

Sexual Revolution of the Sixties Has Come Full Circle in 2000 With Arrival of the RU-486 Abortion Pill

By Julia Gorin

I was barely a teenager when I started to gain an awareness of the various methods used to avoid pregnancy.

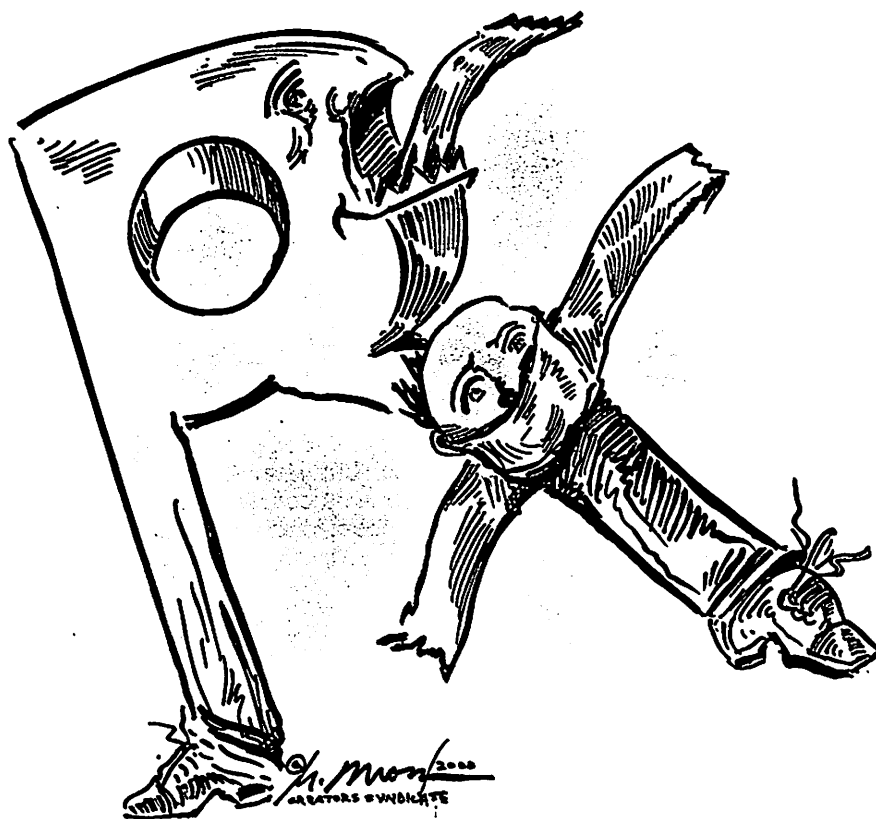
The first one I heard about was the condom, which seemed the most trouble-free and readily available way to go about it. Then I found out some girls were willing to get acne, gain weight and pay a little extra for a birth-control pill their doctor would prescribe. When I was 18, the existence of the female condom was made known to me at college orientation. (I still can't quite picture what that looks like.)

Other women have their doctors surgically implant an intrauterine device to prevent pregnancy. Each new method I discovered sounded less appealing than the last. What was so wrong with condoms? Hello? Condoms? "Yuck!" exclaimed a sexually prolific friend of mine, wrinkling her nose at the very suggestion. "You can't feel anything with one of those." Was I talking to a guy? This friend, a survivor of some high times in the seventies and early eighties, told me she used a diaphragm — a contraption often accompanied by spermicidal jelly and an installation procedure which made me marvel how she found time between dates to apply the mess. I began to understand that women were willing to go to quite some trouble for unobstructed sex.

And now they're willing to bleed for it. Enter the abortion-inducing RU-486, which causes one woman in 500 to hemorrhage to the point of requiring a blood transfusion. Yes, the sexual revolution is in full swing.

As any honest observer by now must surely see, the sexual revolution was a giant leap forward for men — but a setback for prostitutes. It took away much of the latter's business, what with women giving it away. (Often for not so much as a dinner, let alone a ring — because, they scoff, they're above that.) As for its ultimate effect on the nonhooker female population, just look at that one gal in 500.

"French women have been using it for years!" I keep overhearing from various table conversations consumed with buzzing about the newly



approved abortion drug. In France, too, school nurses distribute the morning-after drug cocktail to teenage girls. And the government funds the RU-486 procedure. These are certainly examples for the United States country to follow. Shouldn't we know by now that whatever France does, we should do the opposite? Haven't the French always set an example for the world of what not to do?

Yet we move ever closer to *la vie Francois*. With the popular new demand that insurance companies begin covering contraceptives, we are — as *Politically Incorrect* talk-show host Bill Maher recently put it — "one step away from saying that getting laid is an entitlement."

The argument is that the expense involved in securing, for example, an oral contraceptive is a disincentive for women to practice prevention. But if we've arrived at the point where a sexually active woman, instead of insisting that a man come prepared, uses birth control that is a financial burden to her, she might as well pay for the sex, too — to bring the sexual revolution to its the logical conclusion.

To give credit where credit is due, the revolution did contribute to the explosion in the women's health industry, thanks to the sexually transmitted diseases women began acquiring with about the same frequency as men — whose quest for unbridled sex was now rivaled by that of the fairer sex.

And now it's brought us RU-486, which causes nine to 30 days of cramping, and bleeding more profuse than in surgical abortions — accompanied by nausea, headaches, vomiting and/or diarrhea, and a fetal expulsion which can occur unexpectedly at the grocery store, to be scooped up by the bleeding woman and taken to her doctor so he can confirm that all the tissue exited the body or else perform a surgical abortion to finish the job and prevent a fatal infection.

"A great morning for American women," declared a National Organization for Women spokeswoman. For abortion activists: "a sweet victory." One can only cringe.

Julia Gorin writes satire on politics and culture from New York City.