁹ James also recognized that “man’s conscience was his theme.”¹⁰ Yet his daughter Rose captured aspects of the man and the artist that James overlooked. “Every touch of inner meaning that he gives speaks of his affection, his desire to bring us accounts of what he has learned of God’s benevolence, in his long walks on the thoroughfares and in the byways, and over the uncontaminated open country, of human hope. Poverty, trouble, sin, fraudulent begging, stupidity, conceit—nothing forced him absolutely to turn away his observation of all these usual rebuffs to sympathy, if his inconvenience could be made another’s gain.”¹¹

Here, again, one can see how her father’s work inspired Rose to undertake her own. But her mother also played a formative role in her choice of vocation. Sophia Peabody, to judge from her letters, was a vivacious, cultivated, discriminating woman. She was also free of the pantheism that muddled so many of the Unitarians among whom she and her husband moved. When Sophia spoke of God, she meant God, not what Ralph Waldo Emerson called the “Over-Soul.” Moreover, she was not impressed with the practical issue of New England’s armchair philosophy: “I hate transcendentalism,” she once exclaimed, “because it is full of immoderate dicta which would disorganize society.”¹² This is not a sentiment likely to endear her to the social engineers

wreaking havoc in our own society but its good judgment was characteristic of the woman.

A painter and sculptor, Sophia understood the immersed detachment that made her husband an artist. “Never upon the face of any mortal was there such a divine expression of sweetness and kindness,” she wrote to Hawthorne when they were courting. “Yet it was also the expression of a witness and hearer.”¹³ James also recognized this same quality in Hawthorne: “He is outside of everything, and an alien everywhere. He is an aesthetic solitary.”¹⁴

Later, after the couple married, Sophia reveled in her husband’s companionable intelligence. “There is something so penetrating and clear in Mr. Hawthorne’s intellect,” she wrote. “When he reads to me, it is the acutest criticism. Such a voice, too—such sweet thunder!”¹⁵ Surrounded by her family, Sophia exulted in her undisputed matriarchy. “As for me, you know I am composed of Hope and Faith, and while I have my husband and the children”—Una, Julian, and Rose—“I feel as if Montezuma’s diamonds and emeralds were spiritually my possession.”¹⁶ In Sophia’s delightful letters it is clear that, of all her children, it was the youngest who inherited her zest for life. “Rose raised all the echoes of the country by screaming with joy over her blooming crocuses,” Sophia wrote in one letter. “The spring intoxicates her with ‘remembering wine.’”¹⁷

The family was not without its trials—Hawthorne was often hard up in a literary world where editors paid poorly and piracy was the norm—but it was always close-knit. Something of this happy cohesiveness may have been attributable to Hawthorne’s honesty. “In love-quarrels,” he wrote in one notebook entry, “a man goes off on stilts, and comes back on his knees.”¹⁸ But it was Sophia who was the family’s true center. The love she lavished on her family home would be replicated by Rose in her home, where, as Mother Alphonsa, she insisted that residents be treated as honored family guests. What Sophia said of her mother, Rose might have said of hers: “Such a mother seldom falls to the lot of mortals. She was the angel of my life. Her looks and tones and her acts of high-bred womanhood were the light and music and model of my childhood.”¹⁹

After Hawthorne’s death, Sophia moved the family to Germany so Rose could study art. In Dresden, she met George Lathrop, who would become associate editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* under James’s good friend, the novelist William Dean Howells. It was apparently in his early days as a journalist that George first took up the excessive drinking that would later escalate into full-blown alcoholism, albeit behind closed doors. In 1871, shortly after Rose’s mother died, the couple returned to New York, after

marrying in London at the same church, St. Luke's in Chelsea, where Dickens was married. In 1876, the Lathrops were blessed with a son, Francis, who inherited not only his mother's ebullience but her red-gold hair. To help support her budding family, Rose wrote for various outlets, including *The Atlantic Monthly*, the *Boston Courier*, and the *Ladies' Home Journal*. When Rose and George bought the old Hawthorne home in Concord, "Wayside," where Rose had such vivid memories of listening to her father read by the fireside, they looked forward to a happy future.

Then, in 1881, Francis suddenly died of diphtheria; George's alcoholism worsened; and the Lathrop marriage began to disintegrate. To find solace in her bereavement and to try to salvage her marriage Rose turned more and more to her Christian faith. Apropos her faith, it is worth pointing out that it was George who first introduced her to Catholicism by sharing with her James Cardinal Gibbons's *The Faith of Our Fathers* (1876), a catechetical primer still in print. If George could not bring himself to desist from tipping, he was clear enough about the reasonableness of the Roman faith. To one correspondent who suggested that his conversion had been perfunctory, George responded with admirable clarity of purpose:

The attempt to inform myself about the Church began with the same impartiality, the same candor and receptiveness that I should use towards any other subject upon which I honestly desired to form a just conclusion. Notwithstanding that my education had surrounded me with prejudice, my mind was convinced as to the truth, the validity and supremacy of the Roman Catholic Church, by the clear and comprehensive reasoning upon which it is based. And while the reasoning of other religious organizations continually shifts and wavers, leaving their adherents—as we now see almost every day—to fall into rationalism and agnostic denial, the reasoning of the Church, I found, led directly into sublime and inspiring faith.²⁰

Diana Culbertson, O.P., an authority on Rose Hawthorne, points out that what particularly appealed to George about the Church was its doctrine on the communion of the saints: "The present, active, and incessant spirituality of the Church does not stop with this life or end in that pagan acceptance of death as an impassable barrier, which one meets with in Protestant denominations," he wrote. "It links together the religious souls of all periods, whether now on earth or in the world beyond."²¹ That George should have played his own part in the communion of saints must have pleased Rose.

After reading various works of Catholic apologetics on their own, including Cardinal Wiseman's *Lectures on Doctrines of the Church* (1836), which had some modest bearing on John Henry Newman's conversion, Rose and George befriended Alfred Chappell, a prominent convert from New London, Connecticut, who gave them the run of his extensive theological library. In

1891, Rose and George were received into the Church by Father Alfred Young, C.S.P., an English convert and learned advocate of Gregorian chant, who was then attached to the Church of St. Paul the Apostle in New York. Nevertheless, George's furtive drinking worsened and finally Rose had no alternative but to separate from him. Once embarked on her new life, Rose dedicated herself to caring for the cancerous poor, who, at the time, were barred from the city's hospitals and left to rot on Blackwell's Island. After the death of her husband, over whose deathbed she prayed, she founded the Dominican Sisters of Hawthorne to advance her sacramental work with the help of Father Clement Thuente, O.P., pastor of St. Vincent Ferrer Church. At her profession she took the name Alphonsa in honor of Saint Alphonsus Liguori, the eighteenth-century Neapolitan whose chance visit to a hospital for incurables convinced him of the reality of his vocation, after which he abandoned his lucrative law career and founded the Redemptorist order of priests.²²

Rose's friend Emma Lazarus, whose lines adorn the Statue of Liberty—"Give me your tired, your poor / Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free . . ."—and who died herself of cancer at the age of 38, introduced her to the needs of New York's poor by sharing with her the work she was doing on behalf of indigent Jews on the Lower East Side. After reading a news story about pogroms in Russia, Lazarus told Rose: "I forgot Emerson. I forgot everything except that my people were in need of help." Here was a woman after Rose's own heart. Yet, later, when Josephine Lazarus, Emma's sister, wrote Rose and told her that what she was trying to do "could not be done"—she had attempted to set up a similar charity in memory of Emma and it had failed—Rose was undiscouraged.²³

When Rose bought her first home on Cherry Street on the Lower East Side she must have thought of her father's diplomatic offices. In *Our Old Home*, Hawthorne described the consulate in Liverpool as situated in what was "by no means a polite or elegant portion of England's great commercial city."

The staircase and passageway were often thronged, of a morning, with a set of beggarly and piratical-looking scoundrels . . . shipwrecked crews in quest of bed, board, and clothing; invalids asking permits for the hospital; bruised and bloody wretches complaining of ill-treatment by their officers; drunkards, desperadoes, vagabonds, and cheats, perplexingly intermingled with an uncertain proportion of reasonably honest men.²⁴

The immigrant poor among whom Rose worked were an equally unregenerate lot. To fund the homes she set up for her patients first in Manhattan and, later, in Hawthorne, Rose published appeals in the *New York Times*, one of which ran: "Let the poor, the patient, the destitute and the

hopeless receive from our compassion what we would give to our own families, if we were really generous to them.”²⁵

Of all the many responses she received, one stood out. “If there is an unassailably good cause in the world, it is this one undertaken by the Dominican Sisters, of housing, nourishing and nursing the most pathetically unfortunate of all the afflicted among us—men and women sentenced to a painful and lingering death by incurable disease. . . . I am glad in the prosperous issue of your work, and glad to know that this prosperity will continue, and be permanent—a thing which I do know, for that endowment is banked where it cannot fail until pity fails in the hearts of men, and that will never be.”²⁶ Throughout his life, Mark Twain was one of Rose’s staunchest supporters.

Today, Mother Mary Francis tells me, the Sisters continue to receive support from individuals and private foundations. After visiting Rosary Hill Home on several occasions and talking with the Sisters and residents, I can see why. There is a joyousness about the place that is as extraordinary as it is unexpected. Although the Sisters are fully trained nurses, they bring more to their residents than palliative care: They bring the love of Christ and this in no vague way. For Mother Alphonsa, serving the poor as Christ served the poor was an exacting charge: “Christ may have placed it first in the series of His commands because we could immediately understand it, and because it abases pride at a stroke. . . . All else in the spiritual life develops from this act, or it never really develops at all. Piety without humble works is that subtle monstrosity, self-righteousness.”²⁷

One of the residents, a charming German woman who grew up in the Bronx, the daughter of a man who owned a string of ice-cream parlors, tells me that the serenity that suffuses the 72-bed Rosary Hill Home stems directly from the commitment the Sisters show to their Founder’s Rule: “They do everything for love of Jesus.” Later, when I ask this good Lutheran woman if she joins the Sisters in Chapel, she looks at me with a terrible plaintiveness and says, “I did once but I could not go back. There was too much love in that chapel: I wanted to cry.” I have been to many nursing homes over the years but I do not remember encountering conversation of this sort in any of them. Later, this same woman tells me that what makes the Sisters truly special is that they do not treat the residents as “throwaways.” “Everyone else wants to treat us as throwaways,” she says. “For the Sisters, we are keepers.”

Another resident is an affable Virginian who has spent most of his adult life working in New York, first as a short-order cook with the Automats of

Horn & Hardart and then stripping and refinishing hardwood floors—skilled labor of which he is justly proud. When I share with him a postcard of a painting in the Musée d’Orsay of workers stripping hardwood floors in 19th-century Paris—“Les raboteurs de parquet” (1875) by Gustave Caillebotte—he studies it with a connoisseur’s intensity.

Afterwards, when I remark to Sister Mary Joseph about what strikes me as his high intelligence, she confirms my impression, telling me that, though only a graduate of the fourth grade, our mutual friend is fascinated by all things related to the Royal Navy and devours books on Lord Nelson. And yet, before coming to Rosary Hill Home, this gentle, dignified, talented man, who, in clement weather, spends most of his time in the garden, was so desperately wracked with pain related to his cancer that he actually tried to kill himself by jumping onto the subway tracks at 23rd Street. After being rescued, he was transferred to the care of the Hawthorne Sisters and ever since he has accounted these unstintingly attentive women his angels of mercy.

That the Sisters receive no money for what they do from residents or their families—or from state, local, or federal government, or from private insurance companies—only underscores their uncompromising mission. As they point out on their website: “In accordance with their Rule, the Sisters place their trust in the loving providence of God. That trust has never failed.”

One of the older Hawthorne Sisters with whom I speak insists that there is nothing saintly about the Sisters or their work: They are only doing their job. She is indeed so insistent on this point that she tells me that if I call her saintly in print, she will hunt me down and see that I regret it. Another nun, a younger one from the Philippines (from a town called St. Augustine) tells me that the real work of the Sisters is “to give birth to souls—to act as midwives to eternity.” If there is a way of speaking of this without mentioning the saintly I am not aware of it.

Father Guilbeau was right: There is a story that needs telling about Rose Hawthorne and her Hawthorne Sisters and it is the story of how they embody the love of Christ. At a time when unscrupulous politicians are moving to bureaucratize health care, for no other reason than to aggrandize the State, the Hawthorne Sisters remind us of the personal, loving, sacramental character of true health care. At a time when life is under attack, not only the life of the elderly and the infirm but also that of the disabled and the unborn, they reaffirm the sanctity of life. For their compassionate vision of healthcare, the Dominican Sisters of Hawthorne can cite the authority of Benedict XVI, who wrote in his first encyclical:

Love—*caritas*—will always prove necessary, even in the most just society. There is no ordering of the State so just that it can eliminate the need for a service of love.

Whoever wants to eliminate love is preparing to eliminate man as such. There will always be suffering which cries out for consolation and help. There will always be loneliness. There will always be situations of material need where help in the form of concrete love of neighbor is indispensable. The State which would provide everything, absorbing everything into itself, would ultimately become a mere bureaucracy incapable of guaranteeing the very thing which the suffering person—every person—needs: namely, loving personal concern.²⁸

Flannery O'Connor got at the very essence of the mission of the Dominican Hawthorne Sisters when she observed how "the action by which charity grows invisibly among us, entwining the living and the dead, is called by the Church the Communion of Saints. It is a communion created upon imperfection, created from what we make of our grotesque state."²⁹ Once again, the rheumy child who made such an appeal to Hawthorne appeals to us. And his appeal is a reminder of what Saint Paul teaches, that "none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's. For to this end, Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living."³⁰

This is the story of Rose Hawthorne and the Dominican Sisters of Hawthorne and it is one that includes us all.

NOTES

1. For my own understanding of Rose Hawthorne and her work I am heavily indebted to the following books: Sister M. Joseph, O.P., *Out of Many Hearts* (New York, 1965); Theodore Maynard, *A Fire Was Lighted: The Life of Rose Hawthorne Lathrop* (New York, 1948); Katherine Burton, *Sorrow Built a Bridge: A Daughter of Hawthorne* (New York, 1937); and *Rose Hawthorne Lathrop: Selected Writings*, ed. Diana Culbertson (New York, 1993). I should also like to thank Mother Mary Francis and the Dominican Sisters of Hawthorne for their generous assistance, as well as Father Aquinas Guilbeau of St. Vincent Ferrer Church in New York City. Lastly, I should like to thank Sister de Paul, the archivist of the Dominican Sisters of Hawthorne for her special guidance.
2. See "Introduction to a *Memoir of Mary Ann*" in Flannery O'Connor, *Mystery and Manners: Occasional Prose*, selected by Sally and Robert Fitzgerald (New York, 1969), pp. 218-19.
3. *Hawthorne in England: Selections from "Our Old Home" and "The English Note-books,"* ed. Cushing Strout (Ithaca, 1965), pp. 224-25.
4. Rose Hawthorne quoted in "A Legacy from Hawthorne," a review by Maurice Francis Egan, Reprinted from *New York Times Book Review and Magazine*, Apr. 16, 1922, p. 6.
5. *Mystery and Manners*, p. 228.
6. Henry James, *Hawthorne* (Trent Editions, 1999), p. 127.
7. From "Leamington Spa" in *Hawthorne in England*, p. 40.
8. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, *Memories of Hawthorne* (New York, 1897), p. 450.
9. Henry James, *Hawthorne* (Trent Editions, 1999), p. 142.
10. *Ibid.*
11. *Memories of Hawthorne*, pp. 450-1.
12. *Ibid.*, p. 358.
13. *Ibid.*, p. 46.
14. See "Nathaniel Hawthorne" (1897) in *The House of Fiction: Essays on The Novel by Henry James*, ed. Leon Edel (London, 1957), p. 186.

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15. *Memories of Hawthorne*, pp. 54-55.
16. *Ibid.*, p. 94.
17. *Ibid.*, p. 426. Here, Sophia was quoting from Ralph Waldo Emerson's poem "Bacchus" (1847), which ends with these splendidly bibulous lines:

Pour, Bacchus! the remembering wine;
Retrieve the loss of men and mine!
Vine for vine be antidote,
And the grape requite the lote!
Haste to cure the old despair,
Reason in Nature's lotus drenched,
The memory of ages quenched;
Give them again to shine;
A dazzling memory revive;
Refresh the faded tints,
Recut the aged prints,
And write my old adventures with the pen
Which on the first day drew,
Upon the tablets blue,
The dancing Pleiads and eternal men.
18. Hawthorne quoted in James Mellow, *Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Times* (New York, 1980), p. 119.
19. *Memories of Hawthorne*, p. 479.
20. George Lathrop quoted in *Rose Hawthorne Lathrop: Selected Writings*, ed. Diana Culbertson (New York, 1993), pp. 32-33.
21. *Ibid.*, p. 33.
22. Katherine Burton. *Sorrow Built a Bridge: A Daughter of Hawthorne* (New York, 1937), 185.
23. *Rose Hawthorne Lathrop: Selected Writings*, ed. Diana Culbertson (New York, 1993), p. 235.
24. *Hawthorne in England: Selections from "Our Old Home" and "The English Note-books,"* ed. Cushing Strout (Ithaca, 1965), pp. 5-6.
25. *Rose Hawthorne Lathrop: Selected Writings*, ed. Diana Culbertson (New York, 1993), p. 54.
26. Mark Twain quoted in "A Legacy from Hawthorne," a review by Maurice Francis Egan, p. 13.
27. *Rose Hawthorne Lathrop: Selected Writings*, ed. Diane Culbertson (New York, 1993), p. 197.
28. See "Encyclical Letter, *Deus Caritas Est* of The Supreme Pontiff Benedict XVI To The Bishops Priests And Deacons, Men And Women Religious, And All The Lay Faithful On Christian Love" Given in Rome, at Saint Peter's, on 25 December, the Solemnity of the Nativity of the Lord, in the year 2005. http://www.vatican.va/holy_father/benedict_xvi/encyclicals/documents/hf_ben-xvi_enc_20051225_deus-caritas-est_en.html
29. *Mystery and Manners*, p. 228.
30. Romans 14:7-10.

The Facelessness of the Unborn

Donald DeMarco

Emmanuel Lévinas, a Lithuanian Jew, is distinguished for having formulated a “philosophy of the face.” Lévinas is an existentialist in the most concrete sense inasmuch as he establishes the basis for his morality not in an abstraction or in a code, but in what is written in the human face. The starting point for his philosophy is plain enough for anyone to see, if he would only make the effort and take the time to look into the face of another.

Lévinas develops his “philosophy of the face” in a most remarkable book titled *Totality and Infinity* (1961). He states that the first word of the face is “Thou shalt not kill.” It is an *order*, a commandment that is registered in the very structure of the face, one that is more compelling than words, more decisive than any dogma.

According to Lévinas, in the access to the face, there is also an access to the idea of God: “To my mind,” he writes, “the Infinite comes in the signifyingness of the face. The face *signifies* the Infinite When in the presence of the Other, I say, ‘Here I am!’, this ‘Here I am!’ is the place through which the Infinite enters into language. . . . The subject who says ‘Here I am!’ *testifies* to the Infinite.” In this regard, the thought of Lévinas bears an interesting correlation with that of St. Thérèse of Lisieux: “*Ta face est ma seule patrie*,” “Thy face is my only home”—the face which restores our own.

For Lévinas, the face-to-face encounter with the other discloses the other’s weakness and mortality. The face is, as it were, naked, destitute, and without defense. Its command is: “Do not leave me in my solitude.” In looking at another’s face, one senses the supreme inappropriateness of violence and, at the same time, the profound obligation to love. The command to treat the other with justice is registered in the human face. But it takes a godly person to read it properly.

In a world of widespread depersonalization, in which people move about side-by-side rather than face-to-face, a reflection on the profound significance of the human face is critically needed. In pornography, for example, as psychiatrist Leslie Farber and others have pointed out, the fig leaf is transferred to cover the face. In this transference, the impersonal gains ascendancy over the personal. It also signifies a suppression of the spiritual.

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Where the impersonal rules, morality disappears. The face, witness to the personal, is needed in order to keep morality alive.

The great Russian Orthodox philosopher Nikolai Berdyaev, like Lévinas, understood how the spiritual order can manifest itself in the human face. In *Slavery and Freedom*, he wrote: “The face of man is the summit of the cosmic process, the greatest of its offspring, but it cannot be the offspring of cosmic forces only, it presupposes the action of a spiritual force, which raises it above the sphere of the forces of nature. The face of man is the most amazing thing in the life of the world; another world shines through it. It is the entrance of personality into the world process, with its uniqueness, its singleness, its unrepeatability.”

Darwinian evolution cannot begin to explain the emergence in the cosmos of the face as a bearer of the spiritual, let alone as a testimony of the Infinite. For Darwin and his disciples, the spiritual realm exists wholly outside of their limited sphere of discussion concerning physical variations and chance mutations. As the noted geneticist Theodosius Dobzhansky has pointed out, human beings properly belong to an “ethical,” not a “gladiatorial” mode of existence. The “ethical” is not something that evolves from matter.

Max Picard, a Swiss psychiatrist whose book *The Human Face* Lévinas greatly admired, is recognized as “the poet of the human face.” According to Picard, God enters man’s face as a friend enters the house of a friend, without a stir, hardly knocking on the door. The face, for Picard, is a tempered image; it is the mildness of God that appears in the face of man. Since God is in every face, He sees His own image whenever He looks out from one face into another. In this way, for Picard, God unites faces as He fills the spaces between them. And he fills these spaces with love. The great crisis in the modern world, then, is the expulsion of God and the resulting gap between humans. Bitter loneliness ensues as the individual becomes closed in on himself.

Before Picard, physiognomy was a doubtful intellectual discipline. But when *The Human Face* appeared in 1929, it imbued physiognomy with philosophical as well as theological dignity. One writer aptly appraised Picard’s work when he wrote: “The little field of human countenance becomes for him the arena of a divine comedy.”

Like Lévinas, Picard finds implications of the Infinite in the finite human face: “Two human faces look upon each other. A silence ensues. A silence that does not arise from the earth, but from eternity. Two faces look upon each other, and for a moment time ceases and stands still. And all the hours that are hidden away in time begin to strike together, and as they strike, a marvelous tone dwells in the air, and, in this loud silence of the hours, eternity

enters. Thus does time call up eternity.” Picard goes on to say that, “The human face is the proof for the existence of God.”

The face *speaks*. It speaks of love and is the beginning of all subsequent discourse. The mother’s face is like the face of God for her baby. Looking into her face, the infant comes to believe that the world outside the womb is safe and trustworthy. The child picks up these messages intuitively and immediately as it studies the face of his loving mother.

The call to justice is written in the face of the human person, though it takes a godly person to see this. Those who argue that religion has been history’s leading cause of violence and warfare fail to recognize this primordial fact. The Judeo-Christian tradition clearly, repeatedly, and consistently reminds its disciples that a refutation of war is written in the human face. War is unjust, and peace is not possible without justice. Consequently, peace begins when one sees the inscription in the face of the other not to kill and, by honoring that inscription, renders him justice.

The face of the unborn, however, apart from cloudy ultrasound imaging, is unseen. And even with ultrasound, the face lacks distinctiveness. Therefore, it does not incarnate the moral maxim “Thou Shalt Not Kill” in a visible way. Abortion takes place without witnessing the face of the unborn. Can we say, then, that Lévinas’s philosophy of the face does not apply to the unborn? We may reason that it does apply, though by extension (and anticipation), through the faces of the conceiving parents.

Dr. Jérôme Lejeune has drawn attention to the fact that the “pupil” of the eye derives its name from the Latin word *pupilla* or “little baby girl.” It is significant that all languages employ the same metaphor. In Greek, the word *chorea* means “little girl.” The Spanish are more precise: *Niña del ojo* refers to “the little girl inside the eye.” In Italian it is *pupilla*, while in both French and German it is *pupille*. The comparable word in Arabic is *Insan el ein*, referring to “a little being inside the eye.” Iranians would speak of *mardomak* or “the little one.”

