

Killer Angel

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*A Biography of Planned Parenthood's
Founder Margaret Sanger*

George Grant



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P. O. Box 1601, Franklin, Tennessee 37065

*To Susan Hunt,
Angel of Hope
and
Karen Grant,
Angel of Life*

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

*I am riding my pen on the shuffle, and
it has a mouth of iron.*

G. K. Chesterton¹

HILAIRE BELLOC, PERHAPS THE MOST PROLIFIC curmudgeon of this century, once quipped, “There is something odd book writers do in their prefaces, which is to introduce a mass of nincompoops of whom no one has ever heard, and say, *my thanks is due to such and such*, all in a litany, as though anyone cared a farthing for the rats.”²

Needless to say, Belloc did not place high stock in either gratitude or accountability. His fierce self-assurance and autonomy as an author was defiantly unflappable. I would hope that I know better.

A number of friends and fellow-laborers encouraged me to pursue this project—and at the same time helped to support the work of the King’s Meadow Study Center so that I could. David and Pam Ferriss, Mike and Debbie Grimnes, Jerry and Cindy Walton, Steve and Marijean Green, Bill and Robin Amos, Bill and Sharon Taylor, Jim and Gwen Smith, John and Marye Lou Mauldin, Steve and Karen Anderson, and Bill and Dawn Ruff have all been selfless supporters from the beginning. Dale and Ann

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King’s Meadow Farm, Eastertide 1995

INTRODUCTION

*For all the apparent materialism and mass mechanism
of our present culture, we, far more than any of our
fathers, live in a world of shadows.*

G. K. Chesterton¹

ON JANUARY 1, 1900, MOST AMERICANS GREETED the twentieth century with the proud and certain belief that the next hundred years would be the greatest, the most glorious, and the most glamorous in human history. They were infected with a sanguine spirit. Optimism was rampant. A brazen confidence colored their every activity.

Certainly there was nothing in their experience to make them think otherwise. Never had a century changed the lives of men and women more dramatically than the nineteenth one just past. The twentieth century has moved fast and furiously, so that those of us who have lived in it feel sometimes giddy, watching it spin; but the nineteenth moved faster and more furiously still. Railroads, telephones, the telegraph, electricity, mass production, forged steel, automobiles, and countless other modern discoveries had all come upon them at a

dizzying pace, expanding their visions and expectations far beyond their grandfathers' wildest dreams.

It was more than unfounded imagination, then, that lay behind the *New York World's* New Year's prediction that the twentieth century would "meet and overcome all perils and prove to be the best that this steadily improving planet has ever seen."²

Most Americans were cheerfully assured that control of man and nature would soon lie entirely within their grasp and would bestow upon them the unfathomable millennial power to alter the destinies of societies, nations, and epochs. They were a people of manifold purpose. They were a people of manifest destiny.

What they did not know was that dark and malignant seeds were already germinating just beneath the surface of the new century's soil. Josef Stalin was a twenty-one-year-old seminary student in Tiflis, a pious and serene community at the crossroads of Georgia and Ukraine. Benito Mussolini was a seventeen-year-old student teacher in the quiet suburbs of Milan. Adolf Hitler was an eleven-year-old aspiring art student in the quaint upper Austrian village of Brannan. And Margaret Sanger was a twenty-year-old out-of-sorts nursing school dropout in White Plains, New York. Who could have ever guessed on that ebulliently auspicious New Year's Day that those four youngsters would, over the span of the next century, spill more innocent blood than all the murderers, warlords, and tyrants of past history combined? Who could have ever guessed that those four youngsters would together ensure that the hopes and dreams and aspirations of the twentieth century would be smothered under the weight of holocaust, genocide, and carnage?

As the champion of the proletariat, Stalin saw to the slaughter of at least fifteen million Russian and Ukrainian *kulaks*. As the popularly acclaimed *Il Duce*, Mussolini massacred as many as four million Ethiopians, two million Eritreans, and a million Serbs, Croats, and Albanians. As the wildly lionized *Führer*, Hitler exterminated more than six million Jews, two million Slavs, and a million Poles. As the founder of Planned Parenthood and the impassioned heroine of various feminist causes célèbres, Sanger was responsible for the brutal elimination of more than thirty million children in the United States and as many as two and a half billion worldwide.

No one in his right mind would want to rehabilitate the reputations of Stalin, Mussolini, or Hitler. Their barbarism, treachery, and debauchery will make their names live in infamy forever. Amazingly though, Sanger has somehow escaped their wretched fate. In spite of the fact that her crimes against humanity were no less heinous than theirs, her place in history has effectively been sanitized and sanctified. In spite of the fact that she openly identified herself in one way or another with their aims, intentions, ideologies, and movements—with Stalin's *Sobornostic Collectivism*, with Hitler's *Eugenic Racism*, and with Mussolini's *Agathistic Facism*—her faithful minions have managed to manufacture an independent reputation for the perpetuation of her memory.

In life and death, the progenitor of the grisly abortion industry and the patron of the devastating sexual revolution has been lauded as a “radiant” and “courageous” reformer.³ She has been heralded by friend and foe alike as a “heroine,” a “champion,” a “saint,” and a “martyr.”⁴ Honored by men as different and divergent

as H. G. Wells and Martin Luther King, George Bernard Shaw and Harry Truman, Bertrand Russell and John D. Rockefeller, Albert Einstein and Dwight Eisenhower, this remarkable “killer angel” was able to secret away her perverse atrocities, emerging in the annals of history practically vindicated and victorious.⁵

That this could happen is a scandal of grotesque proportions.

And recently the proportions have only grown—like a deleterious kudzu or a rogue Topsy. Sanger has been the subject of adoring television dramas, hagiographical biographies, patronizing theatrical productions, and saccharined musical tributes. Though the facts of her life and work are anything but inspiring, millions of unwary moderns have been urged to find in them inspiration and hope. Myth is rarely dependent upon truth, after all.

Sanger’s rehabilitation has depended on writers, journalists, historians, social scientists, and sundry other media celebrities steadfastly obscuring or blithely ignoring what she did, what she said, and what she believed. It has thus depended upon a don’t-confuse-me-with-the-facts ideological tenacity unmatched by any but the most extreme of our modern secular cults.

This brief monograph is an attempt to set the record straight. It is an attempt to rectify that shameful distortion of the social, cultural, and historical record. It has no other agenda than to replace fiction with fact.

Nevertheless, that agenda necessarily involves stripping away all too many layers of dense palimpsests of politically correct revisionism. But that ought to be the honest historian’s central purpose anyway. Henry Cabot Lodge once asserted: “Nearly all the historical work worth doing at the present moment in the English lan-

guage is the work of shoveling off heaps of rubbish inherited from the immediate past.”⁶

That then is the task of this book.

Of course, many would question the relevance of any kind of biographical or historical work at all. I cannot even begin to recount how many times a Planned Parenthood staffer has tried to deflect the impact of Sanger’s heinous record by dismissing it as “old news” or “ancient history” and thus irrelevant to any current issue or discussion. It is an argument that seems to sell well in the current marketplace of ideas. We have actually come to believe that matters and persons of present import are unaffected by matters and persons of past import.

We moderns hold to a strangely disjunctive view of the relationship between life and work—thus enabling us to nonchalantly separate a person’s private character from his or her public accomplishments. But this novel divorce of root from fruit, however genteel, is a ribald denial of one of the most basic truths in life: what you are begets what you do; wrong-headed philosophies stem from wrong-headed philosophers; sin does not just happen—it is sinners that sin.

Thus, according to the English historian and journalist Hilaire Belloc, “Biography always affords the greatest insights into sociology. To comprehend the history of a thing is to unlock the mysteries of its present, and more, to discover the profundities of its future.”⁷ Similarly, the inimitable Samuel Johnson quipped, “Almost all the miseries of life, almost all the wickedness that infects society, and almost all the distresses that afflict mankind, are the consequences of some defect in

private duties.”⁸ Or, as E. Michael Jones has asserted, “Biography is destiny.”⁹

This is particularly true in the case of Margaret Sanger. The organization she founded, Planned Parenthood, is the oldest, largest, and best-organized provider of abortion and birth control services in the world.¹⁰ From its ignoble beginnings around the turn of the century, when the entire shoestring operation consisted of an illegal back-alley clinic in a shabby Brooklyn neighborhood staffed by a shadowy clutch of firebrand activists and anarchists,¹¹ it has expanded dramatically into a multi-billion-dollar international conglomerate with programs and activities in 134 nations on every continent. In the United States alone, it has mobilized more than 20,000 staff personnel and volunteers along the front lines of an increasingly confrontational and vitriolic culture war. Today they handle the organization’s 167 affiliates and its 922 clinics in virtually every major metropolitan area, coast to coast.¹² Boasting an opulent national headquarters in New York, a sedulous legislative center in Washington, opprobrious regional command posts in Atlanta, Chicago, Miami, and San Francisco, and officious international centers in London, Nairobi, Bangkok, and New Dehli, the Federation showed \$23.5 million in earnings during fiscal year 1992, with \$192.9 million in cash reserves and another \$108.2 million in capital assets.¹³ With an estimated combined annual budget—including all regional and international service affiliates—of more than a billion dollars, Planned Parenthood may well be the largest and most profitable non-profit organization in history.¹⁴

The organization has used its considerable political, institutional, and financial clout to mainstream old-

school left-wing extremism. It has weighed in with sophisticated lobbying, advertising, and back-room strong-arming to virtually remove the millennium-long stigma against child-killing abortion procedures and family-sundering socialization programs. Planned Parenthood thus looms like a Goliath over the increasingly tragic culture war.

Despite its leviathan proportions it is impossible to entirely understand Planned Parenthood's policies, programs, and priorities apart from Margaret Sanger's life and work. It was, after all, originally established to be little more than an extension of her life and worldview.¹⁵

Most of the material from this project has been drawn from research that I originally conducted for two comprehensive exposés of that vast institutional cash cow. Entitled *Grand Illusions: The Legacy of Planned Parenthood*, the first book has gone through twelve printings and two editions since it was first published in 1988.¹⁶ The second book, entitled *Immaculate Deception: The Shifting Agenda of Planned Parenthood*, details the remarkable changes the organization has made over the last decade.¹⁷ They gave wide exposure to the tragic proportions of Sanger's saga. From the beginning of those massive projects, though, I felt that a shorter and more carefully focused biographical treatment was warranted. Little has changed in the interim—except that the monolithic reputations of Sanger and her frighteningly dystopic organization have only been further enhanced.

It is therefore long overdue that the truth be told. It is long overdue that the proper standing of Margaret

Sanger in the sordid history of this bloody century be secured. To that end, this book is written.

You cannot help but notice, however, that it is a deliberately abbreviated tome—especially when it is compared to the breadth and depth of its wellspring, *Grand Illusions* and *Immaculate Deception*. Unpleasantries need to be accurately portrayed, but they need not be belabored. Caveats ought to be precise and to the point. Corrective counterblasts ought to be painstakingly careful, never crossing the all too fine line between informing and defiling the minds of readers.

Just as brevity and purpose are the heart and soul of wit, so they are the crux and culmination of true understanding. In light of this, it is my sincere prayer that true understanding will indeed be the end result of this brief but passionate effort.

Deus Vult.

PART ONE

STILL LIFE

*We perpetually come back to that sharp and
shining point which the modern world is
perpetually trying to avoid. We must have
a creed, even in order to be comprehensive.*

—G. K. Chesterton¹

1

ROOT OF BITTERNESS

*Happy is he who not only knows the causes of things,
but who has not lost touch with their beginnings.*

—G. K. Chesterton²

MARGARET SANGER WAS BORN ON SEPTEMBER 14, 1879, in the small industrial community of Corning in upstate New York, the sixth of eleven children. The circumstances of her home life were never happy—a fact to which she later attributed much of her agitated activism and bitter bombast. If it is true that “The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world,” it is equally true that “The hand that wrecks the cradle ruins the world.”³

Her father, Michael Higgins, was an Irish Catholic immigrant who fancied himself a radical freethinker and a free-wheeling skeptic. As a youngster he had enlisted in General William Sherman’s notorious Twelfth New

York Cavalry and proudly participated in the nefarious campaign that ravaged and ravished the South, across Tennessee, through Atlanta, and to the sea. He achieved notable infamy among his peers when he was honored by his commander for special treachery in fiercely subduing the recalcitrant captive population. Not surprisingly, that cruel and inhuman experience apparently hardened and embittered him. Triage and genocide are not easily forgotten by either victims or perpetrators. His criminal inhumanity constituted a kind of spiritual calamity from which he, like so many others of his region, never fully recovered. Forever afterward he was pathetically stunted, unable to maintain even a modicum of normalcy in his life or relations.

He worked sporadically as a stone mason and a tombstone carver but was either unwilling or unable to provide adequately for his large family. Margaret's mother, Anne Purcell, was a second-generation American from a strict Irish Catholic family. She was frail and tuberculous but utterly devoted to her unstable and unpredictable husband—as well as to their ever-growing brood of children.

