

Technique offers fertility to infertile

A technique recently pioneered provides the possibility for eggs from aborted fetuses to be artificially inseminated and planted in an infertile woman.

Dr. Roger Gosden of the Edinburgh Medical School said the technique has had positive results with laboratory rats, and he is sure that the method would work for humans.

The new technique would take eggs from an aborted fetus, fertilize them with sperm in a laboratory and implant the fertilized egg in an infertile woman.

As long as abortion is deemed legal, then the fetuses, some of which are already used for medical research, should maintain the capacity to provide eggs for artificial insemination. For frustrated parents suffering with the constraints of infertility, this could very well be the answer.

It seems a bit strange, however, to create a life from one that has previously been discarded. There are many ethical issues that will obviously develop from the new technique. Some, much like the argument on abortion, will never be resolved.

One point that has already been mentioned is concerned with a woman's aborted fetus. For example, what would happen if a woman decided she had a right to her fetus's fertilized egg in another woman's body? Obviously the matter of consent, if deemed necessary, would be left in the hands of the mother aborting her fetus. This complicates matters and hinges on the question of at what point does an egg carry the title of life, prior to fertilization or after? This is one possibility that would ideally be resolved before the technique is made available.

The idea of creating life from an aborted fetus is somewhat unsettling, but if the eggs were donated from a woman who has given consent yet suffered an unfortunate death, then the idea is more easily acceptable. If we are already offering organs from the deceased to people in need of further extending their lives, then certainly, offering the eggs of the willing and deceased would seem a refreshing possibility for infertile women with the desire to have children.

Creating infants from the eggs of females who have never been born will obviously create much controversy. Beyond the controversy involved, the idea of producing test-tube babies from eggs donated by an unborn fetus is a dynamic alternative for the frustrated infertile women desiring children.

However, it may be a bit of a challenge to explain the birds and the bees when the question arises.

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OPINION

Mr. So Cal is no "prize catch"



Lia Saliccia

Personal ads are funny. Especially when someone presents him or herself as a good catch, and ends up smelling fishy. A good example can be found in this paper. The ad:

Handsome, blue-eyed blonde, So. Cal. Bus. Man, 42, lives at the beach, Spartan body, highly educated, successful, international travel, sophisticated but wild, loves: rock 'n roll, to dance, good friends, adventure, quality things and companionship, no children. Seeks blonde, blue-eyed, college educ. (OR, WA, CA) woman 23-30, no children, never married, beautiful inside/out, enjoys life, adventure, travel, education, people, the beach, sports, the water, commitment, that wants a career and a family with someone capable of committing. No baggage, no fat chicks. Send recent photo....

Ha-ha. After a call to Becky Merchant in Classifieds, I found out that our ad rate is \$1.70 a line. Since his ad is 12 lines, that means he's paying about 30 bucks a day for it. Money well spent if he gets the girl, I guess.

I sure hope he doesn't. Ladies beware. It's not a mate or a lover or a kindred spirit he's after, he wants a trophy.

"Oh, the 'no fat chicks' guy?" said Becky when I asked her about him. "Seems to me he's just a vain dude looking for some vain chick so he can have blonde, blue-eyed babies with her."

So if that's all he is, why am I using this time and space to rip the guy apart? Am I just a bitter brown haired, green-eyed, non-committal, smart-ass fat chick with baggage that is secretly so worked up by not being able to meet his standards that I have to write a nasty little commentary on his mating ritual?

Who knows — I haven't been to psychoanalysis lately. But here we have just the kind of smarmy fool that indicates how plastic our culture can be.

Leaving nothing to chance, Mr. So Cal has indicated the acceptable traits of his dream woman, including size, shape, color, socioeconomic status and hobbies. Not only is he unwilling to deal with emotional "baggage," he obviously has a low tolerance for fat chicks. He wants her his way, and he's willing to pay big bucks for it.

And the sad thing is, there are women who will go for it. "What a prize," they will say, "Handsome, a businessman! Sophisticated but wild! If I meet his standards I could be caressing his Spartan body and his money in front of his beach house in no time."

No matter that he will shirk away her emotional problems, or "baggage" (unless he means that he doesn't want his future wife to bring any luggage to the beach house so he can outfit her in all new clothing). Who cares that he probably insulted at least one woman she knows (it's hard to go through life without knowing any of those dreadful fat chicks).

Where else but in a personal ad can you see someone use the most superficial medium ever to find the most important person in their life?

Mr. So Cal, (or Mr. So-Called, as I like to think of him), jewel that he may seem to be, is really a big neon sign telling us what's wrong with the dominant culture's ideas and expectations about women.

It's the same worn-out box that no matter how hard we squeeze to get in, we will never fit. It's the tired but ever-present standard we see reflected in countless media images and in the delusional babble of the men and women who are trying to make the box fit.

It says that the ideal woman is blonde, blue-eyed, skinny, tall, young, educated, cultured, who stays faithful to the man who won't love her as much if she isn't all of those things.

And who is this So-Called Handsome, Blue-eyed Blonde, anyway? I'd wager that he's that

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lech you meet in the bar who bores you to tears while he drones on for hours about his money and his athletic prowess, all the while stealing loving glances at his own leathery tan in the mirror. The kind of guy who has his secretary buy lingerie for his mistress. The kind of guy who can't find a date in California so he pays big bucks to run personal ads in college newspapers in other states.

He's probably the type who hauls his woman around town on the same arm as his Rolex so everyone can see his fine possessions. The fact that he isn't asking for a letter indicating signs of the culture and intelligence he demands from his wench could be a good clue-in to his true nature.

But rather than waste energy hating him, let's try to bug him a little. We can buy one of those greeting cards featuring a 300 pound naked woman. We'll explain in the letter, "I know all you wanted was a photo, but I just wanted to explain that besides being a Harvard graduate, I'm a model, and this is straight out of my portfolio. I know I'm the one for you. I'm not going to wait for your reply. I'm packing my bags (and my children) and hauling myself to your Newport beach home, the one with the address you left in your lovely six-inch ad."

Bitching about people who are only seeking perfection in a lover won't change those people. A superficial person is likely to stay that way for a long time. So until we can all mold ourselves into the Barbies and Kens that this culture demands, it's up for the strong of heart to also be the smart of mouth.

And hope that Mr. So Cal gets what he deserves.

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