At a conference in Moscow in 1992, Dr. Lejeune told his audience the following: “When the lover looks closely into the eye of the beloved, he sees his own image reflected on the spherical surface of the cornea. This tiny figure is so much more brilliant than the dark field of the pupil that it stands out. My guess is that women were the first to discover this interesting property of the spherical mirrors. That explains why most languages say ‘the little girl of the eye,’ and not ‘the little boy.’ Love sees a child in the eye of the beloved; this is a true fact.”

Till We Have Faces (1956) is C.S. Lewis’s last work of fiction. It is also

the one he considered his best. He had been thinking about it over a period of 35 years, ever since his undergraduate days. The use of the word “face” in the title is a reference to the myth he is retelling, concerning the relationship between Psyche and Cupid. Cupid did not allow Psyche to see his face. Her intimate encounters with him were always veiled in darkness. The face also relates to a statement that Orual, Psyche’s ugly sister, enunciates: “How can the gods meet us face to face till we have faces.” In a letter to Dorothea Conybeare, Lewis amplifies what he means by the “face,” explaining that a human being must become real before a person can expect to receive any message from divine beings, “speaking with its own voice (not one of its borrowed voices), expressing its actual desires (not what it imagines that it desires), being for good or ill itself, not any mask, veil, or persona.” One’s true face is a sign of personal authenticity and the locus where the finite and the Infinite intersect.

The face-to-face look between lovers anticipates not only a loving embrace, but the possibility of a child who will be formed as a result of that embrace. This may also explain why a person tends to avert his eyes when he begins to look too long or too deeply into the eyes of the other. The eyes open to a sanctuary, one that is profoundly personal. Not just anyone may be admitted. It is an area where the finite and the Infinite are conjoined.

There is a natural continuity between loving looks, intimacy, and the loving acceptance of offspring. The faces of the lovers are a prelude to accepting the “faceless” child that is the outcome of their loving intimacy. Once born, however, the child’s face is the center of constant attention and amazement for the parents. The eyes of the infant will never grow larger, although every other part of his body will.

When a woman looks into the eyes of the man she loves, she finds an image and a suggestion of her subsequent maternity. *Matrimony* is rightly named for marriage since it represents the “office or duty of the mother” and not that of the man. The man has his own role to play. Marriage anticipates maternity. The child in the eye anticipates the child in the arms. The face of the child will soon be clear enough. Before that, it will be predicted in the face-to-face gaze of the lovers.

Love is creative. It possesses a momentum that brings about more love. Plato spoke about how happiness expresses itself by the desire to reproduce the beautiful. Happy people, which is tantamount to saying “loving people,” want to extend their love by adding something lovable to the world. This sentiment is in accord with Lord Byron’s remark: “He who would win joy must share it for happiness was born a twin.” Love sets in motion a natural sequence each of whose links are alien to violence. Love is a refutation of

the violence that results in death. It is a sign that killing is foreign to human relationships. Love craves continuity. It is, as some poets and philosophers have proclaimed, “the breath of eternity.”

The face of the unborn is anticipated in the faces of the lovers, especially in the face of the woman, for she, like Eve her precursor, is the mother and guardian of all human life. From the viewpoint of lovers, the unborn are not faceless.

Abortion occurs because there is a disruption in the transmission of love. It is the broken link that love failed to solder. Human love is intimately and profoundly bound up with the human face. The face is the entrance of the spiritual into the cosmos, but also the point of entrance of one soul into the life of the other. The face is an entreaty to love and to honor what love produces.

Abortion is inevitable in a broken world. But brokenness is neither man’s destiny nor his natural condition. We deplore brokenness and instinctively look for the healing that only love provides. We were made for continuity, not discontinuity (the latter being a dominant feature of the media and the modern world).

Abortion also occurs as a result of discordance between the procreating man and woman where the love relationship does not have a firm root. Abortion emerges from a void. The human face is a powerful invitation to extend the being-to-being relationship. Two people, face-to-face (overcoming isolation), fall in love and want to extend that love to another being. The continuation of life has its genesis in the face-to-face relationship between a man and a woman. Through the face, one’s unique personality shines, at once physical and spiritual. The physical alone cannot carry forth the legacy of love, its bearing on the future, its natural propensity to repeat itself.

Alienation enters life wherever there is a refusal to love, when self-centeredness replaces the face-to-face relationship. Abortion is a consequence of alienation. Love excludes alienation. It is accepting and integrating. It prevents the kind of voids from forming that can draw people into black holes of despair.

The face-to-face relationship is a more incarnate image of the “I-Thou” relationship that has been extensively elaborated upon by Martin Buber, Gabriel Marcel, Nikolai Berdyaev, Paul Tillich, Karol Wojtyla, and many personalist thinkers. It gives philosophy a visible and unmistakable origin. It settles the question, “When does ethics begin?”

The face-to-face relationship should not be construed as merely an antidote to loneliness, but as an opportunity for mutual giving. The impulse for generous giving is an essential feature of the human person. It is deeper and

more characteristic of man in his authenticity than the more superficial desire to possess. The essential purpose of “self-mastery,” writes the personalist Jacques Maritain, is for “self-giving.”

Our technological world, insofar as it is technological, is a man-made mechanical construct. As a result, the realm of the spiritual tends to be excluded. Man sees himself as an individual in the mirror of his technology. The world of nature remains silent with regard to morality. The language of the day is mathematics, and meaning is associated with technological utility. It is a world pervaded and dominated by “I-It” relationships. It is not a world that encourages face-to-face relationships. In such a world it is not surprising that author Sabine Rachel can believe that “the relationship between men and women is dark, irrational and turbulent, defined by ambivalence and laced with underlying hatred. Unexpressed violence is a part of this archaic and basically primitive relationship.” Jean-Paul Sartre’s deathless phrase, “Hell is other people” captures the pathology of a world in which the individual is *numero uno* and others are viewed essentially as threats. It is a world in which God is expelled from the space between persons.

Nearly one hundred years ago American sociologists were complaining about how technology and materialism were fostering a diminishing number of “face-to-face” relationships. Charles Horton Cooley, for example, observed that as the metropolitan web grew tighter, human relations became increasingly depersonalized. People became less dependent on other particular people, and whatever dependence they did have on others, according to Cooley, was “confined to a highly fractionalized aspect of the other’s round of activity.” The sense of community began to vanish as individuals proceeded to operate mechanically from a defensive shell within which lay, unexercised, their true personalities (*Human Nature and the Social Order*, 1922).

It is superficial in the extreme to regard abortion as merely a “choice.” American sociologists of the early 20th century were correct in lamenting the diminishment of face-to-face relationships. They probably did not anticipate, however, the extent to which this diminishment would advance. Lévinas, Berdyaev, Picard, Lejeune, C. S. Lewis, and other stalwart thinkers were trying to stem the tide of diminishing face-to-face relationships by arguing that love and God—the conjunction of the finite and the Infinite—are needed in order for human beings to establish authentic relationships with one another.

The chief obstacle to reversing abortion is the “facelessness” of the unborn. People do not witness the facial inscription that pleads, “Do not kill.” By

contrast, animal-protection groups used the media to their advantage most effectively by showing the clubbing of seal pups in northern Canada. The televised images of young seals helplessly facing the mortal blows of hunters moved people to protest vehemently against the practice and, in many instances, to boycott all seafood exported from that country. It was as if they could see inscribed in the faces of these animals the prohibition against killing. The well-circulated phrase “Club sandwiches not seals” also proved very effective. Many celebrities spoke out against the seal hunt. The long list includes Brigitte Bardot, Pamela Anderson, Pierce Brosnan, Kevin Bacon, Adrien Brody, Christina Applegate, Martin Sheen, Juliette Binoche, David Schwimmer, and Neve Campbell. Sir Paul McCartney and his wife Heather were given an influential forum to voice their disapproval on *Larry King Live*.

The heart of the abortion problem, therefore, is not merely whether or not to choose abortion, but whether or not to establish loving, godly, face-to-face relationships with other persons. Abortion is the delayed consequence of human faces having hardened into façades (courtesy of Helena Rubenstein, Max Factor, Calvin Klein, *GQ*, or the *Wall Street Journal*). The effort to reverse abortion through political persuasions is, of course, both needed and urgent. But this effort must be accompanied by advising, inspiring, and teaching others about the irreplaceable origin of morality in the loving look on the countenance of the other. A special effort to achieve this, natural though it is, will be needed given our situation in an impersonal, technological world. We should take heart, however, in the words of personalist philosopher Jacques Maritain: “As individuals, we are subject to the stars. As persons, we rule them.” We need not be victims of our environment. The primary responsibility, then, of every human being is being human. In that act of being human one finds his authentic personhood as a dynamic integration of individual uniqueness and social responsibility, and as a creative fusion of love and generosity.

**The Human Life Foundation's
7th Annual
Great Defender of Life Dinner
October 22, 2009**



Honoring Senior Editors

**William Murchison, Ellen Wilson Fielding
and Mary Meehan**

FAITH MCFADDEN:

WELCOME! and greetings, old friends and new;
relatives, and all you students, too:
Welcome to an evening of fun
with FIELDING, MEEHAN and MURCHISON.



Back in the year two-thousand-three
we began what came to be
the Human Life Foundation's
annual celebration
of those for whom there are no maybe's . . .
about saving babies.

These evenings also benefit the *Human
Life Review*:

Heartfelt thanks to all of you
who've helped keep it afloat. (It's okay to gloat.)

Tonight we salute a trio of Senior Editors,
of whom there are no betitors;
and we know that honoring "our own" would gladden
the soul of our founder, my husband J. P. McFadden.
And that's it, for my prime-time *rhyme*; but I have more to say:

Since the upcoming Fall issue will mark the *Review's* 35th anniversary, I
have been having archival thoughts, and in revisiting some of our earliest
Reviews I found these words my husband wrote in the Winter 1979 issue:

This issue begins our fifth year of publication. Should we complete it, we will have
reached a milestone of sorts; in fact, many publications nowadays—even though
they began with reasonable expectations of reaching a (more or less) clearly identi-
fied "market," fail to survive that long for reasons as often financial as editorial. In
our case, we began with the opposite of Great Expectations: there was certainly no
assurance that the often-unhappy subjects we meant to discuss (abortion, euthana-
sia, and the obvious steady deterioration of the American family) would find an
audience—especially one willing to support such a venture.

Now, folks, listen carefully because the next words are borne out by you
here tonight:

But so far so good. We obviously *have* found an audience, a much wider one, in fact,
than we thought possible.

And now here's the editor of the *Human Life Review*, Maria McFadden
Maffucci, wife of Bob, mother of three, daughter of me.

MARIA MCFADDEN MAFFUCCI:



Welcome. We are so happy to see you, and we are grateful beyond words for your support of the Human Life Foundation. People often ask me if I'm nervous preparing for this event. Sure, I am a little concerned about details, but I always say: The thing is, it's a *friendly* crowd, a forgiving crowd, even. We are blessed that so many of you really *are* our friends and family. And so in that spirit, I'm going to ask you for a couple of things.

The first is that I'm going to deviate a bit from the program. We are here tonight to honor our terrific trio of Senior Editors, and we will be hearing from them this evening. You may have noticed we have a fourth Senior Editor, my mother, Faith Abbott McFadden. She thought it would be silly to honor her as she is a hostess and a staff member, et cetera. Well: Surprise Faith! We are honoring you.

Faith, who has written many articles for the *Human Life Review*, and is the author of the book, *Acts of Faith*, was married to J.P. McFadden for thirty-nine years. She is the mother of five, grandmother to five—the two youngest, twins, will be making their appearance any day, which is why my sister Christina Angelopoulos is not here tonight (she's thirty-six weeks today).

I truly don't think my father would have been able to do all he did if he had not had Faith. She held the fort at home while he worked long hours, and when we were old enough, she started writing articles. When J.P. got sick, she started coming in to the office. She was his voice and his right arm. And after his death, Faith became determined to keep J.P.'s work going; she even took one of his favorite jobs, the writing of the pun-laden *eyeview* column in the monthly newsletter *catholic eye*.

She has had many trials and crosses to bear, especially this past summer, as many of you know. And behold: just this Tuesday a new one: a stress fracture. (She says she was praying to St. Pio to keep us from stress, but she didn't include her *toe*.) Through it all she never ceases to amaze us with her acceptance, courage, strength and grace, and—well—her Faithness.

So Anne, Pat, Rose, Christina and I would like to ask you to join us in toasting a Great Defender of Life, my mom, Faith. And I will ask my daughter Anna Clare Maffucci, who is helping us tonight along with her friend Faith, daughter of Joseph and Lorena Bottum, to please come and present

her grandmother with her Award [Applause].

Okay, the second thing is, we started dinner a little late this evening because Henry Kissinger is receiving an award at this same club tonight; he's receiving the Teddy Roosevelt Award which, I believe, comes from the Union League Club, and we were served with a dilemma. Either we cut cocktail hour short a half-hour, or increase it by a half-hour. So we decided to increase it by a half-hour [APPLAUSE]. But we do have several people we want to hear from tonight, so we will get started with the Invocation, and then I will be back. So, as in the past, I just ask you to chew quietly and enjoy your delicious food while you listen to the speakers.

And now I would like to introduce Reverend Gerald Murray, Pastor of St. Vincent de Paul church in Manhattan.

FR. GERALD MURRAY:



Thank you Maria. If you read Page Six, the multipage gossip section of the *New York Post*, you learn many things, most of which are not worth knowing. An exception is the evermore frequent use of the phrase *baby bump* to describe a celebrity's pregnancy. I've been struck by this phrase. It must drive the pro-abortion folks crazy. So be it. Reality in this case has pierced through the fog of politically correct euphemisms to remind the world that pregnancy equals baby in the mother's womb.

An accurate description of reality—even one unexpectedly found on *Page Six* along with disedifying gossip—always serves mankind well. Knowing the truth is the first step in living according to that truth. The *Human Life Review* exists to teach the whole world that baby bumps must not be bumped off. We are gathered here tonight to show our gratitude for this outstanding journal. What a joy it is to know what is right, and to share that knowledge with everyone else in the hope of changing our country for the better. Let us pray:

We thank you Lord for your gift of life, the first gift. We thank you for the gift of faith in you, which allows us to know your will. Your will is made known to us in your law. Your precept that *thou shall not kill* is simple to understand, and binding on all mankind. May we be zealous defenders of innocent human life by our tireless efforts to overturn unjust laws which contradict your Commandment. Bless those who use their gifts of intelligence

and wit to promote just laws in our country and throughout the world. Bless especially Ellen Wilson Fielding, Mary Meehan and William Murchison, and Faith McFadden, who are honored today for their tireless efforts to convince anyone who will listen that what is grievously wrong, such as abortion, euthanasia and similar evils, must not enjoy the favor of the law. Keep our movement strong, and grant us many courageous defenders of life after the example of our honored friends. Keep Faith and Maria and their valiant crew strong in your grace. Bless this meal and our fellowship tonight. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.

MARIA MCFADDEN MAFFUCCI:

Thank you Reverend Murray. We are here tonight to honor our Senior Editors, to honor their great efforts for the *Review*, and their unflinching devotion to the defense of life. If, God forbid, one were to erase the combined total of their contributions to the *Human Life Review*, what we would have left would be a pale shadow, so unlike the rich record we have created, now thirty-five years and counting.

We are also here tonight because of *you*, and I can't tell you how much it means to us that you are supporting the Foundation. It has been our most difficult year yet, funding wise. No surprise; all charities are suffering. It is also true that in stressful times good people focus on more practical charities which offer immediate help for the poor—this is necessary and good.

But I am thankful that you here tonight realize what my father did years ago in founding the *Human Life Review*, that *good writing can win battles, great writing whole wars*. We ignore this at our own peril. How can one underestimate the power of words and of ideas? Think how they have been used to engineer the horrors that we live with now. Think of “reproductive rights,” “death with dignity,” “quality of life.” These words and the ideas of eugenicists and utilitarians have been used to sway the public to allow things once unimaginable. We who know the truth, and want to defend life, must keep our ideas, our words out there.

The *Review* exists to educate, to persuade and to strengthen its readers so that they may, as Nat Hentoff has said, insist on life. And I should mention that the Foundation's program does offer practical help as well. My father insisted on it. We have a matching grant program for crisis pregnancy centers—we do have information on all our programs, and how you can help, in our gift bags.

I would like to acknowledge some special friends here tonight. We are honored by the presence of our 2004 Great Defender of Life awardee Hadley

Arkes, author of the Born Alive Infants Protection Act. We are likewise honored by the presence of Mary O'Connor Ward, sister of the late, great Cardinal O'Connor. We have several authors here who appear in our new issue: George McKenna, Patrick Mullaney, Edward Short, Brian Caulfield and Kathryn Lopez. Thanks to the generosity of our dinner supporters, we also were able to invite over twenty-five students to join us tonight. I hope they will become *Review* readers, and authors. Among our students is a young man from Fordham University, James O'Keefe, who you may have heard about. He and Hannah Giles did a great service by exposing Acorn in those incredible undercover videos.

And now, to speak of friends we miss, will you please welcome our Managing Editor, and Editor of *catholic eye*, Anne Conlon.

ANNE CONLON:

Mary Kenny, the British journalist we honored in 2006, told us getting our Great Defender of Life Award was better than getting an Oscar. Well, if this were the Oscars, we'd now be at the part of the program when the Academy honors its members who died during the past year. Since our dinner last October, the pro-life movement has lost many high-profile members; I'm going to speak about a couple of people who *weren't* high



profile, but were treasured dinner companions here in this room. The first is Barbara Nowack, who died in August at the age of 64. Continuing the Oscar analogy, Barbara was one of those behind-the-scenes performers who make it possible for the on-screen players to shine. She was the long-time executive assistant to Dusty Rhodes, chairman and president of *National Review* magazine, former partner at Goldman Sachs. A very busy woman, every year Barbara would insist that we give her something to do to help out. We did and she did—stuffing and distributing gift bags, placing dinner programs on tables, even dusting off chairs. We always appreciated her help, but it's her presence we miss here tonight. Another person whose presence we miss is Fr. Francis Canavan, who passed away last February. Father came to all our Great Defender of Life dinners; and because he was born in October, we always wished him Happy Birthday. He would have turned 92 next Tuesday.

Those of you who didn't know Father Canavan by name, may recall having seen the lanky, be-spectacled Jesuit who used a walker, and often wore a beret. He was a dear friend of the *Human Life Review*, and for many years an editor-at-large. His first essay appeared in our Winter, 1976 issue—30 essays followed. In Oscar terms, Fr. Canavan was an actor's actor. A long-time professor of political science at Fordham University, he wrote over ten books and was widely known, among political theorists and Catholic social scientists, for his ground-breaking studies on the political thought of Edmund Burke. Father was also a dear friend of Jim and Joan McLaughlin, who've hosted a table at all our dinners, and are here with us again tonight. Here's the beginning of Jim's tribute to Fr. Canavan, which appeared in the *Human Life Review* earlier this year:

He never carried a rifle or wore a military uniform, but I always thought of him as a soldier. In his writings and conversation, which always evidenced the rigorous logic that characterized his thought; in his bearing; in his daily routines of living and worship; in all that he did, there was great discipline. Well into his 80's, he would swim laps every day in the Fordham University pool. When his doctors told him to stop, he stopped and would take his exercise by walking Fordham's lovely campus, of which he was justly proud. When his aging legs made that too difficult, he attended a daily exercise class. The exercise class consisted of him, a television, and a video-tape. He was not training to compete in the Senior Olympics and he did not exercise for fun. He did it so that he could keep going; keep doing the work that he had become a Jesuit in order to do.

Thank you, again, Jim, for that beautiful tribute.

And now, one last Oscar analogy: There *was* someone, who came to nearly all our dinners, who was indeed a star, a great, Spencer Tracy-type star: Father Richard John Neuhaus, whose death last January left us, along with legions of pro-lifers, feeling utterly bereft. Many of us, at least in retrospect, felt that we had lost, if not our leader, well then, the man whose passionate and *uncompromising* insistence on the humanity of the unborn had inspired us the most. Joseph Bottum, who graduated from Georgetown and received a PhD in philosophy from Boston College, has had a long career at *First Things*, the monthly journal Father Neuhaus founded in 1990. Even when he left for a few years to take a job as books and arts editor for the *Weekly Standard*, Mr. Bottum remained poetry editor of *First Things*. Three years ago, he returned there to become editor. In our recent symposium, "Pro-life in the Time of Obama"—there's a reprint of it in your gift bags—Bottum wrote this: "On abortion, Obama is the complete man, his support so ingrained that even his carefully controlled public speaking can't help revealing it. He's not a fanatic about abortion; he's what lies beyond fanaticism. He's the end product of hard-line support for abortion: a man for whom the

very question of abortion seems unreal.” That keen description of what we’re up against in the time of Obama suggests Fr. Neuhaus has a most worthy successor—at *First Things*, and in the pro-life movement. Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome Joseph Bottum, who will pay tribute to his long-time friend and mentor—and ours.

JOSEPH BOTTUM:

Well, Anne’s truly wrong about much there at the end, but she’s surely right, that this winter, this early spring, was a cold and rainy season for us here in New York. Cold and wet and dim and spare and . . . Lost, somehow. Bereft. Stripped of our certainties, decayed in our senses, lost in a landscape from which the watchtowers and the fortified places had disappeared.

All spring, I found myself oddly in mind of those strange lines from John Dryden. *Strong were our sires*, he wrote,



*and as they fought they writ,
Conqu’ring with force of arms, and dint of wit;
Theirs was the giant race, before the Flood;
And thus, when Charles return’d, our empire stood. . . .
Our age was cultivated thus at length;
But what we gained in skill we lost in strength.
Our builders were, with want of genius, curst;
the second temple was not like the first.*

This is how good poetry ought to be judged, by the measure of whether it has the power to recur to the mind in moments of stress, or joy, or sorrow—whether, when it really matters, those words return in their proper season, good or bad.

And it has been a bad season for us, here. I have friends that I have seen, over the past two years, only at funerals. Friends that we once laughed and fought beside, now only to kneel beside in yet another darkened church or stand in the rain beside, around yet another open grave. We have been besieged by frequent hearses, and the long funerals have blackened all the way. William F. Buckley, and Jack Kemp, and Avery Dulles, and Fr. Francis Canavan, and Karen Novak, and Richard—Richard John Neuhaus.

The loss of Fr. Neuhaus to the pro-life cause is incalculable. As I wrote when he died in January, Fr. Neuhaus was the greatest reader I ever met. The greatest reader, and a cigar smoker, and a walker, and a preacher, and a brewer of some of the worst coffee ever made. The mind latches onto odd items in moments of grief: the tilt of a friend’s head, the way he used his hands when he spoke, an awful meal shared a decade back, a conversation about a book last year.

Novels and movies always seem to me to get it wrong. Grief doesn't conjure up ghosts. Grief renders the world itself ghostly. The absent thing alone is real, and, in comparison, all present things are pale, gray, and indistinct: a vague background to the sharp-edged portrait of what is gone.

And, oh, what sharp edges Richard John Neuhaus had. He wrote and wrote and wrote—a discipline of writing that to every writer I know feels like an indictment: the books, and the innumerable essays, and all those talks he flew around to give. And, just as an incidental, the thousands of words a month he poured out in his column, *The Public Square*, just to keep *First Things* going.

He loved to tell the story of the time when he was complaining—boasting, really, in the guise of complaining, the way young men do—about how busy he was and how he didn't want to fly to Cincinnati to give again the speech he had just given in Chicago. And his friend and mentor Abraham Joshua Heschel said to him, “You think you're such a big shot, they know in Cincinnati what you said in Chicago? Go to Cincinnati, Richard.”

That was back in his radical 1960s days, of course, when he was the Lutheran pastor of a large, mostly Black congregation in Brooklyn, and, together with Rabbi Heschel and Fr. Daniel Berrigan, he founded one of the largest anti-war groups, Clergy and Laity Concerned About Vietnam. He was a friend of Martin Luther King Jr.'s, a McCarthy delegate to the 1968 Democratic convention, and a radical candidate for Congress in 1974.

