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The School for Energy and the Environment (SEE)

invites you to attend the second presentation in our "SEE the research at work" seminar series:

Blowing in the Wind:

Pros and cons of small wind turbines for rural homes

Brian Fleck (Mechanical Engineering)

Over the past few years interest in small scale wind turbines for residential off grid use has been seen as a potential solution to paying expensive grid power hook ups or as a way of reducing the environmental footprint of the energy use of an off grid residence.

Our research group has been looking at the advantages and disadvantages of installing small wind turbines for residential use in rural areas. We have primarily focused on field testing by comparing generated power to concurrent wind velocity monitoring.

Date: Thursday, September 3rd, 2009

Time: 12:00 pm to 1:30 pm

Location: Stollery Executive Development Centre, Room 5-40 A&B, Business Building, U of A

Registration: Please RSVP by August 31st online at www.see.ualberta.ca



Questions?: School of Energy and the Environment (SEE): uasee@ualberta.ca

The Miss Independent mistake

A golden ticket to postsecondary is no excuse to party the night away.



TIM SCHNEIDER

Welcome back to school, young minds. Once again, our campus will be flooded with students; among them, a number of fun-loving girls who call themselves "independent." But is it just me, or these days when a girl says she's independent, does it more than likely just mean she's a bratty dame of loose morals? Now don't get me wrong; I know a lot of women that are what I would define as independent. They work hard, they have their own place, and they manage all of their responsibilities effectively. Also, none of them have ever felt the need to tell me how independent they are. Openly calling yourself "independent" is like calling yourself "feisty" or "free-spirited" — if you have to articulate it, then there's a good chance you're not.

It's always the girls who seem to bug me with this quirk. These "Miss Independents," as I've started calling them, are inevitably the ones proclaiming their maturity and self-sustainability while walking around in Chanel dresses and driving Lexuses they bought with their parents' money. Miss Independents are obvious in any social situation because they will usually be attractive, demanding of respect, quick to get drunk, and even quicker to want to go home with the "right" guy. They will also be very quick to

defend that they aren't sluts because they won't go home with just any guy, but they always seem to end up making out or going home with some guy each night. Presumably this is a key characteristic of their independence.

One option is, if you're a guy, when you see a Miss Independent in the club, compliment her on something trivial and take her home to your place to celebrate her independence. (It really is that easy.)

So where did these girls come from? There are a number of prevalent social factors that shape the emergence of this sort of behaviour, but I'll just attack the pop culture culprit: *Sex and the City*. See, a lot of young girls grew up watching the so-called independent women parading around on TV and decide that the term is synonymous with casual sex and designer labels. Because if there's one piece of pop culture that's chock-full of verisimilitude and believability, it's the glittery world of Carrie Bradshaw and friends. But they see it that way, and become part of the Now generation, which wants all of the luxuries of life they feel entitled to without working for them.

I don't want to give the mistaken impression that this behaviour only

exists in women. In fact, I'm just as annoyed by the male version of this phenomenon. Ever seen the YouTube video "My New Haircut?" Well, it's not far off of what these jägerbomb-swilling trust fund turbo-douchebags act like. We all know the breed of twit I'm talking about; if the Miss Independents feel that they're being independent by emulating this sort of male, perhaps they should think again. This style of "Brosephs" inevitably hit the clubs every night except Sundays to observe their holy day (when a new episode of their favourite documentary *Entourage* comes out.) These are the sorts of people you can expect to find at the bars here on campus, and I have no doubt that they'll all continue to be a fixture there for a long time to come.

So how do we deal with them? Well, one option is, if you're a guy, when you see a Miss Independent in the club, compliment her on something trivial and take her home to your place to celebrate her independence. (It really is that easy.) However, if you're afraid you might be one of these obnoxious but occasionally fun people, here's my advice to you: take all that energy and assertiveness you have and actually accomplish something with it; actually do something worthy of the term *independent*.

True, it will involve actual hard work, but the fun will still be there once you can afford it on your own. In the end, if you don't want to heed this advice, that's fine. Oh, and if you happen to be in a nightclub on Whyte and see me, come say "hi." I think you have a great personality and I'd love to take you home to my place to celebrate your independence.

Navigating degrees of green means glee



DAVID JOHNSTON

So I have a friend starting university this year. Her name is Sam. She's kind of cool, and I want her to feel welcome, so I request that every time you see someone you don't know on campus this week, you go up to them, give them a big hug, and say "Hi, Sam!" Naturally, this will result in several awkward situations, but I'm confident that at least some of my poorly aimed goodwill will make its way to her lovely self, with the side effect of making the U of A seem quite becoming to all the other Samuels and Samanthas starting classes. Wait — I also know a real jerk named Sam, and I want him to burn in the fiery bowels of purgatory. Okay, stop welcoming Sams, everyone!

So, I need a better idea. Luckily, I have one so good that it makes the last idea look like some half-baked scheme conceived by a creepy stalker/friend. Sam's other distinguishing feature is that she's a vegetarian, so I think everyone should help her fit in here by taking excellent care of the University's largest vegetable. No, no, not the Great Pumpkin. That is technically a fruit, and also fictional. No, I'm speaking of course of the wondrous green lawn we affectionately call the

"Quad." (Short for Quadley, in case you were curious.)

Now, some of you might argue that since we do not technically own the University, lawn care and maintenance should not be in our jurisdiction. To that, I say that while we don't own the University, we are at least its tenants, and just as my landlord insists I take care of that weird yellowish stain under our kitchen sink, (it keeps growing!) so too should we take some pride in the vast landscaping architecture surrounding us. They say that things just cannot grow under our care, but you wanna know how we're gonna be top 20 by 2020? Not through lame exercises like education or construction of vital resource centers, no. The road to success is through *gardening*.

Lawn care is an ancient and esteemed art form dating back to the 12th-century Netherlands, when 12th-century Netherlandian husbands would smuggle casks of 12th-century Netherlandian beer past their wives under the pretense of using them to "watering the lawn." Sometimes they would spill the beer on the lawn in their drunken revelries, causing the plants therein to flourish thanks to the strange organic chemicals in their alcohol. This is why, centuries later, the Netherlands are still known the world over for their grass.

Today, we've come very far, and here on our campus, we only treat our lawns with the finest water and occasionally pig's blood if there's a drought. In order for you to do your part in keeping our Quad green and

beautiful, we ask that you do all your drinking in and around the fields, in hopes of catching some of the runoff. The beer tents should thus be excellent gardening vantage points during Week of Welcome.

It'd also be a good idea if people could stop walking across the lawn, as the passage of hundreds of feet tends to erode the soil and make the grass sad. Please use the time-honoured carpooling technique of traveling from building to building on piggy-back, or use one of the SU-provided hover-carts. Or the cement trails, but those are totally for squares.

There's also fertilizing to be done, but that consists, essentially, of pooping on the lawn, and "poop in the middle of the Quad" totally sounds like something one of the local fraternities will be hazing its members with, so we should be covered on that front. (I'm joking, of course. A noble fraternity would never lower its members to doing something like that. They'd make them poop in the middle of the Cameron Library.)

If everyone follows these important lawn care regimens, then in no time flat we should have one of the province's greenest campuses, without having to worry about carbon dioxide emissions or whatever the scientists are talking about nowadays. A healthy lawn leads to a healthy campus, and a healthy campus means all our new students will feel welcome. Although I'm pretty sure it won't mean anything to Sam, because I've stolen and photocopied her class schedule and she never has to travel through the Quad. Darn.