

She goes from window to window, blinded by tears, staggered by the knifing pain in her abdomen. She closes each window and turns the latch tight. The St. Louis summer night and Gaslight Square noise is a world apart from her resolve. That is a world she no longer deserves.

cort fernald

sidelong glances

She moves through the dim apartment stumbling over the razor-slashed canvases strewn about the floor. The walls are splattered with oils. Twisted tubes of oil paint lie where they were flung. She is too ugly inside to paint anymore.

She is calm, though the tears and the blood will not stop, and the pain doubles her over. She closes each window slowly, deliberately. A car eases around a corner, the radio loudly playing "California Dreaming", a new song she used to like. She shuts the window — music is for the living.

In the distance the bells of Washington University chime the hour — eleven strokes.

She closes the kitchen door and seals the bottom with a rolled towel. The pain in her gut — the pain in her heart — steals her breath. She sways against the counter, startling a pair of roaches. They scuttle off to a crack in the wall.

It was just last night that she crossed the dark parking lot to the backdoor of the ramshackle building. She clenched the wad of bills in her coat pocket. She knocked hesitantly — and waited, wanting to turn and run. Thoughts sped through her mind — what if the doctor wasn't there — what if he was arrested — what if Bill hadn't given her enough money? The door opened and she was drowned in white light. A hand seized her arm and pulled her in. The room was cold and smelled of ether and mold.

"You got the money?"

The sweaty ball of green bills shook in her quivering hand. The fat woman snatched the bills from her and counted. The woman had wild black hair and a doughy white face. She wheezed through her ruby puckered lips as she counted.

"\$400, okay — didja do what I told ya? No underwear? Lie down," the woman barked. "Bastard knocked ya up and left ya, huh? In the stirrups." Instruments crashed as the fat woman sat between her heels. There was cold metal and pain.

She hasn't stopped crying since then, but she has decided what to do. She opens the stove lid and blows out the pilot-lights. The pain becomes so intense that she collapses on to the floor. She opens the oven door — blows out the blue flame — and turns the gas on full.

She slumps against the stove and lets all the tears come. So tired . . . so tired, the gentle hissing soothes her.

Anti-abortion groups are currently trying to overturn the Supreme Court's decision which legalized most abortions. Those abortion foes are also attempting to give Congress the authority to enact a constitutional ban on abortion.

In a nationwide poll conducted by the Associated Press and NBC News three of four Americans were opposed to a constitutional ban on abortion.

The gas hisses. The quiet is shattered as the kitchen door explodes splinters off the jamb. A man kicks aside the door and rushes in.

He turns off the gas — then throws a chair through the window.

She's slumped over the oven door. He picks up her limp body and carries her to the backstairs. Her pants are wet with a dark stain — the hemorrhaging never stopped. He shakes her, then blows air into her lungs. He can taste the gas.

"Baby . . . I'm so sorry," she says, coughing.

In the middle '60s, a woman's only resort to an unwanted pregnancy were the "back-alley butchers." She is now a successful careerwoman, with a business and a future. I ask her if she ever regrets that back-alley abortion? "No, not at all. I was a 17-year-old college freshman — there are enough problem children already without a child being forced to raise an unwanted child."



U.S. FOREIGN POLICY—1982

IT'S GOT MORE
FACES THAN
JIMMY CARTER

letters

GPA funds

Dave Thomas (letters, Feb. 5) asserts that two conditions plague the University: the management of the "University" Post Office, and the support of the University for gay rights activist groups. Conditions are so bad, he claims it "makes me sick." It seems that Thomas is too easily nauseated.

The US Post Office substation located in the EMU is not a University service. It is a branch office of the US Postal Service. I suggest Thomas contact the Postmaster if he has a complaint.

The second issue raised is even more inane, but for subtler reasons. It consists of two claims. First, he hints that University support for gay groups is a cause of fee increases. If he believes that the Koinonia Center receives University funding, he is wrong, it receives none. If he seriously thinks that ASUO support of the Gay Peoples Alliance (GPA) is a cause of fee increases, he is also wrong. The GPA receives 0.1 percent of the \$44 per term incidental fee (that's 4.4 cents). This is small change and of no fiscal consequence.

Second, he claims that such support "infringes upon my rights" (sic), and that homosexuals should use their own means to further their cause. Thomas may not care to admit it, but a great many students are homosexual, certainly more than 0.4 percent of current enrollment (the GPA fraction of the ASUO budget). Since the GPA is a student organization run by and for students the conclusion is inescapable that gay students are furthering their own cause. I also cannot fathom what rights,

(yes, plural) he means. Perhaps the right to spend that 4.4 cents his own way?

I hope something comes of your first gripe, Thomas. As for the second, I recommend Pepto Bismo, and graduation.

Richard Ludescher
Graduate, chemistry

Closed mind

It's a shame when a movie reviewer goes to the movie with both eyes open and his mind closed.

Matt Meyer obviously likes morals, but what about heterosexual morals? Many people feel premarital sex is just as wrong as homosexual sex, but Meyer surely wouldn't label the heterosexual counterpart immoral.

Why not?

Meyer says the movie "Making Love" shows only one side of the issue of homosexuality, and ignores its moral implications.

But isn't he doing the same thing? Isn't he ignoring the issue of heterosexual morals?

Meyer sees homosexuality as apparently some kind of disease that he's afraid to catch. He says the movie comes across as "a slickly-produced advertisement for the gay movement."

Poppycock!

"Making Love" is a classic example of a movie dealing with a touchy subject filmed on neutral ground. At no point does it attempt to favor or oppose homosexuality — it simply portrays it in a real-life situation — typical or no. How can that be called immoral?

It's a shame Meyer feels our society's morals have possibly "crumbled so far that someone considering homosexuality

wouldn't even stop to question the implications of his actions." How can someone who feels attracted to a member of the same sex think about the implications of his actions? Why should he be worried about what other people think or say any more than a man sleeping with somebody else's wife would?

Meyer's review was initially good, as is the movie, but he attempted to cast his net too wide. On a subject as controversial as homosexuality, I don't think "Making Love" took the "easy way out" — Matt Meyer did.

Erin Knowles
freshman, heterosexual

Objectivity

I realize that the Emerald is only a college paper and that the staff is not professional but this time you have gone too far. I read Matt Meyer's review (Feb. 17) of "Making Love" and I was appalled. It has to be, by far, the most biased, amateur piece of junk I've ever read.

For the record, I am not gay, nor have I seen the film; it does not appeal to me. I am a devout Catholic. The homosexual lifestyle does not particularly please me but even so, I would never question the decision of anyone who chose it. Would you have accused the film of taking the "easy way out" if Zack's lover had been a Black woman, for instance? To me your righteous review was the same kind of bigotry. Before you write any more reviews, Meyer, perhaps you should review your journalistic ethics, particularly the one that stresses objectivity.

Kathleen Fox
Senior, history

staff

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