

So we saw our job as really educating women, because knowledge is power. So they would have some power over their own lives.

When we started out, we were just there for any woman who needed us. In the early days, it was everybody under the sun. Students. Housewives. Working women. Black women. White women. Young, older.

Once New York legalized abortions in the summer of 1970, you could fly to New York, get an abortion, and fly home the same day to Chicago for around \$300. Our demographics really changed after that. We saw more and more women of color, more and more very young women, women whose circumstances were such that they really couldn't even leave for a day. A lot of women who'd never left their neighborhoods, so the thought of going to O'Hare Airport and getting on a plane and flying to New York was completely out of the question.

By the end, maybe 60 to 70 percent of the women we saw were poor women of color from the south side and the west side of Chicago. Here were women who were very, very different from the women who were in the group, who were coming to do something illegal and trusting—out of desperation, more than anything else—strangers with their lives. We would say to them, *"We're trusting you with our lives as well. We're in this together. We're not doing it to you. We're doing it with you."*

Was the work emotional? Of course it was emotional. Doctors are trained to keep a distance. We were the reverse of that. Even though we didn't pry, some women confided in us. This is before the battered women's movement, before any talk about incest or sexual assault. Then you have some 14-year-old coming with her father for an abortion? *Ding, ding, ding.* We were brought into another level of reality.

Things could have gone incredibly wrong at any point, and they didn't. But the more you do, the more you start feeling it's just a matter of time. Even in the best of circumstances, when you're doing surgery, things go wrong.

We were committing multiple felonies every day. We're talking serious jail time here—not to mention practicing medicine without a license. But that was minor compared to felony abortion charges. In Chicago, typically, when a woman came in with a problem from an illegal abortion, the police were called in right away, and she was usually told that she was going to die, whether she was or not. And so they wanted some deathbed confession. *Give up the names.*

But the majority of the women in the group—not all, but a majority of us—were white, middle-class young women in our 20s. I think we were in denial a lot. We didn't think anything bad would happen to us. So it was kind of shocking when it did, when we actually got busted.

A woman came to us with her sister-in-law. Her sister-in-law didn't like what she heard, so she went to a local precinct. And the homicide cops followed the driver from the Front to the Place. They knocked on the door, and somebody opened. They wanted to know where the man was and where the money was.

They quickly figured out who was in the group and who wasn't, because the women in the group wouldn't give up their names. And then they went to the Front and took everyone—boyfriends, husbands, mothers, friends, children—down to the precinct. It was like a zoo. And the seven members of Jane were arrested and put in Cook County jail. They got bailed out and arraigned.

This was in May 1972. Our attorney informed us:

"There's a case that's making its way through the Supreme Court right now. We think it's going to go your way, and if it does, you're not going to serve any jail time." Of course, that was *Roe v. Wade*, and that's exactly what happened.

In that period, four of the seven women who were arrested decided to come back to the group. I think those four women didn't want the Chicago cops telling them what they could and couldn't do.

We thought the cops were just going to keep busting us. But there was a point at which the attorney told them that if a certain lieutenant had not been on vacation, the bust would have never happened. So then we figured there wasn't a grand plan to get us. And pretty much went back to business as usual.

At the time of the bust, we had something like 300 women waiting for abortions. We did about 100 a week. So that meant whoever was scheduling—and in those days it was often me—had to play God, figure out who could wait, who had to go right away. There's no way to get a stack of 300 cards into 100 slots, no matter how hard you try. And let me tell you, I tried pretty hard.

What I can remember, of when *Roe v. Wade* was decided, was this overwhelming feeling of relief, primarily.

First, this was going to save my seven friends, who were waiting on their pending, criminal, multiple felonies. Second, we were only seeing a tiny sliver of the women who needed abortions. It wasn't like Jane was going to save the world. We were only doing what we could do in our little piece of it.