It's a long way from there to being the Catholic priest of whom, on all the life issues, George W. Bush would say “Father Richard helps me articulate these things.” This journey from left to right has become the received account of Fr. Neuhaus' life, but in his autobiography—the internal narrative by which he understood himself—Richard John Neuhaus didn't think he had changed all that much. Generally, he imagined that the world had done more changing than he had.

Take abortion, for instance. In 1968, he won the award for best editorial of the year from the Catholic Press Association—Catholics liked giving awards to a Lutheran in those days; they thought of it as being bravely trendy and ecumenical—for an essay in which he cried, “The pro-abortion flag is being planted on the wrong side of the liberal/conservative divide.” It ought to be those heartless conservatives who want to define the fetus as a meaningless lump of tissue; it ought to be caring liberals who want to expand the community of care to embrace the unborn.

If he later came to have a kinder view of conservatives, that was because he actually met some of them. Even his conversion to Catholicism in 1990, and his ordination as a Catholic priest the next year, could be understood as a standing-still while the world altered around him. This was a man, after all, who

titled his account of conversion “How I Became the Catholic That I Was.” Still, all such things have costs, and one of the great things about Fr. Neuhaus was that he was always willing to pay them. His mind was a grown-up mind, and when he decided on a position, he advanced it with the same rhetorical power and energy with which he had advanced his earlier positions.

I remember him, sitting on the couch, walking me through the argument of a book he had just finished—and making the argument clearer than the author had ever managed. I remember his puffing on his cigars, and his constant jaywalking across the streets of Manhattan in blithe confidence that all the cars would just . . . stop. I remember his Lutheran-style preaching and his bad coffee. I remember the way he would tilt his head when he smiled, and the way he used his hands when he talked, and the brilliant conversation about a book only last year.

It’s worth mentioning how much he loved the people who have gathered tonight: the editor of *Human Life Review*, Maria Maffucci, and her children, and Faith McFadden, and all of you here. He even kept a soft spot in his heart for *Human Life Review*, though sometimes, when he read something particularly good in it, he’d ask, plaintively, “Why did George McKenna give that essay to Maria instead of me?”

But Maria knew, as we all do, that, on the day that *Roe v. Wade* is overturned and this nation halts its slaughter of children, Richard John Neuhaus will be remembered as the hero that he was—a man who, for more than thirty years, set himself, heart and soul, against abortion and the murder of the unborn.

If he were here—and, oh, I can imagine it: close my eyes and see him standing here before you, once again.

And if Fr. Neuhaus were here, he would have you fight. He would have you roar. He would have you continue to defend the deepest things of life. He would call us all, once again, to our better selves. He would tell us all, once again, to stand—laughing and brave and confident and sure—against the powers that threaten the fulfillment of human nature. He would call us all, once more, to rise up and oppose the forces arrayed against the weak, and the vulnerable, and the precious, and the unborn.

MARIA MCFADDEN MAFFUCCI :

I thought it would be fun to see what my late father had to say about each of our awardees. Ellen Wilson Fielding, as you’ll read in your program, first wrote to J.P. when she was a college student. She then wrote for the *Review* while still a student before coming to work for us after graduation. When describing her first article, J.P. said that it was hardly touched because: “Born

writers should not suffer superfluous editing.” A few years later, in 1981, as she started becoming a regular essayist for the still-young *Review*, JP wrote about her “cool words rippling over great matters.” Exactly. He also said she was “an essayist of dazzling grace and insight.” And you read that now in issues of the *Human Life Review*, and also in Ellen’s work as the lead editor-in-chief in *catholic eye*.

Mary Meehan impressed JP right away with the breadth and thoroughness of her reporting. “Always the meticulous reporter,” he wrote, “Meehan gives you plenty of the who, what, why, where the media ignores. But she also provides the inside story of what it all *means*.” Starting in the early eighties, Mary has written for the *Review* about abortion and politics, abortion and theologians, Operation Rescue, and the “crooked road” that led to *Roe v. Wade*.

In the summer of 1983, she wrote “Abortion and the Hard Cases,” and in his Introduction, J.P. wrote, “Meehan addresses with *great* sensitivity the most difficult aspects of the whole abortion controversy; those hard cases, real and imagined, which provided the ‘best’ (in quotes) arguments for legalized abortion. The worst cases are, of course, all too real. But there is another side to the heart-rending realities involved, and Miss Meehan presents it here with arguments both logically and emotionally compelling. For instance, in regard to the most detestable of hard cases, rape, she reminds us that ‘rapists are no longer executed in this country. Their children, the totally innocent result of crime, should not be executed in their place.’”

And Bill Murchison—well, JP loved Bill Murchison. He wrote that “He is a reporter’s reporter.” (JP started his own career at the *Youngstown Vindicator*.) As you’ll read in the program, he was a Senior Columnist for the *Dallas Morning News*, and writes a column for the Creator’s Syndicate, and he is the author of several books. He has had more lead articles in the *Review* than any other author, and that is because of his unique style. I love writing about Bill’s articles in the Introduction, because he has so many wonderful quotable lines that I hardly need to write anything!

As JP wrote, “Nobody around writes more vivid prose than Bill when he’s wound up, and our subjects get him awfully wound up.” He described a Murchison article this way: “A slam-bang piece in his accustomed style; start it, and you’ll read straight through, and, a la the proverbial Chinese dinner, want more.”

Each of our Senior Editors has an article in the new issue which is a shining example of their unique talent. Murchison’s slam-bang piece on the insanity of favoring animal rights over human rights is a delight to read. Ellen’s cool words and graceful prose tackle the mighty mountain of what has gone

wrong with western civilization, and Mary addresses with great sensitivity and valuable expert research the painful subject of the triumph of eugenics in prenatal testing.

One more note: all our awardees are featured in a new book which we hoped to have ready for this evening. It will be a prolife reader, edited by Anne Conlon, perhaps titled *The Record Since Roe*. And we will send all of you a copy when it is available.

And now, without further ado I would like to ask Faith, Ellen, Mary and Bill to come up so that we can—you can receive your Awards, and then we will hear from each of you. The Awards feature the cartoon that Nick Downes did for us, which has become our signature cartoon; it's of a little man pushing a boulder up a hill. Let's have a round of applause for our awardees and then we will hear from Ellen Wilson Fielding.

ELLEN WILSON FIELDING:

Thanks so much. I want first to make sure to thank Faith and Maria and Anne, for many years worth of support, advice, and friendship, and everyone else in the Human Life Foundation offices, especially Rose and Tina. And of course I want to thank everyone responsible for giving me this award, and all those responsible for this really splendid dinner. Finally, I'd like to join in congratulating Mary Meehan and Bill Murchison, whose articles I always look forward to encountering in the *Human Life Review*, though I usually encounter them before publication, when I am lending an extra pair of eyes to proofread them.

I first wrote for the *Human Life Review* in 1977, two years after Jim McFadden began publication. That's now over 30 years ago. (I was 21, so you can do the math.) It was the first piece of writing I was ever paid for, meaning it was the piece of writing that made me a professional.

Recently I was thinking about how long ago that was, and how much water has gone under the bridge. That first article "Young and Gay in Academia" concerned the activities and outlook of the gay rights organization at my college in the pre-AIDS era. I'm not sure what an equivalently aged young person would think of it today—not because moral values or natural law alter with the clock, but because so much of the context, so many social assumptions, have changed.

Here's a seemingly trivial example with perhaps some larger implications. When I was young, so to speak, and even when I first had young children, I don't recall anyone ever using the term "single" to refer to someone lacking a romantic partner. "Single" functioned solely to refer to people who were

unmarried, as in that choice of little boxes to check on forms: “single,” “married,” “divorced,” “widowed.” I think the most common informal word for people without a special boy- or girl-friend was “unattached.” Around 10 years ago I began noticing young people all around me universally using “single” in its now-common sense of “between love interests.” (It’s likely I was at least a few years behind the curve, but I’m sure this is still a relatively recent terminology.)



What does this change mean? It means that the generation currently in the reproductive zone is less and less attuned to the heretofore bright distinction between, on the one hand, living together or sleeping together, and on the other hand, being married. That distinction holds less and less force. Many young adults who have been living together and find themselves expecting a child will decide to refer to themselves as “engaged.” They may continue to be “engaged” for years at a time; they may actually intend to get married one day—maybe when they can swing a down payment on a house or put together enough money for an impressive wedding reception. At some point short of this anticipated wedding, this couple may decide to become unengaged but still live with each other, or they may break up, each posting their new “single” status on Facebook.

Here are some of the social and political implications. As political observers, especially the worried professional Republican kind, have observed, younger people are (not surprisingly) much more laid back about and even sympathetic to the whole gay marriage idea. In a world where, for

many people, the critical factor in deciding whether or not to marry your current significant other is whether you can afford a blowout wedding reception, many people can't really see what all the fuss is about. Gay couples want to get married, let them get married. They want to divorce, let them divorce. Whatever. Why should they have to feel excluded? Why not let them be happy?

This is the opinion even of many fairly traditional and religious young people, and no wonder. Once you ditch the generally discredited approach of handing out Scarlet Letters to adulterers or fornicators, once you develop an easy toleration of cohabiting heterosexual couples, why treat them more indulgently than others who choose to commit a different type of sexual mortal sin? Most of us have learned by heart the "Neither will I condemn you" part of Jesus' response to the woman caught in adultery, but the "Go and sin no more" part sticks in our throats, and I am very definitely including myself in this group of uneasy and reluctant prophets.

I don't know precisely where we go from here with any likelihood of success, as far as protecting and promoting the marriage bond in the public square. Interestingly, the original issue that revved Jim McFadden up into starting the *Human Life Review*—legalized abortion—is philosophically probably in the best shape of all the life issues, despite Democratic control of Congress and the White House. Except where it shades off into embryonic stem-cell research, at which point some people let themselves get confused by the guys in the lab coats and tempted by false visions of mass cures, abortion marks a bright, clear line. That line, as the polls tell us, young people increasingly see. They recognize abortion for what it is, the deliberate ending of a human life, and even if they have doubts about exceptions or "imposing one's conscience," as people starting out in life many of them can identify with those even younger people who may not make it further than their first prenatal months of life.

I think it is pretty clear that the end-of-life controversies of assisted suicide or euthanasia are not in as good shape in the public mind. This is perhaps partly because some of the same people who identify with the unborn can, in regards to euthanasia and assisted suicide, find themselves pulled both ways. They can look at the hard cases: people dragged through umpteen operations, lingering on life support, or condemned, in the observer's view, to a miserably handicapped existence and they can conclude that in such circumstances people should have the right to hustle themselves off life's stage. Or, they can realistically perceive that old and sick people also make easy victims of those wishing to hustle them offstage unwillingly.

The empathy argument pulls both ways even more sharply with assisted

suicide than it does with abortion, because the remaining lifespan being argued about looks unlovely. (That's one reason why, by the way, people need to go beyond the empathy argument—not leave it behind, but progress to more solid, less shifting ways of deciding life issues beyond the human, humane response that perhaps first provoked them to think in a prolife way about abortion.)

Back to marriage, which has become perhaps the most treacherously difficult human life issue to hold the line on, certainly in debate with the general public. And this is quite understandable, even apart from the relativistic arguments that we have no right to tell other people what to do. It's understandable because generations of loosening marital bonds have led us to the point where the motivations for marriage seem almost exclusively private and personal and not reliably lasting. And I do mean several generations, although the process began accelerating like mad in the 60s and 70s. You can see the old order teetering even in the flippantly fun 1930s comedies like "The Gay Divorcee" and "The Awful Truth," where topics of marriage and divorce float like froth lightly on the surface of the plot.

I am not an expert in this, but my thinking is that the best tack to take with the "Whatever" people—the ones who do not see the vulnerability of marriage, the need to shore it up, as Thomas More would say in Robert Bolt's "A Man for All Seasons," hedge it around thick with laws to protect this smallest society—this society of two—so that it can be a healthy human nursery—the best tack to take for those of them who also happen to believe in God is to try to inch them down the path of "What is the purpose of two sexes?" "What is God's purpose for marriage?" and "How do those answers, if predicated on God's having created us for a purpose, jive with the 'whatever' philosophy?"

It may even be the best tack to take with non-believers as well. Twenty-five years ago a secular non-Christian friend told me he had no problem with easy, no-fault divorce for childless couples, but once a baby was involved, it should be almost impossible for a couple to split up until the child was 18. Whatever you think of his argument, it conceded the historical function of marriage as the stabilizing force for creating families to bring up the next generation.

But that is the kind of incremental argument difficult to put across before multitudes in, say, political debates or TV or radio shows. There are at least two reasons for this difficulty. First, no one gets enough time in public debate or commentary to really move carefully through an argument—we are faced with the old "sound bite" problem. Second (and though I am myself a writer, I am not fooling myself here), very few people ever really sit

down with a book or article making the case for a view they don't already share or aren't open to sharing. It happens occasionally, but not often. For the most part, like my fellow journalists, I preach to the converted, or to those unusually open to conversion.

So that means the people who are good at such things must also continue to explore oblique openings to change hearts and minds through, say, thought-provoking ads, or engaging and unsimplistic novels, movies or TV scripts. Mary Kenney made a plea for such story-telling as a pro-life strategy that could get across profound realities in a powerful way when she accepted her Great Defender of Life award a few years ago. And all of the rest of us must know why we believe what we believe and consider how best to convey that as a good, as a gift, rather than as yet another sour-faced restriction on following your bliss.

For the near and mid-term, looking at where we are going and how fast, I'm rather pessimistic. I'm not sure I see the path by which our society—our country—would pick its way back from this place almost bizarrely removed from the traditional and biblical world view. I don't think, for example, there is any suggestion in Genesis that even Sodom and Gomorrah had progressed as far as opening marriage chapels for its same-sex-attracted inhabitants.

But pessimism never kept my old boss Jim McFadden from engaging in each day's battle with enormous brio and confidence in the many seemingly lost or losing causes he defended. And, whether my own pessimism is justified or not, it shouldn't keep the rest of us from doing so either. Meanwhile, no matter how dire the short-term future may be, we who are believers can be buoyed by the long-term future, whether here or hereafter. As John Maynard Keynes should have said, but did not, in the long run we all have the hope (if we will dare to grasp hold of it) of enjoying the Beatific Vision.

MARY MEEHAN:

Thank you all very much. I want to thank Maria, especially, for her very kind remarks earlier. They were so kind, in fact, that I think I will have to go back to Ireland to get a little humility. I was there some years ago and, on a lovely summer evening, I wandered into a shop in Killarney. The shopkeeper was a delightful fellow. We chatted a bit, and he asked me what I did for a living. I told him I was a writer. And he said, "Oh, good girl; good for you! That's wonderful. That's great," he said. "Now tell me, are you any *good* at it? For example," he said, "can you handle the spelling?" (I had an excellent English teacher back in junior high school who would have appreciated those questions.)

I want to thank a number of people tonight, but first of all, my dear sister Elizabeth Meehan Spano, who has supported my prolife writing over the years in so many ways that I can't even count or ever repay. And I want to salute the gallant crew of the good ship *Human Life Review*: the magnificent McFaddens—Faith and Maria and Christina; Anne Conlon, our wonderful Managing Editor; Rose Flynn de Maio, Business Manager. I want to mention also Michael Potemra who, although not on the formal staff, does much of the copy-editing and wades through endless endnotes on research articles. And a special thanks to the super volunteers, Patricia O'Brien and Nona Aguilar. I want, also, to salute especially two past crew members of our old sister ship, the Ad Hoc Committee in Defense of Life, Anne Higgins and Jack Fowler. Stalwarts for life for many, many years.

I remember especially our Founding Editor Jim McFadden, who called me nearly thirty years ago to request permission to reprint something I'd written. That was the beginning of a long and very happy association with Jim and his family, including Jim and Faith's son, the late Robert McFadden, who headed the Ad Hoc Committee for some years in the Washington office. Like his father, Robert had a great love of life, and was valiant in its defense.

And my thanks to all of you, dear friends, for your generous support of the *Review* over the years. Without your support and the great work of the staff, we mere writers could not even get our words out the door. Many thanks to you.



I would like to make brief remarks on just two points: first eugenics, the effort to breed a better variety of human beings. It's a major driving force behind so many of the problems that beset us today: abortion itself; prenatal testing for disability, combined with strong pressures for eugenic abortion; in vitro, or laboratory, fertilization of human beings; sperm banks; and the whole wretched business of mechanizing and manipulating what we used to call love. Eugenics is also one of the major forces behind the drive for assisted suicide and euthanasia.

But despite its long-standing support from many quarters of the American establishment, eugenics has one great weak point: Its advocates have offended nearly every group in our country at one time or another. Their bigotry against African Americans and other people of color is well known, as is their prejudice against poor people and people with disabilities. But there have been many others. In the 1920s, for example, a eugenics committee on immigration suggested that recent immigrants from southeastern Europe were making an excessive contribution "to our feeble minded, insane, criminal and other socially inadequate classes." But one leading eugenicist, Professor H. S. Jennings of Johns Hopkins, disagreed. He said the *Irish* were the main problem. He thought that Ireland was a major source of defective people.

Well, as someone with relatives and ancestors with names like Meehan, McHale, McMorrow, Fahey, Riley, Farrelly, Kelly and O'Brien—with names like that, I take Professor Jennings's remarks a bit "poisonal." Yet we Irish have not suffered nearly as much from eugenics as some other groups have. If we can just gather together all the groups eugenics has insulted, maligned, and persecuted over the years, we should be able to defeat it. *Let's go for it.*

Second, I just want to mention my strong conviction that it's not enough to talk about the right to life; we must talk about, and celebrate, the joy of life as well. Not just for others, though that's very important, but for ourselves as well. Because our struggle is long and difficult, and even thinking about things like eugenics can almost lead to terminal depression. We really need something like a walk in Central Park on a fine October day, or a ride on the Staten Island Ferry—not necessarily because we have to meet someone on Staten Island, but just for the joy of the ride.

I was in the Pittsburgh airport a couple of years ago, waiting for a flight to Arizona for a speaking engagement. There was a sudden and rather violent rainstorm that caused a delay in the boarding and takeoff. People were rather bored and restless, and some of them undoubtedly were grumpy. I was rather bored and restless myself, until I noticed out the airport window a very dramatic sunset—with a large, dark cloud above and then a somewhat smaller, lighter cloud that was rimmed with gold from the setting sun. I felt I should

jump up on the nearest chair and say, “Hey, people! The sun is setting out there, and it is *glorious!*” But then I looked around at the folks with their laptops and their cell phones and what not, all preoccupied, and I thought “N-a-a-h.” Had I jumped up on the chair and said my piece, it would have startled them for a moment; but then someone would have said, “Oh, that must be one of those old hippies from the 1960s. She must have wandered off the reservation, or wherever it is they keep those people.”

Yet I deeply believe we need that stroll in the park, that ride on the ferry, that glorious sunset as we work towards an even more glorious dawn of respect for human life. And I would like to think that in that dawn, after a very long journey, the good ship *Human Life Review*—with staff editors on the bridge, all hands on deck, flags flying, bands playing, crowds cheering—will sail gracefully into her home port. Thank you.

WILLIAM MURCHISON:

I’m the last, and, regrettably, the least of those who have gone before, speaking on behalf of this splendid, splendid occasion and publication. But I’m honored to be able to do so. If memory serves, and at my age it less frequently does, Sally Field, on receiving the Academy Award a few years back, said “You like me—you really like me.” I want to turn that around tonight. I like you. Well, so what’s that got to do with the price of eggs, many of you might say. What a dippy, 21st-century kind of comeback. But I want to extend it. I want to say to you that I admire you. I admire, not only the occasion that has brought us together, but the great work that has bound us together over these several decades of the—we’re into three-and-a-half decades, are we not, of the life of the *Human Life Review*?

This is a splendid, a splendid, wonderful, magnificent occasion to mark, which goes far beyond anything that I’ve ever been able, been privileged by God to do, for the *Human Life Review*. The question might arise, how did I ever get into this in the first place, just an old Episcopalian Dallas journalist. Well, I chose this field myself. I got into it because I read in the January 23rd issue of the *Dallas Morning News* of the outrage that the U.S. Supreme Court had committed in the case of *Roe versus Wade*. And therefore the first column that I wrote that week, as a member of the Editorial Page of the then-*Dallas Times Herald*, had to do with my assault on the jurisprudence and the lack of common sense of *Roe versus Wade*.

But it went on from there. It went on from there and the present circumstances—the milieu in which we find ourselves tonight—I have to blame Jim McFadden for bringing me into. Jim McFadden simply called me out of the blue.



Now I had written for *National Review* under the superintending auspices of Priscilla Buckley for a number of years, and Jim had somehow cottoned to my writing and he called me up and as one newsie—that’s what we old newspapermen used to call ourselves—one newsie seems to know another, especially if we’re Celts, as Jim was and I am. Being a Scotch Irish, hard-line, hard-nosed type from the western isles of Scotland, we bonded in a wonderful way over the many years. And I came not only to admire that man, but to love him profoundly for what he stood for, and for what he did. This was a man who built better than he might have imagined at the time he was building.

So he—Jim—identified, to my mind, and increasingly this has been borne in upon me in all the decades since then—he identified the great civilizational question of our time: What is life, who is it for, who made it? The answer our society equivocates about, refuses to confront, specifically and intentionally, because it’s afraid it might get an answer it doesn’t like.

And so Jim McFadden invited me into this civilizational warfare. And I relished it over the decades. And I continue to relish it under the guardianship and guidance of the members of his family and his ring, as I might call it, who have continued the fight, this wonderful fight, this glorious fight of which we are a part.

Now the great joy of writing for the *Human Life Review* is mine. I have

nothing to say in terms of the honor that is conveyed in this regard than to turn it back upon the *Human Life Review*, and to say that the *Human Life Review* deserves the honor for carrying on, for fighting, for battling, for refusing to yield. It has invited many of us. And you're here tonight in recognition of that fact. And many of us—many who've received this award—are here for the same purpose. It has invited us to remain constant in our acceptance of the great responsibility that is ours: to defend life which is not ours.

The fact that life should be a gift of ourselves is one of the great delusions of modern times. Life is the gift of God and those who fail to see it need to be reminded of whose gift they are [APPLAUSE].

And so I stand here with gratitude to the *Human Life Review* which deserves the honor. I don't. The *Human Life Review* deserves the honor. The *Human Life Review* simply showed me a horse, and invited me to mount, and showed me where the adversaries lay. And showed me what must be said, and the direction the words should be levied. And so the *Human Life Review* itself, not the individual awardees—I say this with due respect to my fellow awardees tonight who, perhaps, would echo my sentiments. We are much smaller than the mission in which we are engaged; the mission of showing forth life, and the respect for life, and the respect for the God who gave us life is the great civilizational question of our times. And in expressing our thanks, our gratitude for the pulpit that the *Human Life Review* has given us. The pulpit from which we are privileged—*privileged* to shout our affirmations to the ears of all who will hear us, even those who will disregard us. Life is good; life is of God. Thank you very much.



*Faith McFadden, Senior Editor of the Review and
Matriarch of the Human Life Foundation, receives her award*



*Christina McFadden
Angelopoulos, the Review's
production manager, with
Sophia Faith and Rachael
Paraskevi, at 5 months*

GREAT DEFENDER OF LIFE ANNUAL DINNER



James O'Keefe



*Faith McFadden, Maria McFadden Maffucci, Anne Conlon,
Pat O'Brien and Rose Flynn DeMaio*

*Bob and Pat O'Brien with
Maureen Mullarkey*





*Father Aquinas Guilbeau, O.P., Parochial Vicar
at St. Vincent Ferrer Church in Manhattan*



Bill Murchison with George and Sylvia McKenna



*Patrick Langrell, Director of Young Adult
Outreach, Archdiocese of New York, with Jamey
Johnston of the Gianna Center for Women*

Where Tolerance Had Limits

Julie Crane

We are talking now of summer evenings in a town on the New England coast, brought back across half a lifetime by James Agee's dreamy evocation of a Knoxville childhood: the heat, the heaviness, the stillness broken only by hushed conversations on shadowed porches and the soft hiss of water on lawns. We are three blocks from the ocean, waves lap at the foot of the street; but tonight the August heat lingers long past dark and the sultry air lies every bit as heavy as it did in Agee's Tennessee. Like his, this is not an easy story.

