

WHY COSMO AND GLAMOUR LOVE ABORTION

Bill Donohue comments on why *Cosmopolitan* and *Glamour* love abortion:

Today marks the 40th anniversary of the Hyde Amendment, the law that bans federal funding of abortion. Anyone who values life should toast Rep. Henry Hyde today: he was one of the most brilliant and courageous pro-life leaders in American history. Predictably, the pro-abortion industry—Planned Parenthood, NARAL, Feminist Majority, NOW—are all condemning him today. Less predictable, perhaps, is the condemnation stemming from *Cosmopolitan* and *Glamour*.

I say “perhaps” because I never read these supermarket magazines. But when I read about their support for the repeal of the Hyde Amendment, I decided the time had come to do so.

Cosmopolitan says the Hyde Amendment has been “hurting women for 40 years.” Similarly, *Glamour* says it has “obstructed women’s healthcare for 40 years.”

According to these magazines, not making others pay for a woman’s abortion “hurts” all women, obstructing their “healthcare.” That prompted me to wonder about the mindset of those who write for these glossy publications, as well as the readers. By perusing the latest editions, I found the answer.

Both magazines appeal to the most narcissistic segments of the female population: those who hate babies and men.

Cosmopolitan has a piece online, “Inside the Growing Movement of Women Who Wish They’d Never Had Kids,” that is a real eye-opener. Forget the fact that there is no such “movement”—*Cosmo* has a long history of lying about women (see Sue Ellen Browder’s book, *Subverted: How I Helped the Sexual Revolution*

Hijack the Women's Movement)—what matters are the startling admissions of the author, Sarah Treleaven. Treleaven writes about a 37-year-old journalist, Laura, who hates her child. After her baby was born, she knew she had made a mistake.

“The regret hit me when the grandmas went home and my husband went back to the office and I was on my own with him. I realized that this was my life now—and it was unbelievable. I hated, hated, hated the situation I found myself in. I think the word for what I felt is ‘trapped.’ After I had a kid, I realized I hated being the mother to an infant, but by then it was too late. I couldn’t walk away and still live with myself, but I also couldn’t stand it. I felt like my life was basically a middle-class prison.”

Annie Davies has a piece in the October edition of *Glamour* that is just as amazing. It is titled, “I Hated Men *Until I Had a Baby*.” She doesn’t hate men now: she finally concluded that not all of them are lousy. More revealing is the way she decided not to allow the father of her baby the right to raise their child together.

Annie likes to sleep around, so when she became pregnant while visiting Ireland, she had to figure out who the father was. She decided it was Steve. She first met him in Dublin when she was “bored.” This explains why she “brought home the man sitting next to me at a bar. In the heat of the moment, condoms were discussed but never used, and although I took a morning-after pill, it didn’t work.”

When she told Steve she was pregnant, he asked if the baby was his. “Because,” he said, “if the baby were mine, I’d come back to America with you.” She then lied to him. He persisted, asking, “You’re sure I’m not the father?” “Yes,” she said.

Fast forward to the next stage. “Even though the pregnancy had been an accident, I knew from the moment I saw the swimmy ultrasound that I wanted to have the child. I was equally sure

that I was going to do it *by myself* (italics in the original), no father involved. I smiled at Steve. 'I don't need anyone, thanks.'"

Those who buy magazines about women who hate their own babies, and lie to the father of their own child about his paternity, can be expected to love abortion. Their raging narcissism also allows them to demand that the public pay for it. These are the kinds of themes that *Cosmopolitan* and *Glamour* feature. Not sure who is sicker—the authors or the readers.