

## Editorial

### Guilt game

The Tuesday, Jan. 28 edition of *Edmonton A.M.* on CBC 740 AM asked its listeners how they would assure or improve their personal safety given recent events in Edmonton. The responses, broadcast Wednesday morning, numbered only three and two of these advocated an unconditional curfew for men.

The women who proposed the curfew contended that if all men were required to be in their homes by 10 p.m., the frequency of sexual assaults would be drastically reduced.

That is true. However, the same results could be achieved by castrating all males at the age of 18.

I find the very thought of Brenda McClanaghan's abduction and murder repellent. I don't understand where the impulse to commit such a horrific act is generated.

But at the same time I am sick of being whitewashed with the guilt for the action of psychotics.

No one holds the counter-culture or the 60s responsible for Charles Manson. The boy scout movement is not subject to hysterical attacks because of John Wayne Gacy, the man who in the 70s murdered tens of young men and boys. Why then should I accept the incriminations dispensed by radical feminists?

I cannot. And therein lie the reasons for my belief that feminists frequently discredit themselves and legitimate causes by an obstinate degeneration into absurdity.

If violent crimes like the sadistic slaughter of Brenda McClanaghan are to be averted, we need to work together toward a healthy solution, not bury ourselves in ideological bunkers predicted by sex.

Mike Evans

### Hockey asexual kick

Hockey is Canada's national sport, and not only limited to healthy white men.

But according to Marc Horton, in his January 25 *Edmonton Journal* column, only men can really appreciate hockey. He encourages all the men who ever played the game to go see the play *Life After Hockey*, because only they could really appreciate it. No one else can understand what it's like to want to be a hockey star.

It was true for the longest time that only men had been directly involved in hockey. Women didn't trudge to the rink at six o'clock in the morning when they were seven, or dream of playing beside Rocket Richard. Now little girls play hockey too.

Horton says hockey "is a man's game. Playing hockey can be a time to get away from the women of our various worlds, to be among one another, to forget some of the conventions imposed upon us by mothers, sisters, wives and girlfriends."

But while all the boys and men were playing, who was watching them? What about the countless number of hockey moms, who drove their kids to and from hockey games and practices and watched their little Gretzky struggle to control the puck while they sat on uncomfortable cold benches drinking tepid cups of hot chocolate. If it weren't for those hockey mothers, sisters, wives and girlfriends watching their Canadian men score, there probably wouldn't be much of a sport to write a play about.

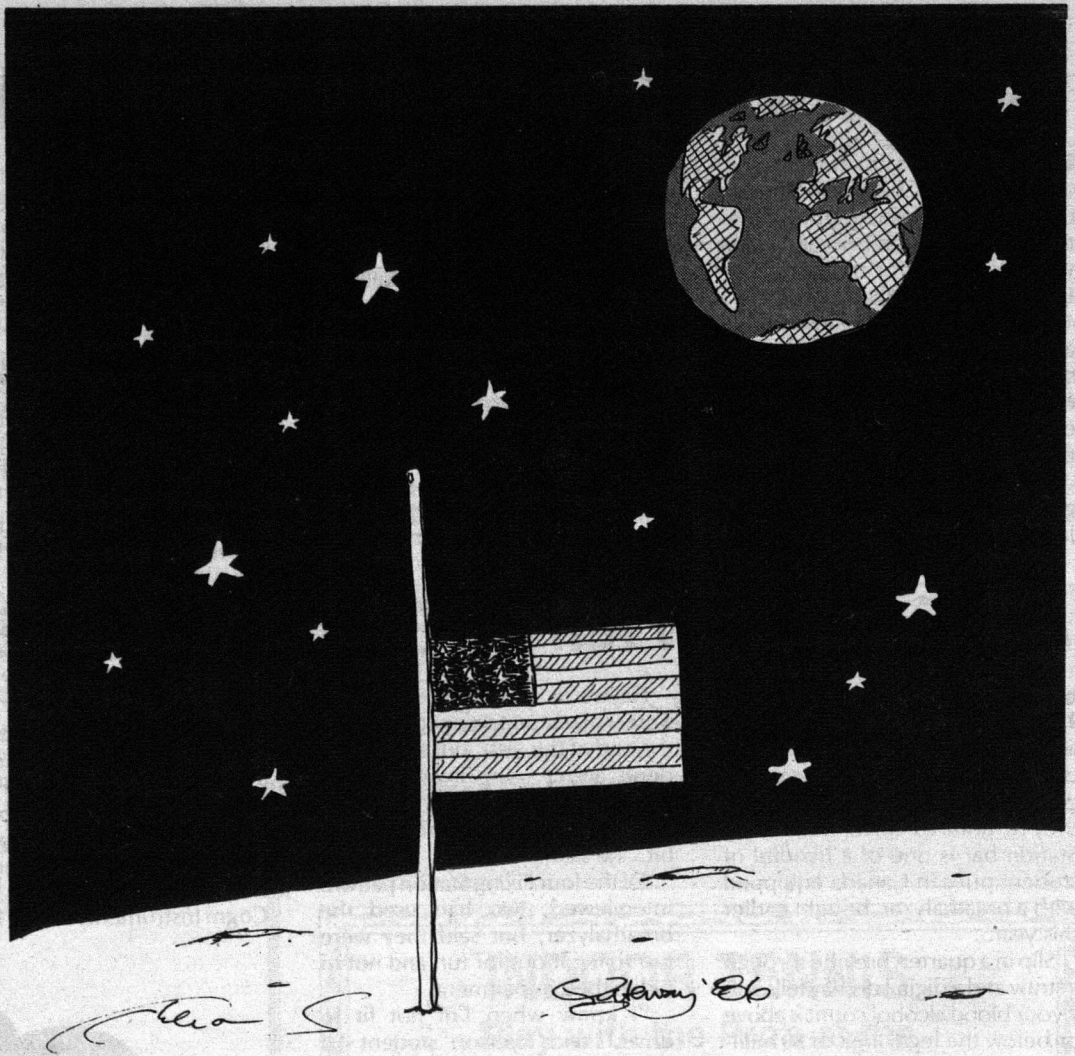
Today not only macho Canadian men play the game and can understand it. Disabled people, women, senior citizens enjoy the game.