The family suffered bitterly from cold, privation, and hunger. That was the common lot of thousands of other families in nineteenth-century America. But the Higginses also suffered grievously from scorn, shame, and isolation because of Michael's sullen improvidence. And like many a man who is proudly progressive in public, he was repressively remonstrant at home. He regularly thrashed his sons "to make men of them."⁴ And he treated his wife and daughters as "virtual slaves."⁵ And when he drank—which was whenever he

could afford it—his volatile presence was even more oppressive than normal.

That is the paradox of dogmatic liberalism: though it loudly declares itself a champion of the weak, it is actually an unrelenting truncheon of the strong. Ideology inevitably resolves itself in some form of tyranny.

Sanger later described her family's existence under the unenlightened and inhuman hand of Michael's enlightened humanism as "joyless and filled with drudgery and fear."⁶ Even as an adult, whenever she was on a train that merely rode through Corning, she got a sharp pain in the pit of her stomach. She suffered, she said, from "Corningitis."⁷

Clearly, the Higginses had an impoverished and isolated life; but, not only did they have to endure grave social and material lack, they were spiritually deprived as well. As a confirmed skeptic, Michael mocked the sincere religious devotion of most of his neighbors. He openly embraced radicalism, socialism, and atheism. And he had little toleration for the modicum of morality that his poor wife tried to instill in the lives of their hapless children.

One day, for example, when Margaret was on her knees saying the Lord's Prayer, she came to the phrase "Give us this day our daily bread," and her father snidely cut her off.

"Who were you talking to?" he demanded.

"To God," she replied innocently.

"Well, tell me, is God a baker?"

With no little consternation, she said, "No, of course not. But He makes the rain, the sunshine, and all the things that make the wheat, which makes the bread."

After a thoughtful pause her father rejoined, "Well, well, so that's the idea. Then why didn't you just say so? Always say what you mean, my daughter, it is much better."⁸

In spite of Michael's concerted efforts to undermine Margaret's young and fragile faith, her mother had her baptized in St. Mary's Catholic Church on March 23, 1893. The following year, on July 8, 1894, she was confirmed. Both ceremonies were held in secret—her father would have been furious had he known. For some time afterward she displayed a zealous devotion to spiritual things. She regularly attended services and observed the disciplines of the liturgical year. She demonstrated a budding and apparently authentic hunger for truth.

But gradually the smothering effects of Michael's cynicism took their toll. When her mother died under the strain of her unhappy privation, Margaret was more vulnerable than ever before to his fierce undermining. Bitter, lonely, and grief-stricken, by the time she was seventeen her passion for Christ had collapsed into a bitter hatred of the church. This malignant malevolence would forever after be her spiritual hallmark.

Anxious to move away from home as soon as she could, Margaret was willing to go anywhere and try anything—as long as it was far from Corning. After a quick, almost frantic search, she settled on Claverack College. A small and inexpensive co-educational boarding school attached to the famed Hudson River Institute, Claverack was a Methodist high school housed in an imposing wooden building on twenty picturesque acres overlooking the Hudson Valley. Not known for its academic rigors, the school was essentially a finishing school for protean youth.

There at Claverack Margaret got her first taste of freedom. And what a wild and intoxicating freedom it was. She plunged into radical politics, suffragette feminism, and unfettered sex. Despite her relatively light academic load, she quickly fell behind in her work. She rarely attended her classes. And she almost never completed her assignments. Worse, she neglected her part-time job—necessary to pay for the nominal tuition.

It is said that we become most like those whom we are bitter against. Despite her now obvious animosity toward him, Margaret began to unconsciously emulate her father's erratic personality. The stronger her resistance to his influence grew, the greater her imitation of his improvidence became.

Character has consequences. When she could no longer afford the tuition at Claverack, she was forced to return home—but only long enough to gather her belongings and set her affairs in order. She had drunk from the cup of concupiscence and would never again be satisfied with the quiet responsibilities and virtues of domesticity. And so, as soon as she could, she moved in with her older sister in White Plains, taking a job as a kindergarten teacher.

A youth corrupted became a youth corruptor. Since she herself was now a high school dropout, she was assigned to a class made up primarily of the children of new immigrants. Much to her dismay, she found that her pupils could not understand a word that she said. She quickly grew tired of the laborious routine of teaching day in and day out. Gratefully, she quit after just two short terms.

Next, she applied for a job as a nurse-probationer at a small local hospital. Again, though, Margaret's careless

and nomadic rootlessness was telling. Hospital work proved to be even more vexing and taxing than teaching. She never finished her training. In later years, however, she would claim to be a trained and practiced nurse. Nearly forty pages of her *Autobiography* were devoted to her varied, often heroic, experiences as a seasoned veteran in professional health care.⁹ But they were little more than Margaret's well-realized fantasies.

In fact, her actual exposure to medicine was almost nonexistent: she never got beyond running errands, changing sheets, and emptying bedpans. Like so much else in the mythic fable of her rise to prominence, her career as a nurse was little more than perpetrated fraud.

Determined to escape from the harsh bondage of labor and industry, she once again began to cast about for some viable alternative. She finally resorted to the only viable course open to a poor girl in those seemingly unenlightened days when the Puritan work ethic was still ethical: she married into money.

2

THE WINTER OF HER DISCONTENT

The special mark of the modern world is not that it is skeptical, but that it is dogmatic without knowing it.

—G. K. Chesterton¹

WILLIAM SANGER WAS NOT EXACTLY RICH, but he was financially secure—and that was close enough for Margaret. He was a young man of great promise. An up-and-coming architect with the famed McKim, Mead, and White firm in New York City, he had already made a name for himself while working on the plans for the resplendant Grand Central Station and the landmark Woolworth tower in midtown Manhattan.

He met Margaret at a party in White Plains in 1900 and immediately fell head over heels in love. He was a tall, dark-haired man with intense coal-black eyes and a thin-set mouth turned down like an eagle's. Now almost thirty and entirely dedicated to his work, he had sorely neglected the social side of his life for several years. But he was smitten by the girlishly slim, red-headed beauty he met that day.

He courted Margaret with a single-minded zeal, promising her devotion, leisure, and a beautiful home—the fulfillment of her most cherished dreams. He plied her affections with flowers, candy, jewelry, and unremitting attention. As for her part, she was willingly—even enthusiastically—courted.

Within just a few months they were married.

The Sangers settled into a pleasant apartment in Manhattan's Upper East Side and set up housekeeping. But housekeeping appealed to Margaret even less than teaching or nursing. Though she busied herself collecting pots, pans, and dishes, she quickly grew restless and sullen.

Her doting husband tried everything he could think of in a determined effort to satisfy her restless and unresolved passions. He sent her off for long vacations in the Adirondacks. He hired maids and attendants. He bought her expensive presents. He even designed and built an extravagant home in the exclusive Long Island suburbs. Nothing seemed to suit his temperamental bride.

In short order they had three children, two boys and a girl. Like so many before and since, Margaret thought that having babies might bring her the fulfill-

ment she so longed for; however, raising children is not exactly a hobby to be taken on a whim by the discontented. It is a responsible commitment requiring diligence, long-suffering, and hard work.

Margaret had never been one to apply herself to such disciplines. Alas, even her children proved to be but temporary diversions.

Once again, she demonstrated the telling truth of the tired truism: like father, like daughter.

After nearly a decade of undefined domestic dissatisfaction, she convinced William to sell all they had, including their comfortable suburban estate, and move back into the brusque and cosmopolitan Manhattan hubbub. There she quickly threw herself into the fast-paced social life of the city: shopping, dining, reveling, and theater-going. She attempted to drown her rootless discontent in the wastrel champagne of improvidence.

Meanwhile, William began to renew old ties in radical politics by attending Socialist, Anarchist, and Communist meetings down in Greenwich Village. Before he wooed Margaret, he had toyed with adolescent notions of political millenarianism and social utopianism from time to time. With his wife distracted by her material quest and his work no longer an all-consuming passion, he once again explored the nether realm of coercive idealism.

At the time, New York was well on its way to becoming a seething cauldron of radical ideas and social unrest. The syndicalist notions of the early labor movement, the libertarian ideas of the early suffragette movement, and the proletarian notions of the early

progressive movement made for a heady cultural brew. And William drank from it deeply. He threw in his lot with a myriad of extremist groups, fringe coalitions, and perennial lost causes.

Though she generally eschewed the smoke-filled rooms and the fervid rhetoric of his radical associations, from time to time—usually when she bored of her more patrician activities—Margaret would tag along with William to sundry rallies, caucuses, and protests. Though his sense of justice and social ire seemed perpetually roused to a fever pitch, she remained supremely unimpressed. In fact, she often mocked the rag-tag revolutionaries as the comical and motley crew that they were. She described Bill Haywood, founder of the left-wing Industrial Workers of the World, as “an uncouth, stumbling, one-eyed giant with an enormous head.”² She said that Alexander Beckman, another perennially hapless labor organizer from the radical fringe, was essentially “a hack, arm-chair socialist—full of hot air, but likely little else.”³ She called Eugene Debs a “silly silk hat radical.”⁴ And she characterized the partisans of the Socialist Party as “losers, complainers, and perpetual victims—unwilling or unable to do for themselves, much less for society at large.”⁵

One evening, however, she heard a radical labor organizer describe the pitiful working conditions of the many sweatshops and chattel dens throughout New York’s Lower West Side and the Midtown Garment District. But it was not the image of suffering and injustice that arrested her attentions—she had heard all that before. It was the speaker’s vision of the power

of well-planned social subversion and disruptive anti-establishment protest that gripped her.

John Reed, who would later gain fame as a propagandist for the Bolsheviks in Soviet Russia, was a passionate speaker who exuded confidence. He also had a knack for vivid, compelling prose. He described with heroic idealism a kind of ideological crusade bent on irreverently overturning the privileged status quo. Appealing to her romantic extremism, he painted a lucidly resplendent picture of adventurous anarchy akin to some pre-deluvian epoch.

Margaret was wowed. The ideas and ideals of Marxism had never seemed to her to be particularly relevant to the real world. But in the hands of a compelling presence like Reed, they came alive to her. Before long, she could think of little else. She was completely radicalized. She suddenly shed her bourgeois habits and took to Bohemian ways. Instead of whiling the hours away in the elegant shops along Fifth Avenue, she plunged headlong into the maelstrom of rebellion and revolution.

She read voraciously for the first time in her life. John Spargo had just translated Marx's *Das Capital* into English. Lincoln Steffens had published *The Shame of the Cities*. Jacob Riis released his classic, *How the Other Half Lives*. Upton Sinclair was shaking the establishment with raging indictments like *The Jungle*. And George Fitzpatrick produced *War, What For?* Each became an important factor in the development of her newfound interests.

And each became an important part of William and Margaret's lifestyle, too—their apartment quickly

became a social hub for the various legions of the hodgepodge revolutionaries. Those whom she once scorned as “fanatics” and “misfits” became a regaled coterie in their home.

She later wrote:

Our living room became a gathering place where liberals, anarchists, Socialists, and IWW's could meet. These vehement individualists had to have an audience, preferably a small, intimate one. Any evening you might find visitors being aroused by Jack Reed, bullied by Bill Haywood, or led softly towards anarchism by Alex Berkman. When throats grew dry and the flood of oratory waned, someone went out for hamburgers, sandwiches, hot dogs, and beer. The luxuriousness of the midnight repast depended upon the collection of coins tossed into the middle of the table, which consisted of what everybody had in his pocket. Those were halcyon days, indeed.⁶

During those halcyon days, Margaret underwent a transformation no less dramatic than might be expected of a religious convert. She was a zealot. Even the breathy cabaret of her brazenness became subject to the revolutionary cause. In her, softer needs seemed now to be stillborn. She became as resolute and unrelenting as permafrost. Like a medieval mystic or cabalistic alchemist, her every waking moment was dominated by thoughts of ushering the great utopia—by whatever wrenching means might prove necessary. Violence, sabotage, assassination, subversion, insurrection, ter-

ror—these became the stock-in-trade of her born again left-wing fundamentalism. And this was no passing fancy—her conversion proved to be genuine. For the rest of her long life every other concern was subordinated to *the cause*.

PART TWO

Whence? What? Whither?

There is a tradition that jumping off a precipice is prejudicial to the health; and therefore nobody does it. Then appears a progressive prophet and reformer, who points out that we really know nothing about it, because nobody does it. And the tradition is thereby mocked—to the peril of us all.

—G. K. Chesterton¹

3

THE WOMAN REBEL

What seems to infect the modern world is a sort of swollen pride in the possession of modern thought or free thought or higher thought, combined with a comparative neglect of thought.

—G. K. Chesterton²

AT FIRST, WILLIAM WAS THRILLED BY Margaret's sudden conversion. It seemed that his bride had at last found her long-sought-after meaning, purpose, and fulfillment.