My neighbors live in houses that are large, and after supper sit rocking on long porches painted white and grey and brown. They are waiting for the tide to turn, for the salt air to steal upstreet, bringing coolness and a night's sleep. It is dusk, and the younger children are beckoned in from play; sunset, and the older ones too are called back to their porches. Assembled now, we await together a breeze from the east that does not come.

Instead, an ill wind, unexpected: A police car glides slowly, quietly onto our street. Conversations cease, and my neighbors watch, poised, as if knowing that lives will be changed tonight, innocence lost, prices paid.

Let me tell you about this neighborhood: It protects its own, it keeps their secrets well. Earlier this same summer, I escape from my grandfather and leave my own safe porch on a Sunday morning, crossing busy streets alone, to wander up and down the aisles of a Methodist church. Church is church in my small world, and I have come to look for my parents. Their neighbors assembled here know me, and one of them lays down his hymnal, leaves his pew, and taking my hand, leads me gently home to my porch and my grandfather.

We children are protected too, not just from wandering off, but from secrets we do not need to know, and it will be years before I am old enough to learn them all: Diagonally across the street, behind his own sheltered porch, a New England Boo Radley lives with his aging parents. He sends me secret Valentines and cards on my birthday and at Christmas, and I am terrified of him. But the neighbors give him odd jobs to do and my grandfather sends him home with gifts of food. Further down the block, a niece who has recently come to live in the house of my friend is also her sister, though I do

Julie Crane, who died on January 4, 2010, was for many years an associate editor at *National Review*. She was also a good friend and generous benefactress of the Human Life Foundation. "Where Tolerance Had Limits" first appeared in the *New Oxford Review* (July-August, 1995).

not know this yet; no one has told me that this new child's father is also her grandfather. Around the corner, in the living room of a boy I play with, a photograph of his smiling parents, with him only a few months old, stands on a grand piano. But the photograph, I learn later, is a fake: His father had died before the boy was born, and long before getting around to marrying his mother. Next door, the father of the girls who care for me returns home late at night, staggering along the street and shattering the stillness with his cries, until he too disappears behind the screens of his porch.

The stuff of New England Gothic: Secrets are kept, people protected. But on this humid August night, as we watch from our porches, another secret emerges, of a very different kind. And we children, taught tolerance by example, are about to intuit, by a different, fierce example, the limits of that tolerance: how our neighbors' mercy—or justice—must sometimes be carried out.

The police car comes closer, slows and stops before a large white house I know well. For I have climbed its steps, stood on its deep porch, and rung its bell, selling Christmas seals and Girl Scout cookies and newspapers. Inside lives one of the town's doctors, known by all. His wife, a nurse whom he met while still in medical school, works for him now. Throughout the long afternoons, his patients come and go, climbing those steps, walking along that porch to disappear into his office.

Two policemen get out of the car and enter the doctor's house. Now is the silence complete: No breeze stirs the heavy trees, no children shout, no grownups speak. Some older children slip from their parents' porches and amble over to investigate; for excepting an accident of some sort, police cars here are an unfamiliar sight. I long to join them, to leave my porch and get a closer look at whatever is about to happen. But some instinct keeps me in my place: I watch in silence with the others. We do not have long to wait.

Back along the dusky porch the policemen come, walking with the doctor between them. Darkness obscures my vision then, and time my memory now, but I see him put in the back seat of the car; and then there is only the slam of the doors and the sound of the motor starting. Darkness falls. Streetlights come on, moths and mosquitoes come out, cigarettes glow brightly from the porches. Still no one speaks. Something is terribly wrong, but I have no idea what it might be. Finally I can wait no longer: What, I ask my mother, has the doctor done, why have these policemen taken him away into the night? She hesitates, treading slowly now: Well, she says, he has been performing some operations, doing some things that doctors are not supposed to do. I have no idea what she is talking about, but am too sleepy now to care. And so I am taken off to bed, and one evening's events become lost in the summer dreams of a child.

Months pass. New neighbors come to live in the large white house, and the doctor's wife goes back to work in some distant hospital. I have almost forgotten them both, memories of them gone with those of summer. Fall comes. The salt breezes blowing up the street from the ocean chill us as we hurry off to school or play. Now the winds grow colder still; skies darken with clouds and snow. Seasons change.

Winter again now, of the following year. Deep snows cover the neighborhood, silencing the approach of cars, muffling the footfalls of the grownups, the shouts of children. Bundled in snowsuits and scarves, mittens and boots, we pull our sleds across all the long afternoons, but by five the sun is setting and we called home early to warmth and safety.

On one of these dark afternoons I am taken away by my mother and grandmother to a large department store in a city to our south. Protesting, hot and itchy in my winter clothes, I traipse along behind them as they move from floor to floor.

Suddenly, on one of these floors, they stop, and my eyes follow theirs as they gaze toward a small bank of elevators tucked away in a corner. Outside one of the elevators, on a little flat seat that pulls down on a hinge from the wall, the operator sits, in a braided uniform and visored hat, waiting for the shoppers to crowd in. My mother and grandmother remain stopped, staring at this man. Another look, and I begin to understand; I recognize him, too. For I have climbed his steps and stood on his porch and rung his bell, with my Christmas seals and my Girl Scout cookies and my evening papers.

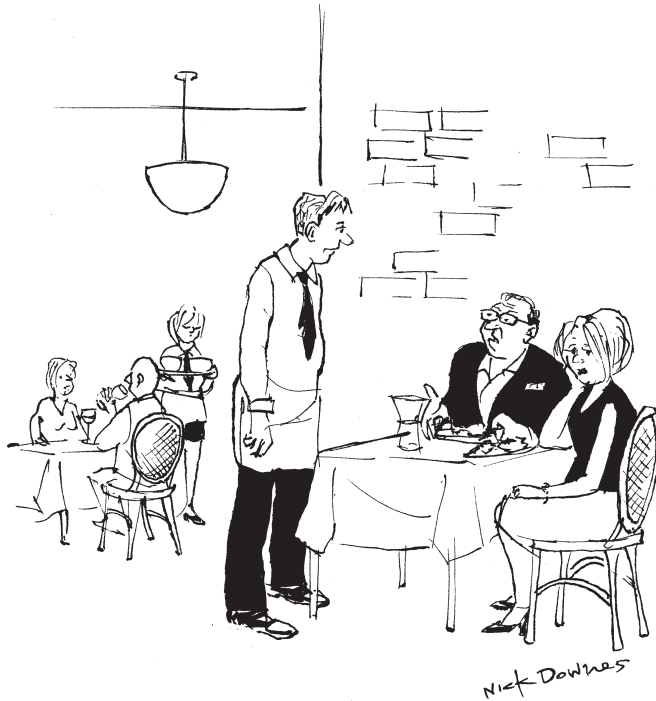
Now, without glancing up, he folds his little seat against the wall, and steps into his crowded elevator. He closes the cage-like door and reaches to push the numbered buttons as the passengers call out their floors. The elevator rises slowly, its halting progress tracked by lighted numbers and a moving arrow. And with it, the doctor who was our neighbor, and who was led away on that distant summer night, who now lives this other life and operates this elevator, ascends upward, and moves, finally and forever, out of our lives.

My mother recently turned 84. She has never spoken the doctor's name again. I am the same age now as she was that summer night when the police car came down our street, and in that long-ago winter when I first began to learn the limits of tolerance and the wages of sin. To this day, I have no idea what course events followed between that summer and winter. I can tell you only the beginning and the end of this story, the summer and winter of one man's life.

For half a lifetime I have forgotten even the events themselves, until, on another December day, many years later, I stand in falling snow, shivering

as another bitter wind blows off the coast. Earlier that morning, several hundred of us have attended a church service, then walked with Brooklyn's Bishop Daily along streets leading to a nearby hospital. Now we stand outside, stared at by curious eyes, praying and singing, stamping our feet to keep them from freezing. Across the street, sidewalk counselors, barely visible in the blowing snow, go about their lonely task. As the final strains of "God Bless America" are swallowed by the howling wind, a familiar smell of salt blows in from the Atlantic, and I look at the faces around me. Then, suddenly, a door opens, a curtain parts: I step back into a town and a neighborhood in what seems today to be another lifetime, and I remember a time and a place where good people had other remedies, and no need to stand praying in a winter storm.

And as the group slowly disperses, I see instead in my mind's eye the people of a small New England town whose inhabitants also know what things they and their children must accept and reject, and where a healer who had betrayed his calling and his oath was consigned long ago by his neighbors: to his own circle of oblivion, there to live out his days, and await the justice—or mercy—of his God.



"Is there a reason my peas are touching the mashed potatoes?"

The End of Men?

Brian Caulfield

The odds against men are mounting. They've long been the minority at U.S. colleges and universities, and women are about even in the elite medical and law schools. Many campuses, concerned about the male-female ratios, now have unofficial affirmative action for guys, accepting less qualified XY-chromosome specimens to keep attracting bright young gals who want to mingle with men on the quad after outperforming them in the classroom.

And for those who still have yesterday's memo tacked to the wall that women make 75 cents on the dollar that a man makes in the workforce, the new stat in our new economy is that wives are rapidly catching up with their husbands in earning power. In 2007 more than 25 percent of wives pulled in more money than their male partners in households in which both worked, up from 7 percent in 1980. The number is 33 percent when you add families in which the husband was unemployed.

The percentage of better-earning wives has no doubt risen even higher in the past two years, since three-quarters of the job loss in our sick economy has occurred among men, especially poor and blue-collar workers. In fact, as America moves decidedly from manufacturing to a service and technology economy, and male physical strength becomes less important, the superior education and social and communication skills of women have been elevated. In years to come, the situation is likely to turn more to the female's favor, since two areas in which women excel—health care and education—promise to grow, even in a poor economy.

Of course, for many families who rely on two incomes, the rise in women's income is a good thing, and husbands may welcome the boost in household income. Yet there is still a strong force within most men to be the primary breadwinner, based not only on pride and competitiveness, but also on the healthy male desire to protect and provide for his family. It will be interesting to see how the income levels of husbands and wives will affect marriages and families over the long run.

No-Fault Divorce

The shifting balance of finances in many marriages has worked hand-in-hand with the no-fault divorce regime to produce a perfect storm against men. When we think of divorce, we often imagine a wife enduring an abusive husband

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and cutting the marital knot to protect herself and the children. Or the poor wife who finds her husband is involved in multiple affairs, à la Tiger Woods. We also may recall the clueless, ego-addled governor who falls in love with an alluring Latina woman and expects his wife to affirm his life's new direction.

Recent events leave little room for imagination when it comes to dumb husbands breaking up the marriage and leaving their wives to file for divorce.

But research shows that the majority of divorces in America occur in the first seven years within low-conflict marriages. A bigger factor than infidelity is lack of commitment and communication, coupled with unreasonable expectations. One or both of the spouses may have looked to marriage as the answer to their dreams and the fulfillment of all their needs. Then children, money, mortgages, and disappointment creep into the picture. The couple drifts apart and lacks the commitment, maturity, and communication skills to work through the troubles.

And, yes, even in these low-conflict cases, wives file for divorce at a higher rate than husbands.

Technology

A bigger factor in the decline of men and masculinity is that fatherhood is seen as increasingly irrelevant to the future of our race, as the grand and noble act of procreation is replaced by laboratory mechanisms in which women have the decisive role. The movement began some 37 years ago with the Supreme Court wiping away any strictures against abortion in the *Roe v. Wade* decision. Since then, men have had no enforceable rights in the continued life of the child in the womb that they helped to create, leaving the decision of life or death in the hands of the mother—a form of *materfamilias*—and the intervention of “medical science.”

Men were not supposed to care, or feel anything, about being made legally impotent in the protection of their child, or even in the death by abortion of their own flesh and blood. Yet a growing group of them are gathering under the banner “Abortion Hurts Men,” and they are telling their stories of pain and alienation, and feelings of helplessness.

Men's reproductive worth also has been devalued by in vitro fertilization and other non-sexual forms of baby making, as more women choose their gamete mates from among anonymous sperm donors. Women have the choice today of bearing children without passing through the sometimes turbulent waters of marriage, or even the emotional attachment and effort of sexual liaisons. They need not dress to impress, invest in a relationship, or wonder if the guy will pay for dinner. They need not go near a living, breathing man at all, but can start their pregnancy in a Petri dish, with her egg and an unnamed sperm.

Even the infertile can buy some eggs from the many Ivy League ladies who are anxious to pay off their college debt by charging high prices for their fresh ova after going through risky hormonal regimens. If a husband is not around to add a little sperm to the exchange, the infertile woman can always go to the local bank to buy some.

We have gone from the confusion of medieval biology, which saw women as mere receptacles of the male homunculus—the fully formed little man found in male seed—to the point where a man is a mere repository for sperm. He himself is expendable in the process of reproduction except for the vital stuff that must be separated from him, usually in the undignified act of masturbation. How are men to feel good about their reproductive worth when their contribution may be relegated to a small cubicle with a couple of copies of *Maxim* magazine?

Media Messages

These financial and technological crises have happened in harmony with a consistent media message that men, and fathers in particular, are more trouble than they are worth. In popular culture and prime-time TV, men are portrayed as oversized babies, bumbling fools, clueless brutes, or good-natured buffoons who need their conniving wives and smart-aleck kids to get them through the day.

TV has moved quite a distance from the days of *Father Knows Best*—which, admittedly, engendered a backlash by showing family life in its idyllic starched-shirt and high-heeled best. Today, in most sitcoms, families revolve around the mother, who must care for, feed, and rear all her children, including the biggest one called Dad.

After counting up the attacks on men and masculinity and calculating their value in family life and procreation, you would be justified in asking, with *New York Times* columnist Maureen Dowd, “Are Men Necessary?”

What’s a man to do?

Well, to start with, he should not retreat from the culture and his family, admit defeat, and cry in his beer. These may be difficult days for the image of men but there is good news on the horizon coming from some unlikely sources.

The Rehabilitation of Men

As editor of the website Fathers for Good (www.fathersforgood.org), sponsored by the Knights of Columbus, I regularly review a wealth of expert studies and anecdotal stories about family life, marriage, and parenthood. The K of C, a Catholic organization of 1.7 million men and their families, launched the fatherhood initiative to respond to many of the negative influences listed above.

We hear often from frustrated men, who have been divorced against their will and are fighting with scant success a child-welfare bureaucracy and legal-custody system that are stacked against their efforts to keep close to their children. Too often they are treated as superfluous to the well-being of their kids, and viewed suspiciously by social workers and judges.

Yet we have also found at Fathers for Good some very positive trends coming from the hearts of men and the women who love them. These trends are summed up in the very name Fathers for Good, which has two main meanings:

1. Every man, deep down and amid his flaws, wants to be a good father, to make a positive and lasting contribution to the lives of his wife and children, even if he has to struggle all his life to do so.

2. Once a man becomes a father, once he plays his part in the creation of new life, there is no turning back. He is a *father for good*, with the responsibilities that go with it.

There is a great irony at work in the heart of our culture regarding fatherhood that throws a shadow on men's best efforts. At the same time that many potent cultural, economic, and legal forces are pushing for the abolition of fatherhood, social-science data are showing clearly that men are necessary—*absolutely vital*—to a greater degree than even most guys thought. Men are needed in the family, in the workforce, in the culture—and the research proclaiming this good news comes not just from Catholic, evangelical, or family-friendly sources. Social scientists who are committed to feminism have arrived at the same conclusions regarding men and fatherhood. The foundational finding of these researchers is that children need their fathers in their life; that children thrive best in a home with their biological parents who are committed to their marriage.

This sounds like common sense to most of us, no doubt. But in this age of empiricism, studies like these are necessary to change the culture, and bring men back in contact with their children and their better selves. They provide a well-documented and “double blind study” boost to our confidence.

Here are just a handful of statistics regarding the effects of fatherless families (these and other statistics are taken from the National Fatherhood Initiative and used with permission of the Fathers for Good website):

- Fatherless children are twice as likely to drop out of school.
- Children in father-absent homes are five times more likely to be poor.
- A child with a nonresident father is 54 percent more likely to be poorer than his or her father.
- Infant-mortality rates are 1.8 times higher for infants of unmarried mothers than for those of married mothers.
- Being raised by a single mother raises the risk of teen pregnancy, marrying

with less than a high-school degree, and forming a marriage where both partners have less than a high-school degree.

- An analysis of child-abuse cases in a nationally representative sample of 42 counties found that children from single-parent families are more likely to be victims of physical and sexual abuse than children who live with both biological parents.

Just as in the psychologist's Rorschach test there is something called the "mother card," the ink-blot image which invokes feelings about a patient's mother, so sociologists have come up with the need for a "father card" in society. At a time when traditional marriage and the nuclear family are losing their normative status, it may prove to be the trump card.

Indeed, after hitting a high tide of a 50 percent divorce rate in the 1980s, marriage today is more stable overall, with the divorce rate for new marriages at about 43 percent in the United States. Young people today may be skeptical of lifetime commitments, and falling into cohabitation, but they are sure about one thing: They hate divorce because they have lived with its effects. So those who do get married tend to be more prepared and committed, which may have a positive trickle-down effect to the culture of cohabitation, as more people witness marriages that last.

As W. Bradford Wilcox, a sociology professor at the University of Virginia and contributor to *The Marriage Index* published by the Institute for American Values, says, "Marital quality and happiness have stabilized in the last 10 years, with 65 percent of married couples reporting a high level of satisfaction. But the number of people who get married is declining, particularly among poor and working-class people, who are choosing to live together instead and have children outside of marriage. This is having an unprecedented and devastating effect upon their children, who grow up without the stability that marriage naturally brings."

Super Bowl Sentiments

Slick 30-second visual bites of commercial culture may be a weak link with which to put together a theory, but I couldn't help noticing a significant theme that aired on Super Bowl Sunday last February. A few of the high-priced advertisements on that male-bastion broadcast addressed the place of men in the culture, with a couple of broad swipes at feminization, if not feminism itself.

There was the spot by Dockers, which months earlier had premiered its "Wear the Pants" campaign, challenging guys to step up, be real men, and "answer the call of manhood." In the Super Bowl ad, a dumb mob marches through the fields in their boxers or briefs, chanting "I wear no pants." It's a striking image that has no clear meaning; perhaps it signifies emasculation

of some sort. In any event, the ad ends by telling guys to be a “real man” and wear the pants—Dockers, of course.

The Dodge Charger ad didn't have the obligatory beautiful woman draped over the hood. Rather, it presented a more real-life situation and resolved it in favor of manhood. After men are shown promising their beloveds to be good and dutiful companions (including putting down the toilet seat), they draw the line at their car. No matter what his significant other says, a guy will drive his super-stocked Charger, because he's a man.

And how about the wussy guy being dragged by his girlfriend through the mall, quietly carrying bags into all the feminine stores, helpless even to remove the red bra draped over his shoulder? The narrator tells the guy to “get out of the skirt” and watch manly shows on handheld FloTV.

The message was that the feminized guy, whose wife cramps his masculine drive or whose girlfriend is his shopping buddy, is a big loser. Real men wear pants, play rough, drive fast cars, and handle the TV remote.

It may not mark a sea change in popular media, but certain cultural icons are being recast. And there's a deeper story: With the advertising business being all about public perception and money, you have to believe that the Madison Avenue execs would not have signed off on this theme if the majority of mainstream American women (i.e., consumers) would be offended. Could it be that women want men back in their lives and fathers for their children?

Language of Love

As the absolute importance of fathers is affirmed by social science, and backed up by plain common sense, the status of men is slowly being raised. I would guess that most women welcome this trend, and their acceptance will help the resurgence of masculine virtue to proceed in a healthy direction. We must find a spot for men between machismo and emotional weakness. Yet the problem is that after three decades of rapid change brought on by the feminist revolution of the 1970s, men and women have lost a language of love and honesty, and no longer know how to speak about who they are and what they want and how to get along as true partners. The hook-up culture in college (and beyond), I think, is a result of this loss of language.

We need some wisdom suited especially for our times, and we may have it in the thinking of a celibate, now deceased priest who addressed the pain and alienation of our culture head-on, and identified the relationship between man and woman and the dynamics of family life as the centerpiece of the solution. I speak, of course, of Pope John Paul II, whose *Theology of the Body* has been called by social analyst George Weigel a “time bomb” that is due to take future generations by storm.

The pope delivered his teaching over the course of years, in weekly catechetical sessions, so a full explanation of this wonderfully woven narrative of human love and sexual complementarity is impossible in these few pages. But for me, the great appeal of *Theology of the Body* is that it draws energy from the very sexual revolution that it seeks to correct. Like a transformer station that takes raw energy and converts it into streams of electricity that are useful to a household, the pope takes the sexual energy unleashed in the 1960s, draws out the positive trends, and adds the tempering perspective and well-tested routing of the Christian tradition. The result is a teaching on human sexuality and love that has an edgy feel of modernity while maintaining the truths of Christian wisdom and natural law.

The teaching is especially effective in the English-speaking Christian world, where cultural overtones of Calvinism had turned even Catholics of the first half of the 20th century into broader-thinking Puritans when it came to flesh and sex. *Theology of the Body* reclaims the true Christian tradition of the human person as a composite of body and soul as it affirms the dignity of the flesh, sex, and reason—the “nuptial meaning” of the body.

John Paul also upholds the dignity of women, and their particular physical and psychological needs and gifts—which he terms “feminine genius”—while at the same time reaffirming a woman’s high vocation of motherhood.

Robert George, a Princeton professor and commentator on social trends through his Witherspoon Institute, has reported often on the overwhelming data that back up the traditional roles of men and women in the family.

“Mothers, if they are good mothers, are very good at modeling for their boys and girls strong gentleness,” he says in a *Fathers for Good* website video. “Fathers, if they are good fathers, are very good at modeling gentle strength. If you see that distinction you’ll see the unique and different gifts that a mother and a father bring to marriage and child rearing.”

Men and women together, equal in dignity and value, yet different in nature and capacities: This is the great model that John Paul sketched in his theology that placed the ensouled human body at the nexus of all history. Men and women together, different and complementary, is the way forward for our culture and civilization.

To put it in general terms, what men need today is a sense that they are necessary and have a place in a culture that seems in some ways feminized and able to do without them. Women need to accept the masculine virtues and unique strengths of men so they can be free to develop their own “feminine genius.” There will always be a tension between the sexes, expressed in different ways in different eras. The challenge is to make that tension a creative one for the common good of families and the future of society.

A Human Life Amendment

James L. Buckley

The Supreme Court, in a pair of highly controversial, precedent-shattering decisions, *Roe against Wade* and *Doe against Bolton*, ruled that a pregnant woman has a constitutional right to destroy the life of her unborn child. In so doing, the Court not only contravened the express will of every State legislature in the country; it not only removed every vestige or legal protection hitherto enjoyed by the child in the mother's womb; but it reached its result through a curious and confusing chain of reasoning that, logically extended, could apply with equal force to the genetically deficient infant, the retarded child, or the insane or senile adult.

After reviewing these decisions, I concluded that, given the gravity of the issues at stake and the way in which the Court had carefully closed off alternative means of redress, a constitutional amendment was the only way to remedy the damage wrought by the Court. My decision was not lightly taken for I believe that only matters of permanent and fundamental interest are properly the subject for constitutional amendment. I regret the necessity for having to take this serious step, but the Court's decisions, unfortunately, leave those who respect human life in all its stages from inception to death with no other recourse.

To those who argue that an amendment to the Constitution affecting abortion and related matters would encumber the document with details more appropriately regulated by statute, I can only reply that the ultimate responsibility must be borne by the High Court itself. With Mr. Justice White, who dissented so vigorously in the abortion cases:

I find nothing in the language or history of the Constitution to support the Court's judgment.

