



THEIR STRATEGY IS SIMPLE: JOE STANDS AT ONE SIDE OF THE clinic, Peggy across the street. Bearing sandwich boards depicting bloodied body parts, they wait.

Outside the clinic, women in pink smocks — printed with *Planned Parenthood Escort* — also wait. They watch as a car pulls into the clinic parking lot.

As a woman steps out of the car, all rush to her. The Planned Parenthood escorts insert themselves between the woman and the placard-wearing couple.

Peggy, her eyes barely poking over her board, says: “Think about your future! Think about your baby!”

The escorts, many of them students from Brown, walk fast as they accompany the woman inside. As they walk they place themselves in front of the bloody images, so that the woman won’t have to look at them. “In some ways it’s worse than I thought it was going to be,” says one of the escorts.

“They were disturbing me just standing out here,” says another, “and I’m not even going in to get a procedure done. I can’t imagine what it must

be like if you were going in to have an abortion and you had to first walk by these obviously manipulated graphic pictures of dead babies.”

A Planned Parenthood staffer says that the pictures used to be of cute babies, but then these showed up. Peggy says that Joe got the placards for them, but he will not say where. Nor does he reveal his surname, or whether he’s affiliated with any group. In response to questions, he simply thrusts forward his placards, or a pamphlet. When a man in a passing truck screams “Sicko!” Joe just says, “They did it to my Lord.”

The people at the clinic say that Joe and Peggy regularly spend mornings here. Although there’s no way to tell whether a client has come for a checkup, or to pay a bill, or to have an abortion, Joe and Peggy approach them all with their anti-abortion message.

To a woman who emerges from her car crying, begging to be left alone, Joe and Peggy turn a deaf ear. They don’t ask what’s the matter — whether she’s ill or injured, maybe even the victim of rape. They just rush forward, with their bloody placards, shouting.

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