Comments

by Jerome Ryckborst

I remember when sex was fun. Then it became a responsibility, and now it has the potential to become deadly.

The media keep telling us about AIDS, about how it spreads (by exchange of body fluids), and how many people have it (possibly 1200 people in Edmonton).

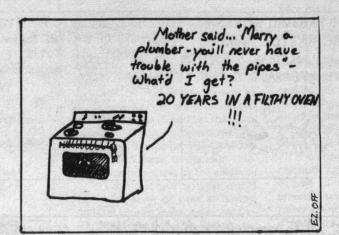
Well, thanks for the information, but it is not enough. You see, when I was a youngster I went after anything I could get. Never mind that the grownup world told me to "wait until you're married." Premarital sex exists; it will always exist. Today's youth is no different from other generations. Their role models tell them: "Go for it!" Their whole world - music, movies, t.v. commercials - says it: SEX!

Of course Mom and Dad are still preaching against premarital sex, but hey, boys will be boys and girls will be girls. Teenagers have sex. And truthfully, I don't expect them to lead lives of abstinence. Having sex is not the problem, it's surviving it.

The youth is foolhardy and sexually inexperienced. They'll get bored with just plain missionary sex-with-acondom. Kids are lacking in the creativity department; it takes time to develop a sexual sense of adventure as well as a sense of danger. Before teens go blundering into potentially dangerous games, who'll warn them of the many dangers -including AIDS?

Where can today's youth get information? Perhaps pornography or sex education in school will teach them. Fat chance. Is there any pornography that preaches safe sex? Will sex education in schools teach students about a variety of safe sexual practices? Or will schools just teach a list of don'ts?

It's not enough to be told what you can't do. It is also important to know what you can safely do.



A Letter to Keri ...

My dad's view on outerspace is weird, but hey, my dad is weird (and balding!). Dad figures that there are space beings out there but that they wouldn't come here (possibly for fear of catching the dreaded balding disease). As it was Christmas time he was asked if space people believed in Santa Claus. Dad was quick to explain that they don't have a Santa Claus, but that they have a Madame Clausia, to which he and Stoogie laughed upon until they were under the table, alone! Madame Clausia? The mental image I construed was of a woman selling her favours to lusting elves. I shuddered. This would definitely affect my Christmas. I mean, were space people that immoral? Or is prostitution an intergalactic reality? Were there no space Jerry Fallwells? Well, I guess we've already got one of those.



by Ruth (Risk Taker) Anderson

OSCAR WILDE WROTE: AN IDEA THAT ISN'T RISKY IS HARDLY WORTH CALLING AN IDEA. Anything worthwhile involves risk. The ho-hum ideas are always easy. Mediocre ideas are always cheap. But the great ideas, the truly superlative ideas, are always risky.

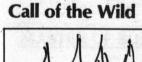
For the mature student, the decision to go back to school involved risk. There is the risk of financial insecurity during the school year — (most of us are broke). There is the risk of severing friendships through the common bond of work. Friends from your workplace may no longer be around, or may even be hostile toward your venture.

There is the risk of failure. What if I don't make it? There is the risk of getting criticism. Anytime you try something new you can expect to receive some flak. There is the risk of emotional upheaval as you learn to cope with a new role.

Becoming a student complicates your life and puts extra pressure on you. Your own attitude and behavior will make the greatest difference in your role as university student. Work at having a positive attitude. Try associating as much as possible with positive people.

Remember the old adage, NOTHING VENTURED NOTHING GAINED. (If you aim at nothing, you'll hit it everytime.) Be glad you took the risk. Enjoy Reading (Ski) Week, come back refreshed, ready to face your challenge again. Hi, Ho, Silver, away!

The womens' and mens' supplement needs your contribution. Contact The Gateway for details and deadlines.





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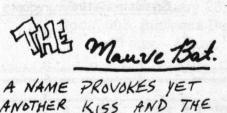








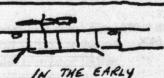
The Mauve Bat



ANOTHER KISS AND THE TINY ROOM ABOVE THE CAFE BECOMES ILLUMINATED WITH ININHIBITED, UNHARNESSED LOVE



THEIR DIALOGUE SEEMED ALMOST SCRIPT-LIKE. ELIZABETH: WHO IS THIS! BYRON: THE MAUVE BAT. EVERYONE WANTS TO BE JUST LIKE HIM. ELIZABETH: HE'S VERY DRUNK.



IN THE EARLY MORNING, ELIZABETH WALKED TO HER WINDOW AND LOOKED DOWN AT BYRON'S MOTORCYCLE. SHE WAS HAPPY.

THINGS WOULD CHANGE - SHE WENT DOWNSTAIRS AND MADE SOME TEA.

vamp on Camp









BRONK INGLES, PRE-MED STUDENT AND JOCK-OF-ALL-TRADES, WAS HED TO HOSPITAL TODAY TO SURGICALLY A LODGED FOM-FON. TANYA RRAY, A FELLOW STUDENT, WAS PETAINED FOR QUESTIONING.

The Worse the Better



In response to our critics who can't tell talent from their anal sphincter





we have one question. Who did you get to read it to you...your mother?





By the way, she dresses you Funny, you nema tode