She was now forever hatching subversive plots, railing against hidden conspiracies, inciting invectives against the authorities, and ingratiating herself to the foremost radicals of the day: John Reed, Eugene Debs, Clarence Darrow, Will Durant, Upton Sinclair, Julius Hammer, and Bill Haywood. Like a sycophant courtier,

she was an omnipresent whirlwind of energy and starry-eyed adulation.

She joined the *de rigueur* Socialist Party and attended all of its functions. She even volunteered as a women's union organizer for the Party's infamous Local Number Five, speaking at labor organization meetings and writing editorials and reviews for the Party newspaper, *The Call*.

By this time, virtually all of the most extreme revolutionary elements of American political life had been unified in the Socialist Party: the Radical Republicans, the Reformist Unitarians, the Knights of Labor, the Mugwumps, the Anarchists, the Populists, the Progressivists, the Suffragettes, the Single Taxers, the Grangers, and the Communists. Though it never moved much beyond the fringes of the nation's electoral experience, it was able to tap into the anomie and ennui of a significant segment of America's disenfranchised class.

From ten thousand members in 1901, it had swollen to fifty-eight thousand by 1908. More than twice that number were recorded four years later. And its voting strength was many times greater even than that, accounting for more than six percent of all the votes cast in the disastrously fractious national elections of 1912.

When Margaret and William Sanger entered the fray that year, the Party had elected twelve hundred public officials in thirty-three states and one hundred and sixty cities, and it regularly published as many as three hundred tabloids, broadsides, and periodicals. It was progressive. It was visionary. And it was making headway among voters whose interests and fortunes had waned under the monopolistic grip of industrial mercantilism. Socialism has always been a peculiar temptation for

disenchanted American voters for whom brash talk of equality is a tenet of faith and justice is a badge of honor.

Not a little of the attraction during Margaret's halcyon revolutionary days was the personal charisma of the "silly silk hat radical," Eugene Debs. A former railway worker and union organizer, Debs had become the personification of socialism for most Americans. He had run at the top of the Party's ticket in five different presidential campaigns—spanning a quarter century of the nation's greatest unrest and upheaval. He became wildly popular among the disaffected as a thoughtful and plain-spoken champion of the ordinary worker.

His rhetorical appeal was hardly unique; it was in fact rooted in the standard material-determinist fare of the day. He claimed that the laborer and farmer were the oppressed victims of capitalism with its trusts, its industrial tycoons, its utilities magnates, its large property owners, its corrupt and controlled Congress, and its ranks of unemployed. He decried the culture-wide atmosphere of intolerance, injustice, and heartless greed.

To remedy all these ills, Debs offered the scientific and reasoned alternative of a "managed economy," a "widely distributed means of production," an "accessible health care provision system," and an "ideal sovietized central state."³ He boldly declared that he was "in revolt against capitalism."⁴ In fact, he declared an ideological war against all conventional politicians within that system, saying:

With every drop of blood in my veins, I despise their laws, and I will defy them. I am going to speak to you as a Socialist, a Revolutionist, and as a Bolshevik, if you please. The Socialist Party stands fearlessly and uncom-

promisingly for the overthrow of the labor-robbing, war-breeding, and crime-inciting capitalist system.⁵

Later, he would aid and abet the Russian Revolution and claim that its success was “the greatest single achievement in all history.”⁶ He said: “I am a Bolshevik. I am fighting for the same thing here as they are fighting for over there. It is essential that we affiliate with the Third International, and without qualification. Therein lies the hope of the future.”⁷

From the vantage of the post-Cold-War era, such sentiments sound terribly naive and wrong-headed—despite the fact that they remain the currency of what’s left of the Left—but during the tumultuous days just after the War Between the States and before the First World War, these sentiments were shared by a growing segment of idealistic Americans.

Debs was the perennial underdog, willing to pay any price for his convictions. He was perceived by his faithful followers as the incorruptible voice of the people. His oft repeated pledge became populism’s epigrammatic byword: “While there is still a lower class, I am in it; while there is a criminal element, I am of it; while there is a soul in prison, I am not free.”⁸ Indeed, he had to run one of his presidential bids from a cell in the federal penitentiary after he was convicted of sedition. Thus, Debs not only gave socialism a human face, he also gave it a heroic cast.

For that reason, Margaret became a passionate partisan. In addition, though, she was impressed by the record of Debs and the Party on women’s issues. No other political movement in American history had

fought so consistently for women's suffrage, sexual liberation, feminism, and birth control. These subjects were a central aspect of the creedal dogma of the Party and had practically become obsessions for Margaret. And they made her commitment to ushering in a socialist revolution—regardless of the material or human cost necessary—all the more urgent.

While William was happy that Margaret had finally found a cause that satisfied her restless spirit, he gradually became concerned that she was perhaps taking on too much too soon. Her transformation was disconcertingly complete. Their apartment was in a perpetual state of disarray. Their children were constantly being farmed out to friends and neighbors. And their time alone together was nonexistent. While Margaret had never exactly been particularly domestic and had never actually applied herself to making their house a home, her all-consuming political fanaticism had dispatched the family's needs altogether. William could not help but be concerned.

Jerry Talmadge was a friend of the Sangers. He worked with William at the architectural firm and volunteered his time with Margaret at various Socialist Party functions. He witnessed both the transformation of Margaret's passions and the escalation of William's concerns. Later he would write:

It was rather sad. She was like a raging river overflowing the banks of conventionality and propriety. He was like the small householder attempting vainly to keep the floods from washing away his home and property. It was inevitable that the two would be at odds, one with another.⁹

It was bad enough that Margaret had become entirely enamored with Debs and his comprehensive dogma of revolution, but then when Margaret fell under the spell of the militant utopian Emma Goldman, William's husbandly concern turned to extreme disapproval. Margaret had gone from an arch-typical material girl to a revolutionary firebrand almost overnight. And now she was taking her cues from one of the most dangerous and controversial insurrectionists since the bloody Reign of Terror during the French Revolution.

It was just too much. William began backpedaling furiously. He steered clear of his radical associations. And he tried desperately to pull his wife back into a more conventional social orbit. Now that the revolution had moved beyond parlor fantasies and arm-chair bombast and had invaded the inner sanctum of his home and family, its horrific disruptiveness became all too obvious to him.

To Margaret's way of thinking, however, he had become a traitor to *the cause*. She was now a true believer, and nothing and no one could possibly be allowed to interfere with its progress among men and nations. Thus, the paranoia of fanaticism sorely stigmatized him in her eyes.

And her new attachment to the steely determinism of Emma Goldman only reinforced that perversely held taint.

4

MADONNA

*Clichés are things that can be new and already old.
They are things that can be new and already dead.
They are the stillborn fruits of culture.*

—G. K. Chesterton¹

EMMA GOLDMAN WAS A FIERY RENEGADE WHO had close connections with revolutionaries the world over: Bolsheviks in Russia, Fabians in England, Anarchists in Germany, and Malthusians in France. She lectured all across the American heartland, drawing large crowds, discoursing on everything from the necessity of free love to the nobility of incendiary violence, from the evils of capitalism to the virtues of assassination, from the perils of democracy to the need for birth control.

She made her living selling her Anarchist magazine *Mother Earth* and by distributing leaflets on contraception and liberated sex. Known as the “Red Queen of Anarchy,” she was baleful and brutal. But she was brilliant—and she was more than capable of communicating that brilliance to vast throngs in her political rallies. Her spare, spartan appearance proved an apropos guise for her mechanistic dogma of dystopic disruption.

Margaret was completely taken by her erudite discussions of philosophical profundities and ideological certainties. She hung on Goldman’s every word and began to read everything in Goldman’s wide-ranging library of incendiary literature, including the massive, seven-volume *Studies in the Psychology of Sex* by Havelock Ellis, which stirred in her a new lust for lust.

Goldman disciplined the young reformer, introducing her to the concupiscence of Ibsen, Tolstoy, Voltaire, and Kropotkin. She taught her the grassroots mobilization tactics of the great revolutionary cabals of France, Austria, Poland, and Russia. She tutored her subversive impulse with the Enlightenment catechisms of Rousseau, Babeuf, Buonarroti, Nechayev, and Lenin. She reacquainted her with the subversive strategies of the Radical Republicans during the Reconstruction subjection of conquered territory following the American War Between the States. She schooled her in the verities of Humanism—the fantastic notions of the self-sufficiency and inherent goodness of man, the persistent hope of perfectability, and the relativity of all ethical mores. She desensitized her to the most extreme ideas and the most perverse

confabulations ever devised by men. She initiated her to their collusive mumblings as a druid would beedle an acolyte into the deepest darkness.

Not long after this ritualized initiation into the occult of ideological revolution, Margaret told her bewildered husband that she needed emancipation from every taint of Christianized capitalism—including the strict bonds of the marriage bed. She even suggested to him that they seriously consider experimenting with various trysts, infidelities, fornications, and adulteries. Because of her careful tutoring in socialist dogma, she had undergone a sexual liberation—at least intellectually—and she was now ready to test its authenticity physically.

He was shocked. And not surprisingly, he was deeply hurt. In a desperate attempt to save their marriage, he rented a cottage on Cape Cod and took Margaret and the children for a long vacation. They rested and relaxed and played. They ate and drank and socialized.

By the time they returned, Goldman had departed the Bohemian scene in Greenwich Village for a speaking tour, and Margaret's attentions were deflected from the promiscuity of revolution, at least for the moment. She continued reading the radical and sensual literature of Ellis and others, but her activism gradually took a new and different turn.

A strike of textile workers in Lawrence, Massachusetts drew the attentions of Socialist sympathizers all over the country. Sponsored by a militantly Marxist union, the Industrial Workers of the World—or the IWW, as it was more commonly known—the strike

was seen by partisans as a tremendous chance to bring the revolution to the streets of America. Bill Haywood, the labor leader who had opportunistically formed the union after a series of sweatshop disasters, came to Greenwich Village looking for professional organizers to help him manage the strike.

Margaret jumped at the chance. Her great tenacity, unswerving commitment, and innocent winsomeness proved to be tremendous assets for Haywood. She was able to stir up a great deal of sympathetic publicity. And as a result, the strike was a tremendous success.

In fact, it may have been too successful. It had actually attracted the sympathies of several key industrialists, financiers, media outlets, entertainment moguls, and government officials. Even President Taft voiced his support for the workers and their cause. The battle was won, but the war was lost—the revolution never made it to the streets simply because the anger of the rebellion was diffused by the acceptance of the establishment. The IWW was unable to recover from its victory and was never again able to stage a successful strike.

Margaret returned to William and the children, despondent and discouraged. In the weeks that followed, she was at a loss as to how to occupy her time. She busied herself by dabbling in amateur midwifery by day and by holding court in Mabel Dodge's salon by night.

Idle hands are the devil's playthings.

Dodge was a wealthy young divorcee, recently returned from France, where she had spent most of her married years. She had a stunning Fifth Avenue apart-

ment where she started a salon modeled after those in the Palais Royale and Paris's Left Bank. Her series of evening gatherings were opportunities for intellectuals, radicals, artists, actors, writers, and activists to meet and greet, aspire and conspire. Each night had its own theme: sometimes it would be politics, sometimes drama, or perhaps poetry or economics or art or science. Ideas and liquor flowed freely until midnight, when Dodge would usher in a sumptuous meal of the finest meats, poultry, cheeses, and French pastries.

Margaret's topic of discussion was always sex. Her detour into labor activism had done little to dampen her interest in the subject. When it was her turn to lead an evening, she held Dodge's guests spellbound, ravaging their imaginations with intoxicating notions of the aromatic dignity, the unfettered self-expression, and the innate sacredness of sexual desire.

Free love had been practiced quietly for years by the avant-garde intellectuals in the Village. Eugene O'Neill took on one mistress after another, immortalizing them in his plays. Edna St. Vincent Millay hopped gaily from bed to bed and wrote about it in her poems. Max Eastman, Emma Goldman, Floyd Dell, Rockwell Kent, Edgar Lee Masters, and many others had for some time enjoyed unrestrained sexploits.

But no one had championed sexual freedom as openly and ardently as Margaret. When she spoke, the others became transfixed. Her innocent girl-next-door looks belied her bordello motif and gutter talk.

Dodge was especially struck by her sensuous didactae. Later she would write in her memoirs:

Margaret Sanger was a Madonna type of woman, with soft reddish-brown hair parted over a quiet brow, and crystal-clear brown eyes. It was she who introduced us all to the idea of birth control, and it, along with other related ideas about sex, became her passion. It was as if she had been more or less arbitrarily chosen by the powers-that-be to voice a new gospel of not only sex-knowledge in regard to conception, but sex-knowledge in regard to copulation and its intrinsic importance. She was the first person I ever knew who was openly an ardent propagandist for the joys of the flesh. This, in those days, was radical indeed when the sense of sin was still so indubitably mixed with the sense of pleasure. Margaret personally set out to rehabilitate sex. She was one of its first conscious promulgators.²

In the safe environs of the Greenwich Village salon, surrounded by her radical peers, Margaret honed her promiscuous and lascivious schtick. She set the stage for a lifetime of sexual titillation and experimentation—a life sadly bereft of covenantal commitment.