The Court simply carved out of thin air a previously undisclosed right of "privacy" that is nowhere mentioned in the Constitution, a right of privacy which, oddly, can be exercised in this instance only by destroying the life and, therefore, the privacy of an unborn child. As Mr. Justice White remarked last January:

As an exercise of raw judicial power, the Court perhaps has authority to do what it does today; but in my view its judgment is an improvident and extravagant exercise

James L. Buckley, a United States Senator (NY) from 1971 to 1977, introduced his Human Life Amendment on May 31, 1973. This article, which appeared in the first issue of the *Human Life Review* (Winter, 1975), is a slightly-abridged version of his address to the Senate that day.

of the power of judicial review which the Constitution extends to this Court.

In the intervening weeks since the Court's decisions, I have sought the advice of men and women trained in medicine, ethics, and the law. They have given me the most discriminating and exacting counsel on virtually every aspect of the issues involved and have provided invaluable assistance in drawing up an amendment that reflects the latest and best scientific fact, and that comports with our most cherished legal traditions.

What Did the Court Really Do?

Before discussing the specific language of my proposed amendment, I believe it necessary first to analyze the effect and implications of *Wade* and *Bolton*, and then to place them in the context of current attacks on our traditional attitudes toward human life. At the outset, it is necessary to discuss with some care what the Court in fact held in its abortion decisions. This is, I must confess, not an easy task. For parsing the Court's opinions in these cases requires that one attempt to follow a labyrinthine path of argument that simultaneously ignores or confuses a long line of legal precedent and flies in the face of well-established scientific fact.

The Court's labored reasoning in these cases has been a source of considerable puzzlement to all who have the slightest familiarity with the biological facts of human life before birth or with the legal protections previously provided for the unborn child. The Court's substantial errors of law and fact have been so well documented by others that it would be superfluous for me to attempt to add anything of my own.

The full import of the Court's action is as yet incompletely understood by large segments of the public and by many legislators and commentators. It seems to be rather widely held, for example, that the Court authorized abortion on request in the first 6 months of pregnancy, leaving the States free to proscribe the act thereafter. But such is far from the truth. The truth of the matter is that, under these decisions, a woman may at any time during pregnancy exercise a constitutional right to have an abortion provided only that she can find a physician willing to certify that her "health" requires it; and as the word "health" is defined, that in essence means abortion on demand.

The Court attempts to distinguish three stages of pregnancy, but upon examination this attempt yields, in practical effect, distinctions without a difference. In the first 3 months, in the words of the Court, "the abortion decision and its effectuation must be left to the medical judgment of the pregnant woman's attending physician." This means, for all intents and purposes, abortion on request. During the second trimester of pregnancy, the State may—but it need not—regulate the abortion procedure in ways that

are reasonably related to maternal health. The power of the State's regulation here is effectively limited to matters of time, place and perhaps manner.

Thus, through approximately the first 6 months of pregnancy, the woman has a constitutionally protected right to take the life of her unborn child, and the State has no "compelling interest" that would justify prohibiting abortion if a woman insists on one.

After the period of "viability," which the Court marks at 6, or alternatively 7, months of pregnancy, the State "may"—but, again, it need not—proscribe abortion except "where it is necessary for the preservation of the life or health of the mother." This provision, which appears at first glance to be an important restriction, turns out to be none at all, as the Court defines health to include "psychological as well as physical well-being," and states that the necessary "medical judgment may be exercised in the light of all factors—physical, emotional, psychological, familial, and the woman's age—relevant to the well-being" of the mother. The Court, in short, has included under the umbrella of "health" just about every conceivable reason a woman might want to advance for having an abortion.

It is clear, then, that at no time prior to natural delivery is the unborn child considered a legal person entitled to constitutional protections; at no time may the unborn child's life take precedence over the mother's subjectively-based assertion that her well-being is at stake.

In reaching these findings, the Court in effect wrote a statute governing abortion for the entire country, a statute more permissive than that enacted by the hitherto most permissive jurisdiction in the country; namely, my own State of New York. Nor is that all. In the course of its deliberations, the Court found it necessary to concede a series of premises that can lead to conclusions far beyond the immediate question of abortion itself. These premises have to do with the conditions under which human beings, born or unborn, may be said to possess fundamental rights. I would like to touch briefly on one or two basic points:

First, it would now appear that the question of who is or is not a "person" entitled to the full protection of the law is a question of legal definition as opposed to practical determination. Thus, contrary to the meaning of the Declaration of Independence, contrary to the intent of the framers of the 14th amendment, and contrary to previous holdings of the Court, to be created human is no longer a guarantee that one will be possessed of inalienable rights in the sight of the law. The Court has extended to government, it would seem, the power to decide the terms and conditions under which membership in good standing in the human race is determined. This statement of the decisions' effect may strike many as overwrought, but it will not appear

as such to those who have followed the abortion debate carefully or to those who have read the Court's decisions in full. When, for example, the Court states that the unborn are not recognized by the law as "persons in the whole sense," and when, further, it uses as a precondition for legal protection the test whether one has a "capability of meaningful life," a thoughtful man is necessarily invited to speculate on what the logical extension of such arguments might be.

If constitutional rights are deemed to hinge on one's being a "person in the whole sense," where does one draw the line between "whole" and something less than "whole"? Is it simply a question of physical or mental development? If so, how does one distinguish between the child in his 23rd week of gestation who is lifted alive from his mother's womb and allowed to die in the process of abortion by hysterotomy, and the one that is prematurely born and rushed to an incubator? It is a well known scientific fact that the greater part of a child's cerebral cortex is not formed, that a child does not become a "cognitive person," until some months after normal delivery. Might we not someday determine that a child does not become a "whole" person until sometime after birth, or never become "whole" if born with serious defects? And what about those who, having been born healthy, later lose their mental or physical capacity? Will it one day be found that a person, by virtue of mental illness, or serious accident, or senility, ceases to be a "person in the whole sense," or ceases to have the "capability for meaningful life," and as such is no longer entitled to the full protection of the law?

The list of such questions is virtually endless. The Court in attempting to solve one problem has ended up by creating 20 others. One can read the Court's opinions in the abortion cases from beginning to end and back again, but he will not find even the glimmer of an answer to these questions; indeed, one will not even find the glimmer of an indication that the Court was aware that such questions might be raised or might be considered important.

A second general consideration I should like to raise has to do with the Court's definition of "health" as involving "all factors—physical, emotional, psychological, familial, and the woman's age—relevant to . . . well-being." It is a little remarked but ultimately momentous part of the abortion decisions that the Court, consciously or unconsciously, has adopted wholesale the controversial definition of "health" popularized by the World Health Organization. According to the WHO, "health" is "a state of complete physical, mental, and social well-being, not simply the absence of illness and disease." In this context, the Court's definition acquires a special importance, not only because it can be used to justify abortion any time a woman feels discomfited by pregnancy, but because the Court made pointed reference

to the “compelling interest” of the State in matters of health in general and maternal health in particular. One is bound to wonder whether the State’s interest in maternal health would ever be sufficiently “compelling” to warrant an abortion against a pregnant woman’s will. This is no mere academic matter. An unwed, pregnant teenage girl was ordered by a lower court in Maryland just last year, against her will, to have an abortion. The girl was able to frustrate the order by running away. The order was later overturned by a Maryland appellate court; but the important point is that an analog to the compelling State interest argument was used by the lower court to justify its holding.

Let us consider, for example, the case of a pregnant mental patient. Would the State’s compelling interest in her health ever be sufficient to force an abortion upon her? What of the unmarried mother on welfare who is already unable to cope with her existing children? Again, I am not raising an academic point for the sake of disputation. In the abortion cases, the Supreme Court breathed life into the notorious precedent of *Buck against Bell*. The *Bell* cases, it will be recalled, upheld the right of a State to sterilize a mental incompetent without her consent.

The Court held in that case that—

The principle that sustains compulsory vaccination is broad enough to cover cutting the Fallopian tubes.

One is necessarily bound to wonder whether, by analogous extension, the principle that sustains compulsory sterilization of mental patients is broad enough to cover compulsory abortion of mental patients; and if of mental patients, then why not, as the lower court in Maryland suggested, of unwed minor girls? And if of unwed minor girls, then why not of any other woman? Just how “compelling” is the State’s interest in matters of “health”? Where does the power begin or end? In the abortion cases, *Bell* curiously, is cited for the proposition that a woman does not have an unlimited right to her own body, whence the only inference to be drawn is that the reason she doesn’t have an unlimited right is that the State may qualify that right because of its “compelling interest” in “health.” I find that a strange doctrine to be celebrated by the proponents of women’s liberation.

These larger and deeply troubling considerations, may in the long run be as important to us as the special concern that many of us have with the matter of abortion itself. Every premise conceded by the Court in order to justify the killing of an unborn child can be extended to justify the killing of anyone else if, like the unborn child, he is found to be less than a person in the “whole” sense or incapable of “meaningful” life. The removal of all

legal restrictions against abortion must, in short, be seen in the light of a changing attitude regarding the sanctity of individual life, the effects of which will be felt not only by the unborn child who is torn from its mother's womb but as well by all those who may someday fall beyond the arbitrary boundaries of the Court's definition of humanity.

Which Ethic Will Govern?

This wider context of the abortion controversy was brought to my attention most forcefully by an unusually candid editorial entitled "A New Ethic for Medicine and Society" that was published two and a half years ago in *California Medicine*, the official journal of the California Medical Association. It was occasioned, as I understand it, by the debate then taking place in our largest State regarding the liberalization of the abortion law.

The thrust of the editorial is simply this: That the controversy over abortion represents the first phase of a head-on conflict between the traditional, Judeo-Christian medical and legal ethic—in which the intrinsic worth and equal value of every human life is secured by law, regardless of age, health or condition of dependency—and a new ethic, according to which human life can be taken for what are held to be the compelling social, economic or psychological needs of others. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the editorial referred to be printed in the *Record* at the conclusion of my remarks.

Let me for a moment dwell on a crucial point in that editorial. The author writes:

The process of eroding the old ethic and substituting the new has already begun. It may be seen most clearly in changing attitudes toward human abortion. In defiance of the long held Western ethic of intrinsic and equal value for every human life regardless of its stage, condition, or status, abortion is becoming accepted by society as moral, right, and even necessary. It is worth noting that this shift in public attitude has affected the churches, the laws and public policy rather than the reverse. Since the old ethic has not yet been fully displaced it has been necessary to separate the idea of abortion from the idea of killing, which continues to be socially abhorrent. The result has been a curious avoidance of the scientific fact, which everyone really knows, that human life begins at conception and is continuous whether intra- or extra-uterine until death. The very considerable semantic gymnastics which are required to rationalize abortion as anything but taking a human life would be ludicrous if they were not often put forth under socially impeccable auspices. It is suggested that this schizophrenic sort of subterfuge is necessary because while a new ethic is being accepted the old one has not yet been rejected.

Lest there be any ambiguity as to the ultimate thrust of the "new ethics," the *California Medicine* editorial went on to state the following in discussing the growing role of physicians in deciding who will and will not live:

One may anticipate further development of these roles as the problems of birth control and birth selection are extended inevitably to death selection and death control whether by the individual or by society . . .

I find the editorial a powerful, eloquent, and compelling statement of the ultimate questions involved in the abortion controversy. The question in issue—the Supreme Court to the contrary notwithstanding—is not to determine when life begins, for that is one of scientific fact requiring neither philosophical nor theological knowledge to answer. The question, rather, is what value we shall place on human life in general and whether unborn human life in particular is entitled to legal protection.

Whether or not our society shall continue its commitment to the old ethic, or transfer its allegiance to the new, is not a question to be decided by a transitory majority of the Supreme Court, but by the people acting through their political processes. I concur in Mr. Justice White's condemnation of the *Wade* decision as "an exercise of raw judicial power" that is "improvident and extravagant." I concur in finding unacceptable the Court's action in "interposing a constitutional barrier to State efforts to protect human life and in investing mothers and doctors with the constitutionally protected right to exterminate it."

The majority of the Court, however, has rendered its decision. We as a people have been committed by seven men to the "new ethic"; and because of the finality of their decisions, because there are now no practical curbs on the killing of the unborn to suit the convenience or whim of the mother, those who continue to believe in the old ethic have no recourse but to resort to the political process. That is why I intend to do what I can to give the American people the opportunity to determine for themselves which ethic will govern this country in what is, after all, quite literally a matter of life or death. That is why I send my proposed Human Life Amendment to the desk and ask that it be printed and appropriately referred.

The Proposed Amendment

In doing so, Mr. President, may I say how deeply gratified I am to be joined in introducing this amendment by my distinguished colleagues from Oregon, Iowa, Utah, Nebraska, Oklahoma, and North Dakota. Senators Hatfield, Hughes, Bennett, Bartlett, Curtis, and Young* are known in this body and elsewhere as exceptionally thoughtful and dedicated men whose day-to-day political activities are informed by devotion to first principles. When such a geographically, ideologically, and religiously diverse group of

*Shortly thereafter, these Senators were joined by Senator James O. Eastland, Democrat, of Mississippi and Senator Jesse Helms, Republican, of North Carolina.

Senators can agree on a major issue like this, it suggests that opposition to abortion is truly ecumenical and national in scope. These Senators honor me by their cosponsorship, and I consider it a privilege to work together with them in this great cause. I would simply like to take this occasion to extend to each of them my personal gratitude for their help and cooperation and to say how much I look forward to working jointly with them in the months ahead.

The text of our amendment reads as follows:

Section 1. *With respect to the right to life, the word “person,” as used in this Article and in the Fifth and Fourteenth Articles of Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, applies to all human beings, including their unborn offspring at every stage of their biological development, irrespective of age, health, function or condition or dependency.*

Section 2. *This Article shall not apply in an emergency when a reasonable medical certainty exists that continuation of the pregnancy will cause the death of the mother.*

Section 3. *Congress and the several States shall have power to enforce this Article by appropriate legislation within their respective jurisdictions.*

The amendment’s central purpose is to create, or rather, as will be made clear below, to restore a constitutionally compelling identity between the biological category “human being” and the legal category “person.” This has been made necessary by two factors: First, the more or less conscious dissemblance on the part of abortion proponents, by virtue of which the universally agreed upon facts of biology are made to appear as questions of value—a false argument that the Supreme Court adopted wholesale; and second, the holding of the Court in *Wade* and *Bolton* that the test of personhood is one of legal rather than of biological definition. The amendment addresses these difficulties by making the biological test constitutionally binding, on the ground that only such a test will restrain the tendency of certain courts and legislatures to arrogate to themselves the power to determine who is or who is not human and, therefore, who is or is not entitled to constitutional protections. The amendment is founded on the belief that the ultimate safeguard of all persons, born or unborn, normal or defective, is to compel courts and legislatures to rest their decisions on scientific fact rather than on political, sociological, or other opinion.

Such a test will return the law to a position compatible with the original understanding of the 14th amendment. As the debates in Congress during consideration of that amendment make clear, it was precisely the intention of Congress to make “legal person” and “human being” synonymous categories. By so doing, Congress wrote into the Constitution that understanding of the Declaration of Independence best articulated by Abraham Lincoln; namely, that to be human is to possess certain rights by nature, rights that no

court and no legislature can legitimately remove. Chief among these, of course, is the right to life.

On the specific subject of abortion, it is notable that the same men who passed the 14th amendment also enacted an expanded Assimilative Crimes Statute, April, 1866, which adopted recently passed State anti-abortion statutes. These statutes, in turn, had been enacted as a result of a concerted effort by medical societies to bring to legislators' attention the recently discovered facts of human conception. The Court's opinion in *Wade* totally misreads—if the Court was aware of it at all—the fascinating medico-legal history of the enactment of 19th-century antiabortion statutes, and ignores altogether the fundamental intention which animated the framers of the 14th amendment.

Section 1 of the proposed amendment would restore and make explicit the biological test for legal protection of human life. The generic category is "human being," which includes, but is not limited to, "unborn offspring—at every stage of their biological development." It is a question of biological fact as to what constitutes "human being" and as to when "offspring" may be said to come into existence. While the basic facts concerning these matters are not in dispute among informed members of the scientific community, the ways in which these facts are to be ascertained in any particular case will depend on the specifications contained in implementing legislation passed consistent with the standard established by the amendment. Such legislation would have to consider, in the light of the best available scientific information, the establishment of reasonable standards for determining when a woman is in fact pregnant, and if so, what limitations are to be placed on the performance of certain medical procedures or the administering of certain drugs.

Section 1, it will also be noted, reaches the more general case of euthanasia. This is made necessary because of the widespread and growing talk of legalizing "death with dignity," and because of the alarming dicta in the *Wade* opinion by which legal protection seems to be conditioned on whether one has the "capability of meaningful life" or whether one is a "person in the whole sense." Such language in the Court's opinion, when combined with the Court's frequent references to the State's "compelling interest" in matters of "health," is pointedly brought to our attention by the revival in *Wade* of the notorious 1927 case of *Buck against Bell*—which upheld the right of the State to sterilize a mentally defective woman without her consent. The *Wade* and *Bolton* opinions taken as a whole seem to suggest that unborn children are not the only ones whose right to life is now legally unprotected. Thus, the proposed amendment explicitly extends its protections to all those

whose physical or mental condition might make them especially vulnerable victims of the “new ethic.”

Regarding the specific subject of abortion, section 2 makes an explicit exception for the life of the pregnant woman. There seems to be a widespread misimpression that pregnancy is a medically dangerous condition, when the truth of the matter is that under most circumstances a pregnant woman can deliver her child with minimal risk to her own life and health. There is, however, an exceedingly small class of pregnancies where continuation of pregnancy will cause the death of the woman. The most common example is the ectopic or tubal pregnancy. It is our intention to exempt this unique class of pregnancies, without opening the door to spurious claims of risk of death.

Under the amendment, there must be an emergency in which reasonable medical certainty exists that continuation of pregnancy will cause the death of the woman. This is designed to cover the legitimate emergency cases, such as the ectopic pregnancy, while closing the door to unethical physicians who in the past have been willing to sign statements attesting to risk of death when in fact none exists or when the prospect is so remote in time or circumstance as to be unrelated to the pregnancy. Contrary to the opinion of the Supreme Court, which assumes that pregnancy is a pathological state, modern obstetrical advances have succeeded in removing virtually every major medical risk once associated with pregnancy. As Dr. Alan Guttmacher himself remarked nearly a decade ago, modern obstetrical practice has eliminated almost all medical indications for abortion. In certain limited instances, however, a genuine threat to the woman’s life remains, and it is felt that excepting such situations is compatible with long-standing moral custom and legal tradition.

What Kind of Society?

I profoundly believe that such popularity, as the idea of abortion has acquired, derives from the ability of the proponents of abortion to dissemble the true facts concerning the nature of unborn life and the true facts concerning what is actually involved in abortion. I further believe that when these facts are fully made known to the public, they will reject abortion save under the most exigent circumstances; that is, those in which the physical life of the mother is itself at stake. In recent weeks, in discussing this matter with friends and colleagues, I have found that, like many of the rest of us, they labor under certain misimpressions created by the proponents of permissive abortion. I, therefore, believe that it would be useful for me to call our colleagues’ attention to clinical evidence upon these points.

First, I will quote a particularly felicitous description of the biological and physical character of the unborn child by Dr. A. W. Liley, research professor in fetal physiology at National Women's Hospital, Auckland, New Zealand, a man renowned throughout the world as one of the principal founders and masters of the relatively new field of fetology. Dr. Liley writes:

In a world in which adults control power and purse, the foetus is at a disadvantage being small, naked, nameless and voiceless. He has no one except sympathetic adults to speak up for him and defend him—and equally no one except callous adults to condemn and attack him. Mr. Peter Stanley of Langham Street Clinic, Britain's largest and busiest private abortorium with nearly 7,000 abortions per year, can assure us that "under 28 weeks the foetus is so much garbage—there is no such thing as a living foetus." Dr. Bernard Nathanson, a prominent New York abortionist, can complain that it is difficult to get nurses to aid in abortions beyond the twelfth week because the nurses and often the doctors emotionally assume that a large foetus is more human than a small one. But when Stanley and Nathanson profit handsomely from abortion we can question their detachment because what is good for a doctor's pocket may not be best for mother or baby.

Biologically, at no stage can we subscribe to the view that the foetus is a mere appendage of the mother. Genetically, mother and baby are separate individuals from conception. Physiologically, we must accept that the conceptus is, in very large measure, in charge of the pregnancy, in command of his own environment and destiny with a tenacious purpose.

It is the early embryo who stops mother's periods and proceeds to induce all manner of changes in maternal physiology to make his mother a suitable host for him. Although women speak of their waters breaking or their membranes rupturing, these structures belong to the foetus and he regulates his own amniotic fluid volume. It is the foetus who is responsible for the immunological success of pregnancy—the dazzling achievement by which foetus and mother, although immunological foreigners, tolerate each other in parabiosis for nine months. And finally it is the foetus, not the mother, who decides when labour should be initiated.

One hour after the sperm has penetrated the ovum, the nuclei of the two cells have fused and the genetic instructions from one parent have met the complementary instructions from the other parent to establish the whole design, the inheritance of a new person. The one cell divides into two, the two into four and so on while over a span of 7 or 8 days this ball of cells traverses the Fallopian tube to reach the uterus. On reaching the uterus, this young individual implants in the spongy lining and with a display of physiological power suppresses his mother's menstrual period. This is his home for the next 270 days and to make it habitable the embryo develops a placenta and a protective capsule of fluid for himself. By 25 days the developing heart starts beating, the first strokes of a pump that will make 3,000 million beats in a lifetime. By 30 days and just 2 weeks past mother's first missed period, the baby, 1/4 inch long, has a brain of unmistakable human proportions, eyes, ears, mouth, kidneys, liver and umbilical cord and a heart pumping blood he has made himself. By 45 days, about the time of mother's second missed period, the baby's skeleton is complete, in cartilage not bone, the buds of the milk teeth appear and he makes his first movements of his limbs and body—although it will be another 12 weeks before

mother notices movements. By 63 days he will grasp an object placed in his palm and can make a fist.

Most of our studies of foetal behavior have been made later in pregnancy, partly because we lack techniques for investigation earlier and partly because it is only the exigencies of late pregnancy which provide us with opportunities to invade the privacy of the foetus. We know that he moves with a delightful easy grace in his buoyant world, that foetal comfort determines foetal position. He is responsive to pain and touch and cold and sound and light. He drinks his amniotic fluid, more if it is artificially sweetened and less if it is given an unpleasant taste. He gets hiccups and sucks his thumb. He wakes and sleeps. He gets bored with repetitive signals but can be taught to be alerted by a first signal for a second different one. Despite all that has been written by poets and song writers, we believe babies cry at birth because they have been hurt. In all the discussions that have taken place on pain relief in labour, only the pain of mothers have been considered—no one has bothered to think of the baby.

This then is the foetus we know and indeed each once were. This is the foetus we look after in modern obstetrics, the same baby we are caring for before and after birth, who before birth can be ill and need diagnosis and treatment just like any other patient. This is also the foetus whose existence and identity must be so callously ignored or energetically denied by advocates of abortion.

I consider this issue to be of paramount importance. As we stand here on this day, quite literally thousands of unborn children will be sacrificed before the sun sets in the name of the new ethic. Such a situation cannot continue indefinitely without doing irreparable damage to the most cherished principles of humanity and to the moral sensibilities of our people. The issue at stake is not only what we do to unborn children, but what we do to ourselves by permitting them to be killed. With every day that passes, we run the risk of stumbling, willy-nilly, down the path that leads inexorably to the devaluation of all stages of human life, born or unborn. But a few short years ago, a moderate liberalization of abortion was being urged upon us. The most grievous hypothetical circumstances were cast before us to justify giving in a little bit here, a little bit there; and step by step, with the inevitability of gradualness, we were led to the point where, now, we no longer have any valid legal constraints on abortion.

What kind of society is it that will abide this sort of senseless destruction? What kind of people are we that can tolerate this mass extermination? What kind of Constitution is it that can elevate this sort of conduct to the level of a sacrosanct right, presumptively endowed with the blessings of the Founding Fathers, who looked to the laws of nature and of nature's God as the foundation of this Nation?

