

FOCUS

Trimming the sausage

Female castration cult enjoys cutting off members

BY FREE WILLY

The glowing embers at the end of the cigarette can be seen from across the dimly-lit room. One woman is seated at the head of the weathered wooden table, beckoning a dozen or so women to take their seats.

She inhales deeply on her Extra Mild cigarette, holds it, and blows the smoke across the table.

The women, all Dal students, are members of a secret cult, the Sisterhood of Castrators, that meets regularly at a student-run coffee shop/bar on the Dalhousie campus. They're the only ones at the bar now, except for two employees. It's not usually busy at this time of night.

The woman at the head of the table is Kathy and she's in charge of the cult. She sees me and waves me over to join them.

Rumours have been going around campus ever since last year of a secret women's cult. Like most people, I dismissed them. But then, accidentally, I came across a real member. Under the influence of a truth serum (two pitchers of Keith's) she started talking. She confirmed everything, and even gave names. So I tracked them down. Kathy knew my intentions as soon as I approached her and despite the fact that I'm a guy, she agreed to let me follow them,

as long as I promised to not use real names. I agreed.

Tonight was their regular meeting. Members meet informally everyday for coffee or beer at their popular hangout, but once a week they have a regular meeting to discuss plans. This was the first formal meeting I was allowed to attend.

The Sisterhood of Castrators is an international organization with branches set up all over Canada. The group at Dal are the only ones in Nova Scotia.

The cult does exactly what its name suggests. The women take pride in castrating men after sex, if they don't reach orgasm. They feel these men are a disgrace to the human species. They believe castrating men will make the world a better place for all beings. And for their loyal service, members of the group will be transported to a "better" place to live out the rest of their lives. That is, once they reach their quota.

Many believe this "better" place is the moon. Others think it's Philadelphia.

Either way, the women at tonight's meeting are excited. Their star castrator, Jane, the one sitting across from me with the killer glare, snagged five members last night alone (and I don't mean new recruits). That's five more organs for the wall of fame. These women are well on their

way.

This group of women used to meet in a room in Eliza Ritchie Hall, but decided to move meetings to a campus bar this year.

"It's more of a central meeting place," says cult leader Kathy. But that's not the real reason. A bar is full of potential victims.

But some women at tonight's meeting were upset. They had hoped to reach their quota by now and move to this "better" place. But a couple of members, like Megan and Katie, are glad they're not done yet.

"I'm glad we haven't reached out quota yet," says Katie, who admits she gets a power trip out of castrating. "I want to graduate with a degree before committing myself to the cult for the rest of my life and moving to the 'better' place."

Either that or she just wants to keep on castrating.

Committing herself is an understatement. If any of these women are caught, they'll probably be locked away in a mental institution for the rest of their lives.

But these women insist they'll never get caught.

But why not? They didn't kill these men. They just cut off a vital part of their manhood, some might say. Couldn't these men report the women to the police, and save other men from this?