For her, the success of the social revolution began with the sexual revolution. If *the cause* were ever to prevail culturally, it had to first prevail interpersonally through the unleashing of carnal passion. If the workers of the world were to unite, then the antiquated morals that suppressed their true inmost feelings and

inhibited their true heartfelt expressions had to be eliminated.

It was not worth the terrible spiritual and emotional sacrifice, of course. But there was no telling Margaret. She was nothing short of hellbent.

PART THREE

No Little People

We often hear of a man becoming a criminal through a love of low company. I believe it is much commoner for a man to become a criminal through a love of refined company. There is a kind of people who cannot stand poverty because they cannot stand ugliness. These people might rob or even murder out of pure refinement.

—G. K. Chesterton¹

5

ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT

Unless a man becomes the enemy of an evil, he will not even become its slave, but rather its champion.

—G. K. Chesterton²

EVERYONE SEEMED TO BE DELIGHTED BY Margaret's explicit and brazen talks. Everyone except her husband, that is. William began to see the socialist revolution as nothing more than "an excuse for a saturnalia of sex."³ He decided he had best get Margaret away once again.

This time he took Margaret and the children to Paris. He could pursue his newly developed interests in modern art. Margaret could study her now keen fascination with the advanced contraceptive methods widely available in France. And together they could refresh their commitment to each other in the world's most romantic city.

At first, the ploy seemed to work. Together they enjoyed the enchantments of the chattering salons, the quaint artists' colonies, and quirky galleries that dotted the Left Bank in those pre-holocaust halcyon days. They were awed by the magnificent fountains which even today fall with hallowed delicacy into the framing space of the Place de la Concorde. They gawked as blue hues crept out from behind the Colonnades in the Rue de Rivoli and through the grillwork of the Tuileries. They marveled at the low elegant outlines of the Louvre—a serious metallic gray against the setting sun. They strolled under the well-tended branches that hung brooding over animated cafes, embracing their conversations with tender intimacy. They reveled in the sight of the long windows that opened onto iron-clad balconies in marvelously archaic hotels, while gauzy lace curtains fluttered across imagined hopes and wishes and dreams. Romance wafted freely in the sweet cool breezes off the Seine—and they embraced it deeply and passionately.

They took an apartment in a wonderful eighteenth-century building replete with high ceilings, ornamented plaster bas-relief across one wall, huge shuttered windows, antique furniture, and loads of dusty old books. They surrounded themselves with all the odd trappings of an ex-patriot's existence.

On their tight budget they could not afford the typical Grand Tour initiation to the city—sitting in the chic cafes along the Champs-Élysées for hours sipping champagne at twelve dollars a glass or buying leather at Louis Vuitton at a thousand dollars per garment or snatching up two-hundred-dollar scarves at Hermes or eating at the Epicurean five-star Bristol Hotel at more

than three hundred dollars a meal—but the pleasures of Paris could be had on an economy scale nonetheless.

Each day, they would wander over to the Pont Neuf bridge to explore the wares of the *bouquinistes*—the traditional French booksellers who had pioneered their unique brand of transportable trade early in the seventeenth century. They would then visit one of the many magnificent museums or perhaps eat a picnic lunch in the Bois de Boulogne, the huge park along the city's western ridge. Often, they would end up soaking in the jubilant carnival atmosphere at the Champs-de-Mars just below the Eiffel Tower.

Paris is a marvel of vintage sensory delights. And both Margaret and William drank deeply from its draft. The staccato sounds of the clicking of saucers in the Place de la Contrescarpe, the trumpeting of traffic around the Arc de Triomphe, and the conspiratorial whispering on benches in the Jardin de Luxembourg seem to play a jangling Debussy score in the twilight hours. The nostalgic smells of luxuriant perfumes, wine, and brandy; the invigorating odors of croissants, espresso, and cut lavender; and the acrid fumes of tobacco, roasted chestnuts, and *salon sautés* seem to texture a sweet and subtle Monet upon the canvas of *l'entente de la vie*. The dominating sights of the yellow towers of Notre Dame, the arched bridges cutting across the satin sheen of the river, and the stately elegance of the Bourbon palaces and pavilions scattered about the city like caches of mercy seem to sculpt a muscular Rodin bronze on the *tabula rasa* landscape.

It was almost heaven.

Almost. But not quite.

Victor Hugo, who loved the city with a passion, warned that the rich atmosphere of Parisian culture was deceptively intoxicating. He often asserted that “No one can spend any length of time in Paris without being captivated by satyrs or muses or cupids or bacchuses or all of them together.”⁴

Margaret was captivated by all of them together. The lure of revolutionary promiscuity beckoned her fiercely—and it seemed that the romance of Paris only intensified that siren’s song. It was only a matter of time before she became anxious for her Village causes, friends, and lovers. She begged William to return.

He refused. After a bitter flap—both of them adamant and unyielding—she simply abandoned him there and returned to New York with the confused children in tow. He bid her good riddance—at last resigned to the fact that there was no longer any hope of salvaging the marriage.

Without her husband to support her every whim and fancy, Margaret was forced to find some means of providing an income for herself and the children. She had continued to write for *The Call* and found some degree of satisfaction in that, so she decided to try her hand at writing and publishing a paper herself.

She called it *The Woman Rebel*. It was an eight-sheet pulp with the slogan “No Gods and No Masters” emblazoned across the masthead. She advertised it as “a paper of militant thought.”⁵

And militant it was indeed. The first issue denounced marriage as “a degenerate institution,” capitalism as “indecent exploitation,” and sexual modesty as “obscene prudery.”⁶ In the next issue, an article entitled “A Woman’s Duty” proclaimed that “rebel women”

were to “look the whole world in the face with a go-to-hell look in the eyes.”⁷ Another article asserted that “Rebel women claim the following rights: the right to be lazy, the right to be an unmarried mother, the right to destroy . . . and the right to love.”⁸ In later issues, she published several articles on contraception, several more on sexual liberation, three on the necessity for social revolution, and two defending political assassinations.⁹

The Woman Rebel was militant, all right. In fact, it was so militant that Margaret was promptly served with a subpoena indicting her on three counts for the publication of lewd and indecent articles in violation of the federal Comstock Laws.

The Comstock Laws had been passed by Congress in 1873. Their purpose was to close the mails to “obscene and lascivious” material, particularly the erotic postcards and pornographic magazines from Europe which, during the debauched and confused post-war and Radical Reconstruction period, were flooding the country. Anthony Comstock, their chief sponsor, was appointed a special agent of the Post Office, with the power to see that it was strictly enforced. For nearly half a century he fought an almost single-handed campaign to “keep the mails clean” and to “ensure just condemnation for the purveyors of filth, eroticism, and degeneracy.”¹⁰

If convicted—and conviction was practically a foregone conclusion—Margaret could be sentenced to as much as five years in the federal penitentiary. Frightened, she obtained several extensions of her court date. But then, deciding that her case was hopeless, she determined to flee the country under an assumed name. She had her socialist friends forge a passport, secure passage

across the border, provide her with connections and contacts in Canada and England, and take charge of her now inconvenient children.

As a final gesture, just before she secretly slipped out of the country, she had them print and distribute one hundred thousand copies of a contraband leaflet she had written on contraception called *Family Limitation*. It was lurid and lascivious, designed to enrage the postal authorities and titillate the masses. But worse, it was dangerously inaccurate, recommending such things as “Lysol douches,” “bichloride of mercury elixirs,” “heavy doses of laxatives,” and “herbal abortifacients.”

Margaret Sanger’s dubious career as the “champion of birth control” and “patron saint of feminism” was now well underway.

6

BABYLONIAN EXILE

Under all its parade of novelty, the modern world really runs to monotony, partly because it runs to monopoly.

—G. K. Chesterton¹

MARGARET SPENT MORE THAN A YEAR IN England as a fugitive from justice. But she made certain that the time was not wasted. She had found her key to *the cause*: revolutionary socialism. She had found her niche in *the cause*: sexual liberation. And now she would further *the cause* with a single-minded zeal.

As soon as she came ashore, Margaret began to make contact with the various radical groups of Britain. She began attending socialist lectures on Nietzsche's moral relativism, anarchist lectures on

Kropotkin's subversive pragmatism, and communist lectures on Bakunin's collectivistic rationalism. But she was especially interested in developing close ties with the Malthusians.

Thomas Malthus was a nineteenth-century cleric and sometime professor of political economy whose theories of population growth and economic stability quickly became the basis for national and international social policy throughout the West. According to his scheme, population grows exponentially over time, while production only grows arithmetically. He believed a crisis was therefore inevitable—a kind of ticking population time bomb that he believed threatened the very existence of the human race. Poverty, deprivation, and hunger were the evidences of this looming population crisis. He believed that the only responsible social policy would be one that addressed the unnatural problem of population growth—by whatever means necessary. Every social problem was subordinate to this central cause. In fact, Malthus argued, to deal with sickness, crime, privation, and need in any other way simply aggravates the problems further; thus, he actually condemned charity, philanthropy, international relief and development, missionary outreaches, and economic investment around the world as counterproductive.

In his magnum opus, *An Essay on the Principle of Population*, published in six editions from 1798 to 1826, Malthus wrote:

All children born, beyond what would be required to keep up the population to a desired level, must necessarily perish, unless

room be made for them by the deaths of grown persons. . . . Therefore . . . we should facilitate, instead of foolishly and vainly endeavoring to impede, the operations of nature in producing this mortality; and if we dread the too frequent visitation of the horrid form of famine, we should sedulously encourage the other forms of destruction, which we compel nature to use. Instead of recommending cleanliness to the poor, we should encourage contrary habits. In our towns we should make the streets narrower, crowd more people into the houses, and court the return of the plague. In the country, we should build our villages near stagnant pools, and particularly encourage settlements in all marshy and unwholesome situations. But above all, we should reprobate specific remedies for ravaging diseases; and restrain those benevolent, but much mistaken men, who have thought they were doing a service to mankind by projecting schemes for the total extirpation of particular disorders.²

Malthus's disciples—the Malthusians and the Neo-Malthusians—believed that if Western civilization were to survive, the physically unfit, the materially poor, the spiritually diseased, the racially inferior, and the mentally incompetent had to somehow be suppressed and isolated—or perhaps even eliminated. And while Malthus was forthright in recommending plague, pestilence, and putrifaction, his disciples felt that the subtler and more “scientific” approaches of education, contra-

ception, sterilization, and abortion were more practical and acceptable ways to ease the pressures of the supposed overpopulation.

The dumb certainties of experience have time and again disproven virtually every aspect of the Malthusian analysis, but that was of little impediment to the motley band of progressives who embraced its idealistic notions—and who still do. As historian Paul Johnson has shown, the Malthusians “were not men of action.” Instead, “They tried to solve the problems of the world in the quiet of their studies, inside their own heads. . . . They produced a new vocabulary of mumbojumbo. It was all hard-headed, scientific, and relentless.”³

Even so, their doctrines were immensely appealing to the intelligentsia and the kulturistas of the mod flap-per set. According to Johnson:

All the ablest elements in Western society, the trendsetters in opinion, were wholly taken in by this monstrous doctrine of unreason. Those who objected were successfully denounced as obscurantists, and the enemies of social progress. They could no longer be burned as heretical subverters of the new orthodoxy, but they were successfully and progressively excluded from the control of events.⁴

They maintained an admirable don't-confuse-me-with-the-facts aplomb when faced with the utter fantasy of their scientific assumptions.

Not surprisingly, Margaret immediately got on the Malthusian bandwagon. She was not philosophically inclined, nor was she particularly adept at political, social, or economic theory, but she did recognize in the Malthusians a kindred spirit and a tremendous opportunity. She was also shrewd enough to realize that her notions of radical socialism and sexual liberation would never have the popular support necessary to usher in the revolution without some appeal to altruism and intellectualism. She needed somehow to capture the moral and academic "high ground."

Malthusianism, she thought, just might be the key to that ethical and intellectual posture. If she could argue for birth control using the scientifically verified threat of poverty, sickness, racial tension, and overpopulation as its backdrop, then she would have a much better chance of making her case. So she began to absorb as much of the Malthusian dogma as she could.

Margaret also immersed herself in the teachings of each of the Malthusian offshoots. If a little bit of something is a good thing, then a lot is even better. There was Phrenology, Binetism, and Craniometrisism. There was Oneidianism, Polygenesis, Recapitulationism, Lambrosianism, Hereditarianism, Freudianism, and Neotenism. From each group she picked up a few popular slogans and concepts that would permanently shape her crusade.

But Eugenics left the most lasting impression on the malleable mold of her nascent worldview of radicalism. Eugenics was perhaps the most revolutionary of the pseudo-sciences spawned by Malthusianism.

