

HLA: A THREAT TO A WOMAN'S FREEDOM

by Helen E. Jones

When I first learned of the Human Life Amendment, HLA, I did not think anyone in a democracy would wish to enforce it. The HLA is a constitutional amendment guaranteeing "the paramount right to life" for each human being from the moment of fertilization, with no exceptions. It is this version that was introduced by Senator Helms. In other words, abortion, any abortion, would be made illegal in the United States. Women would lose the choice of deciding between bearing her child or having an abortion. Even if the woman became pregnant

from rape or incest, abortion would be illegal. Women have a hard enough time with the decision of abortion, but the HLA would take away a woman's freedom of choice.

If the HLA were passed as an amendment, it might make abortion illegal but it would not stop abortions. Back street illegal abortion rings would once again flourish. Even worse, self induced abortions would appear. Women, in desperation, would use, as they have before, coat hangers or even lye for self abortion. I remember how I cried once when I read a true story of a sixteen year old girl

who was charged with first degree murder. The young girl had committed a self abortion with a coat hanger because she had no money and was too scared to tell anyone.

Is this what we call a democracy when women cannot decide for themselves what they want to do with their lives and bodies? Luckily, women do have the right to petition against any law we disagree with. If you feel that women should have the freedom of choice write to Senator Jesse Helms, 4213 Dirkson Office Building, Washington, D.C. 20510.

From the Editor

December 10, 1980. Assassination. It is the day the music died. It is the day that an artist and a lover of art was lost to the world. I am appalled and diminished by John Lennon's death. It has harmed some part of me, and perhaps of us all, the part that hopes, dreams, and reaches for understanding.

Lennon affected more than a generation with his music. He started an era, a new era of artistic, social, and political awareness; and today this new awareness created by Lennon seems to face death. It is frightening to see this era come to such an abrupt end, and on its heels comes a new political administration that moves stridently towards conservatism. The arts, all the arts, are threatened. The new administration is taking a long, hard look at the National Endowment for the Arts, and public and private funding for the arts is diminishing at an astonishing rate.

We are now living in an age when the greatest opera house in the world--the Metropolitan Opera House--is threatened with bankruptcy. It is an age in which brilliant dancers with a major company lack the dedication or fortitude to meet company commitments. Even the critics seem to be hopelessly negative. What ever happened to constructive criticism?

All these things seem to press back the optimism with which we can view the arts. Although I am saddened, I am yet clear-eyed. I see the shoddy aspect that permeates this new decade, infecting the arts. However, there seems to be a tendency to blame the lack of creative output on lack of financial support. This blame is too readily available; it is a cop out.

The arts are in danger, from within and without. The questions now are: who cares? How much do we care? And who cares enough to do something about it?

Anna Tate

LOVE'S LABORS LOST

by Helen E. Jones

Oh, the joy of St. Valentine's Day. People see visions of Cupids, hearts, and scented valentines expressing joy and love. Personally, I get nauseous at the very thought of Valentine's Day. Every year it's the same old grind of squeals from my friends as they receive valentines, candy, and roses from their ever faithful beaux; while I run and check the mail every few minutes with a gleam of hope in my heart, knowing that a valentine this time, surely, is being sent to me from an amorous admirer. And every time I feel like Charlie Brown.

I can remember every Valentine's Day better than I can remember my own birthdays. And I remember each one with malice. My favorite Valentine's Day was in the 6th grade. I spent my allowance on valentines and I wrote each one very carefully and neatly to each of my friends and latest crushes. I proudly distributed each one before class started. I knew my valentines would be the favorites, and my latest crush

would discover true love through my valentine. Well, of course it did not work out that way. My valentines were used for paper airplanes and gum rests. I forgot to sign my name to that special valentine, and my heart-throb never discovered who sent him the valentine. I was too mortified to tell him it was me. And to add insult to injury, I did not receive one valentine. Bummer.

Over the years I have matured. Now I do not expect valentines. I only expect a moonlight serenade, a love song dedicated to me, or a large bouquet of flowers given to me by a prince on horseback. You see, I am not only mature, but smart too. If I do not receive any of these special valentines, I will not be disappointed because no male would humiliate himself that much.

So when February 14th comes around, I casually wander over to my mail box. I glance inside. I look blase. Oh, rats, let's face it, I look like Charlie Brown.

Did you know that..

St. Mary's is the only college for women in United States affiliated with the Protestant Episcopal Church, and is also the only independent, intermediate college in the South.



Sing along with Boo at Monday Assembly.

CONSERVE! CONSERVE!

by Linda Ingram

In today's society, everyone seems so comfortable with all of their modern conveniences that they have ceased to look into the future. People all over the world, and especially people in the United States are wasting our nonrenewable resources with reckless abandon. Don't they realize that one day our fossil fuel supply will disappear? Don't get me wrong--I'm just as guilty when it comes to wasting as the next person is.

But some of the things I've seen since I've been at Saint Mary's has made me start worrying. If Saint Mary's is a microcosm of today's affluent society, we're all in serious trouble.

The school pays about \$20,000 a month for its electricity and heat. Just think how much power that money could buy! But we don't have to use so much energy. Let me give you some

examples. In Penick dormitory, where I live, the lights in all of the bathrooms tend to constantly be on, whether or not anyone is in them. Don't ask me why; I don't know. On numerous occasions I have seen girls on my hall leave for the evening (say, to go on dates or to go to parties in Chapel Hill) and leave every single light on (eight to be exact), plus, leave the heater on, plus, leave the stereo blasting obliviously away.

One girl refuses to leave her room without at least one light on. She says she hates to come back to a dark room. And often she will leave her television on when she leaves the room.

One of the major energy drains at Saint Mary's is its shower drains. The energy that it takes to heat our hot water takes a big chunk out of our energy consumption. If we could all make a conscious effort to take shorter showers,

then we could save vast amounts of energy, and have a little extra time for ourselves.

Students aren't the only people who need to conserve energy, though. An exorbitant amount of energy is used to heat Ragland, especially when windows are left open all night and cold air is allowed to creep in. If all faculty members could take just one minute out of their busy schedule to make sure that all windows were closed before they left for home, not only would they be saving energy, but they wouldn't have to listen to students complain about the cold.

I have one more thing to say before I step off of my soapbox. The number of times that cars are driven to Peace Street Market, Car Shop, or Cameron Village on nice sunny days boggle my mind. What is wrong with walking? And we wonder why we're overweight.



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