

## Both sides of abortion issue deserve respect

I was shocked and dismayed to read Perdita Huston's column "Restricting family planning can be lethal for everyone." In her article, Huston viciously attacks pro-life advocates, labeling them "anti-abortion and anti-family planning zealots."

The abortion question is one of the most impassioned debates in all of human history; pro-choicers feel that they are fighting for human freedom, while pro-lifers feel that they are fighting to end the mass slaughter of innocent babies.

Pro-lifers firmly believe that life begins at the point of conception and that to abort is to kill a child in cold blood. Pro-choicers argue that abortion fights overpopulation and that it is better not to bring a child into a world that cannot support it.

To a pro-lifer, this child already HAS been brought into the world; better to give it a chance at survival than to dispose of it as though it were a piece of inhuman trash.

Considering the stakes, it's quite understandable that the abortion issue has divided the country into two rabidly aggressive opposing groups.

Huston's article was both well researched and articulate. She is a talented writer, who, with strength and conviction, presented her pro-choice perspective on the recent 35 percent funding cut for international family planning programs, training of family planning personnel, and contraceptive research.

I was shocked that Huston would make the presumptuous mistake of lumping together pro-lifers with those against

contraceptive research and use. It is true that the vast majority of the anti-contraceptive group are also pro-life, but to say that it works both ways and that all pro-lifers are also against contraception is a falsehood of enormous magnitude.

Vast numbers of pro-lifers encourage abstinence and contraception as the very best methods to prevent abortion from ever happening.

I also found it surprising that a woman of Huston's intellect would resort to such petty, mud-slinging tactics as saying that "Mothers are sacrificed on the altar of the anti-abortion lobby," and that "Ideologues feed the fire that fuels their zealotry. And women die."

Fighting words like the aforementioned won't help to solve any issue, nor will they win any converts to the pro-

choice group. When, in all of history, has hateful slander ever helped to solve a problem?

It is also ironic that Huston would direct the term "zealot" at the pro-life group. It seems to me that her own zealotry clouds rationale and civility.

I am a strong pro-life advocate and firmly believe that to abort is to kill a child. However, I would never label pro-choicers "baby murderers" or "anti-lifers" even though both names would be considered accurate from my perspective.

That is because pro-choicers are not wittingly instigating the death of infants — they do not see abortion as I do. My only hope to win others to the pro-life standpoint is through mutual respect and logical argument.

The old maxim "You get more bees with honey than with vinegar" is 100 percent

true. Pro-choicers and pro-lifers have something in common: they're human. Don't other human beings and their viewpoints deserve respect and consideration? To rage blindly against and verbally assault opposition is a sure-fire way to breed enmity.

Huston disgraces the pro-choice lobby with her immature name-calling and fight tactics, just as pro-lifers who scream "murderer!" give a bad name to the pro-life group.

Huston, if you want me or any other pro-lifer to adopt and support your beliefs, then wipe the foam off your mouth, take a cold shower, and initiate a civilized adult discussion. Its time we ended the hatred.

—Stephanie Reidy is a Staff Opinion Writer at The Rebel Yell.

Stephanie Reidy Says  
STEPHANIE REIDY

### Letters to the editor

## No more jerks for me

To the editor:

After reading [Vince Caliguire's] article in the Thursday, March 14 issue of *The Rebel Yell*, entitled "Nice guys always finish last," I want to tell you that I applaud your efforts to help girls get a clue. I admit I have been guilty of pushing a nice guy away for a jerk. Later, I realized what a mistake I made. I pay the price for my error in judgment.

A nice guy hasn't passed my way in a long time. I now recognize a jerk when I see one and steer clear.

I also wanted to tell you that

nice girls often get the shaft as well. I've had a crush on some great guys who see me as their buddy they can talk to. And usually they do talk, about their [expletive] girlfriends.

These women lead guys around by an invisible leash, while the guys tell their friends they're miserable but do nothing to change the situation because deep down they like it.

These are also the women who get extremely jealous of the girl that is just a friend. I've been put on the back burner many a time just so a girlfriend wouldn't get jealous. Of course, I'm brought back up front when the guy realizes what a fool he's been and needs someone to sympathize with him.

If the guys aren't like that, they're wolves on the make.