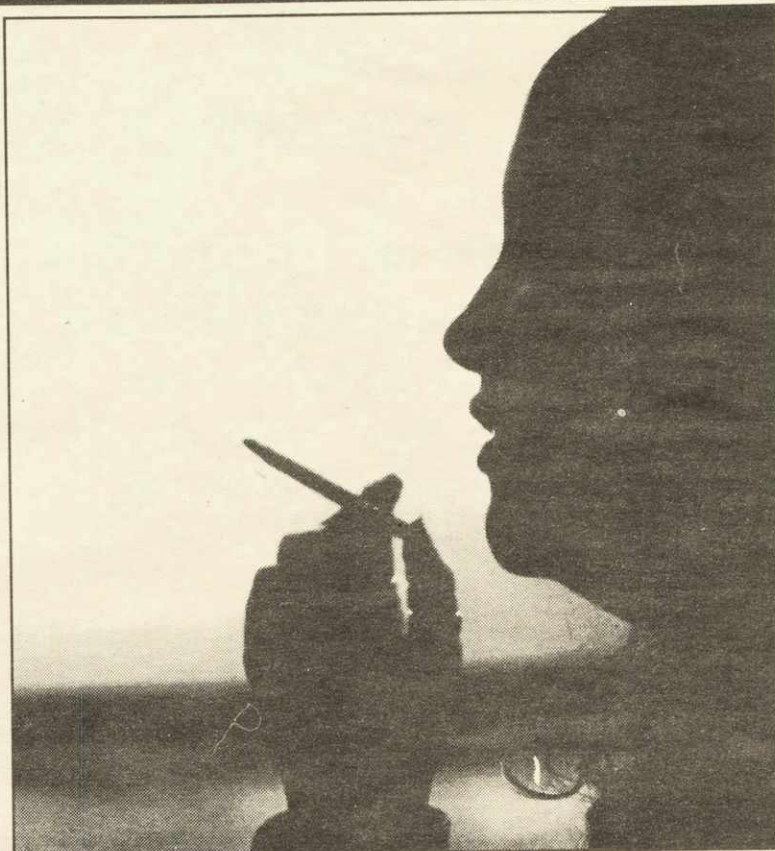
Apparently not. Kathy explains that the men are drugged and have no memory of the night. They wake up the next day, only to discover a carefully placed bandage, and a missing organ.

The post-traumatic stress from the castration also plays a part, according to Dr. Willie Pecker, a medical school professor at Dalhousie.

"The penis is an important part of the male anatomy. It's an important part of a man's life, not only its reproductive role, but its ideological role too," Pecker says. "Men measure each other by their penis. It's a sign of their masculinity. An important sign at that. We all know size matters and without a penis, these men aren't worth much."

Police have been on their trail for about a week now. They were alerted to high pitched screams late one night at Point Pleasant Park, and a female was spotted fleeing the scene. Police later found a man thrown onto the rocks, whimpering and castrated — which explained the high pitched screaming.

Kathy says one of the girls forgot to administer the drugs that night, but she remains confident that cult members will never get caught. Her confidence is not unfounded. Police say,



Castration cult member, so to speak, after the event — "Fuck that was great!"

despite an eye witness seeing a cult member flee the scene, they have no leads whatsoever.

"We know we're looking for a short girl, with short dark hair, we have some insider information claiming she's the incoming VP Internal. But we can't say anything for sure — don't print that," said local Police Chief Bobby Bacon. "That could be anyone. But we're going to keep on it. They'll slip up again and when they do, we'll be there." He didn't look very confident.

The police really didn't get a good description, but the woman they were looking for was Jane, and she was staring at me from across the table all throughout the meeting. Her shifty eyes were making me uncomfortable.

I wish she had been caught. But these women are good at what they do. Except for someone spotting Jane, no one has ever spotted a member or even come close to catching them.

"These girls are well trained," says Kathy. "It'll take more than a sighting for any of these girls to be caught. Jane slipped up when she was spotted and has been properly punished. That's never going to happen again."

But Kathy insists there's more to the cult than just castrating.

"It's a way for us women to bond, discuss our troubles and laugh and cry over our misfortunes," she says. "We don't really like castrating men. Honestly, we don't. Ah, who's kidding who. Of course we love it. But only the scummy men who don't pleasure us properly."

Tonight's meeting had an ulterior motive. With the summer coming, and some members going away for four months, Kathy has plans of implementing a better recruitment campaign, with the catchy slogan "I never get past the first date." The

slogan would be their secret handshake of sorts.

Plans of more recruitment have got the other women very excited. During last summer, women worked alone castrating men all throughout the country, but this summer Kathy wants to see active recruitment of other members. This will keep the women quite busy this summer.

Kathy begins to laugh loudly, cackle even, at the thought of increasing the number of members in her sect. Their worldwide membership exceeds two-million, with Dal's group being one of the smallest in the world. Kathy wants to change that. If she can get her branch any bigger, she might get elected to run the main office, located in a small town in Southern Alberta called Milk River. The thought of moving there makes Kathy smile.

