

in fact the more guilty of "inflicting itself on another" since for the fetus an abortion is irrevocably final. Nor can we ignore the larger philosophical issue of the inherent value of human life. By subtle semantic definitions we may characterize a fetus as a "non-being" with no rights, made easier, no doubt, by the fact that it is not in a position to argue with us. But where do we draw the line? Are Jews persons? How about the aged? Or the "non-productive" ones in society? Once we begin to compromise and propose exceptions, we open a flood gate. And who can be trusted to draw the line and stand in judgement of who shall live and who shall not? Hitler? Morgentaler? Funchello? Weir? It is my personal opinion that this cannot be a gray area: we either do value the sanctity and right of human life or we do not. Incongruous as it may seem, our willingness to defend an absolute standard will determine the strength and stability of our free society.

Gordon Weir  
Chemistry

### Right to choose

Finally on the U of A campus we have a real issue to deal with. No more trivial debate on the merits of Engineering Week. Perhaps the era of the '60s has returned.

While some may oppose the Pro-Choice efforts of Dr. Morgentaler, we now have important discussion of a very emotional issue. Eventually politicians will be forced to take a stand, and the subsequent change in the law will undoubtedly please some and infuriate others. Laws are not carved in stone, and we are privileged to be able to witness, if not partake in this debate.

Dr. Henry Morgentaler is struggling for all of us. He is concerned about our rights of choice. Many pro-lifers feel that abortion is wrong. They are quite free to decide not to have an abortion. Some people feel that contraception is wrong. Their options are to abstain or have babies. They are free to make their choice.

What frightens me is that people want to instruct me on abortion and contraception. Thanks, but I'd prefer to make my own decisions, and I won't make these decisions for you. By the way, Dr. Morgentaler

isn't dragging women to his clinic for his own personal satisfaction. Thousands of rational women have sought a medical service and Dr. Morgentaler feels obligated to provide this necessary and safe procedure. We should be thankful that he has dedicated his life to this cause.

Wendy E. Swinden  
Arts III

### Buffaloed again!

I am writing this in response to a letter in Tuesday's issue from Andrew Bison.

Andrew, could you please spare us your self-righteousness? Do you really think that the actions and beliefs of the Gateway are represented by a cartoon? Cartoons are supposed to be humorous, and I thought that particular cartoon was quite funny. Too bad that you are too intelligent to see the humour in it, and had to go searching for slanderous and insulting content.

Were you serious about your comments on the relative intelligence of engineers? What gives you the right to say that engineers work harder than students in other faculties? Is the workload of a student a measure of one's intelligence? Why, you are only a first year, and only half-way through at that. If you think that you have a lot of work now, you should consider changing faculties, because it only gets worse.

I will admit that engineers do have a lot of spirit come Engineering Week, but the resentment that you speak of is caused by engineers such as yourself. That's right, the high and mighty, all too perfect engineers like you are responsible for giving the rest of us a bad name. Yes, I am an engineer as well, but I usually hate to admit it, not because of what I do, but because I have guys like you in the same faculty.

Richard Chin  
Engineering III

Letters to the Editor should not be more than 250 words long. They must be signed and include faculty, year of program, and phone number. No anonymous letters will be published. All letters should be typed, or very neatly written. We reserve the right to edit for libel and length. Letters do not necessarily reflect the views of the Gateway.

## the way I smoke by v0td

### Take some dope 1

My brain didn't hurt when I woke up, but that pit-faced door man at the bar should have been traded for a plough at birth.

The whole thing started when my peers convinced me to take marijuana, so I could understand where they were coming from. At first, the whole thing was kind of interesting. We made the score in an upper-middle class neighbourhood from some freak who said that he would do anything to get himself through med school. The score was very professional. The stuff came in a sterile plastic container—the kind they give to dwarves to see if they're growing (or so I'm told).