But the mark of a talented playwright is the ability to make strange situations and experiences understandable to as broad an audience as possible. Remember Shakespeare? There are a lot of people who are not interested in the sport, who have never skated and who don't know who Mike Bossy is, but are leaving the play in near religious throes of ecstasy.

Ken Brown takes great pains to make his play understandable to non-hockey fans. For example the play is a long soliloquy in which Brown tries to explain the attraction of the sport to first his mother, then his wife. The play is not jock to jock rather it is plainly jock to non-jock.

Horton has a damn narrow definition of Canadians. A definition that is not shared by Ken Brown. We feel that Brown's play is an excellent piece of drama that will be enjoyed by all Canadians regardless of sex, race, or even fondness of the game itself. Horton's column was an insult to a fine Canadian play and to Canadians in general.

Ann Grever and Gilbert Bouchard



## Letters to the Editor

### Lunar conspiracy

Dear Mr. Gatewey

After a quick perusal of our new 1986 calendar, we noticed a severe anomaly in the phases of the moon. It is our opinion that the American government is trying to cover up the true purpose of the space program, which is actually to steal the moon. Right now, they are experimenting with the orbit. Notice, for example, that in January, the first three phases are on Fridays, and then all of a sudden, the full moon is on a Sunday. Then in March, just after settling down on Mondays, it starts traversing over to Wednesday, only to oscillate all through April. Where might it go next, you ask? In the middle of May it jogs over to Saturday briefly as it moves from Thursday to Friday. Things stabilize for a while, (the Americans don't want to be TOO obvious) but then in November, all HELL breaks loose! The Moon just goes rampant, and two phases occur in the same week! And then, after a somewhat normal December the months suddenly stop!

We believe this is because the Americans don't want to reveal too much about their nefarious activities lest people get suspicious.

In fact, we suspect the plan is to sell the moon to the Martians in exchange for large amounts of cash. This is good for the Martians because they've had their eye on our nice big moon for quite a while, and good for the Americans because they'll be able to pay off their national debt.

Therefore, we must STOP the space program in order to save one of our planet's only moons! Just think... No more romantic strolls in the moonlight —no more tides, no more werewolves, or witches or goblins, or zombies! Oh X!

The Bonehead

### Hardly Casanova

This letter is an apology for all the guys like myself. I consider myself to be a fairly sincere, sensitive person. However, some girls may take my motivations incorrectly. I particularly enjoy the company of females because, for the most part, they are more realistic and sensitive to a person's individual needs. I am sorry if I have offended anyone through this generalization.

This brings me to my most recent situation. There is a most beautiful brunette in my Biol. 200 class, first

period Tues. & Thurs. (The one with the burgundy jacket and walkman). As of yet, I have been too shy to say anything to her. I have, however, made my presence known to her. Unfortunately, she may have made me out as some sort of pervert.

I hope that this particular girl and other girls can understand that there are young men who feel honored by the company of an intellectual and beautiful female.

So, I am sorry if I have offended anyone by my forwardness and openness.

Craig  
Pre-Law I

### Casanova beware

Dear Editor:

This is a warning to all potential female victims of the unethical, inhumane university male.

Beware of flattering and impressive talk of poetry, music, and the fine arts. Beware of an athletic body and kindered face.

After being totally humiliated and degraded, we females have not yet had the courage to press charges against this type of abusive male. But, one day, this type of male who looks like (a) DOG, and acts like (a) DOG may just bark up the wrong tree!!

... and then it will not be (a) DOG's day!!!!

Sincerely,  
Society for the Enforcement of  
Cruelty TO Animals  
(SECA)

### Dreams and despair

In response to "sniveler":

Well, as you no doubt anticipated, here is a response to your cynical vitriol.

For the record, you should know that my previous letter was written entirely on my own initiative. There was no consultation with the victim of the rip-off, nor did she have any input into what I wrote. If you have to accuse someone of "groveling in her woes", or self pity, leave her out of it, especially as it is obvious

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The Gateway

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Whatever possessed Regina Behnk to tell James MacDonald he had talent? In pursuit of art, he covered K. Graham Bowers in green playdough, dressed him in Rachel McKenzie's favorite leotards, and glued him to Kabir Khan's bicycle so that he went "wunka, wunka, wunka" against the spokes. Then somehow, he got hold of John Watson's, Gilbert Bouchard's, Carolyn Aney's and Tim Enger's scalps and tied them with string to a large fan. "Look, live sculpture!" he chirped in delight. Offended, Louise Hill and Edna Landreville lured him to West Edmonton Mall and tossed him to the dolphins. No sooner had he gotten his hair wet, than James was snatched by Rob Schmidt and anchored waist-deep in colored rocks right beside Bruce Gardave, M. Levenson, and some immense spotlights. "Just wait till the submarines see this," bubbled Rob.