We waited till the first legal clinics opened in Chicago. Then we had a pretty contentious meeting about whether we should fold or continue on. There was a contingent that felt that the abortions that we provided were like no other abortions that women were going to get from a doctor. We didn't feel the medical establishment really respected women. In those days, there were very few women doctors—or women anythings, other than nurses and schoolteachers and secretaries and librarians. So that we wanted to continue, that sense that you are responsible for your own health care, that you make the decisions. To give women this different sense of what a medical experience could be like, where you were the center of it and not acted upon, not the object of it—that was educational and empowering.

Others felt like whatever protection we had, it's going to be gone once the clinics open. We'll be taking money out of the hands of doctors. Nobody's going to come to our aid. Many of us were pretty fried. You know, it was a lot. It was our whole lives. It was all day, every day. So I think a lot of us were feeling it was time to move on.

I worried about Roe's survival—maybe not from the very beginning, but certainly once the Hyde Amendment got passed, blocking the use of federal funds for paying for abortions.

That was, in a way, the beginnings of a death knell, because one thing that was true pre-*Roe* was all women, whether they were rich or poor or white or Black or 18 or 40, faced the same or similar difficulties. Rich women could fly to other countries, they would have a sympathetic physician who would sign them in for an appendectomy, that kind of thing. But generally, we were all in the same boat, regardless of finances.

Once the Hyde Amendment passed, there was a sword separating women with means from women without means. For women in most of the country, it's as if *Roe* never happened. There's no access.

Until this current iteration of the Supreme Court, I used to say they'll never overturn *Roe*, but they'll accept every crazy, crucial limitation that any state presents to them. But given who's on the court right now, I think these people have enough hubris that they may very well likely just overturn *Roe*. The fact that they let this Texas law, which is so clearly in violation of *Roe*, stand, tells you where they are.

So is it going to make it worse? Yes. Are women going to suffer? Yes. Are women probably going to die? Yes.

It's important to realize the desperation that women felt, to go through an underground network of women who didn't look like them, whose backgrounds were so different from theirs. Think of that: *How desperate you must be. Your life is at stake.* Those of us who were in Jane did everything we could to make women feel comfortable. But the difference in those later days between us and so many of the women we counseled—not all of them, but so many of the women we counseled—was so vast.

When I think about it now, all I can think of is how desperate they must have been. They'd heard, *"You can trust these women."* But still, they had in their minds the crumpled bodies in the alleys, the news stories of women who had been butchered.

I don't think that can be underestimated, to tell you what lengths women will go to, to do what they feel they must. For other people judging them and saying, *"Oh, well, this isn't so bad, you can do blah blah blah"*—it shows such cruelty and lack of compassion that it's kind of horrifying to me.

Women are not going back.

I don't know what form the resistance is going to take. But the resistance will be there.

**Laura Kaplan's book
The Story of Jane is available at
www.press.uchicago.edu**



~Again!

Cybercrimes present an attractive target for hackers: Data can be bought and sold anonymously. The going rate per personal record is low (under \$20 per record, depending on the type of information according to the Privacy Affairs Dark Web Index of 2021).

Certain critical types of personal information – like social security numbers, names, and birth dates – are impossible to change. Thieves may choose to wait years to capitalize on compromised personal data. The longer cyber thieves can go undetected, the more they stand to profit from their illegal activities.

PHC is a provider Medi-Cal which provides managed health care to low income and underserved Northern Californians. By definition, a group already at risk for economic hardship.

One of the remedies suggested to customer/victims is to place a "credit freeze" on a credit report, which will prohibit a credit bureau from releasing information. Ironically in order to do so you must trust the credit bureau with much of the same personal identifying information. Unfortunately, even Equifax and Experian, major credit monitoring services, have experienced massive data breaches, affecting over 150 million people.

On May 5, 2022, a member of PHC, filed a class action lawsuit in Humboldt County Superior Court challenging PHC's failure to adequately store and protect sensitive medical information and failing to give notice of the breach to all impacted enrollees. When compared to the data reported by the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services Office of Civil Rights during the last 2 years, this would be the second largest health plan data breach in the United States during that time.

A Greenfuse FYI Radical Remix