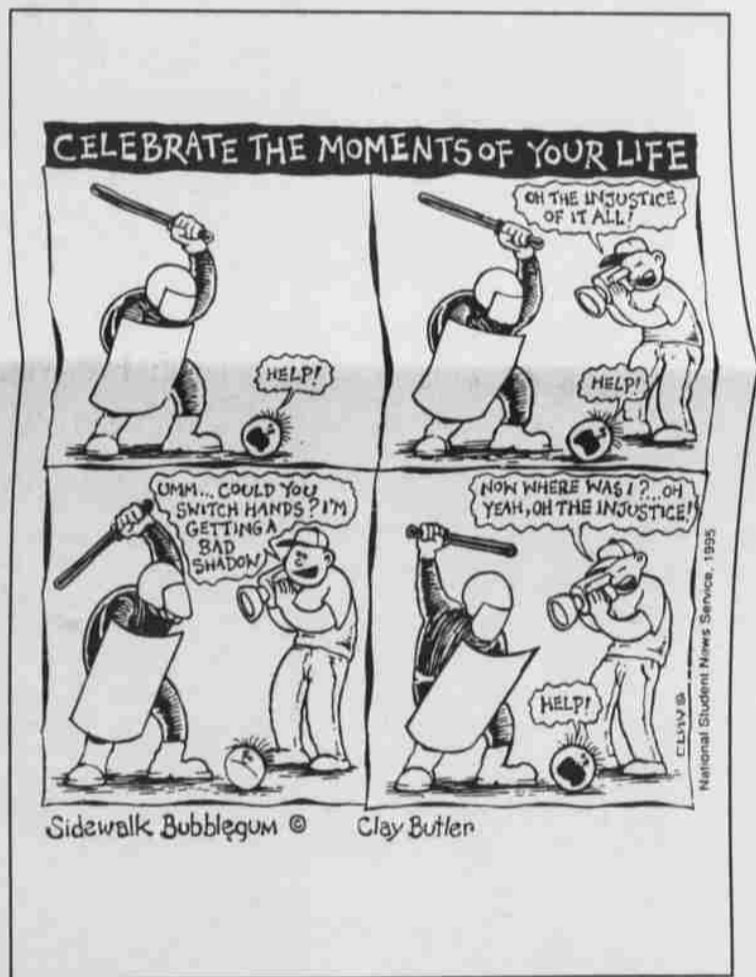
These guys approach you with a compliment and make small talk for awhile. If they are still interested, they try to maneuver the conversation around to sex. They want to see how receptive and how willing you are to talking about sex with a stranger.

If you're willing, they see this as a cue to get your number. If you're not willing, they find a way to abruptly end the conversation and you never see them again.

I know not all guys fit into one of the two categories I've described. There is the group of truly decent guys. Of course, these are the guys I have pushed away in the past.

Someday I hope I will see them again and show them I've changed. If you are one of these guys, hold on! Being a great guy will pay off, I promise.

Alexis Graham  
Sophomore



# THE REBEL YELL

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## Hey you, facultyship is not fatal

BY TOM FIELDS  
CONTRIBUTING OPINION WRITER

"Yeah, Mom, I'm on the faculty here at the university. This is my third semester."  
"Oh, I'm so glad you finally got a real job."

Mom... What can I say? I've been earning more than my father since I was 18 years old; I've traveled the globe due to various business ventures; I've had great benefits since day one, but this is the first job where my mother actually sounded like she was proud of me.

I don't have the heart to tell her I'm just an accompanist for some of the ballet classes, and she's never asked what I do here. In all honesty, I've never said I was a teacher here on campus, just faculty.

This presents all kinds of benefits. I can get cheaper parking permits than students, with better parking spots — if I felt like throwing

away a ton of money each semester! (I park on the street, because they don't pay me nearly enough to consider buying a permit, and I don't know anyone who does get paid enough to purchase a permit.)

I can get faculty two-for-one tickets to some performances at Ham Hall a couple of days before the show. I get to check materials out from the campus library for an entire semester at a time.

However, because I'm young, most students think I'm one of them, and when I say I have to go to class, they ask what class I'm taking. I usually say I'm not a student, and then I'm immediately put into the "old fogey" category, and I'm never invited to a party again by anyone under 30.

When I tell some people in the business world I'm on the faculty at UNLV, they come back with "Oh, couldn't make it in the real world, huh?" As if it's some sort of compliment.

When I say I work in the dance department, I get to hear "Well, if you were any good you'd be in a show on the Strip." I suppose these people were either deprived children and never taught manners or raised by wolves.

Life is full of trade-offs, and being faculty is another such example. I get to hang around with the students, but I'm not really part of their groups.

I get constantly reminded of my age (which is a good and bad thing — a subject for a future column). Rather than paying to be here, I get paid to be here (although only once a month, and sometimes not in a timely basis).

I have no desire to put aside my personal ambitions, like in the film *Mr. Holland's Opus*, but see this job as a stepping stone to other places, which is the true role for a university.

Mom can brag all she wants.  
—Tom Fields is an accompanist in the dance department.