



the  
brunswickan

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# OPINION...

## Female Independence Threatened?

by MIRIAM DEBLY

Many issues were discussed at the Women's Committee meeting on Wednesday afternoon and a pertinent yet controversial issue was whether women are willing to accept escort services as part of their daily existence.

Some women strongly opposed such a notion claiming it led to a loss of their independence and a feeling of dependence on the males in our society to protect them.

Although women do and "should" have the right to walk the streets safely, today's society does not allow this. Indeed, it is an impingement on our human rights.

However, one must face the reality of the situation which is the 20th C dilemma of "Violence". Although we live in a civilized, technological and supposedly reformed society, deviance from the norm does exist and must be faced.

Those deviants who will violate human rights must be considered when one chooses to take the risk of venturing out alone at night.

I do agree with those women who do not want to reinforce the Male - "Supporter, Bread-Winner, Stronger" gender myth. However, escort services do not imply a regression towards primal conceptions of the human race. They just want to help.

Feminism can only go so far in today's society. An attacker will still realistically be deterred by the presence of a male. Regardless of how strong or independent a female thinks she is, she must face the reality. Even preventive methods such as carrying guns or knives are not recommended by experts, because these weapons may be used against her. Therefore, self-protection with weapons will not work either.

Overall, Women's rights and freedoms are recognized and should be reinforced. But, until social attitudes change and society becomes a safer place to live in women should be willing to accept protection as a realistic factor in their lifestyles.

**THE HORROR!**  
**THE HORROR!**

by MARK STEVENS

Now that the bats have left me in peace and my hands have stopped shaking- at least enough to allow me to work this aging and vindictive typewriter - I feel I have a moral duty to describe my depraved journey to the heart of darkness. Mind you, I might have known. They warned me about Bathurst.

It's not that I couldn't cope with Mr. Kurtz. He was quite lucid. "Exterminate the brutes", he screamed, revving his chainsaw before running off into the woods. "Bloody hell", I thought. "I hope to God he's referring to the Moose."

Somehow I don't think he was. But that was the least of my worries. Mr. Kurtz had cousins. "Here, take a swig of this, sonny", said one, passing me a bottle of high-octane aviation spirit. "It's good stuff", he added persuasively, noticing my reticence. "You won't go blind. I brew it myself." Against all my instincts of self-preservation, I took a cautious mouthful. Mr. Kurtz was right. The horror! The horror!

But even this hallucinogenic awareness paled into insignificance after what was to follow...Odd images are still haunting me which make the notes I scribbled down on the backs of cigarette packets seem somewhat redundant. You see, the truth is often stranger than fiction.

Nevertheless, the paranoia which should have accompanied by descent into the abyss, failed to materialize. My infamous British reserve crumbled under the onslaught of high octane moonshine and the friendship that was extended to me by what seemed like the entire population of Bathurst. Even the Kurtz cousins weren't such bad chaps.