Having convinced an entire generation of scientists, intellectuals, and social reformers that the world was facing an imminent economic crisis caused by unchecked human fertility, Malthusian thought quickly turned to practical programs and social policies.

Some of these managerial Malthusians believed that the solution to the imminent crisis was political: restrict immigration, reform social welfare, and tighten citizenship requirements. Others thought the solution was technological: increase agricultural production, improve medical proficiency, and promote industrial efficiency. But many of the rest felt that the solution was genetic: restrict or eliminate “bad racial stocks” and gradually “help to engineer the evolutionary ascent of man.”

This last group became the adherents of a malevolent new voodoo-science called Eugenics. They quickly became the most influential and powerful of all the insurgent ideologists striving to rule the affairs of men and nations. In fact, for the rest of the twentieth century they would unleash one plague after another—a whole plethora of designer disasters—upon the unsuspecting human race.

The Eugenacists unashamedly espoused an elitist White Supremacy. Or to be more precise, they espoused an elitist Northern and Western European White Supremacy. It was not a supremacy based on the crass ethnic racism of the past but upon a new kind of “scientific” elitism deemed necessary to preserve “the best of the human race” in the face of impending doom. It was a very refined sort of supremacy that prided itself on rationalism, intellectualism, and progressivism.

And this racial supremacy, they believed, had to be promoted both positively and negatively. Through selective breeding, the Eugenicists hoped to purify the blood lines and improve the stock of the “superior” Aryan race. The “fit” would be encouraged to reproduce prolifically. This was the positive side of Malthusian Eugenics. Negative Malthusian Eugenics, on the other hand, sought to contain the “inferior” races through segregation, sterilization, birth control, and abortion. The “unfit” would thus be slowly winnowed out of the population as chaff is from wheat.

By the first two decades of this century, according to feminist author Germaine Greer, “The relevance of Eugenic considerations was accepted by all shades of liberal and radical opinion, as well as by many conservatives.”⁵

Some forty states had enacted restrictive containment measures and established Eugenic asylums. Eugenics departments were endowed at many of the most prestigious universities in the world, including Harvard, Princeton, Columbia, and Stanford. Funding for Eugenic research was provided by the Rockefeller, Ford, and Carnegie Foundations. And Eugenic ideas were given free reign in the literature, theater, music, and press of the day.⁶

The crassest sort of prejudicial class bigotry was thus embraced against the bosom of pop culture as readily and enthusiastically as the newest movie release from Hollywood or the latest hit tune from Broadway. It became a part of the collective social consciousness. Its assumptions went almost entirely unquestioned. Because it sprang full-grown from the

sacrosanct temple of science—like Aphrodite on the crest of the sea or Athena from the brow of Zeus—it was placed in the modern pantheon of “truth” and rendered due faith and service by all “reasonable men.”⁷

Of course, not all men are “reasonable,” and so, quite thankfully, Malthusian Eugenics was not without its critics. The great Christian apologist G. K. Chesterton, for example, fired unrelenting salvos of biting analysis against the Eugenicists, indicting them for combining “a hardening of the heart with a sympathetic softening of the head,” and for presuming to turn “common decency” and “commendable deeds” into “social crimes.”⁸ If Darwinism was the doctrine of “the survival of the fittest,” then, he said, Eugenics was the doctrine of “the survival of the nastiest.”⁹

In his remarkably visionary book *Eugenics and Other Evils*, Chesterton pointed out, for the first time, the link between Neo-Malthusian Eugenics and the evolution of Prussian and Volkish Monism into Fascist Nazism. “It is the same stuffy science,” he argued, “the same bullying bureaucracy, and the same terrorism by tenth-rate professors, that has led the German Empire to its recent conspicuous triumphs.”¹⁰

But singular voices like Chesterton’s were soon drowned out by the din of acceptance. Eugenics was the progenitor of political correctness. Long latent biases heretofore held at bay by moral convention were suddenly liberated by “science.” Men were now justified in indulging their petty prejudices. And they took perverse pleasure in it, as all fallen men are wont to do.

Keen as she was to remain on the cutting edge of the *haute kultursmog*, Margaret readily embraced the racist aims and ambitions of Eugenic elitism. She was at the forefront of the fad. And it was to shape all that she was to do and all that she was to be in the momentous years that followed.

PART FOUR

The End of Man

The whole point of the Eugenic pseudo-scientific theories is that they are to be applied wholesale by some more sweeping and generalizing money power than the individual husband or wife or household. Eugenics asserts that all men must be so stupid that they cannot manage their own affairs; and also so clever that they can manage each other's.

—G. K. Chesterton¹

SEX EDUCATION

*Mankind declares this with one deafening voice: that
sex may be ecstatic so long as it is also restricted.
That is the beginning of all purity; and purity
is the beginning of all passion.*

—G. K. Chesterton²

AS IMPORTANT AS HER MALTHUSIAN INSTITUTIONAL and intellectual connections were in shaping her destiny, Margaret's English exile gave her the opportunity to make some critical interpersonal connections that were more important still. Her bed became a veritable meeting place for the Fabian upper crust: H. G. Wells, George Bernard Shaw, Arnold Bennett, Arbuthnot Lane, and Norman Haire. Free from what she considered "the smothering restrictions of marital fidelity," she indulged in a nymphomaniacal passion for promiscuity and perversion.

Not satisfied even with this kind of extreme lasciviousness, she also began an unusual and tempestuous affair with Havelock Ellis.

Ellis was the iconoclastic grandfather of the Bohemian sexual revolution. The author of nearly fifty books on every aspect of concupiscence from sexual inversion to auto-eroticism, from the revolution of obscenity to the mechanism of detumescence, from sexual periodicity to pornographic eonism, he had provided the free love movement with much of its intellectual apologia.

Much to his chagrin, however, he himself was sexually impotent. Thus, he spent his life in pursuit of new and ever more exotic sensual pleasures. He staged elaborate orgies for his Malthusian and Eugenicist friends; he enticed his wife into innumerable lesbian affairs while he luridly observed in a nearby closet; he experimented with mescaline and various other psychotropic and psychedelic drugs; and he established an underground network for both homosexual and heterosexual extemporaneous encounters.

To Margaret, Ellis was a modern-day saint. She adored him at once, both for his radical ideas and for his unusual bedroom behavior. Their antics are beyond the pale of decent discussion and somehow manage to transcend the descriptive capacities of pedestrian prose. They are best left unexamined.³

But the inculcation of animal instinct was not the only perversity they conjured together. The two of them began to plot a strategy for Margaret's cause. Ellis emphasized the necessity of political expediency—he believed that she would need to shortly return to New York in some sort of triumphant display of *faux* courage and

leadership. But that would mean a few public relations adjustments. Margaret would have to tone down her rabid pro-abortion stance, of course. And she would have to take charge of her children once again—as distasteful as that chore would be for her—in an effort to rehabilitate her image. She would also, he said, have to distance herself from revolutionary rhetoric. The scientific and philanthropic-sounding themes of Malthus and Eugenics would have to replace the politically charged themes of old-line labor Anarchism and Socialism.

By the time her year in England was over, Margaret's ideas were firmly in place, her strategy was thoroughly mapped out, and her agenda was carefully outlined. She set out for America with a demonic determination to alter the course of Western civilization. Ultimately, she would succeed, but the course she and Ellis designed was not without its high hurdles.

Margaret's first task after crossing the Atlantic, of course, was to face up to the year-old legal charges still outstanding against her. Using the skills she had long before developed in the IWW protests and labor strikes, she launched a brilliant public relations campaign that so rallied public support for her cause that the authorities were forced to drop all charges.

She had won her first victory.

Then, in order to capitalize on all the publicity that her victory had generated, she embarked on a three-and-a-half month, coast-to-coast speaking tour. She was a stunning success, drawing large, enthusiastic crowds and garnering controversial press coverage everywhere she went.

Another victory.

Next, she decided to open an illegal, back-alley birth control clinic. Papers, pamphlets, and speeches could only do so much to usher in the revolution. Following her Malthusian and Eugenic instincts, she opened her clinic in the Brownsville section of New York, an area populated by newly immigrated Slavs, Latins, Italians, and Jews. She targeted the “unfit” for her crusade to “save the planet.”⁴

But there would be no victory for Margaret Sanger in this venture. Within two weeks, the clinic had been shut down by the authorities. Margaret and her sister, Ethel, were arrested and sentenced to thirty days each in the workhouse for the distribution of obscene materials and the prescription of dangerous contraband and deleterious medical procedures.

Predictably, Margaret was undeterred. As soon as she was released, she founded a new organization, the Birth Control League, and began to publish a new magazine, *The Birth Control Review*. She was still intent on opening a clinic, but her time in jail had convinced her that she needed to cultivate a broader following before she made another attempt at that. She thought that perhaps the new organization and magazine would help her do just that. And, she was right—the organization and the magazine were the inauspicious beginnings of the international empire she would later dub with the innocuous-sounding moniker, Planned Parenthood.

Though she was now drawing severe public criticism from such men as the fiery popular evangelist Billy Sunday, the famed Catholic social reformer John Ryan, and the gallant former president Theodore Roosevelt, Margaret was gaining stature among the urbane and urban intelligentsia. Money began to pour into her of-

fice as subscriptions and donations soared. And the fact that articles from influential authors such as H. G. Wells, Pearl Buck, Julian Huxley, Karl Menninger, Havelock Ellis, and Harry Emmerson Fosdick appeared on the pages of the *Review* only boosted Margaret's topsy-turvy respectability that much more.

By 1922 her fame and fortune were unshakably secure. She had won several key legal battles, had coordinated an international conference on birth control, and had gone on a very successful round-the-world lecture tour. Her name was quickly becoming a household word, and one of her numerous books had become an instant bestseller in spite of—or perhaps because of—the tremendous controversy it had caused.

Entitled *The Pivot of Civilization*, it was one of the first popularly written books to openly expound and extol Malthusian and Eugenic aims. Throughout its verbose 284 pages, Margaret unashamedly called for the elimination of “human weeds,” for the “cessation of charity,” for the segregation of “morons, misfits, and the maladjusted,” and for the sterilization of “genetically inferior races.”⁵

In one passage, she followed the Malthusian party line advocating the abandonment of all forms of charity and compassion. She wrote:

Even if we accept organized charity at its own valuation, and grant it does the best it can, it is exposed to a more profound criticism. It reveals a fundamental and irremedial defect. Its very success, its very efficiency, its very necessity to the social order are the most unanswerable indictment. Organized charity is the symptom of a malignant social disease.

Those vast, complex, interrelated organizations aiming to control and to diminish the spread of misery and destitution and all the menacing evils that spring out of this sinisterly fertile soil, are the surest sign that our civilization has bred, is breeding, and is perpetuating constantly increasing numbers of defectives, delinquents, and dependents. My criticism, therefore, is not directed at the failure of philanthropy, but rather at its success. These dangers are inherent in the very idea of humanitarianism and altruism, dangers which have today produced their full harvest of human waste.⁶

Again, she wrote:

The most serious charge that can be brought against modern benevolence is that it encourages the perpetuation of defectives, delinquents, and dependents. These are the most dangerous elements in the world community, the most devastating curse on human progress and expression. Philanthropy is a gesture characteristic of modern business lavishing upon the unfit the profits extorted from the community at large. Looked at impartially, this compensatory generosity is in its final effect probably more dangerous, more dysgenic, more blighting than the initial practice of profiteering.⁷

Published today, such a book would be labeled immediately as abominably racist and totalitarian. But writing when she did, Margaret only gained more acclaim. It was,

after all, the heyday of Socialism and its ideological kissing-cousin, Fascism.

Paradoxically, her cause seemed all but unstoppable now. Margaret's great social revolution had truly begun.

8

HUMAN WEEDS

We are not so very far off from even the sacrifice of babies—if not to a crocodile, at least to a creed.

—G. K. Chesterton¹

PLANNED PARENTHOOD OFFICIALS HAVE ALWAYS tried to deflect any criticism of their founder's radical and racist worldview. Though they have managed all manner of epistimological gymnastics and historical revisionism in a feeble attempt to deny it, hide it, and belie it, Margaret was undeniably mesmerized by the fashionable elitism of Malthusian Eugenics.²

Part of the attraction for her was obviously political: virtually all of her Socialist friends, lovers, and comrades were committed Eugenacists—from the followers of Lenin in Revolutionary Socialism like H. G.

Wells, George Bernard Shaw, and Julius Hammer, to the followers of Hitler in National Socialism, like Ernest Rudin, Leon Whitney, and Harry Laughlin.

And part of the attraction for her was also personal: her mentor and lover, Havelock Ellis, was the beloved disciple of Francis Galton, the brilliant cousin of Charles Darwin who first systemized and popularized Eugenic thought.