There were no questions asked and before I knew it I was experiencing my first drug-induced high. We went to some pub. (I don't remember the name but the music was loud and repetitive). I was just coming to grips with the fact that God might not really exist when some kick-back from the fifties started asking questions. He mentioned something about drinks and everyone laughed because that's what we wanted.

It was just after this that I learned marijuana was very expensive, not just to buy but to use. No sooner had we ordered our first round when the urge to buy dead meat from an immigrant hit. It was horrible—\$26.75 just to prove that Dr. Ballard had a sense of humour!

The strange thing about marijuana is that it makes you feel the way God meant you to. Never before in my life had I felt that I should seek a brief sexual encounter in a men's washroom, with other men. The thought of bright colours and long wavy hair made me twitch. I just had to have another user to experiment on: this was reality, this was the ultimate truth! I couldn't believe what I was thinking, I had always been a devout follower of on high. I could not believe that someone who had won the Altar Boy of the Year Award four times in a row could possibly be having feelings for other men. Then I realized what had happened. I had taken drugs, I was not normal, Satan had my soul.

I had to fight back.

A sacrifice was absolutely necessary to prove my devotion to God and my celibate manhood.

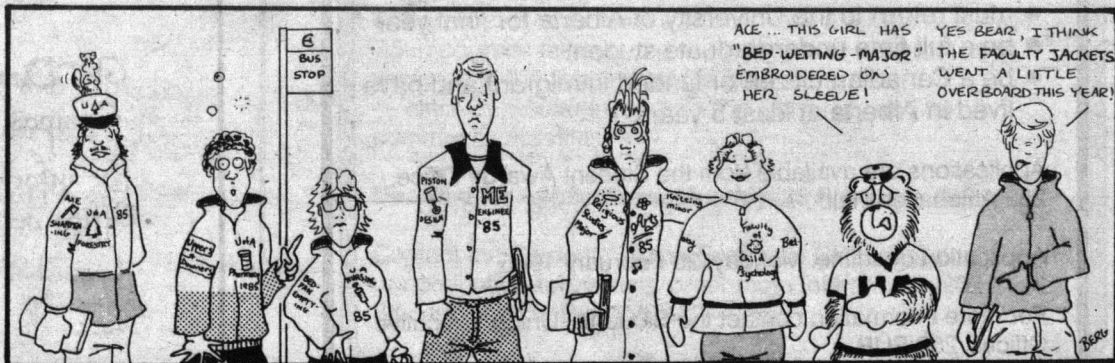
I had spotted her hanging around the elevator; she looked clean, so I took her. She screamed like hell but I kept telling myself you're doing this for God. Then all of a sudden, I was, as the druggies say, down.

There were no serious repercussions from trying marijuana, except for the fact that I was kicked out of the varsity choir for touching other boys, and that I now have to do social work twice a week for an unexplained attempted rape.

So if you're thinking of trying some stuff, make sure you know who you are and don't tell your parents.

### Bear Country

by Shane Berg



U of A  
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Short poem — maximum 32 lines  
Short story — maximum 3000 words  
Long poem — maximum 200 lines

FIRST PRIZE (each category) — \$150  
SECOND PRIZE (each category) — \$100

### RULES

1. Open to all persons attending a post-secondary educational institution in Canada, except the employees of the Students' Union of the University of Alberta and writers who have earned more than two thousand dollars from their craft in 1984.
2. All entries must be typed with double-spacing on a single side of good quality bond paper. The name, address, and phone number of the author must appear on each page submitted.
3. All entries must be submitted by noon, March 14, 1985. No late entries will be accepted.
4. Each writer may submit a total of three entries in aggregate.
5. Submissions may be in French or English.
6. The winning entries and additional entries selected by the judges will appear in the Gateway Literary Supplement on March 28, 1985. The Gateway shall hold only first North American serial rights to any entries that appear in this issue. All other rights will remain with the author.
7. Entries shall not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.
8. Entries should be submitted to:  
LITERARY CONTEST, c/o Suzanne C. Chin, Room 282, Students' Union Building, University of Alberta, T6G 2G7.

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