

Editorial

Remember Brenda

Upon learning of the discovery of Brenda McClenaghan's corpse, like most Edmonton women, I am left with a renewed sense of fear and despair.

Tragedies such as this always seem to draw women together as we seek to fulfill our needs to mourn the loss of the victim, to talk about our common fears, and to reassure ourselves that it wouldn't happen to us.

But something is different this time. Brenda was an average young female student from an average middle class family. So am I. Brenda probably took the usual precautions (didn't walk down dimly lit streets at night, didn't go to bars alone, etc.). I don't do those things either. She drove her own car and so she didn't need to worry about being stuck for a ride. My car also serves that purpose.

The sad fact is that the majority of sexual assaults on women happen in their own homes. Brenda lived with her parents who reported her missing. I live alone and come and go as I please. By all estimations, I could easily disappear for a week before anyone would notice.

It occurs to me that there is a huge population of women on campus that share my circumstances. We are all probably reasonable, thinking women and we all probably take precautions against sexual assault. It also occurs to me that we all probably take occasional short cuts.

At this point in time, I think it is safe to say that taking precautions *most of the time* is simply not good enough.

That is not to say that we all need to start behaving like paranoid lunatics. There is a big difference between adopting safe habits and curtailing one's lifestyle to the point of deprivation.

Some feminists would have us believe that by taking precautions we are, in some abstract sense, awarding a small victory to the potential rapist/murderer. He scares us out of doing something we want to do (like a late night stroll alone) before we even do it. He makes victims of us all by intruding on our sense of freedom and our right to independence.

This kind of twisted reasoning is simply beyond my grasp. We look both ways before crossing the street even in places where pedestrians have the right of way — this is not submission, it is common sense. Total personal freedom is impossible so it is important to accept life's limitations. It is equally important for us to demand stronger measures against offenders and better protection for ourselves under the law.

I hate the idea of my parents lying awake at night (as Brenda McClenaghan's must have) simply because I was too ignorant to let someone know my whereabouts. We owe it to our families and friends to take good care of ourselves.

Campus Security is a great place to start (432-5252). They provide a 24-hour escort service and every escort is fully documented as to your name, location, destination and time of departure.

They also encourage people who are working late in offices or otherwise isolated areas on campus, to call and let them know. They will check out the building you're in at intervals through the night.

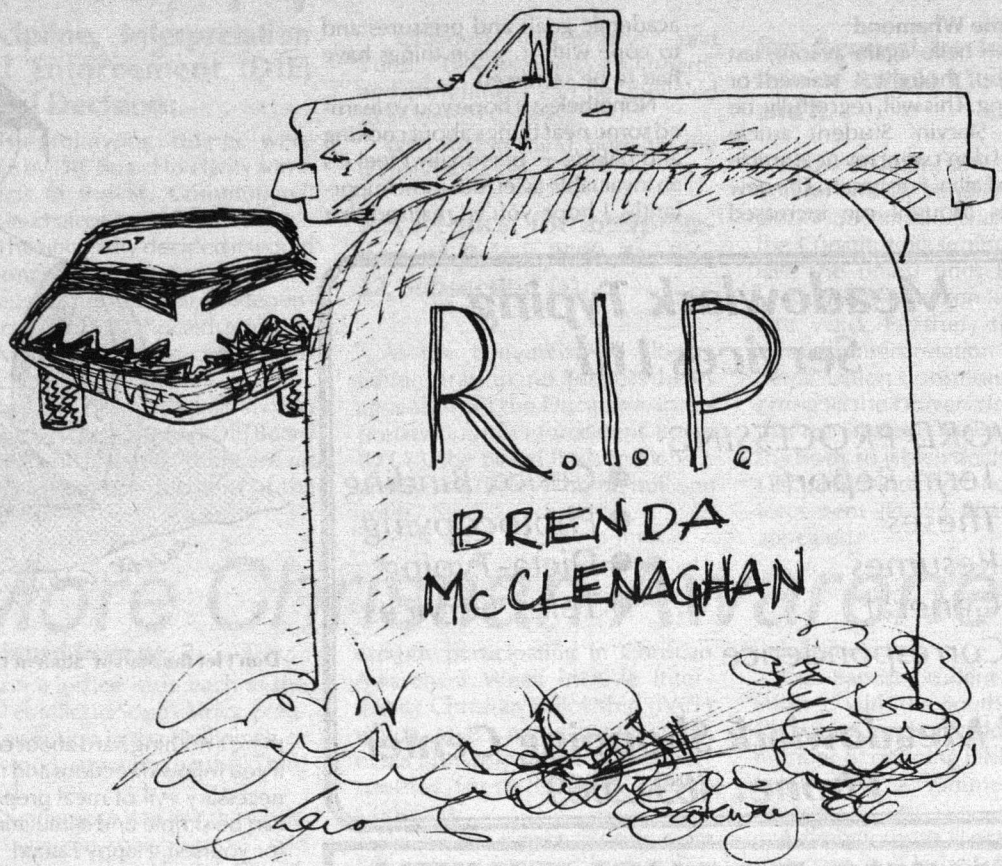
It is my understanding that Campus Security is understaffed so there could be a wait if you don't call ahead for an escort. By the same token, if more women were to use the service, perhaps the rise in demand would inspire the powers that be to increase security personnel.