But it was not simply politics or sentiment that drew Margaret into the Eugenic fold. She was thoroughly convinced that the “inferior races” were in fact “human weeds” and a “menace to civilization.” She really believed that “social regeneration” would only be possible as the “sinister forces of the hordes of irresponsibility and imbecility” were repulsed. She had come to regard organized charity to ethnic minorities and the poor as a “symptom of a malignant social disease” because it encouraged the proflicacy of those “defectives, delinquents, and dependents” she so obviously abhorred. She yearned for the end of the Christian “reign of benevolence” that the Eugenic Socialists promised, when the “choking human undergrowth” of “morons and imbeciles” would be “segregated” and ultimately “sterilized.” Her greatest aspiration was “to create a race of thoroughbreds” by encouraging “more children from the fit, and less from the unfit.” And the only way to achieve that dystopic goal, she realized, was through the harsh and coercive tyranny of Malthusian Eugenics.³

In other words, she was a true believer, not simply someone who assimilated the jargon of the times—as Planned Parenthood officials would have us believe.

She was a committed elitist bent on undermining the familial bonds of the poor and disenfranchised.⁴

Thus, as she began to build the work of the American Birth Control League, and ultimately, of Planned Parenthood, Margaret relied heavily on the men, women, ideas, and resources of the Eugenics movement. Virtually all of the organization's board members were Eugenacists. Financing for the early projects—from the opening of the first birth control clinics to the publishing of the revolutionary literature—came from Eugenacists. The speakers at the conferences, the authors of the propaganda, and the providers of the services were almost without exception avid Eugenacists. And as if that rather substantial evidence were not enough, the international work of Planned Parenthood was originally housed in the offices of the Eugenics Society—while the organizations themselves are institutionally intertwined even to this day.

The Birth Control Review—Margaret's magazine and the immediate predecessor to the *Planned Parenthood Review*—regularly and openly published the racist articles of Malthusian Eugenacists. In October of 1920, for instance, it published a favorable review of Lothrop Stoddard's frightening book of Fascist diatribe, *The Rising Tide of Color Against White World Supremacy*. In September of 1923, the *Review* editorialized in favor of restricting immigration on a racial basis. In April of 1932, it outlined Margaret's "Plan for Peace," which called for coercive sterilization, mandatory segregation, and rehabilitative concentration camps for all "dysgenic stocks." In April of 1933, the

Review published a shocking article entitled “Eugenic Sterilization: An Urgent Need.” It was written by Margaret’s close friend and advisor, Ernst Rudin, who was then serving as Hitler’s director of genetic sterilization and had earlier taken a prominent role in the establishment of the Nazi Society for Racial Hygiene. Later, in June of that same year, it published an article by Leon Whitney entitled, “Selective Sterilization,” which adamantly praised and defended the Third Reich’s pre-holocaust “race purification” programs.

The bottom line is that Margaret self-consciously organized the Birth Control League—and its progeny, Planned Parenthood—in part, to promote and enforce the scientifically elitist notions of White Supremacy. Like the Ku Klux Klan, the Nazi Party, and the Mensheviks, Margaret’s enterprise was from its inception implicitly and explicitly racist. And this racist orientation was all too evident in its various programs and initiatives: government control over family decisions, non-medicinal health care experiments, the rabid abortion crusade, and the coercive sterilization initiatives.

Margaret’s first wild stab at opening a birth control clinic, for example, was strategically aimed at the impoverished and densely populated Brownsville section of Brooklyn. The ramshackle two-room back alley hovel was a far cry from Margaret’s plush Greenwich Village haunts. But since the clientele she wished to attract, the “dysgenic immigrant Southern Europeans, Slavs, Latins, and Jews,” could only be lured into her snare there “in the coarser neighborhoods and tenements,” she was forced to venture out of her more familiar and comfortable confines.

As her organization grew in power and prestige, she began to target several other “ill-favored” and “dysgenic races,” including “Blacks, Hispanics, Amerinds, Fundamentalists, and Catholics.”⁵ It was not long before she set up clinics in their respective communities as well. Margaret and the Malthusian Eugenicists she had gathered about her were not partial; every non-Aryan—red, yellow, black, or white—all were noxious in their sight. They sought to place new clinics wherever those “feeble-minded, syphilitic, irresponsible, and defective” stocks “bred unhindered.” Since by their estimation as much as 70 percent of the population fell into this “undesirable” category, Margaret and her cohorts really had their work cut out for them.

But they were more than up to the task.

In 1939, Margaret designed a “Negro Project” in response to requests from “southern state public health officials”—men not generally known for their racial equanimity.⁶ “The mass of Negroes,” her project proposal asserted, “particularly in the South, still breed carelessly and disastrously, with the result that the increase among Negroes, even more than among Whites, is from that portion of the population least intelligent and fit.” The proposal went on to say that “Public Health statistics merely hint at the primitive state of civilization in which most Negroes in the South live.”⁷

In order to remedy this “dysgenic horror story,” her project aimed to hire three or four “Colored Ministers, preferably with social service backgrounds, and with engaging personalities” to travel to various Black

enclaves and propagandize for birth control.⁸ Her intention was as insidious as it was obvious:

The most successful educational approach to the Negro is through a religious appeal. We do not want word to go out that we want to exterminate the Negro population and the Minister is the man who can straighten out that idea if it ever occurs to any of their more rebellious members.⁹

Of course, those Black ministers were to be carefully controlled—mere figureheads. “There is a great danger that we will fail,” one of the project directors wrote, “because the Negroes think it a plan for extermination. Hence, let’s *appear* to let the colored run it.” Another project director lamented:

I wonder if Southern Darkies can ever be entrusted with . . . a clinic. Our experience causes us to doubt their ability to work except under White supervision.

The entire operation then was a ruse—a manipulative attempt to get Blacks to cooperate in their own elimination.¹⁰

Sadly, the project was quite successful. Its genocidal intentions were carefully camouflaged beneath several layers of condescending social service rhetoric and organizational expertise. Like the citizens of Hamlin, lured into captivity by the sweet serenades of the Pied Piper, all too many Blacks across the country

happily fell into step behind Margaret and the Eugenic racists she had placed on her Negro Advisory Council.

Soon clinics throughout the South were distributing contraceptives to Blacks and Margaret's dream of discouraging "the defective and diseased elements of humanity" from their "reckless and irresponsible swarming and spawning" was at last being fulfilled.

The strategy was of course racial and not geographical. The Southern states were picked simply because of the high proportion of Blacks in their populations. In later decades, expansion to the North and West occurred. But the basic guidelines remained: the proportion of minorities in a community was closely related to the density of birth control clinics.

The "champion of birth control" and the "patron saint of feminism" was no less horrific in her disdain for the helpless and the hapless than any of the other monsters of progressivism during the first half of the twentieth century—Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini, and Mao. The only difference is that they have all been duly discredited, while she has not—at least, not yet.

PART FIVE

To Be or Not to Be

What I complain of is the shallowness of people who only do things for a change and then actually talk as if the change were unchangeable. That is the weakness of a purely progressive theory. The very latest opinion is always infallibly right and always inevitably wrong.

—G. K. Chesterton¹

9

A NEW WORLD ORDER

Civilization is only one of the things that men choose to have. Convince them of its uselessness and they would fling away civilization as they fling away a cigar.

—G. K. Chesterton²

IN 1925, MARGARET HOSTED AN INTERNATIONAL neo-Malthusian and birth control conference at the tiny Hotel McAlpin in New York. She had grown increasingly concerned that societal, civic, and religious pressure might snuff out her nascent Eugenic ideals. As she asserted:

The government of the United States deliberately encourages and even makes necessary by its laws the breeding—with a breakneck rapidity—of idiots, defectives, diseased, feeble-

minded, and criminal classes. Billions of dollars are expended by our state and federal governments and by private charities and philanthropies for the care, the maintenance, and the perpetuation of these classes. Year by year their numbers are mounting. Year by year more money is expended . . . to maintain an increasing race of morons which threatens the very foundations of our civilization.³

She was especially distressed by the dim prospects that democratic suffrage afforded her dystopic plans to implement a universal system of inhuman humanism:

We can all vote, even the mentally arrested. And so it is no surprise to find that the moron's vote is as good as the vote of the genius. The outlook is not a cheerful one.⁴

If there was little for her to cheer about in America, there was even less on the international scene. Europe, decimated by the Great War, was desperate to reverse its dramatic decline in population, while the developing world was no less desperate to stoke the hopeful fires of progress with aggressive population growth. Despite the fast start of her various enterprises, her message was falling on increasingly deaf ears.

By convening dozens of like-minded "neo-Malthusian pioneers" from around the world, she was hopeful that together they would be able to circle the wagons, to "develop a new evangelistic strategy," and ultimately to reverse the tide of public opinion and public policy—and thus "to keep alive and carry on the torch of neo-Malthusian truth."⁵

For six days representatives from France, England, Norway, Holland, Austria, Hungary, Germany, Belgium, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Italy, Portugal, India, South Africa, Russia, Mexico, Canada, Japan, and China listened as “experts” delivered papers, made speeches, held workshops, and offered dire prophecies.

They suggested new political tactics. They crafted coy public relations schemes. And they hammered out a bevy of priorities, agendas, and schedules. In addition to all that, they harked to plenary portents, admonitions, and jeremiads that:

The dullard, the gawk, the numbskull, the simpleton, the weakling, and the scatterbrain are amongst us in overshadowing numbers—intermarrying, breeding, inordinately prolific, literally threatening to overwhelm the world with their useless and terrifying get.⁶

By the end of the conference it was apparent to all of them that unless they took “a course of drastic action the world would face certain eminent disaster.” Many had been involved in some sort of subversive sex-activism for quite some time—each of the participants claimed membership in the International Federation of Neo-Malthusian Leagues and most were leaders in the International Eugenics Society. Even so, the time for united purpose and concerted effort was clearly at hand. A loose federation of “race hygiene societies,” “birth control leagues,” “family planning associations,” and “social Eugenics committees” was formalized. Drawing on the heritage of Annie Bessant, Charles Bradlaugh, Charles Drysdale, and Alice Vickery—all radicals and aspiring social engineers from an earlier generation—the new federation took a self-consciously

presuppositional anti-Christian, anti-family, and anti-choice bent from the start.

The federation would not be incorporated as International Planned Parenthood until a reorganizational meeting in Bombay shortly after the Second World War, but it remained active during the intervening years nonetheless. Sharing both offices and resources with their kith and kin in the International Eugenics Society, the members did not want to hurry the careful conception of their strategic plan unnecessarily. Thus, it was during that developmental period that Margaret and the other leaders laid the philosophical foundations that characterize the organization and its multifarious programs to this day.

They made certain, for instance, that all national affiliates would adhere to a stridently pro-abortion stance. In fact, they determined that all Planned Parenthood associations—regardless of social, cultural, or political contexts—make “legal access” to “unrestricted abortion” a “high priority.” As Malcolm Potts, the medical director for the international federation, admitted years later:

The fact is, that no nation on earth has controlled its fertility without abortion. The United States has 1.5 million abortions a year. Why should we expect Indonesia, say, to do better? No matter how good the method is, you can't get adequate fertility control with contraception alone. You have got to grapple with sterilization and abortion.

They also made certain that the national affiliates pressed for coercive government action to enforce birth limitations and Eugenic sterilizations. They encouraged

national organizations to weigh the necessity of “limiting freedom of choice” through the imposition of legal and economic reproductive incentives and disincentives. Such sanctions might include the “introduction of a child tax,” “reduction or elimination of paid maternity leave and benefits,” “limitation or elimination of public-financed medical care, scholarships, housing loans, and subsidies to families with more than the allowed number of children,” or even, “compulsory sterilizations and abortions.”⁸

In later years, that preferential bent toward totalitarianism led Planned Parenthood to laud the brutal one-child-per-family program of the Communist Chinese as a “stunning success” that was “worth our attention and awe.” They made certain that each national affiliate would develop and implement “value-free” sex-education curricula and programs. They advocated the kinds of programs that the American affiliate pioneered—using perverse off-the-shelf commercial pornography in elementary classrooms, undermining traditional values, usurping the authority of parents, and encouraging promiscuous activity.

Accordingly, the international literature policy asserts:

The broad abstract principles inspired by an antique, repressive morality serve only to confuse us. . . . As hard as it is to admit sexual precocity is a fact that is present, progressive, and irreversible. . . . Only those who admit, accept, and validate the possibility of an early exercise of sexuality will have placed themselves in a condition to be able to channel it through education.⁹

They even mandated that each national affiliate be willing to overcome any legal obstacles that might impede the overarching Planned Parenthood agenda of Eugenic cleansing through various forms of legal challenges, popular protests, and acts of civil disobedience. At times that might mean merely sidestepping the law: in the Philippines where abortions are illegal, Planned Parenthood offers “menstrual extractions” instead—despite the fact that the procedures are, for all intents and purposes, technically the same. At other times clear violation of the law is perpetrated: in Brazil, where sterilization is illegal, Planned Parenthood performs as many as 20 million procedures every year in its field clinics.¹⁰

According to one internal directive issued from the London office:

Family Planning Associations and other non-government organizations should not use the absence of the law or the existence of an unfavorable law as an excuse for inaction; action outside the law, and even in violation of it, is part of the process of stimulating change.¹¹

Though these ideas were more than a little radical, their careful presentation and prudent institutionalization—under the ever watchful management of Margaret and the other neo-Malthusians—eventually paid off. And it paid off in huge dividends.