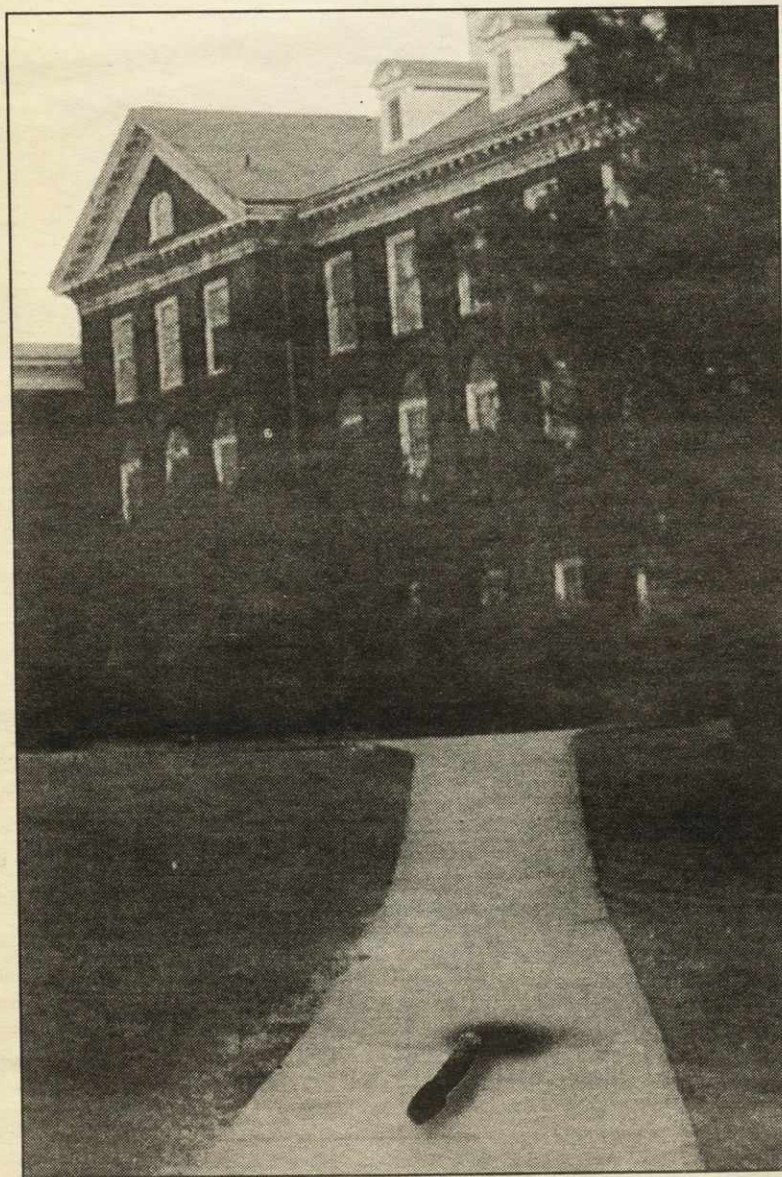
Who wouldn't want to live in Milk River? They say the river there is so white, it looks like milk.

After much detailed discussion over the new recruitment campaign, the meeting comes to an end, as Kathy crushes her cigarette in the ashtray. This was cigarette number 17, in just under 45 minutes. Yeah, she was going to live long enough to make it to the "better" place all right.

She initiates a ritualistic chant, which sounds just like "Barbie Girl" by Aqua, and other members begin playing the fiddle and tin whistle, while the rest go to the bar for pitchers of beer. These girls were going to get drunk, and go to work.

That was my cue to leave. I had to write this story, then I wanted to forget everything I learned about them. I wanted to push it all out of my head. As I walked toward the door, I was followed by a dozen pairs of eyes. It was eerie. Then again, this whole cult was eerie.

As I walked out the door, I could hear Kathy shouting "I never get past the first date."



Scene of recent castration. The DSU would like to encourage people not to leave their used condoms in the bushes around campus.