Women's world imbalance

She fails to see that "the differences our Creator gave us" are more the construction of society than of a deity. Moreover, these differences are not as innocuous as she would have us believe. "The differing roles of life" to which Nagle refers have come to mean, in short, that women are responsible for children and love, while men are responsible for money and war.

Nagle believes that Mary Row and her followers, by trying to blur these roles, cause unrest between the sexes. In fact, it is the aim of Rowe to blur male and female roles, in her efforts. (I don't however agree completely with her stand on pornography.) Rowe's efforts are not responsi- ble for the acrimony between the sexes. What causes the male-female conflicts is not women abandoning their roles, as Nagle claims. The cause is women rejecting their traditional roles in search of equality. Thus the un- rest is a positive force and not one to be answered with quiet obedience.

Nagle seems to advertise chari- tably and modestly, bemoaning the fact that "the women of today seem not to have been taught the virtues of politeness, charity, and de- dely." Worse yet, the innocents pure suffer as a result of the im- moral attitudes of, claims Nagle.

This classification of women into categories of "quaint" and "immoral" parallels the classic portrayal of women in film, mythology, and, perhaps, the male psyche as either angels or viragos. These classifications are debasing to every woman; why doesn't Nagle see that she has fallen in love with the chains that bind her?


diagnosis: B L A S T I N G R E A G A N F O R T H E D E F I C I T

Column/Ken Meltsner

Death has gradual effect on family

It comes in three phases. The first takes seconds or minutes. The last two may take the rest of your life. Knowledge. You can find out about death without any problem. You can walk over to your girlfriend's room and be told your mother just called: "Your grandmother just died." The knowledge hits you, but it just spreads all over and leaves you cold. It doesn't hurt. You can't feel it.

I felt worse when I came out the morning, and saw my car broken into. The glass was shattered over the windshield, glistening in the sun. It was a real. A voice over a phone from the other side of the continent isn't real. I had hoped it was a sick joke.

My sister said she didn't feel it either when she found out. She calmly made plane reservations and called me to check on how I was doing. She kept her feelings on ice until she could get home. I ran around for a few days and regained my car.

The knowledge of death is like those little notes that the Dean's Office sends out when a student dies. "John Doe is dead; please update your records." Even The New York Times didn't bother to send an obituary. The obituary was mine to come and pick up.

Belief. At some point, you be- come aware. You shut your eyes and your head and pretend this isn't happening. You go through the motions, but you can feel the dark clouds gathering. You can't see the white of things.

Eventually, the thaw has come. I put it off for a whole week. I had things to do, and I couldn't afford it right then. But I couldn't afford not to.

I had always been told the kal- dish was dead for the survivors. You had to remind yourself that God was merciful and just, and he knew that, but I was still shocked at how much it hurt when I finally grieved for my grandmother.

I don't usually cry. In my grief, I don't know if I'll ever feel comfortable without my grandmother. I find myself ordering Michael's Apple Pies last. I've eaten many of them. I spend a lot of time with my grandmother.

Acceptance. You have to take toward accepting the non-existence of a relationship. You have to make yourself believe that the deceased was no blameless in all the imputes, and that guilt can only affect your life. The books have to be closed. In finding this part the easiest.

My grandmother and I were not on best of terms. I don't remember that I did love her. Did I remember her for the petty excursions — and that she loved me?

My father sent me a banana card. I printed for him in high school. She still had it, even though the banana fell through. My mother left, but she still had my Science Fair fish, "I Felt So Tired," that I'd probably doubly special now.

Her death has made me no feel to spend more time with my parents, grandparents, uncles, aunts. The most frightening part of this is that I wasn't realizing all this. I'm immortal, aren't I? I have to make the calls and not just re- ceive them. I had to learn to keep the calls. I'm too young, but I'll have some days and times so you can get through bad.

I use to romanized death. The books read often hinged on " heroic sacrifices" and "tragic deaths." That's the problem with a literary background: It doesn't prepare you for the everyday, ev- eryday tragedies. My first thought after I stopped crying was that this experience couldn't happen to me. It seemed like a cold-hearted death at the time. I realized later death is sim- ply a part of life which I have to accept and move on. I needed to learn the education, but part of life has to be doing to this awareness of the end of life.

I no longer believe death is no noble or honorable. Death is, and the honorable and noble part comes from the survivors. In an attempt to justify an occa- sionally is essentially unprintable.