Ultimately, most of Planned Parenthood’s neo-Malthusian ideas found their way into some of the most significant political, cultural, and social programs of the twentieth century as modern presuppositional tenets of an aggressive and universal politically correct orthodoxy. Unlikely support for the ideas sprang up every-

where. Opposition practically evaporated. Within just a few years, the revolution that Margaret had hoped for and dreamed of had become a veritable reality.

Adolf Hitler, for instance, adopted the neo-Malthusian ideas of Margaret and her friends in a wholesale fashion in his administration of the Third Reich—his exterminative “final solution”; his coercive abortion program in Poland, Yugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia; and his elitist National Socialism. He echoed the Malthusian call to “rid the earth of dysgenic peoples by whatever means available so that we may enjoy the prosperity of the Fatherland.” And he reiterated the Planned Parenthood ideal of eliminating all Christian mercy ministries or social service programs. “Let us spend our efforts and our resources,” he cried in a frenetic speech in 1939, “on the productive, not on the wastrel.”

Josef Stalin also wove Planned Parenthood’s neo-Malthusian ideal into his brutal interpretation of Marxism—his Ukrainian triage, his collectivization of the Kulaks, and his Siberian genocide. He argued that, “The greatest obstacle to the successful completion of the people’s revolution is the swarming of inferior races from the south and east.” And the only thing that kept him from eliminating that obstacle was “the foolhardy interference of church charity.”

The concessions to Margaret’s malignant philosophy did not end there. Before long, the Planned Parenthood planners and prognosticators were riding a veritable tidal wave of success as one political system after another capitulated to the intolerant demands of Eugenicism:

- In 1938, Sweden became the first free nation in Christendom to revert to pre-Christian abortion legislation and to institutionalize Planned Parenthood sex-education and family limitation programs.
- Between 1949 and 1956, abortion was legalized in another eleven European nations—each at the behest of Planned Parenthood.
- In 1954, Planned Parenthood held an international conference on abortion and called for “reform” of restrictive legislation.
- In 1958, various United Nations agencies began to subsidize Planned Parenthood projects and programs throughout the developing world.
- In 1962, the American Law Institute proposed that abortion laws be decriminalized.
- In 1967, the American Medical Association reversed its century-old commitment to protect the lives of the unborn and also began calling for decriminalization and destigmatization of abortion.
- During that same year, three states—Colorado, California, and North Carolina—loosened restrictions on certain child-killing procedures.
- In 1968, the United Kingdom legalized abortion.
- Later that year, Pope Paul VI issued his *Humanae Vitae* encyclical which, among other things, reaffirmed the church’s commitment to the sanctity of life. Since this seemed to be the lone Christian voice of dissent during a massive juggernaut of neo-pagan revivalism, the abortion issue quickly came to be viewed in the public arena as a Catholic issue.

- In 1970, four additional American states—Hawaii, Alaska, Washington, and New York—enacted abortion-on-demand legislation.
- By the end of 1971, nearly half a million legal abortions were being performed in the U.S. each year and another two million were performed world-wide.
- Then in 1973, the Supreme Court issued its momentous *Roe v. Wade* decree that altered the moral landscape of modern America in a single act of sheer judicial fiat, thus signaling a keen message of relativism to the rest of the world.

And from there, things have only gone from bad to worse. Taking full advantage of its newfound global consensus, Planned Parenthood has launched a massive campaign to construct a New World Order in accord with Margaret's original revolutionary design.

As unlikely as it seemed when she first began her lurid campaign, Margaret had succeeded—with a vengeance.

10

THE MARRYING KIND

*The wisdom of man alters with every age; his
prudence has to fit perpetually shifting shapes
of inconvenience or dilemma. But his folly
is immortal: a fire stolen from heaven.*

—G. K. Chesterton¹

DESPITE HER STUNNING SUCCESS, MARGARET was miserable. Her private life was in utter shambles. Her marriage, of course, had ended long ago. During one of many long absences, her daughter caught cold and ultimately died of pneumonia. Her boys were neglected and forgotten. And her once ravishing beauty was fading with age and abuse.

Desperate to find meaning and happiness, she lost herself in a profusion of sexual liaisons. She went from one lover to another, sometimes several in a single day.

She experimented with innumerable erotic fantasies and fetishes, but satisfaction always eluded her grasp. She began to dabble in the occult, participating in séances and practicing Eastern meditation. She even went so far as to apply for initiation into the mysteries of Rosicrucianism and Theosophy.

When all else failed, she turned to the one thing that she knew would bring her solace: once again, she married into money.

J. Noah Slee was the president of the Three-in-One Oil Company and a legitimate millionaire. A conservative church-going Episcopalian, he opposed everything that Margaret stood for but found her irresistible anyway.

At first, Margaret resisted his pleas for marriage. She still believed that it was a “degenerate institution.” But nine million dollars was a mighty temptation—a temptation she simply could not resist.

But just to make certain that the new relationship would not interfere with her sordid affairs and her vicious cause, she drew up a prenuptial agreement that Slee was forced to sign just before the wedding ceremony. It stipulated that Margaret would be free to come and go as she pleased with no questions asked. She was to have her own apartment and servants within her husband’s home, where she could entertain “friends” of her own choosing—behind closed doors. Furthermore, Slee would have to telephone her from the other end of the house even to ask for a dinner date.

Margaret told her lovers that with that document, the marriage would make little or no difference in her life—apart from the convenience of the money, of

course. And she went out of her way to prove it; she flaunted her promiscuity and infidelity every chance she could get.

She was still terribly unhappy, but at least now she was terribly rich, too.

Immediately, Margaret set herself to the task of using her new wealth to further the cause. She opened a new clinic—this time calling it a “Research Bureau” in order to avoid legal tangles. Then she began to smuggle diaphragms into the country from Holland. She waged several successful “turf” battles to maintain control over her “empire.” She campaigned diligently to win over the medical community. She secured massive foundation grants from the Rockefellers, the Fords, and the Mellons. She took her struggle to Washington, testifying before several congressional committees, advocating the liberalization of contraceptive prescription laws. And she fought for the incorporation of reproductive control into state programs as a form of social planning. With her almost unlimited financial resources, she was able to open doors and pull strings that had heretofore been entirely inaccessible to her.

Margaret was also able to use her newfound wealth to fight an important public relations campaign to redeem her reputation—which, despite her success, bore the taint of radicalism and social disruption. Because of her Malthusian and Eugenic connections, she had willingly become closely associated with the scientists and theorists who put together Nazi Germany’s “race purification” program. She had openly endorsed the euthanasia, sterilization, abortion, and

infanticide programs of the early Reich. She happily published a number of articles in *The Birth Control Review* that mirrored Hitler's Aryan-White Supremacist rhetoric. She even commissioned her friend, Ernst Rudin, the director of the Nazi Medical Experimentation program, to serve the organization as an advisor.

Naturally, when World War II broke out and the grisly details of the Nazi programs began to come to light, Margaret was forced to backpedal her position and cover up her complicity. The Great Depression had been a boon for racist and Eugenic arguments, but those days were now past. Charges of anti-Semitism had been harmlessly hurled at her since her trial in 1917, but now that Auschwitz and Dachau had become very much a part of the public conscience, she realized she would have to do something, and quickly.

Her first step toward redeeming her public image was to change the name of her organization. "Planned Parenthood" was a name that had been proposed from within the birth control movement since at least 1938. One of the arguments for the new name was that it connoted a positive program and conveyed a clean, wholesome, family-oriented image. It diverted attention from the international and revolutionary Eugenic intentions of the movement, focusing instead on the personal and individual dimensions of birth control. By 1942, it was decided. The organization would be called the Planned Parenthood Federation of America.

Next, she embarked on an aggressive affiliation program that brought hundreds of local and regional birth control leagues under the umbrella of a national organization, and then dozens of national organiza-

tions were brought under the umbrella of an international organization. This enabled Margaret to draw on the integrity and respectability of grassroots organizations, solidifying and securing her place at the top.

Finally, she initiated a massive propaganda blitz aimed at the war-weary, ready-for-prosperity middle class. Always careful to hide her illicit affairs and her radical political leanings, her campaign emphasized patriotism, personal choice, and family values.

Before long, Margaret's brilliant strategy had won for her, and for Planned Parenthood, the admiration and respect of virtually the entire nation and certainly of the entire social services community.

It is said that it takes money to make money. Soon, Margaret was able to prove the truth of this truism.

From its earliest days, Planned Parenthood wooed corporations, foundations, celebrities, and charities in the hopes of securing operating capital. With her newly minted respectability—bought with Slee's bottomless coffers—Margaret was able to open the treasury of American corporate philanthropy in an unprecedented fashion.

She had rubbed shoulders and shared beds with the radical chic throughout the roaring twenties—the artists, actors, writers, musicians, and activists in New York's chic Village and London's mod Fabian Enclave. She now shrewdly used her proximity to them to promote her revolutionary ideas. And she carefully networked with them to gain contacts in the political and financial world.

Single-minded in her commitment to *the cause*, her persistence and unflagging enthusiasm began to

open doors. She was tireless and driven. Some even said she was “possessed”—which, no doubt, she was. At any rate, her crusade quickly became a cause célèbre. By the thirties, corporation grants and foundation bequests began to pour the money into her war chest. By the forties, she had won the endorsements of such notables as Eleanor Roosevelt and Katherine Hepburn. By the fifties, she had attained international renown and counted among her supporters Julian Huxley, Albert Einstein, Nehru, John D. Rockefeller, Emperor Hirohito, and Henry Ford. The sixties brought her tremendous fame and acceptance. Before her death, she received the enthusiastic endorsements of former Presidents Harry Truman and Dwight Eisenhower. She won over arch-conservatives like Barry Goldwater and arch-liberals like Margaret Mead. Ideology did not seem to matter.²

In addition, Margaret Sanger was a tenacious organizer. Her days with the Socialist Party and the Communist Labor movement not only trained her in effective propaganda techniques, they taught her how to solicit, train, and activate volunteers. Using these skills, Margaret literally combed the country, and ultimately the world, searching for donors. She left no stone unturned. She applied for every grant, appealed to every foundation, made presentations to every corporation, and appealed to every charity. She wanted a piece of every philanthropic pie, and she would go to great pains to make her case to any who would listen. She was a dogged promoter. And, like the persistent widow in Christ’s parable, she was so unrelenting, she prevailed more times than not (see Luke 18:1–8).

Perhaps Margaret's greatest coup came when she was able to gain for her organization an IRS charitable tax-exempt status. That move put Planned Parenthood in the same legal category as a local church or a philanthropic society. All donations became tax-deductible, and that made solicitation and donor development all too easy.

The fund-raising apparatus that she set in place has only grown in size and sophistication in the years since she died. It has garnered hundreds of celebrity endorsements. It has affiliated with every major national and international professional and educational association even remotely related to Planned Parenthood's work. And it has tapped into the fiscal lifeblood of virtually every major charitable resource available.

Of course, these tremendous successes did little to ease the ache of Margaret's perpetual unhappiness. She continued her sordid and promiscuous affairs even after old age and poor health had overtaken her. Her pathetic attraction to occultism deepened. And perhaps worst of all, by 1949 she had become addicted to both drugs and alcohol.

That improvidence was almost her undoing.

From its earliest days, the Planned Parenthood movement had been involved in financial scandal. Despite the fact that she received generous donations from some of the richest philanthropies in the world, Margaret kept her organization on the brink of bankruptcy for years, failing to pay her bills and refusing to give an account of her mismanagement.³

Financial disclosure would certainly have brought disaster upon her—as well as upon her fledgling op-

eration. She often spent Planned Parenthood money for her own extravagant pleasures, for instance. She invested organizational funds in the black market. She squandered hard-won bequests on frivolities. And she wasted the money she had gotten “by hook or by crook” on her unrestrained vanities.

Because of her wastrel indiscretions, she was quietly removed from the Planned Parenthood board several times, but the organization found that it simply could not survive without her. In the end, Planned Parenthood was forced to take on the character and attributes of its founder. “The love of money is the root of all evil” (see 1 Tim. 6:10). Violence and greed are inseparable (see Prov. 1:8–9). Thus, Planned Parenthood’s evil agenda of violence to women and children cannot be cut loose from the deep tap root of avarice and material lust that Margaret planted.

