

It's my party and I'll bitch if I want to



ELIZABETH VAIL

“As a woman who wants to be unreasonable, judgmental and bad-tempered at any given time, should I have to check my calendar and see if this falls within the designated four-to-ten-day period when it is socially acceptable, or at least expected, for a woman to go on an uninhibited hell-rampage?”

I'm an irrational person. It's my nature. Some of the time, I'm content to sit quietly in class and not explode into devious giggling every time someone says something completely baseless and ignorant—which is most of the time, let's face it. But there are also a large number of times when I just want to give in to madness and burst into random fits of screaming hysteria, make sugar and Tylenol my primary food source, and blame all of the world's problems on everyone who currently sports a penis. I live in Canada, goddamn it. It's my right to be a bitch.

However, according to some absurd, ignorant and chauvinistic beliefs that have circulated amongst the male community since there have been male communities amongst which to circulate, it *shouldn't* be my right. The first instance of this, I assume, would have been when Eve told Adam, “Fuck the goddamn apple! Go out and get me some chocolate before I have a nervous breakdown!”

“Huh, must be your time of the month.”

Stereotypes like this impinge on the Holy Right of Bitchiness. As a woman who wants to be unreasonable,

judgmental and bad-tempered at any given time, should I have to check my calendar and see if this falls within the designated four-to-ten-day period when it is expected, or at least acceptable, for a woman to go on an uninhibited hell-rampage? Screw that—I'm going to be a deluded, self-righteous tyrant whenever I damn well feel like it.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not saying it's every woman's dream to find new ways to verbally, psychologically and physically emasculate members of the male sex who happen to annoy her—most women tend to be a shade more restrained than that.

But whenever they do give in to the urge to express their rage, many guys will fall back onto the assumption that the phase of the moon, the turning of the tides or the labyrinthine corridors of the female reproductive system are responsible for a woman's willingness lose her temper in public.

Fellas, there isn't a point in a young girl's life when she gets bitten by some sort of menstrual werewolf, thereby condemning her to the life of a lycanthropic bitch that transforms by the light of the moon into a ravaging, half-crazed and overly aggressive beast

until the silver bullet of menopause ends the cycle.

Quite frankly, I'm insulted by this idea, because it implies that I'm expected to be reasonable, mild-mannered and kind-hearted for the remaining 23 days of the month. I don't need a biological excuse to be a bitch. God knows, men certainly don't have one for their behaviour—and you only have to turn on Fox News to see the impressive extent of their asshat-ery.

It's so nice to know that when we choose to lose our tempers, emasculate you in front of your friends, or call you on your ridiculously macho bullshit, it's not because you guys are assholes. It's because of the monthly Uterus Olympics.

Drug cartels rife with gender inequality



CONAL PIERSE

blood-thirst as I am, or that a woman couldn't organize and carry out a full-fledged massacre?

Women like Catherine the Great, Ranavalona, Aileen Wournos and Martha Stewart have demonstrated to the world that the inner circles of hell are not reserved for men alone. These brave trailblazers have paved the way for future generations of evil women by slaughtering subjects, killing johns and whipping interns with extension cords for failing to understand the difference between a French press and a milk frother.

Despite all this, it's sad to see that the role of women continues to be overlooked in the drug industry. True, there don't seem to be many female drug lords or even high ranking cartel members, but this is due to the glass ceiling that prevents woman from climbing the bloody rungs of the cartel ladder than as a result of a lack of women working in the drug industry. The drug world still promotes the heavily chauvinistic attitude that women should “get back in the kitchen and bake some crack,” and that they aren't suited to the business aspect of the cartel. These attitudes prevent women from rising much higher than lowly positions such as distributors and mules, while the role of drug baron seems more of a dream than a possibility to most. In the *legal* business world, women face problems at the top too, but their troubles pale in comparison to those faced by women who choose a career in crime.

Unfortunately these problems won't be easily solved, and it will take some brave women with condoms full of heroine up their asses who are willing to do whatever it takes so that future generations of women can finally get a piece of the big rock in the sky.

In my spare time I like to read news from around the world. This serves two purposes: first, it makes the rest of the world seem like a terrible and frightening place that I don't want to visit—which is a good thing because I can't afford to travel. Second, the news is a good cover window to have when surfing for porn—it adds a certain amount of sophistication to the depravity. But the other day, I came across a story that made me furiously limp.

A gang referring to themselves simply as “The Family” stormed into a Mexican nightclub and ordered the customers onto the ground, after which they proceeded to toss five freshly severed human heads onto the dance floor along with a handwritten note. This note claimed that “the family does not kill for money. It does not kill women. It does not kill innocents. It kills only those who deserve to die. Everyone should know, this is divine justice.”

The act is believed to be part of the escalating turf war between rival drug cartels in the area. I find this act to be utterly despicable and a terrible shame. In this modern world we live in, it's incredibly sexist to assume that women cannot be killed by a drug cartel too—or belong to one for that matter. Women have worked hard to prove that they're equal to men in all aspects, and I feel that the same is true for their capacity for evil. Who am I to say that women aren't as capable of

THE BURLAP SACK

It may seem impertinent to have to reiterate such a basic tenet of classroom etiquette, but believe it or not, there are people talking in their classes at any given time on this campus.

I don't mean people asking questions of their instructors, or even briefly asking a neighbour for clarification. No: I speak of a much greater scourge. While occasionally annoying, the two previous examples are well within the boundaries of common classroom decorum.

Not within these boundaries, on the other hand, are those incredibly aggravating personal conversations some of the more boorish students on campus insist on having in the middle of class.

Let's face it: your gossip about who hooked up with whom, who said or did what to whom or whatever you're going to do on the weekend can wait until after class. If it can't, then go get a coffee, and let those who are in class to learn do so in peace.

Some of us worked very hard to be here, and we really want to stay here to. So if you can't bring yourself to take your classes seriously, don't penalize those of us who do. But if you do, then get into the sack and stay there for a while.

PATRICK ROSS

The Burlap Sack is a semi-regular feature where a person or group who needs to be put in a sack and beaten is ridiculed in print. No sack beatings are actually administered.

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4 General Faculties Council Seats

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