Abortion, which was once universally condemned in the Western World as a heinous moral and legal offense, is now presented to us as not only a necessary, sometime evil, but as a morally and socially beneficial act. The

Christian counsel of perfection which teaches that the greatest love consists in laying down one's life for one's friend, has now become, it seems, an injunction to take another's life for the security and comfort of one's own. Men who one day argue against the killing of innocent human life in war will be found the next arguing in praise of killing innocent human life in the womb. Doctors foresworn to apply the healing arts to save life now dedicate themselves and their skills to the destruction of life.

To enter the world of abortion on request, Mr. President, is to enter a world that is upside down: It is a world in which black becomes white, and right wrong, a world in which the powerful are authorized to destroy the weak and defenseless, a world in which the child's natural protector, his own mother, becomes the very agent of his destruction.

I urge my colleagues to join me in protecting the lives of all human beings, born and unborn, for their sake, for our own sake, for the sake of our children, and for the sake of all those who may someday become the victims of the new ethic.



"Don't bother, they're here."

The Two Sides of Looking Back:

A Clash of Irreconcilable Histories

Robert N. Karrer

Ramesh Ponnuru, author of *The Party of Death*, an exposé of and diatribe against the pro-choice ascendancy within the Democratic party, has said (see *Human Life Review*, Summer 2007) that his is the first pro-life book in a generation not published by a religious or pro-life publisher. That statement alone speaks volumes regarding the lack of intellectual balance displayed by America's mainstream publishing houses. One has to believe that, over the years, pro-life manuscripts have been routinely submitted by agents and summarily rejected by editors more interested in adhering to the politically correct status quo. Allowing for an honest discussion of the issue from an opposing viewpoint seems not to be a legitimate option.¹

A number of pro-choice authors have artfully mastered the retelling of history to suit a predetermined agenda. Pro-choice arguments abound in several well-researched but flawed books. The litany is predictable: Abortion reformers of the past were heroes or heroines trying to rectify a great injustice to women's liberty. Physicians who performed abortions prior to *Roe* were courageous individuals operating clandestinely with the constant threat of police raids or court fines. Abortion was not illegal in America before the mid-19th century. Abortion was a common occurrence during colonial times. Women in colonial America enjoyed greater abortion freedom than they did from the Civil War era to the 1960s. Physicians who opposed abortion in the mid-19th century did so because they wanted to regulate the medical profession and cut women doctors and midwives out of business. Those same anti-abortion doctors favored more restrictive laws for reasons of maternal health, not to preserve the life of the fetus. In discussions of more recent events, the points are just as predictable: The Catholic Church runs the pro-life movement. Pro-lifers want to assign "humanity" and "personhood" to the fertilized egg. Many pro-life activists are terrorists and assassins. If *Roe* is reversed, women will be prosecuted for their crimes and serve time in prison.

There are numerous pro-choice books that overemphasize the violent acts of the few fringe "pro-lifers" who have shot and killed abortionists or their

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staff. They also analyze Operation Rescue-type groups that engage in civil disobedience. The former crimes are portrayed as normal or predictable, given radical pro-life groups' predilection for extremism and violence. Some pro-choicers may even imply that average anti-abortionists secretly cheer when evil deeds are successful (which is, it should be needless to say, a vile slander). We are denigrated and vilified: It's guilt by association.

Meanwhile, pro-life books, especially histories and legal studies of abortion, have been neglected, overlooked, disregarded, and trivialized by scholars and reviewers. Is it not time for some balance and objectivity? Is not 40 years long enough to wait, before scholars treat the pro-life movement's history with respect?

Pro-Choice Versions of Abortion History

Arguably the first and most influential pro-choice history was written in 1968 by New York Law School professor Cyril C. Means. His exceedingly long article in the *New York Law Forum* discussed the history of abortion statutes in New York from colonial times to the present. He concluded that abortion had not been a crime in colonial New York, basing his view on the fact that it had not been a crime in English common law. He also believed that abortion was criminalized in the 19th century for the protection of the woman and not for the fetus. Notwithstanding the impressive scholarship, Means was not objective. He was also incorrect.

Means had a clear motive and directed his research accordingly. Abortion-reform legislation had been introduced in the Empire State in 1967 and again in 1968. That year, Gov. Nelson Rockefeller appointed him to serve on a select commission to study and make recommendations concerning abortion-law changes. His timely article would help embolden abortion-rights lawmakers to action and show that the historical record permitted abortion during the colonial era and into the first few decades of the 19th century. The article was cited three times in the historical section of Justice Blackmun's opinion in *Roe v. Wade*.

In 1971, Means authored another article, this time tracing the history of abortion in English common law and early American law, concluding that abortion was a "common law liberty" for centuries until Parliament enacted restrictive laws, starting in 1803. This second work was cited four times by Justice Blackmun. Means was a passionate abortion-rights proponent and close confidant of key individuals who formed the National Association for the Repeal of Abortion Laws (NARAL) in 1969. At the time he wrote the second article, he had become the lead counsel for NARAL.²

The Means articles (often referred to as Means I and II) presented the first

scholarly efforts to chronicle abortion within its historical context. They were very helpful to the Court's pro-choicers, the burgeoning abortion-rights movement, and to academics who had begun to embrace reproductive rights. Means presented two abortion cases (in 1327 and 1348) that he claimed proved abortion was not illegal in common law. He also took a swipe at the famed British jurist Sir Edward Coke (1552-1634). Coke authored the "born alive rule" regarding abortion: "If a woman be quick with childe, and by a Potion or otherwise killeth it in her wombe, or if a man beat her, whereby the childe dieth in her body, and she is delivered of a dead childe, this is a great misprison [misdemeanor], and no murder, but if the childe be born alive, and dieth of the Potion, battery, or other cause, this is murder." Means claimed that when Coke referred to abortion as a "misprison" it was "pure invention," and that Coke had a "politico-religious motive" for altering the law. Means believed that church courts handled such abortion cases, that these crimes were purely "spiritual offense[s], . . . [with] purely spiritual penalties." The state had no jurisdiction. The church handled the cases and meted out punishments. "In performing that task, they maintained a practical separation of Church from State" that current judges should follow. Referring to the English judicial system, Means stated that though there was no establishment clause and no written constitution, "with unerring instinct they pointed the way toward those great achievements then still in the womb of time."³ Regrettably, Justice Blackmun accepted the bulk of the Means theories uncritically in drafting *Roe*, to the neglect of other research that presented differing interpretations. The fact that the Means articles played such a pivotal role in the development of *Roe* places them in a select pantheon of influential academic tomes. Subsequent research shows Means to have been woefully incorrect in his basic arguments.

Thus began a long line of pro-choice histories of abortion and of the pro-choice movement. In 1978, history professor James Mohr published what many scholars consider the definitive history of 19th-century abortion statutes, *Abortion in America*. Mohr's thesis is fourfold: Abortion was not illegal in most states until the mid-19th century; the drive to further restrict and criminalize the procedure, led by the so-called "physicians' crusade," was motivated by a desire on the part of physicians to drive the illegal abortionist out of business and to remove competitors in the field—notably midwives or women physicians; abortion was a common occurrence in colonial America; and the purpose of anti-abortion legislation in the 19th century was to protect maternal health, not to protect the life of the fetus.⁴

Mohr's research is impressive, documenting state legislation. Yet, when chronicling the physicians' crusade, his use of quotes from 19th-century

participants falls short of the mark. He asserts that the crusade supported more restrictive abortion statutes to protect the life of the mother and not the fetus. Enter Boston physician Dr. Horatio Storer, a leader of the physicians' crusade, who believed that current law had failed to eradicate criminal abortion. Beginning in 1857 and culminating in a report to the 1859 AMA Convention, Storer put together a committee of like-minded physicians to study the issue and make recommendations. The problem (a definite increase in abortion beginning in the 1830s) stemmed from a lack of enforcement, the inability to gather accurate information regarding pregnancy, the imprecise nature of determining fetal quickening and the causes of miscarriage (i.e., whether it was spontaneous or induced), and the fact that injuries to the mother were considered greater injustices than those inflicted upon the fetus. Writing in 1860, Storer summed up the issue: Weak and ineffective anti-abortion statutes had failed to halt the rise in criminal abortion. Enforcement was negligible. "By the Common Law and by our State Codes," he wrote, "foetal life . . . is almost wholly ignored and its destruction unpunished; abortion in every case being considered an offence mainly against the mother, and as such, unless fatal to her, a mere misdemeanor, or wholly disregarded. By the Moral Law, THE WILLFUL KILLING OF A HUMAN BEING AT ANY STAGE OF ITS EXISTENCE IS MURDER." Concerning fetal quickening as the legal demarcation line for imposing harsher penalties, Storer called it "the error, injustice . . . of making this absurd distinction between the foetus of an early and later age." Again on quickening, Storer wrote that the "foetus, previous to quickening, as after it, must exist in one of two states, either death or life . . . and we can conceive no other state of the foetus save one, that, namely life, must exist from the beginning." In recommending new, tougher restrictions, Storer explained that an abortionist did not intend or attempt to harm the "person or life of the mother." Rather, "the crime, both in intent and in fact, is against the life of the child."⁵

Storer was not the first physician to question the use of "quickening" in legislation. In 1839, a full 20 years before Storer, Dr. Hugh Hodge gave an address to students at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School. After stating that he had observed an increase in abortion-related complications, he spoke against the quickening distinction. "What . . . have the sensations of the mother to do with the vitality of the child? Is it not alive because the mother does not feel it?" He added, "We trust this is the commencement of better things, and that our various legislatures will, in rapid succession, enact laws with suitable penalties, founded on correct philosophical views of the reality and importance of the child in utero; that it is truly a perfect human being, and that its criminal destruction is murder."⁶

In 1868 Storer co-authored a book, *Criminal Abortion*, with attorney Franklin Fiske Heard. They spelled out the issue in very deliberate fashion. Even pro-choice historian Carol Smith-Rosenberg admits to their “great clarity.” “The whole question of the criminality of the offense turns on this one fact—the real nature of the foetus *in utero*,” wrote Storer and Heard. “If the foetus be a lifeless excretion, however soon it might have received life, the offense is comparatively as *nothing*; if the foetus be already, and from the very outset, a human being alive, however early its stage of development, and existing independently of its mother . . . the offense becomes, in every stage of pregnancy, MURDER.”⁷

These and similar quotes from prominent leaders in the physicians’ crusade run counter to James Mohr’s view that anti-abortion doctors were motivated more by fear of competition from female practitioners and midwives than by a concern for the life of the fetus. In truth, the life of the unborn—its humanity and uniqueness—was the crux of the matter. Physicians of the mid-19th century were more fully aware of fetal development than their predecessors had been, owing to recent medical discoveries about human reproduction. Pro-life law professor Victor Rosenblum commented on this very point while addressing a Congressional hearing in 1985:

Only in the second quarter of the 19th century did biological research advance to the extent of understanding the actual mechanism of development. The 19th century saw a gradual but profoundly influential revolution in the scientific understanding of the beginning of individual mammalian life. Although sperm had been discovered in 1677, the mammalian egg was not identified until 1827. The cell was first recognized as the structural unit of organisms in 1839, and the egg and sperm were recognized as cells in the next two decades. These developments were brought to the attention of the American state legislatures and public by those professionals most familiar with their unfolding import—physicians. It was the new research finding which persuaded doctors that the old “quickening” distinction embodied in the common and some statutory law was unscientific and indefensible.⁸

The shroud of mystery associated with fetal life had been dispelled. The physicians associated with the anti-abortion movement were moved by the humanity of the unborn: Preserving its life was the essence of the crusade, and new legislation was needed to further protect the fetus from the abortionist’s curette or potion throughout the entire pregnancy. Nevertheless, the Mohr thesis has received the imprimatur of liberal academe. Public policy, ideology, political correctness, and adherence to the feminist agenda regarding reproductive rights all require strict observance and closed ranks among America’s intelligentsia.

In many respects James Mohr built upon Cyril Means’s scholarship. Both agreed that abortion had not been illegal prior to the 19th century and that it

had been a common practice in colonial America. The Means-Mohr thesis logically coalesced to become the “official” orthodox historical interpretation of abortion for both England and the United States and was overwhelmingly embraced by American academics.

Abortion and the Politics of Motherhood (1984) by Kristin Luker is a pioneering work, and a work of the first rank. However, she buys into James Mohr’s thesis, in one of the first histories to defend the new interpretation. After she cites John Noonan’s claim that opposition to abortion was “an almost absolute value in history,” she chides him. “On the contrary,” she writes, “at the beginning of the 19th century . . . early abortions were legally ignored and only late abortions could be prosecuted. (In fact, there is some disagreement as to whether or not even late abortions were ever prosecuted under the common law tradition.)”⁹

Historian Carol Smith-Rosenberg authored a book on gender in Victorian America titled *Disorderly Conduct* (1985). She cites Mohr in her chapter on the abortion movement with a few bold remarks: “The period 1860 to 1880 saw the first successful lobbying effort by the newly formed . . . [AMA], with the cooperation of the Roman Catholic Church and many of the Protestant clergy, to make abortion illegal for the first time in the United States.” (In fact, the bulk of Catholic immigration—from Italy, Poland, Austria-Hungary, and other places of Eastern Europe—occurred between 1885 and 1914. During the pre- and post-Civil War era, Protestants dominated the culture, especially its politics. Catholics therefore would have had little influence on anti-abortion legislation before 1900.) Later, Smith-Rosenberg asks: “Why did American society forbid abortions during the hundred years between the 1870s and 1970s? What factors led the medical profession in the 1850s and 1860s to begin a systematic attack upon America’s time-honored permissive attitudes toward abortion?” The phrase “time-honored permissive attitude” may be the biggest stretch of all. In any case, her answer zeroes in on the interest “regular” physicians had in eliminating women physicians, midwives, or other “irregular” practitioners from the medical profession. James Mohr’s influence was clearly well-entrenched by the mid-1980s.¹⁰

Another early example of the academic solidarity associated with the Means-Mohr thesis was the amicus brief signed by 281 American historians submitted to the Supreme Court for *Webster v. Reproductive Health Services* (1989), and again in a similar form for *Planned Parenthood of SE Pennsylvania v. Casey* (1992), when 250 signed on. Mohr’s interpretation was cited as the correct version of abortion history. The two *Historians’ Briefs* make several questionable claims: Abortion laws were part of a male

conspiracy, abortion was not a crime at common law, and 19th-century women's rights leaders opposed abortion laws. Law professor Joseph Dellapenna lambastes both briefs and refutes the charges as false and misleading. He explains that most of the historians had never even read the brief before signing, and that they were not specialists in the field of abortion history. Regarding the claim that early feminists supported abortion, Dellapenna proves that the majority of women associated with the women's movement, especially leaders like Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, were very much opposed to abortion.¹¹

David Garrow's monumental *Liberty and Sexuality* (1994) is considered the standard work on the history of *Roe v. Wade* and the development of the pro-choice movement through the 1992 *Casey* decision. The 202 pages of endnotes are, in themselves, a small book, and they reflect Garrow's immense scholarship and mastery of an exhaustive list of primary documents, papers, and letters. This compilation of minute details—about the strategy to overturn a Connecticut law prohibiting information about and distribution of birth control (which led to *Griswold v. Connecticut*, 1965) and the legal and political maneuvers that culminated in the *Roe* decision—is a towering achievement. But the book provides scant coverage of the pro-life movement or of its many important players. One can only wonder how Garrow can completely ignore certain individuals on the pro-life side who made it their life's work to defeat the cause that he so glowingly chronicles.¹²

Here's a partial list of the overlooked:

- Dr. Jack Willke, the Cincinnati native and National Right to Life Committee leader, its future president during the 1980s, the author of *Handbook on Abortion* (1971)—the movement's "Bible"—and of the explosive and controversial pamphlet *Life or Death* that was used to help defeat the abortion referendums in North Dakota and Michigan in 1972.

- Dr. Mildred Jefferson, the black physician from Boston, a Harvard Medical School graduate, another future president of the NRLC, and an important leader in the movement from 1972 to 1978.

- Judie Brown, founder of American Life League and one of the more forceful pro-life leaders during the late 1970s and '80s.

- Nellie Gray, the Texan-turned-Washingtonian who almost single-handedly created the annual March for Life on the *Roe* anniversary.

- Garrow cites Bernard Nathanson several times, usually as "Bernie," in the context of his association with NARAL and his co-laborer Lawrence Lader. However, only once does he mention Nathanson after his conversion to the pro-life cause: Nathanson is "now an antiabortion

crusader” when his film *The Silent Scream* makes its appearance in 1985. He never asks the interesting question: *Why* did Nathanson, a founder of NARAL, a pro-abortion ideologue, the director of the nation’s largest abortion clinic, switch sides on this key issue? Did Garrow not read Nathanson’s article “Deeper Into Abortion,” in the *New England Journal of Medicine* (November 1974), which spelled out the beginnings of Nathanson’s change of heart—explaining that it derived from taking a closer look at the growing science of perinatology and from an awareness that in abortion, “human life of a special order is being taken”? Nathanson’s was a modest reevaluation (no radical pro-lifer emerged in 1974) but revolutionary to his former colleagues at NARAL. He continued to perform abortions. He stayed far enough away from pro-lifers as well. But Garrow’s silence on Nathanson’s evolution is deafening.¹³

Yet Garrow *does* mention the darker side of the pro-life movement: the clinic bombings, arsons, acts of vandalism, and shootings, plus the exploits of people like Randall Terry and his Operation Rescue. While Terry’s civil disobedience underscored the genuine convictions of Operation Rescue’s members and defenders, such activity remained on the distant edges of the mainstream movement. Nearly all pro-life groups condemned the murders of abortion providers as well as arsons and other related clinic violence.

Most critics and scholars praised Garrow’s book, but pro-life attorney Michael M. Uhlmann wrote a scathing critique in *First Things*. “The story unfolds . . . for the already converted,” Uhlmann stated, “Certainly none of his readers will have trouble differentiating between the Good Guys and the Bad Guys: the Forces of Evil almost always wear Roman collars or their equivalent.”¹⁴

Uhlmann calls Garrow’s massive tome “a half-told tale,” identifying with abortion reformers “so strongly . . . that he never really asks why their efforts were and continue to be resisted. He is almost breathless in his recounting of the gritty determination of his mostly fashionable heroes and heroines, but never wonders why legalized abortion has driven this nation as few other issues in its history.” Garrow remains “singularly incurious” about what pro-lifers believe and about their conviction that the humanity of the unborn child underscores the need to protect and preserve his life. “Garrow’s camera focuses mainly on liberals talking with liberals about which strategy is most likely to succeed . . . but misses altogether the larger and more important drama that lies at the heart of the abortion controversy.”¹⁵

Garrow, writes Uhlmann, appears “unacquainted” with the considerable research on fetology in recent years—the evidence “that makes so compelling a case for the humanity of the unborn child.” Uhlmann concludes: “[Garrow]

seems blissfully unaware . . . that the occupant of a woman's womb might be considered as something other than a social inconvenience or a roadblock on the route to her achievement of personal autonomy. When Garrow listens to the womb, he hears only silence . . . [and] imitates the Court itself, which to this day proceeds on the fiction that only the pregnant woman has any rights worth worrying about."¹⁶

Janet Farrell Brodie's 1994 book *Contraception and Abortion in Nineteenth-Century America* has wonderful footnotes, interesting text, and great quotations; it's a great reference. But Brodie too falls prey to the Mohr thesis: "In the second half of the 19th century, state laws altered two hundred years of American custom and public policy toward abortion. . . . For two centuries in America, abortion had been treated according to common law tradition in which abortions before 'quickening'—fetal movement—were not punishable, and those procured later, after quickening, might be high misdemeanors if the woman died, but not felonies."¹⁷

The late 1990s saw several new books on abortion history. Leslie J. Reagan's *When Abortion Was a Crime* (1997) was one of the first to delve into the abortion underworld that existed when the procedure was illegal. Her book is significant. Yet she also restates the Mohr thesis: "Abortion was not always a crime. During the 18th and early 19th centuries, abortion in early pregnancy was legal under common law . . . [and made illegal] after quickening." Reagan is a feminist scholar and a firm defender of reproductive rights. She asserts that the anti-abortion campaign of the 1840s-1860s was "antifeminist at its core"—but overlooks that most of the nation's women's rights leaders, including the likes of radical Victoria Woodhull, considered abortion immoral, as the destruction of unborn human life.¹⁸

Abortion Wars: A Half Century 1950-2000 (1998), edited by professor Rickie Solinger, is another example of pro-choice bias. In fact, the book is quite illuminating and the contributors are experts in their fields. The distortion comes in that only one view is presented as true and legitimate. In her introductory remarks, Solinger says that one benefit of "placing abortion politics in time is that historical perspective pushes us to examine anti-rights and pro-rights activism and other social movements." She continues: "The historical evidence challenges and can even demolish the myths that have frozen much of the public discussion of abortion in a dangerous rhetoric outside of time and social context."¹⁹

Solinger writes that the 18 authors in her collection represent diverse fields of study—from journalism, medicine, and law. "Many of the authors are activists, and all share a conviction about and a commitment to pro-rights politics. This volume is unabashedly a pro-rights book." Well, at least

she's honest. But doesn't her admission that *all* her authors are pro-choice weaken the argument that she seeks to find the "benefits" in historical perspective? Surely a pro-life historian could have presented a valuable alternative viewpoint?²⁰

The book *Articles of Faith* (1998) by Cynthia Gorney, while having a clear pro-choice slant, manages to treat the pro-life movement with respect. It focuses on anti-abortion legislation in Missouri (from the post-*Roe* years to the Supreme Court's *Webster* decision in 1989) and the activities of both pro-life and pro-choice groups in the state as well as on the national level. She interviewed over 500 people with differing views on abortion. A list of over 200 in the bibliography are identified as "principal interviews," including many individuals associated with Missouri Right to Life, the state's affiliate to the National Right to Life Committee, as well as prominent anti-abortion leaders on the national scene from many groups like Lutherans for Life, Americans United for Life, and the Family Research Council.²¹

The reference guide *Oxford Companion to United States History* (2001) accepts the Means-Mohr thesis in its entry on abortion: "Before the mid-19th century, abortion induced prior to quickening . . . was a legal and accepted practice." Contributor Carole McCann suggests six books for further reading, all pro-choice: authors Mohr, Tribe, Brodie, Garrow, Reagan, and Solinger.²²

Pro-life Versions of Abortion History

The history of abortion (and to a lesser extent the pro-life movement) has been well recounted by pro-life scholars. During the years just before and after the *Roe* decision, two professors offered pro-life versions of abortion history through articles published in law journals: Fordham University's Robert Byrn and the University of California at Berkeley's John Noonan. They challenged the Means version of abortion history, in addition to critiquing *Roe*'s historical and legal flaws.²³

Noonan's first abortion-related book, *The Morality of Abortion* (1970), was a collection he edited of articles defending the sanctity of unborn human life. His own chapter, "An Almost Absolute Value in History," traced Christendom's 2,000 years of opposition to abortion. His second, *A Private Choice* (1979), was a thorough discussion of the *Roe* decision, tracing the judicial and historical aspects that led to the Blackmun opinion.²⁴

In 1984, Americans United for Life sponsored a conference titled "Reversing *Roe v. Wade* Through the Courts." Several prominent pro-life scholars presented original papers. Three years later Georgetown University Press published revised versions of the papers in an important book of the same name. A few articles covered historical aspects of abortion and

challenged the historicity of the Means-Mohr thesis.²⁵

Prolific author George Grant, whose 1988 exposé, *Grand Illusions: The Legacy of Planned Parenthood*, was well-received by the pro-life community, also penned *Third Time Around: A History of the Pro-Life Movement from the First Century to the Present* (1991), which aptly illustrates the point that Christendom has always condemned abortion. In a chapter on the modern pro-life movement, Grant cites several individuals for special recognition, including Mother Teresa, Francis Schaeffer, Jack Willke, Fr. Paul Marx, Phyllis Schlafly, Randall Terry, Judie Brown, and Joe Scheidler. But the chapter mentions only a few anti-abortion groups and fails to present them in historical context. And, while Grant notes that problems existed between Catholic and Protestant pro-lifers, he doesn't identify what they were, leaving the reader with more questions than answers.²⁶

