



TAKING THE PILL

isn't all lollipops and roses

A York co-ed tells her story

by Marti D., as told to Anita Levine

Marti is twenty years old. This is her third year at York. When she talks, she talks frankly. The words come out very fast and her voice is a little too loud, sometimes. And her hips are a little too big. Maybe that's because she takes pills.

Marti's first affair started a month after her nineteenth birthday. Since then there have been two others.

Here, she talks about her life and the part the pill has played in it.

When I was eighteen, I decided I didn't want to be a virgin anymore. There was this man - an older man - very attractive. So I let it happen, and it was terrible. Nothing I had read or heard about had prepared me for the shock or the pain.

Once was enough - and I was sure there would never be another time. But then, six months later, I met Marc. With Marc it was different. I didn't love him, but suddenly I realized what I had been denying myself just because of fear and ignorance. I never questioned the validity of our relationship. It wasn't based on sex. We had always had a terrific kind of rapport

with each other. We both liked to paint, write, and argue philosophy. Sex was a natural extension of our mutual regard.

The worst thing about having an affair is the day, soon after it starts, that you say, 'We're having an affair and what are we going to do to keep it from turning into a disaster?'

In other words, suppose I were to get pregnant? It was my decision to take pills. We never tried anything else, mainly because I refused to. The idea of counting days and waiting for the curse to come turned me right off. I had a trust in the pills that was blissfully complete. And I wouldn't let Marc come near me until I got them.

But it was an agonizing decision.

I'll never forget the day I finally got up the nerve to ask my family doctor for the pills. I was shaking. I said, 'Are you going to throw me out of the office?'

To my astonishment, he answered 'No, it's the smartest thing you could have done.' I just about died of relief.

