

IF THE PRESS ISN'T MAKING A LOT OF PEOPLE ANGRY IT ISN'T DOING IT'S JOB...

Or 'Get off the bidet'

by Gazoo keepers

And with "A Heterosexual Man's Guide to Erotic Safer Celibacy," nothing happens. No leering morality squad, no nasty phone calls, no 'Ward and June' values, because... There are no soiled righteous here, only soiled gitch.

Back in our low lives, tequila is drunk, windows are broken. Special, sweaty taxi drivers cruise the city looking for love in all the wrong places.

This guide of ours is neither smart, nor erotic in any conservative sense of either word. It is, however, the sad truth for too many of us knuckle-chewing Ten penny swilling, sofa-sloths. Freedom has its limits; so does every naked city.

Dude — the Easter bunny *does* exist, I saw her last night on my way to the laundromat. This city is full of freaky little quirks and soft humid corners to lay your head. Avoid them like the plague.

So now you know. If you're still with us, well, you're ahead of us. Your hollowness has been put to the test, and you passed.

In other words, rinse or get off the bidet.

There are many reasons we at the Gazette decided to print this article. These reasons include, but are not exclusive to solidarity with celibates everywhere, the need to speak out about safe self-denial in explicit language and a desire to distribute entirely non-factual information.

A heterosexual men's guide to erotic safer celibacy

Warning: These guidelines contain implicit language. If you can't cope with the ever so painful truth, don't read on.

by Gazoo stud

Being protected from AIDS is no reason to increase the amount of sex you have or the number of partners you have. As frightfully timid, non-committal individuals, we have adapted our sexual practices to take into account the risk involved in expressing our passions.

Love is a strong affection for another arising out of kinship or personal ties, but over the past few years, it has become a distressingly entangling epidemic.

Remember, since we learned to protect ourselves from love we've made asceticism an excruciatingly good way to stay awake all night and be bitter.

It's not the number or kind of people that you shun that makes abstinence worthwhile, it's specifically cold emotional activities that really fulfill you.

Anal retentiveness with a condom (a really low activity)

As I looked up I felt Susan's hard fingers pressing a condom into my palm and I was reminded of last night. My first move was to reach down beside the driver's seat and grab the last remaining beer. Opening the cap as I saw the emotion in her eyes I could only think of the immense joy I would feel at being so close to her. I poured the beer down my throat, spilling a little on my shirt, as I got up the courage for what I had to do. "No," I said. "I really don't want to get involved."

The suppression of sex has been crucial in the efforts of our community to limit our educations. Telling stories of stoic abstinence makes us all aware of the myriad possibilities for avoiding intimacy in our everyday lives. Anyone can be infected by love, but anyone can also play it safe. Learning how to use indifference properly and assessing the risk factors of any relationship are all you need to play it safe.

Snuggle-Bunnies with your pillow (a no risk activity)

I lay on my back as the pillow sat across my hips. I

reached my left hand up to play with my hair as my right hand took hold of the pillowcase. Within seconds I could feel the excitement building as I realised that there was no one around to invade my personal space. Yeah — it's definitely time for a 5K jog, then a cold shower.

When choosing an emotional barrier, distance is always the best protection. You can either be aggravating or non-aggravating, but always use additional mind-games to keep your would-be partner off balance and out of your emotional hair. Mind games generally work on anyone, but psychologists are now developing some especially nasty ones for the suitor with the big ego.

Flirtation with room-mates (a high risk activity)

I left a message on Raghout's answering machine, "I'll be home around 10 why don't you stop by." I went to her apartment at 10:04 and rang the doorbell. Her roommate Myrna answered.

"Raghout isn't home," she said. "I'll wait," I said. We talked for a half an hour and I said all the right things about everything we didn't have in common. When I

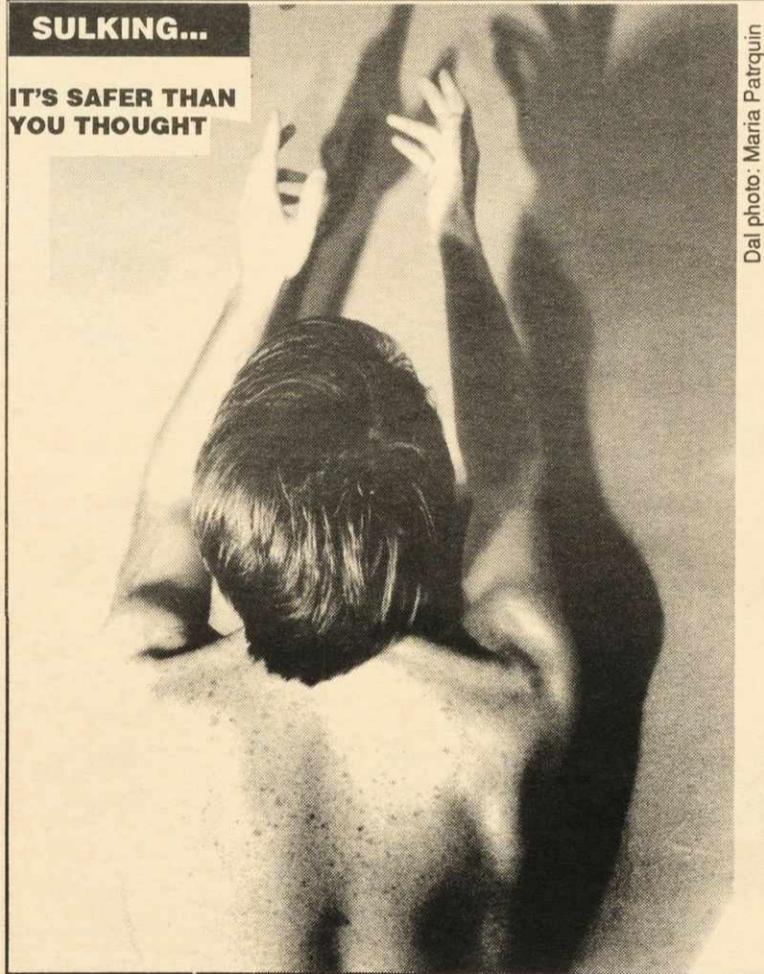
had her hooked I made my farewells and left just in time to see Raghout coming down the street. I ducked into an alley and waited until I heard her muttering voice disappear into the building. The game had begun. If all went according to plan Raghout and I would never come to be. Once again I had thwarted any attempts at intimacy.

High risk of emotional involvement

- Going for long walks
- Discussing literature
- Having dinner
- Sharing sex toys without thorough cleaning or condoms

- Lower risk of emotional involvement**
- Smiling
 - Having a conversation
 - Saying hello

- Lowest risk of emotional involvement**
- Walking around with food on your face
 - Mentioning that you know Chris Lambie



SULKING...

IT'S SAFER THAN YOU THOUGHT

Dal photo: Maria Patquin

GO FOR A SPIN



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