World magazine editor and journalism professor Marvin Olasky has made two significant contributions to abortion history: *The Press and Abortion, 1838-1988* (1988) and *Abortion Rites: A Social History of Abortion in America* (1992). In the latter, he tackles the Means-Mohr thesis, first by showing that abortion, while illegal (and very rare) during the colonial period, was second to infanticide as the method of disposing of unwanted children; and second, by claiming that the physicians' crusade of the 19th century was motivated by a genuine concern for the life of the unborn, and that newer, more restrictive abortion statutes were enacted to protect the fetus—the true victim of an illegal abortion. Along the way Olasky challenges the prevalent theory that one million abortions were performed annually in 19th-century America, at the cost of possibly 10,000 maternal deaths per year. Olasky shows that abortion was rare until the 1830s, when immigration contributed to rapid expansion in cities along the eastern seaboard. New York especially, whose population quadrupled to 800,000 between 1820 and 1860, became a breeding ground for prostitution—which spawned an alarming rise in prostitution-related pregnancies and illegal abortions. While his bibliography is not as exhaustive as Garrow's or Mohr's, Olasky knows his primary documents and utilizes them judiciously to prove his point.²⁷

Olasky credits Dr. Storer for his role in the physicians' crusade. However, he finds much to fault in the Boston doctor, calling him a “political organizer and joiner,” and scoring him for lack of adequate research when the subject was abortion. Storer's experience came from 15 married women who sought his services for abortions. Writes Olasky: “He evidently did not realize that like attracted like and that women who came to a middle-class physician such as himself were not representative of abortion-seekers generally.” Storer claimed that women lacked “intelligence and stability,” says Olasky, and

that women should not be doctors. Storer also harbored nativist attitudes towards immigrants, although his beliefs were quite common among Protestants who had descended from the Puritan migration of the 1630s.²⁸

Olasky quotes from several other doctors in the physicians' crusade. Dr. O. C. Turner of Massachusetts gave a typical comment: "I stand firm in the opinion that there is life in the minutest ovum, and the burden of proof rests with the one who desires it." Olasky makes the point that the Civil War may have had an impact on the physicians' crusade. Many of the doctors served as surgeons during the War and witnessed the horrible loss of life. They returned even more committed to championing the anti-abortion movement. The crusade that had made small, incremental steps before the War became far more effective between 1866 and 1880. During that period many states responded by enacting statutes that increased penalties for convicted abortionists. In many respects, the 1870s and 1880s were the golden age for anti-abortion legislation. Olasky writes: "Overall, the post-war years were fertile ground for campaigns that tried to preserve family structure, just as the pre-war years had seen programs for massive social reform. Anti-abortion and anti-prostitution campaigns were liberal causes, carrying forward the solid anti-slavery impulses. Furthermore, anti-abortionists had the advantage of being pro-life in an era which had recently seen such sad and maddening loss of life."²⁹

Frederick Dyer has made important contributions to 19th-century-abortion history with two recent books: *Champion of Women and the Unborn: Horatio Robinson Storer, M.D.* (1999) and *The Physicians' Crusade Against Abortion* (2005). Both demonstrate very clearly that the doctors associated with the anti-abortion campaign of the 1850s and 1860s recognized the humanity of the unborn and pressured state legislatures to enact stronger pro-life bills. The emphasis was on the life of the fetus, not on maternal health (although many physicians in the Crusade were obstetricians and committed to women's health issues). Storer, who is treated far more sympathetically by Dyer than by Olasky, made repeated statements affirming the humanity of the fetus (especially in his 1860 book *Criminal Abortion in America*)—quotes that James Mohr conveniently omitted in his book.³⁰

When it comes to chronicling the modern pro-life movement in the context of American social movements, Canadian historian Keith Cassidy leads the field, having written several articles, mostly for *Life and Learning*, a pro-life journal published by the University Faculty for Life. In his contribution to *The Politics of Abortion and Birth Control in Historical Perspective* (1996), Cassidy provides a very condensed history of the pro-life movement, from Edward Golden's formation of New York Right to Life in 1967 to the *Webster*

decision in 1989. In a 1995 article—“Assessing the Pro-Choice Account”—he summarizes the most popular pro-choice histories, refutes the Means-Mohr thesis, and quotes from the likes of Robert Byrn and Joseph Dellapenna. Cassidy challenges the amicus brief submitted in *Planned Parenthood v. Casey* (1992) signed by 250 American historians. Those scholars have paid little attention to the historical research since *Roe* and seem content to accept the Blackmun opinion without question. The brief cites Mohr, Carol Smith-Rosenberg’s *Disorderly Conduct*, Means’s “The Phoenix of Abortional Freedom,” and Angus McLaren’s *Reproductive Rituals*. Cassidy continues, “There is no reference to the large group of studies by pro-life scholars which contest these points.” He lists John Keown, Robert Byrn, Clarke Forsythe, and Joseph Dellapenna.³¹

I myself wrote a history of the pro-life movement in Michigan covering the years 1967 to 1974 that was published by the *Michigan Historical Review* in 1996. Voice of the Unborn, a coalition of about two dozen independent right-to-life groups scattered across the state, fought a pro-abortion referendum in November 1972. Although opinion polls showed that 59 percent of state residents favored the referendum, the coalition went to work in the final two months using materials from Dr. Jack Willke. Pro-lifers beat back the proposal, winning 61 percent of the vote in a huge upset. Voice of the Unborn later incorporated to become Michigan Citizens for Life. In 1979 it changed its name to Right to Life of Michigan, one of the strongest pro-life groups in the country.³²

In 2005, the *Rutgers Journal of Law and Religion*, an online law journal, published a detailed article by Southern California attorney Philip A. Rafferty. Several years earlier Rafferty had prepared a massive dissertation on the *Roe* opinion and the history of abortion in English law. With the help of Sir John Hamilton Baker, a professor at Cambridge specializing in English legal history who found and translated early court records showing that abortion was not a common-law right, Rafferty used over a hundred English cases as well as other American colonial cases to disprove the Means-Mohr thesis. “If abortion was a woman’s right at common law,” Rafferty asks, “then how is it that every person, who lived under the jurisdiction of the common law and who wrote on the subject of voluntary abortion, understood it to be an unspeakable crime and indistinguishable from murder or infanticide? I am referring to judges, legal commentators, medical-legal writers, physicians, philosophers, natural scientists, social commentators, and authors of midwifery books. To date, well over one hundred English precedents can be set forth in support of the proposition that abortion is a crime at the English common law.”³³

The most recent and comprehensive volume is Joseph Dellapenna's massive *Dispelling the Myths of Abortion History* (2006). It runs 1,283 pages; the footnotes are overwhelming—some 8,000. The author's mastery of primary court documents as well as secondary sources is amazing; he's a worthy challenger to the likes of Garrow or Mohr when it comes to documenting his material. Regarding the English case history, he draws heavily on the work of Philip Rafferty and Sir John Baker of Cambridge. Like Noonan, Byrn, Olasky, and Rafferty, Dellapenna refutes the Means-Mohr thesis in great detail. The liberal intelligentsia has basically ignored the book, except for a few isolated and negative reviews. Nevertheless, Dellapenna has made a substantial contribution to our understanding of the history of abortion. This is now the premier refutation of the orthodox abortion history, so we must delve into it at length, notwithstanding Mary Meehan's excellent and fair review in the Spring 2007 issue of the *Human Life Review*.³⁴

Dellapenna is only a few pages in when he aims his bow at Cyril Means's two "facts": abortion was not a criminal act in Great Britain and the United States before the 19th century, and abortion was "criminalized . . . solely to protect the life or health of mothers, and not to protect the lives or health of unborn children." The first arrow aims for the heart: "Regardless of how many times these claims are repeated . . . they are not facts; they are myths." Dellapenna states that Means's history was "neither objective nor accurate," and that Means had "designed his research to support the political task of changing abortion laws." Means had written his two articles "as a highly committed advocate, not as a scholar in even a minimally objective inquiry into the history of abortion."³⁵

James Mohr is Dellapenna's second target. Mohr offers two additional theories: Abortion was a common procedure in America at the start of the 19th century and, by mid-century, anti-abortion statutes were enacted as a "device by men for oppressing women [midwives or irregular practitioners]." These are more myths.³⁶ Writes Dellapenna: "The myths propounded by Means and Mohr have become the new orthodox history of abortion on which the claim of a constitutionally protected liberty to abort is based. The very political convenience of this new orthodoxy ought to suggest a need for cautious examination of its truth." Yet it "continues to be regarded as true without question in ever widening circles." Dellapenna cites two full pages of pro-choice articles or books that adhere to the Means-Mohr thesis taken from academic articles, books, reviews, and magazines. "Few of these authors have undertaken original research on, or have even shown any awareness of evidence that might contradict, the history of abortion that they so confidently espouse."³⁷

Dellapenna identifies three methods of abortion: the ingestion method (drinking herbal potions), the injury method (falling, jumping, etc.), and the intrusion technique using instruments. Regarding the last, Dellapenna states: “Before 1880, physicians were rarely called upon to treat incomplete abortions or ‘septic’ abortions . . . which is strong and direct evidence of the rarity of intrusion techniques before that time.” He refers to another historian who admitted that “instrumental abortions were not a realistic possibility before the 19th century.” Dellapenna concludes that “abortion techniques were so crude before 1800 as virtually to amount to suicide” and, citing another historian, that before 1880 “only the truly desperate would risk abortion.” Several chapters later he writes that in the 1880s the technology for intrusive abortions changed when Thorolf Hager invented his new dilator that made a dilation and curettage method safer. Although Hager intended its use for septic abortions after partial miscarriages, abortionists began using his dilator for illegal procedures. By World War I it had become a common method for inducing abortions.³⁸

Prior to the 19th century, abandonment, concealment,³⁹ and infanticide were the most common methods of disposing of unwanted infants. Dellapenna states that in 18th-century Paris some 40 percent of the children born (illegitimate or legitimate) were soon abandoned, usually to monasteries, convents, or foundling homes. Regarding infanticide (and concealment of a dead infant), the problem was so pronounced that in 1624 the British Parliament passed “An Act to Prevent the Destroying and Murdering of Bastard Children,” although research shows that courts in various English counties prosecuted infanticide cases in the previous century. After the law’s passage, prosecutions for infanticide continued throughout the 17th and 18th centuries, with few convictions. The rarity of convictions stemmed from the problem of proving that the child had been born alive. While Lord Ellenborough’s Act of 1803, which was the first English statutory prohibition of abortion, reduced the penalty for concealment, it had become apparent that infanticide was being replaced by abortion as the method of disposing of unwanted infants.

In colonial America, infanticide was less common, perhaps due to the religiosity of its citizens. However, women were prosecuted for infanticide and concealment during the period. Abortion was very rare in 17th- and 18th-century America.⁴⁰

Dellapenna begins his frontal assault on the Means-Mohr thesis with his presentation of the English cases dealing with abortion. He reports that when *Roe* was decided (1973) only six cases were known to have existed prior to 1800. Since then, the research on abortion-related English prosecutions has

yielded a rich harvest. “Early in the history of the law of abortion,” writes Dellapenna, “controversy was not over the criminality of abortion or attempted abortion; rather the controversy was solely over which court was the proper forum for trial of the charge . . . between the church courts and the civil courts.”⁴¹

One of the first abortion cases comes from around 1200: A pregnant woman claimed that she had been beaten and subsequently miscarried. Early cases provided summaries but did not always indicate the finality of the guilt or innocence of the defendant. Dellapenna comments: “Such indictments and appeals were valid under common law. The case proceeded to judgment without any apparent suggestion that it should be dismissed because of any supposed non-criminality of abortion.” In another early case, from 1281 (*Rex v. Code*), three of the four defendants were sent to prison for beating a pregnant woman. She miscarried. The fetus was eight inches long. “This case also clearly indicates that the doctrine of quickening had not yet taken hold in the courts,” says Dellapenna, who then goes into some detail concerning the term “quick with child”: “Philip Rafferty’s research has suggested that the phrase . . . always meant simply that the women bore a living child whenever life might be said to have begun. Although the phrase has become confused over the centuries with the more specific phrase ‘with quick child,’ Rafferty’s research persuaded the *Oxford English Dictionary* to change its former definition of ‘quick with child’ as used historically from ‘pregnant with a quick child’ to pregnant with a live fetus regardless of quickening.”⁴²

In discussing the division of responsibility between English royal and ecclesiastical courts, Dellapenna writes: “The royal courts focused on keeping the King’s peace; the church courts focused on crimes against conscience. . . . [This] would account for the royal courts’ concern with violent injurious abortions, and the church courts’ concern with the perhaps voluntary ingestive abortions.” During the reigns of Henry VII and Henry VIII abortion-related cases became more prevalent. Between 1485 and 1547 church courts conducted at least ten prosecutions. While it is sometimes unclear from reading the court synopsis of a trial whether a defendant was convicted or acquitted, Dellapenna reiterates the central point: “No one challenged the propriety of the prosecutions.”⁴³ In chronicling the 16th to 18th centuries, Dellapenna defends Sir Edward Coke and jurist Sir Matthew Hale, both of whom had been savaged by Cyril Means.

As to abortion-related cases in colonial America, the documentary evidence is both fragmentary and less reliable. But in 1764, James Parker of New York wrote a book that dealt with the common law as it applied in an American colony; and Parker quotes from Hale on abortion, thus proving that the

colonies adhered to the English common law that considered abortion a crime.⁴⁴

Up until the 18th century, the accidental and ingestive techniques were the most common methods employed by abortionists, midwives, etc. A “technological revolution” seemed to occur before 1720 that made intrusive procedures “safer,” although that method still resulted in many maternal deaths and severe medical complications. By mid-century, English courts had begun to prosecute for this newer method. Dellapenna is confident that the changes in abortion laws at the start of the 19th century came as a “direct response to the introduction of intrusive techniques into England in the 18th century.”⁴⁵

Dellapenna’s coverage of abortion is exhaustive. He travels through the decades, discussing early feminists’ opposition to abortion and the increase of abortion prosecutions and convictions during the 1920-30 period. By the mid-20th century abortion was growing at an alarming rate. State and local governments expanded their surveillance of illegal abortionists during the 1950s, with many more arrests and convictions.

He discusses the situation in Great Britain, which had its own reform movement culminating in the 1967 Abortion Act. In America, a movement to change abortion statutes emerged in the 1960s and gradually moved from reform to outright repeal of anti-abortion statutes. Dellapenna finally gets to *Roe* on page 672. He writes that *Roe* and its companion case *Doe v. Bolton* “seem to have encouraged a trend toward more abortions in society,” contrary to several pro-choice histories that implied up to one million procedures per year throughout the 20th century. He talks about the rise of fetology, and about Bernard Nathanson’s 1985 *The Silent Scream* (focusing chiefly on the opposition’s rejection of the film).⁴⁶

Dellapenna’s enormous book covers nearly every facet of abortion *except* the history of the modern pro-life movement. He does touch on clinic violence and the birth of Operation Rescue, but says very little about the mainstream pro-life groups and crisis-pregnancy centers that did much of the political lobbying and counseling over the past 30 years. *Dispelling the Myths of Abortion History* is not always an easy read, but it’s an invaluable resource for anyone desiring to know the story of abortion’s past and present.

Conclusion

Thus we have before us the two accounts. The pro-choice account, having obfuscated the truth, makes reproductive rights a crowning achievement in women’s quest for equality and individuality. In the process, human life is devalued to the extent that 50 million unborn babies have been aborted since

1973. These deaths are not theoretical.

Pro-lifers reject categorically the worldview that has elevated self-fulfillment and personal autonomy at the expense of so many human lives. Thanks to the work of many pro-life scholars (and others, especially Dr. Dellapenna, who opposes *Roe* but is pro-choice up to the eighth week of gestation), the true history of abortion is slowly gaining a foothold, and challenging the distortions and myths of the pro-choice writers.

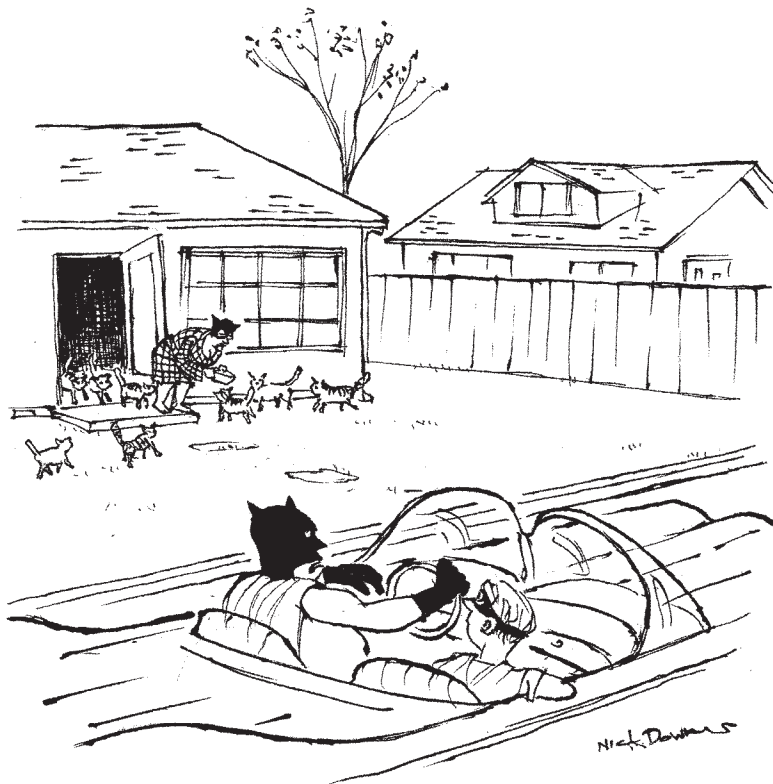
This needs to be continued. The next step should be a balanced, objective, and thorough history of the modern pro-life movement. What began with small “right-to-life committees” in 1967 and 1968 has become one of the largest, most diverse, and most enduring civil-rights movements in American history. We cannot expect pro-choice historians to write our history; we can only imagine what vitriol would be on display if that occurred. No: We must do it ourselves.

NOTES

1. Ramesh Ponnuru, *The Party of Death: The Democrats, the Media, the Courts, and the Disregard for Human Life* (New York: Regnery, 2006); see also Ponnuru, “The Afterparty of Death,” *Human Life Review* XXXIII, No. 3 (Summer 2007): 7-16. He cites three books published by mainstream publishers: Bernard Nathanson’s *Aborting America* (Doubleday, 1979); John Noonan’s *A Private Choice* (Free Press, 1979); and Ronald Reagan’s *Abortion and the Conscience of a Nation* (Thomas Nelson, 1984). Actually, Thomas Nelson is a religious publishing house.
2. Cyril C. Means Jr., “The Law of New York Concerning Abortion and the Status of the Foetus, 1664-1968: A Case of Cessation of Constitutionality,” *New York Law Forum* 14, No. 3 (Fall 1968): 411-515; “The Phoenix of Abortional Freedom: Is a Penumbra or Ninth Amendment Right About to Arise from the Nineteenth-Century Legislative Ashes of a Fourteenth-Century Common-Law Liberty?” *New York Law Forum* 17, No. 2 (1971): 335-410. For Blackmun citations for Means I see *Roe v. Wade*, U.S. 410, 113, 132-3, 134, 151; for Means II, 135, 139, 148, 151.
3. Coke, *Third Institute* 50 (1644); see Means, “Phoenix,” 345-8.
4. James C. Mohr, *Abortion in America: The Origins and Evolution of National Policy, 1800-1900* (New York: Oxford, 1978).
5. Horatio R. Storer, *Criminal Abortion in America* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1860), 1. Caps in original text. For the basis of the 1860 book, Storer published nine articles between January and November 1859. The quotes were taken from the first installment, “Contributions to Obstetric Jurisprudence: No. 1—Criminal Abortion,” *North-American Medico-Chirurgical Review* 3, No. 1 (January 1859): 64-72, see 64, 66; see also Frederick N. Dyer, *Champion of Women and the Unborn: Horatio Robinson Storer, M.D.* (Canton, Mass.: Science History Publications, 1999), 140-142.
6. See excerpts of Dr. Hodge’s “Criminal Abortion: Introductory Lecture” (1839) in Charles Rosenberg and Carol Smith-Rosenberg, eds., *Abortion in Nineteenth-Century America* (New York: Arno, 1974), 22-3.
7. Horatio R. Storer and Franklin Fiske Heard, *Criminal Abortion: Its Nature, Its Evidence, and Its Law* (Boston: Little, Brown and Co., 1868), 9, see footnote 65 on page 341 in Carol Smith-Rosenberg, *Disorderly Conduct: Visions of Gender in Victorian America* (New York: Knopf, 1985).
8. See quote in Dennis J. Horan and Thomas J. Balch, “*Roe v. Wade*: No Justification in History, Law, or Logic,” in Dennis J. Horan, Edward R. Grant, and Paige C. Cunningham, eds., *Abortion and the Constitution: Reversing Roe v. Wade Through the Courts* (Washington, D.C.: Georgetown, 1987), 67. See also David Granfield, *The Abortion Decision* (Garden City, N.Y.: Image Books/Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1969, 1971), 14-15 for more on discoveries related

- to fetal development. He offers a concluding thought, "The life continuum from conception to birth finally has its rational justification as a biological fact," 15.
9. Kristin Luker, *Abortion and the Politics of Motherhood* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1984), 13-14.
 10. Carol Smith-Rosenberg, *Disorderly Conduct*, 218, 223.
 11. *Amicus Brief of 281 American Historians supporting Appellees in Webster v. Reproductive Health Services*; *Amicus Brief of 250 American Historians in support of Appellees in Planned Parenthood of Southeastern Pennsylvania v. Casey*; Joseph W. Dellapenna, *Dispelling the Myths of Abortion History* (Durham, N.C.: Carolina Academic Press, 2006), 375-7, 840-3.
 12. David J. Garrow, *Liberty and Sexuality: The Right to Privacy and the Making of Roe v. Wade* (New York: Macmillan, 1994).
 13. Bernard N. Nathanson, "Deeper into Abortion," *New England Journal of Medicine* 291: 1189-91 (November 28, 1974).
 14. Michael M. Uhlmann, "A Very Modern Morality Tale," *First Things* 45 (August/September 1994).
 15. *Ibid.*
 16. *Ibid.*
 17. Janet Farrell Brodie, *Contraception and Abortion in Nineteenth-Century America* (Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell, 1994), 253-4.
 18. Leslie J. Reagan, *When Abortion Was a Crime: Women, Medicine, and Law in the United States, 1867-1973* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1997), 8, 11.
 19. Rickie Solinger, ed., *Abortion Wars: A Half-Century of Struggle, 1950-2000* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1998), 3, 4.
 20. *Ibid.*, 4.
 21. Cynthia Gorney, *Articles of Faith: A Frontline History of the Abortion Wars* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1998).
 22. Carole R. McCann, "Abortion," in Paul S. Boyer, ed., *The Oxford Companion to United States History* (New York: Oxford, 2001), 3.
 23. Robert M. Byrn, "Abortion in Perspective," *Duquesne Law Review* 5 (1966): 125-135; "Abortion-on-Demand: Whose Morality?" *Notre Dame Law Review* 46 (1970); "An American Tragedy: The Supreme Court on Abortion," *Fordham Law Review* 41 (1973): 807-862; "Wade & Bolton: Fundamental Legal Errors and Dangerous Implications," *The Catholic Lawyer* 19, No. 4 (Autumn 1973): 243-250.
 24. John T. Noonan Jr., ed., *The Morality of Abortion* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard, 1970); Noonan, *A Private Choice: Abortion in America in the Seventies* (New York: The Free Press, 1979).
 25. Dennis J. Horan, Edward R. Grant, and Paige C. Cunningham, eds., *Abortion and the Constitution: Reversing Roe v. Wade Through the Courts* (Washington, D.C.: Georgetown, 1987).
 26. George Grant, *Third Time Around: A History of the Pro-Life Movement from the First Century to the Present* (Brentwood, TN: Wolgemuth & Hyatt, Publishers, Inc., 1991), 139-156.
 27. Marvin Olasky, *The Press and Abortion, 1838-1988* (Hillsdale, N.J.: Lawrence Erlbaum Associates, Publishers, 1988); *Abortion Rites: A Social History of Abortion in America* (Wheaton, Ill.: Crossway, 1992).
 28. Olasky, *Abortion Rites*, 114, 115.
 29. *Ibid.*, 120, 121, 128.
 30. Dyer, *Champion of Women*.
 31. Keith Cassidy, "The Right to Life Movement: Sources, Development, and Strategies," in Donald T. Critchlow, ed., *The Politics of Abortion and Birth Control in Historical Perspective* (University Park, Pa.: The Pennsylvania State University Press, 1996): 139-151; "The Historical Roots of the Pro-Life Movement: Assessing the Pro-Choice Account," *Life and Learning* V (1995): 350-383; "The Road to Roe: Cultural Change and the Growth of Acceptance of Abortion Prior to 1973," *Life and Learning* VII (1997): 1-16; *Amicus Brief of 281 American Historians supporting Appellees in Webster v. Reproductive Health Services*; *Amicus Brief of 250 American Historians in support of Appellees in Planned Parenthood of Southeastern Pennsylvania v. Casey*.
 32. Robert N. Karrer, "The Formation of Michigan's Anti-Abortion Movement, 1967-1974," *Michigan Historical Review* 22, No. 1 (Spring 1996): 67-107.
 33. Philip A. Rafferty, "Roe v. Wade: A Scandal Upon the Court," *Rutgers Journal of Law and Religion* 7, Part 1 (December 15, 2005): 1-84 [online reference journal]; Rafferty, *Roe v. Wade: The Birth of a Constitutional Right* (Ann Arbor, Mich.: UMI [University Microfilms International]

- Dissertation Abstracts No. LD02339, 1992); Mary Meehan, "How the Supremes Flunked History," *Human Life Review*, Vol. XXXII, No. 2 (Spring 2006); Rafferty, "Roe: A Scandal," 14-15.
34. Dellapenna, *Dispelling Abortion Myths*; Dellapenna, "The History of Abortion: Technology, Morality and Law," *University of Pittsburgh Law Review* 40, No. 3 (Spring 1979): 359-428. See also Meehan, "Supremes Flunked History," *Human Life Review* XXXII, No. 2 (Spring, 2006).
35. Dellapenna, *Dispelling Abortion Myths*, 13, 14, 143, 144. See Chapter 3, 143-152, 200-203.
36. *Ibid.*, 15.
37. *Ibid.*, 15, 16, 17.
38. *Ibid.*, 53, 57, 333.
39. According to Olasky (*Abortion Rites*, p. 86), concealment was when a woman hid her pregnancy. 18th-century full dresses could help her achieve this—at least for a good while. Concealment also included killing the newborn and secretly burying him or her.
40. Dellapenna, 93, 100, 101-3, 107.
41. *Ibid.*, 127.
42. *Ibid.*, 138, 139.
43. *Ibid.*, 171-2, 176, see also 162.
44. *Ibid.*, 219-20, 223, 227-8.
45. *Ibid.*, 231.
46. *Ibid.*, 699.