We would all do well to remember that short cuts are a bad idea. If the idea of waiting a few minutes for a security escort frustrates you and you are tempted to scurry across campus alone, do yourself a favour and remember Brenda. May she rest in peace.

Kathleen Beechinor

Correction

There were two factual errors and two omissions in the story *A whole new beginning* in the Jan. 23 *Gateway*. The closing date for nominations is Feb. 25, not Feb 28; a candidate must have his nomination papers signed by 25 SU members, not other candidates; and there are two vice presidential positions to be contested for men's and women's athletics respectively.



Welcome to the big time, Edmonton

Letters to the Editor

Young lament

Two Aggies who were just funnin'
The sad tale is now well known
Last Friday I heard the drummin'
five dead in CA-AB OH!

GoHa get down to it
chickens are falling on down
Should'a been done long agop

What if you knew them and
saw them dead on the ground
How can you eat when you know?

N. Jung
Poultry Science IV

Chicken charges

Okay, a couple of guys tossed a few chickens off a balcony. The chickens which were painted, fell like rocks and get squashed and die, directly or indirectly.

Obviously the possibility existed that someone could have been injured by this stunt. Everyone understands that. Everyone also agrees that flinging chickens into the air a hundred feet above the ground was a stupid thing to do. Even the guys who did it admit it was stupid.

But no one got hurt. Yes, five chickens died unnecessarily, but no people were injured. Why don't people leave it at that?

So who are the assholes pressing charges? Gimme a break. Did anyone arrest Lady Godiva in September for indecent exposure? Hardly. So why don't the weiners pressing charges go find someone else's shit to disturb.

Tim Vant
Arts III

Poultry poetry

Ode to a Chicken

Yes, we thought chickens could fly.
Oh yes, your honor, we didn't wish them to die.
The girls in the kickline were surprised.
When the strange colored birds came down from up high.

It was all in fun the boys now say.
But not so say the S.P.C.A.
These boys are cruel and malicious
But don't yo think we should be suspicious.

The chickens were wounded most people say.
But look at the picture in the *Gateway*.
Here's our bird of a poultry flock
Ready to run ten city blocks.

Soon we will hear what the judge will say.
When the boys appear before him on that fateful day.
Maybe we'll laugh or we'll cry.
But as God is my witness I too thought chickens could fly.

A Good Old Boy

Public eye

To whom it may concern;

Regarding the chicken killer article on Thursday Jan. 23: what a relief it is to know that the chickens who had been subjected abusive treatment, crippling injuries and eventual death did not endure the same in vain. In fact, they did so for the very worthy cause of providing some poor, hard-ups with humour, as well as intellectually deprived and morally unsophisticated real men in Agriculture with a brief moment of amusement. This noble sacrifice was all the more worthy in that it made a significant contribution to "... maintain the ongoing rivalry between the Aggies and the Engineers (the other real men)". These causes, as everyone knows, are, in turn, crucial to maintaining the social fabric here at the U of Eh. It is as difficult to imagine the hebarioural limitations for promoting them as it is to imagine the limitations of the universe. All that is preventing the Aggies and Engineers from expressing their mutual goodwill and affection with optimum freedom and creativity are the silly University Code of Student Conduct and the even more ridiculous Criminal Code of Canada. If these trivial and oppressive restrictions were cleared out of the way we'd no doubt see a festival and celebration that would make the French and Iranian revolutions look like sewing circles.

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Lost in the fog, Gary Kirk, Graeme Whamond and Gilbert Bouchard grasped blindly, tripping over Regine Behnk, who was hiding from Ray Walker and Don Tephyske. John Watson had told them she wore a wig and now they wanted to pull it off and give it to Kathleen Beechinor to cover Pat Maguire's ugly, wrinkly, offensive elbows. All of a sudden, a flying saucer swooped from the fog, (squishing Kabir Khan) and Louise Hill and Edna Landreville popped out. "Hi! We just flew in from Mars and boy are arms tired," they quipped. Bruce Gardave chuckled, much to the scorn of Leif Stout, who only sneered. What with all this merriment going on, Alex Miller reached over, grabbed the wig and jumped into the flying saucer, Rob Schmidt and Pernel Tamowski in hot pursuit. They flew off into the fog. "It's all so beautiful," sniffed Ron Daimant, reaching for the Kleenex.