Sexual immorality, theft, adultery, covetousness, greed, malice, wickedness, deceit, lewdness, lasciviousness, arrogance, blasphemy, pride, ruthlessness, and folly are all related sins (see Mark 7:21–22). They commonly coexist (see Rom. 1:29–31). Certainly they did in the tortured concupiscence of Margaret Sanger. And they still do, in the organization that honors her as pioneer and champion.

By the time she died on September 6, 1966, a week shy of her eighty-seventh birthday, Margaret Sanger had nearly fulfilled her early boast that she would spend every last penny of Slee’s fortune. In the process, though, she had lost everything else: love, happiness, satisfaction, fulfillment, family, and friends. In the end, her struggle was for naught.

“For what does it profit a man to gain the whole world, but to lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?” (see Mark 8:36–37).

PART SIX

How Should We Then Live?

The business of progressives is to keep on making mistakes. The business of conservatives is to prevent the mistakes being corrected. Even when the revolutionist might himself repent of his revolution, the traditionalist is already defending it as a part of his tradition. Thus we have the two great types—the advanced person who rushes us to ruin, and the retrospective person who admires the ruins.

—G. K. Chesterton¹

11

ROOT AND FRUIT

The advantage of being a sentimentalist is that you only remember what you like to remember.

—G. K. Chesterton²

JUST AS A NATION'S "HEAD" DEFINES THE CHARACTER and vision of that nation, so an organization's "head" defines the character and vision of that organization. This is a very basic Biblical principle. It is the principle of "legacy." It is the principle of "inheritance."

The Canaanite people were perverse and corrupt. They practiced every manner of wickedness and reprobation. Why were they so dissolute? The answer, according to the Bible, is that their founders and leaders passed evil onto them as their *legacy*, as their *inheritance* (see Gen. 9:25; Lev. 18:24–25; Amos 1:3–12).

Similarly, the Moabites and the Ammonites were a rebellious and improvident people. They railed against

God's Word and God's people. Why were they so defiant? Again, the Bible tells us that their founders and leaders passed insurrection on to them as their *legacy*, as their *inheritance* (see Gen. 19:30–38; Num. 21:21–23; Amos 1:13–15; 2:1–3).

A seed will always yield its own kind (see Gen. 1:11). Bad seed brings forth bitter harvest (see Ezra 9:2; Isa. 1:4; 14:20). You reap what you sow (see Gal. 6:7). A nation or an organization that is sown, nurtured, and grown by deceit, promiscuity, and lawlessness, cannot help but be evil to the core (see Hos. 8:7).

Planned Parenthood is a paradigmatical illustration of this principle. Margaret Sanger's character and vision are perfectly mirrored in the organization that she wrought. She intended it that way. And the leaders that have come after her have in no wise attempted to have it another way.

Dr. Alan Guttmacher, the man who immediately succeeded her as president of Planned Parenthood Federation of America, once said, "We are merely walking down the path that Mrs. Sanger carved out for us." Faye Wattleton, president of the organization during the decade of the eighties, has claimed that she is "proud" to be "walking in the footsteps of Margaret Sanger." And the president of the New York affiliate is Alexander Sanger, her grandson.³

Thus, virtually everything that she believed, everything that she aspired to, everything that she practiced, and everything that she aimed for is somehow reflected in the organization and program of Planned Parenthood, even today. The frightening thing about Planned Parenthood's historical legacy is that the legacy is not just historical. It is as current as tomorrow morning's newspaper.

- *Abortion.* In her book *Woman and the New Race*, Margaret asserted that, "The most merciful thing a large family can do to one of its infant members is to kill it."⁴ Today, Planned Parenthood's commitment to that philosophy is self-evident. The organization is the world's number one abortion provider and agitator. It has aggressively fought the issue through the courts. It has made killing infant members of large families its highest priority. Bad seed brings forth bitter harvest. The legacy continues.
- *Promiscuity.* Like her mentors Emma Goldman and Havelock Ellis, Margaret was not content to keep her lascivious and concupiscent behavior to herself. She was a zealous evangelist for free love. Even in her old age, she persisted in proselytizing her sixteen-year-old granddaughter, telling her that kissing, petting, and even intercourse were fine as long as she was "sincere," and that having sex about "three times a day" was "just about right."⁵ Today, Planned Parenthood's commitment to undermining the moral values of teens is evident in virtually all its literature. It teaches kids to masturbate. It endorses premarital fornication. It approves of homosexuality. It encourages sexual experimentation. It vilifies Christian values, prohibitions, and consciences. Bad seed brings forth bitter harvest. The legacy continues.
- *Socialism.* Margaret Sanger was committed to the revolution. She wanted to overthrow the old order of Western Christendom and usher in a "New Age." Though in her latter years she toned down her radical rhetoric, she never wavered from that stance. Today, Planned Parenthood continues to carry the banner for big government, big spending, and free-wheeling liberal causes and agendas. Even the nor-

mally sedate *Wall Street Journal* had to admit that “Planned Parenthood’s love affair with Socialism has become more than a harmless upper middle-class hobby and now borders on the ludicrous.”⁶ Bad seed brings forth bitter harvest. The legacy continues.

- *Greed.* When Leon Trotsky came to the United States briefly in 1917, he met Margaret and her friends and came away with a feeling of great revulsion. In his memoirs, he recorded nothing but distaste for the rich, smug Socialists he encountered in the Village. He said they were little better than “hypocritical Babbits,” referring to the Sinclair Lewis character who used his parlor-room Socialism as a screen for personal ambition and self-aggrandizement.⁷ Sanger and the other Village elitists were revolutionaries only to the extent that Socialism did not conflict with wealth, luxury, and political influence. Today, Planned Parenthood’s commitment to the revolution continues to hinge on that unswerving pursuit of “filthy lucre.” From its dogged preoccupation with government contracts, grants, and bequests, to its commercial ventures, investments, and vocations, its mercenary avariciousness is everywhere apparent. Bad seed brings forth bitter harvest. The legacy continues.
- *Religion.* In her first newspaper, *The Woman Rebel*, Margaret Sanger admitted that “Birth control appeals to the advanced radical because it is calculated to undermine the authority of the Christian churches. I look forward to seeing humanity free someday of the tyranny of Christianity no less than Capitalism.”⁸ Today, Planned Parenthood is continuing her crusade against the church. In its advertisements, in its literature, in its programs, and in its

policies, the organization makes every attempt to mock, belittle, and undermine Biblical Christianity. Bad seed brings forth bitter harvest. The legacy continues.

- *Deceit.* Throughout her life, Margaret Sanger developed a rakish and reckless pattern of dishonesty. She twisted the truth about her qualifications as a nurse, about the details of her work, and about the various sordid addictions that controlled her life. Her autobiographies were filled with exaggerations, distortions, and out-and-out lies. She even went so far as to alter the records in her mother's family Bible in order to protect her vanity. Today, Planned Parenthood faithfully carries on her tradition of disinformation. The organization continually misrepresents the facts about its lucrative birth control, sex education, and abortion enterprises. Bad seed brings forth bitter harvest. The legacy continues.

A recent Planned Parenthood report bore the slogan "Proud of Our Past—Planning the Future."⁹ If that is true—if the organization really is *proud* of its venal and profligate past, and if it really is planning the future—then we all have much to be concerned about.

"Those who plow iniquity and those who sow trouble harvest it. By the breath of God they perish, and by the blast of His anger they come to an end" (Job 4:8–9).

12

THE BIG LIE

The new myth is generally a part of a new theory; not a confused remembrance, but a conscious reconstruction.

—G. K. Chesterton¹

THEY SAY THAT SHE WAS “ENLIGHTENED.” THEY say she was “compassionate.” They say that she was a “champion of freedom.” They say she was concerned “first and foremost with the needs of the needy and the wants of the wanting.”²

Lies. Lies. Lies. All lies.

One after another, the hagiographical lies of Margaret’s faithful and fawning followers in Planned Parenthood, hallowed in near sanctity, blaze forth in a positive conflagration of revered shibboleths. Taken

together, those lies comprise the lie. The Big Lie. The Grand Illusion. The Modern Myth.

Myths, according to theologian J. I. Packer, are "stories made up to sanctify social patterns."³ They are lies, carefully designed to reinforce a particular philosophy or morality within a culture. They are instruments of manipulation and control.

When Jeroboam splintered the nation of Israel after the death of Solomon, he thought that in order to consolidate his rule over the northern faction he would have to wean the people from their spiritual and emotional dependence on the Jerusalem temple. So he manufactured myths. He lied:

And Jeroboam said in his heart, "Now the kingdom will return to the house of David. If this people go up to offer sacrifices in the house of the LORD at Jerusalem, then the heart of this people will return to their lord, even to Rehoboam king of Judah; and they will kill me and return to Rehoboam king of Judah." So the king consulted, and made two golden calves, and he said to them, "It is too much for you to go up to Jerusalem; behold your gods, O Israel, that brought you up from the land of Egypt." And he set one in Bethel, and the other he put in Dan. Now this thing became a sin, for the people went to worship before the one as far as Dan. And he made houses on high places, and made priests from among all the people who were not of the sons of Levi. And Jeroboam instituted a feast in the eighth month on the fifteenth day of the month, like the feast

which is in Judah, and he went up to the altar; thus he did in Bethel, sacrificing to the calves which he had made. And he stationed in Bethel the priests of the high places which he had made. Then he went up to the altar which he had made in Bethel on the fifteenth day in the eighth month, even in the month which he had devised in his own heart; and he instituted a feast for the sons of Israel, and went up to the altar to burn incense. (1 Kings 12:26–33)

Jeroboam instituted a false feast at a false shrine, attended by false priests, before false gods, and all on a false pretense. But his lies succeeded in swaying the people. Jeroboam's mythology sanctified a whole new set of social patterns. What would have been unthinkable before—idolatry, apostasy, and travesty—became almost overnight not only thinkable or acceptable, but conventional and habitual. As a result, the new king was able to manipulate and control his subjects.

The powerful, the would-be-powerful, and the wish-they-were-powerful have always relied on such tactics. Plato and Thucydides observed the phenomenon during Greece's classical era. Plutarch and Augustine identified it during the Roman epoch. Sergios Kasilov and Basil Argyros noted it during the Byzantine millennium. Niccolo Machiavelli and Thomas More recognized its importance during the European Renaissance. And Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn and Colin Thubron have pointed it out in our own time.

Most of the myth-makers never actually believed in the gods upon Olympus, across the River Styx, or

within the Kremlin Palace. After all, they knew all too well from whence those lies came. But as high priests of deceit, they used the lies to dominate the hearts and minds and lives of the masses.

The Bible says that such men are full of deceitful words (see Ps. 36:3). Their counsel is deceitful (see Prov. 12:5). Their favor is deceitful (see Prov. 27:6). And their hearts are deceitful (see Mark 7:22). They defraud the unsuspecting (see Rom. 16:18), displaying the spirit of the anti-Christ (see 2 John 7), all for the sake of wealth, prestige, and prerogative (see Prov. 21:6).

Such puissance is in the long run all too fleeting, however (see Rev. 21:8), because myth-makers do not go unpunished (see Prov. 19:5). Ultimately, their sin finds them out (see Jer. 17:11).

Still, because their lies wreak havoc among the innocent (see Mic. 6:12), it is essential that we not be taken in. Not only are we to be alert to deception (see Eph. 4:14), testing the words and deeds of the myth-makers against the Truth (see 1 John 4:16), but we are to expose their deceptions as well (see Eph. 5:11).

Margaret Sanger—and her heirs at Planned Parenthood—not at all unlike Jeroboam and the other infamous myth-makers throughout history, have thus far been able to parlay deception into a substantial empire. But now, the truth must be told. The illusion must be exposed. The Big Lie must be demythologized.

Therefore, go and tell:

“Woe to the bloody city, completely full of lies and pillage. Her prey never departs” (Nah. 3:1).

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

George Grant is the director of the King's Meadow Study Center, the editor of the *Arx Axiom* newsletter, and a teaching fellow at the Franklin Classical School. He is the author of more than two dozen books in the areas of history, biography, politics, literature, and social criticism, and he has written hundreds of essays, articles, and columns. His work on behalf of the homeless, for international relief and development, and for the sanctity of life has been profiled in such varied media outlets as ABC's *Nightline*, the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Washington Post*, CNN's *Crossfire*, *Family News in Focus*, *Moody Monthly*, *Christianity Today*, *World* magazine, and many others. His best-selling exposé of Planned Parenthood, *Grand Illusions*, after twelve printings and two editions in just six years, continues to serve the pro-life movement as a standard textbook.

Over the years, Dr. Grant has served as a radio and television commentator, a political campaign consultant, editorial director for three major publishing companies, and executive director for two national media outreach ministries. In addition to his regular classes in history, literature, and the arts at both the Franklin Classical School and the King's Meadow Study Center, he maintains an active writing and speaking schedule in this country and around the world. He makes his home on a small farm in Tennessee with his wife and three children.

For information about speaking engagements, seminars, or conference schedules, contact: Ambassador Speakers Bureau, P. O. Box 50358, Nashville, TN 37205.

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