"Somewhere along the line, Catwoman became a cat lady."

APPENDIX A

[Jon A. Shields is assistant professor of government at Claremont McKenna College. David Daleiden is a student there. The following appeared in the January 25 edition of the Weekly Standard. Copyright 2010, News Corporation, Weekly Standard, All Rights Reserved.]

Mugged by Ultrasound.

David Daleiden and Jon A. Shields

Abortion rights activists have long preferred to hold themselves at some remove from the practice they promote; rather than naming it, they speak of “choice” and “reproductive freedom.” But those who perform abortions have no such luxury. Instead, advances in ultrasound imaging and abortion procedures have forced providers ever closer to the nub of their work. Especially in abortions performed far enough along in gestation that the fetus is recognizably a tiny baby, this intimacy exacts an emotional toll, stirring sentiments for which doctors, nurses, and aides are sometimes unprepared. Most apparently have managed to reconcile their belief in the right to abortion with their revulsion at dying and dead fetuses, but a noteworthy number have found the conflict unbearable and have defected to the pro-life cause.

In the aftermath of *Roe v. Wade*, second-trimester abortions were usually performed by saline injection. The doctor simply replaced the amniotic fluid in the patient’s uterus with a saline solution and induced labor, leaving it to nurses to dispose of the expelled fetus. That changed in the late 1970s, when “dilation and evacuation” (D&E) emerged as a safer method. Today D&E is the most common second-trimester procedure. It has been performed millions of times in the United States.

But although D&E is better for the patient, it brings emotional distress for the abortionist, who, after inserting laminaria that cause the cervix to dilate, must dismember and remove the fetus with forceps. One early study, by abortionists Warren Hern and Billie Corrigan, found that although all of their staff members “approved of second trimester abortion in principle,” there “were few positive comments about D&E itself.” Reactions included “shock, dismay, amazement, disgust, fear, and sadness.” A more ambitious study published the following year, in the September 1979 issue of the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*, confirmed Hern and Corrigan’s findings. It found “strong emotional reactions during or following the procedures and occasional disquieting dreams.”

Another study, published in the October 1989 issue of *Social Science and Medicine* noted that abortion providers were pained by encounters with the fetus regardless of how committed they were to abortion rights. It seems that no amount of ideological conviction can inoculate providers against negative emotional reactions to abortion.

Such studies are few. In general, abortion providers have censored their own emotional trauma out of concern to protect abortion rights. In 2008, however, abortionist Lisa Harris endeavored to begin “breaking the silence” in the pages of the journal *Reproductive Health Matters*. When she herself was 18 weeks pregnant,

Dr. Harris performed a D&E abortion on an 18-week-old fetus. Harris felt her own child kick precisely at the moment that she ripped a fetal leg off with her forceps:

Instantly, tears were streaming from my eyes—without me—meaning my conscious brain—even being aware of what was going on. I felt as if my response had come entirely from my body, bypassing my usual cognitive processing completely. A message seemed to travel from my hand and my uterus to my tear ducts. It was an overwhelming feeling—a brutally visceral response—heartfelt and unmediated by my training or my feminist pro-choice politics. It was one of the more raw moments in my life.

Harris concluded her piece by lamenting that the pro-choice movement has left providers to suffer in silence because it has “not owned up to the reality of the fetus, or the reality of fetal parts.” Indeed, it often insists that images used by the pro-life movement are faked.

(Pro-choice advocates also falsely insist that second-trimester abortions are confined almost exclusively to tragic “hard” cases such as fetal malformation. Yet a review of the literature in the April 2009 issue of the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology* found that most abortions performed after the first trimester are sought for the same reasons as first-trimester abortions, they’re just delayed. This reality only intensifies the guilt pangs of abortion providers.)

Hern and Harris chose to stay in the abortion business; one of the first doctors to change his allegiance was Paul Jarrett, who quit after only 23 abortions. His turning point came in 1974, when he performed an abortion on a fetus at 14 weeks’ gestation: “As I brought out the rib cage, I looked and saw a tiny, beating heart,” he would recall. “And when I found the head of the baby, I looked squarely in the face of another human being—a human being that I just killed.”

In 1990 Judith Fetrow, an aide at a Planned Parenthood clinic, found that disposing of fetal bodies as medical waste was more than she could bear. Soon after she left her position, Fetrow described her experiences: “No one at Planned Parenthood wanted this job. . . . I had to look at the tiny hands and feet. There were times when I wanted to cry.” Finally persuaded to quit by a pro-life protester outside her clinic, Fetrow is now involved in the American Life League.

Kathy Sparks is another convert formerly responsible for disposing of fetal remains, this time at an Illinois abortion clinic. Her account of the experience that led her to exit the abortion industry (taken from the Pro-Life Action League website in 2004) reads in part:

The baby’s bones were far too developed to rip them up with [the doctor’s] curette, so he had to pull the baby out with forceps. He brought out three or four major pieces. . . . I took the baby to the clean up room, I set him down and I began weeping uncontrollably. . . . I cried and cried. This little face was perfectly formed.

A recovery nurse rebuked Sparks for her unprofessional behavior. She quit the next day. Sparks is now the director of a crisis pregnancy center with more than 20 pro-life volunteers.

Handling fetal remains can be especially difficult in late-term clinics. Until George Tiller was assassinated by a pro-life radical last summer, his clinic in Wichita specialized in third-trimester abortions. To handle the large volume of biological waste Tiller had a crematorium on the premises. One day when hauling a heavy container of fetal waste, Tiller asked his secretary, Luhra Tivis, to assist him. She found the experience devastating. The “most horrible thing,” Tivis later recounted, was that she “could smell those babies burning.” Tivis, a former NOW activist, soon left her secretarial position at the clinic to volunteer for Operation Rescue, a radical pro-life organization.

Other converts were driven into the pro-life movement by advances in ultrasound technology. The most recent example is Abby Johnson, the former director of Dallas-area Planned Parenthood. After watching, via ultrasound, an embryo “crumple” as it was suctioned out of its mother’s womb, Johnson reported a “conversion in my heart.” Likewise, Joan Appleton was the head nurse at a large abortion facility in Falls Church, Virginia, and a NOW activist. Appleton performed thousands of abortions with aplomb until a single ultrasound-assisted abortion rattled her. As Appleton remembers, “I was watching the screen. I saw the baby pull away. I saw the baby open his mouth. . . . After the procedure I was shaking, literally.”

The most famous abortion provider to be converted by ultrasound technology, decades ago, is Bernard Nathanson, cofounder of the National Association for the Repeal of Abortion Laws, the original NARAL. In the early 1970s, Nathanson was the largest abortion provider in the Western world. By his own reckoning he performed more than 60,000 abortions, including one on his own child. Nathanson’s exit from the industry was slow and tortured. In *Aborting America* (1979), he expressed anxiety over the possibility that he was complicit in a great evil. He was especially troubled by ultrasound images. When he finally left his profession for pro-life activism, he produced *The Silent Scream* (1984), a documentary of an ultrasound abortion that showed the fetus scrambling vainly to escape dismemberment.

This handful of stories is representative of many more. In fact, with the exception of communism, we can think of few other movements from which so many activists have defected to the opposition. Nonetheless, the vast majority of clinic workers remain committed to the pro-choice cause. Perhaps some of those who stay behind are haunted by their work. Most, however, find a way to cope with the dissonance.

Pro-choice advocates like to point out that abortion has existed in all times and places. Yet that observation tends to obscure the radicalism of the present abortion regime in the United States. Until very recently, no one in the history of the world has had the routine job of killing well-developed fetuses quite so up close and personal. It is an experiment that was bound to stir pro-life sentiments even in the hearts of those staunchly devoted to abortion rights. Ultrasound and D&E bring workers closer to the beings they destroy. Hern and Corrigan concluded their study by noting that D&E leaves “no possibility of denying an act of destruction.” As they wrote, “It is before one’s eyes. The sensations of dismemberment run through the forceps like an electric current.”

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[Dr. Robert Hamilton, a pediatrician with a private practice in Santa Monica, has been practicing medicine for 25 years. This column originally appeared in the Santa Monica Daily Press, January 23-24, 2010 edition, and is reprinted with the paper's permission.]

Why I changed from a pro-choice believer to a pro-life advocate

Robert Hamilton, MD

“A voice is heard in Ramah, mourning, and great weeping,
Rachel weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted,
because her children are no more.”—Jeremiah 31:15

Thirty-seven years ago abortion-on-demand was born in America. Conceived during the “free-love” revolution of the 1960s and gestated by the self-indulged baby boomers, abortion was delivered to the nation by an activist Supreme Court on Jan. 22, 1973. Today, the *Roe v. Wade* decision stands as the epitome of judicial usurpation of the legislative process.

From these murky origins, abortion has matriculated into adulthood. Along the way it has gathered its own steam. Abortion is now the undisputed law of the land, but it is still an emotional and divisive issue that may be one of the key factors that unhinges Obama’s health care makeover.

But the truth is, abortion transcends politics and how our society ultimately deals with it will determine what historians will say about our culture.

My odyssey from being a pro-choice believer to a pro-life advocate occurred during my internship in pediatrics at UCLA. During those months of training in the neonatal intensive care unit (NICU), while caring for the smallest of premature infants, I began to reconsider my views about abortion. The humanity of these tiniest of people was clearly evident. But what wore me down was the schizophrenia of what was going on in the hospital. How could pediatricians on one end of this great hospital struggle at great financial and emotional cost to save the lives of some babies while at the other end of the very same hospital, children of the same gestation age were being aborted. This incongruity sparked a struggle in my mind. I became a student of abortion and as I became more informed, my opinion changed.

The proponents of abortion made several claims before legalization occurred. One of their first assertions was that abortion would reduce the incidence of child abuse. They were dead wrong. In 1973, there were 167,000 reported cases of child abuse. Compare that to the staggering 3.5 million cases of child abuse and neglect that were reported in 2005. Today, nearly four children die each day from abuse.

Abortion did not cure child abuse. In fact, it has skyrocketed over 2,000 percent over the past 37 years.

Next, abortion activists predicted that abortion would reduce poverty. Again they were wrong. Instead, poverty has become “feminized” and women and children now constitute the new poverty class in America.

Third, with their mantra “every child a wanted child,” feminists promised that

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life itself would become more precious than ever before. This too proved to be fatuous. Infanticide, physician-assisted suicide and euthanasia are being advocated around the country and, in some states, are now legalized. Life has not become more precious, it is now more disposable than ever before.

Finally, the most disingenuous claim of the proponents of abortion was the prediction that it would “empower” women. This too turned out to be utter fantasy. Ask any woman who has been forced to have an abortion by their boyfriend if they feel empowered. Speak to the women who tragically aborted the only child they would ever conceive and who now languish in nulliparous obscurity about empowerment.

Empowerment for both women and men comes from self-control and discipline, not from the blatant disregard of human life.

These are the broken promises of the abortion industry, but this is not what motivates the pro-life movement. Instead, they are appalled by the procedure itself.

Pro-lifers are repulsed by the sharpened curettes that dismember a fetus before it is “evacuated” from the womb. They are nauseated by the hypertonic saline solution that burns before it kills the small baby. They are sickened by the spear-like “tocar” that is thrust into the base of the fetal skull in late-term abortions to suction out the infant’s brain (and kill the child) before the child’s body can be “delivered.”

The abortion industry has shielded the American public from these realities with clever euphemisms for 37 years! But, behind their verbal vagaries is a premeditated, violent act that terminates the life of a defenseless human being. Since 1973, roughly 50 million children have been denied their right to life.

Pro-lifers are pro-life because they understand the deed.

The debate over abortion is far from over and when a shocked American public understands the stark truths concerning the acts of abortion, they will surprise the politicians and the abortion industry and do what I did nearly 30 years ago: they’ll become pro-life.



“What’s the meaning of life? Six letters.”

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[Paul Greenberg, a Pulitzer Prize winning syndicated columnist, is the editorial page editor of the Arkansas Democrat-Gazette. © By Paul Greenberg; used with permission, ©2009, 2010, Arkansas Democrat-Gazette.]

Another Line Crossed

Paul Greenberg

“One can’t believe impossible things.”

“I daresay you haven’t had much practice,” said the Queen. “When I was your age, I always did it for half-an-hour a day. Why, sometimes I’ve believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast.”—Lewis Carroll, “Through the Looking Glass”

Slowly but with increasing momentum, the great juggernaut of government continues to cross the line between life and death, good and evil, till all is moral murk.

Thou Shalt Not becomes Thou May or May Not under Certain Conditions, Reservations, Guidelines and Stipulations listed in Executive Order 1234, Sections A, B, C and so endlessly on. . . . Data multiply, wisdom diminishes, money flows to no clear end, and humility vanishes. Especially the kind that once inspired awe in the presence of the miracle that is life.

Now one more line has been crossed with great fanfare and called Progress. Just as promised, this administration has announced it will be sponsoring more experimentation with the earliest, most vulnerable form of human life. “Safe as a child in his mother’s womb” becomes an ironic phrase.

The bright line that once protected the human embryo from such experiments has grown increasingly dim over the years—till it grows faint.

For a time government hesitated, as if it knew it was about to tread on sacred ground. But something there is in Homo sapiens that cannot resist violating old rules. All we need be told is: Thou shalt not. And we do it.

It’s a story as old as Eden, as new as our president, and as gothic as Mary Shelley’s “Frankenstein”—but without the character development.

It’s the oldest temptation known to man: We shall be as gods! We shall create life—and then destroy it to satisfy our scientific curiosity. This is called Progress.

Moral recklessness, if presented as high-minded idealism, can be quite attractive. It may even become a political cause. What was once cause for trepidation becomes cause for celebration. Complete with photo-ops, presidential press conferences, and souvenir pens. Once we looked down the slippery slope we were on with fear and trembling; now we look back with pride at how far we have come. Down.

Here is how the Washington Post, in language as murky as the ethical grounds on which the administration based its decision, began its story on this latest Scientific Breakthrough:

“WASHINGTON—The Obama administration on Wednesday approved the first human embryonic stem cells for experiments by federally funded scientists under a

new policy designed to dramatically expand government support for one of the most promising but also most contentious fields of biomedical research. . . .”

Contentious? Let’s hope so. Let’s hope it will always be contentious to create or destroy human life—in this case, both—for research purposes only.

Promising? Absolutely. Such experimentation has yielded a multitude of promises. Indeed, nothing but promises. Not a single cure.

The proven benefits of using adult stem cells, a practice that raises no moral objections, are now recorded in the scores. And using stem cells derived from placental tissue—no ethical issue there, either—has achieved similar, impressive results. But in the news coverage of the stem-cell debate, the distinction between embryonic and other kinds of stem cell becomes blurred, much like the ethical issues involved.

What this kind of research most definitely has produced is research grants. If that revenue stream is to be maintained, justifications for such experimentation must be broadcast till they become part of the fashionable, unquestionable culture. Something every enlightened citizen believes automatically, without reflection.

Name a debilitating disease, and embryonic stem cells are sure to cure it, or so we are told. Remember all those commercials for embryonic stem cells in the 2004 presidential campaign? If only enough Democratic senators were elected, a star like Michael J. Fox would be cured of Parkinson’s. (“What you do in Missouri matters to millions of Americans like me.”) In the race for the U.S. Senate in Maryland, voters were told that “George Bush and (GOP candidate) Michael Steele would put limits on the most promising stem-cell research. . . .”

Given the magical power of embryonic stem cells, Christopher Reeve was going to rise up out of his wheelchair and be Superman again. Wonder-working televangelists who make the paralyzed walk have nothing on Democratic campaign committees.

How strange: For years now, state and private funding has been available for experimentation on embryonic stem cells. Yet it still has to produce a single demonstrated cure. Maybe only federal dollars are magic.

With all the attention focused on the unfulfilled promise of embryonic stem cells, there’s scarcely any mention of what really has changed: Scientists now have found a way to convert ordinary skin cells into the kind needed for experimentation.

Result: There is no longer any need to cross ethical boundaries. But there is still a political need to paint the opposition as mean-spirited ogres opposed to science, progress, medicine and probably apple pie, too. For there are grants to be handed out, an industry to be built, propaganda to be made. And, always, more ethical lines to be crossed.

Racing Downhill

Paul Greenberg

Here are a couple of the latest milestones on the way down the slick slide known as American civilization:

News item No. 1: A company well-named Neocutis now offers a skin cream made from human fetal tissue.

To quote the company's Web site: "Inspired by fetal skin's unique properties, Neocutis's proprietary technology uses cultured fetal skin cells to obtain an optimal, naturally balanced mixture of skin nutrients."

This outfit, it may not surprise Gentle Reader to learn, is based in San Francisco, and says its product can "turn back time to create flawless baby-skin again."

What good news for those suffering from dry skin — and who doesn't this time of year? Better living through . . . fetal tissue.

But there's sure to be some reactionary who objects to progress, and a niggling objection did indeed surface here and there to this latest advance in the commodification of the unborn. In its defense, Neocutis issued a statement to all concerned:

"Our view—which is shared by most medical professionals and patients—is that the limited, prudent and responsible use of donated fetal skin tissue can continue to ease suffering, speed healing, save lives and improve the well-being of many patients around the globe." And improve the company's balance sheet, too.

Call it another benefit from the ever-growing abortion industry. And another triumph of supply-side economics! Create the supply and demand will follow.

It does make one wonder why, if the use of human fetuses for such purposes is so unalloyed a good, the company feels the need to assure us that the practice is "limited, prudent and responsible." Is that a faint echo of some vestigial conscience? Or a slight bow to what might be called the wisdom of repugnance? For how can anyone read such an ad without repressing a shudder? Or have we lost the ability to shudder?

News item No. 2: New York has become the first state to consider reimbursing researchers who pay women up to \$10,000 for donating their eggs for research purposes.

The suggestion has been approved overwhelmingly by the "ethics" committee of its state Stem Cell Board.

Even an enthusiast of human cloning like Arthur Caplan at the University of Pennsylvania—his job title is "ethicist"—has some qualms about this latest step in the commercialization of human eggs. As he put it in the vocabulary used in these matters:

"The market in eggs tries to incentivize women to do something they otherwise would not do. Egg sales and egg rebates are not the ethical way to go."

Incentivize, sales, rebates, the market. . . . How long before human eggs are cheaper by the dozen?

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This science and industry—it's hard to know where one ends and the other begins, for they were bound to meld—is only in its infancy. That's a stage human embryos used for research purposes only will never reach.

Both these milestones were passed in the first year of the Obama Era—even before the administration announced it was authorizing federal funds for research on 13 more lines of stem cells derived from abandoned human embryos.

More such progress is to come, no doubt. We have only begun to experiment with such embryos. There's no sign of a recession in this field. Any protests are sure to be dismissed as opposition to science, enlightenment, progress and flawless skin.

Barbarism is never so dominant as when it comes clothed in scientific garb. Forget the gray-flannel suit. Nothing now says authority like a white lab coat.

There is apparently no end to the uses the aborted can be put to by an advanced, industrialized society, aka our Brave New World. What was once the title of a dystopian novel by Aldous Huxley now becomes everyday reality. As ordinary as skin cream made from fetal ingredients, and as regular as ads in Ivy League weeklies seeking egg donors.

Somebody really ought to keep track of such developments, which seem to come ever faster.

Somebody does. Her name is Maria McFadden, and as editor of the *Human Life Review* she continues to put out her quarterly journal against all financial odds and the dictates of intellectual fashion. Every time the *Review* arrives in its plain brown wrapper, its contents illuminate and electrify. Like a flash of lightning on a dark night.

Where else but in Maria McFadden's little journal can you find commentators as varied in style, interests and experience as Wesley J. Smith, Esq., historian James Hitchcock, and that indefatigable 84-year-old wunderkind and long-running jazz critic Nat Hentoff, all standing byline to byline for life?

Mr. Hentoff has long been my hero. As a columnist for the *Village Voice*, he was always a defender of civil liberties, so it was only natural that he would come to defend the most basic right of all: life. By now he's earned the highest of compliments—the ostracism of his fellow liberals.

The *Human Life Review* was founded by Maria McFadden's father, who saw all this coming, and, like some monk in a sci-fi fantasy about the end of civilization, was determined to set it all down.

His daughter has continued his fight and his publication. With zest, determination, a taste for good English prose, and, most refreshing of all, a sense of humor. Which can't be easy to maintain in today's (anti-)culture. Yet she does. Even as this society dashes past one strange milestone after another—like a downhill racer on a mad dash to ever lower depths.

If there is hope, and there is, it's in little magazines and great spirits. And in that last refuge of sanity: instinctive revulsion.

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