



POSING: breast enthusiast Andrew Stallion raises his hands for a moment to share the Swedish Bikini Team with readers.

How breasts and butts will keep Canada together

While sitting on a park bench in Point Pleasant Park, the firm buttocks of a passing female jogger made me realize what this country needs to keep us together: a national identity.

Those glutes made me realize what I have long suspected: that throughout Canada, women who work out have really great asses. And that made me think of the time I went to Calgary, Alberta, and was paraded through the majority of the strip-clubs in the city by this silly little red-haired guy named Moses. Memories, like the hot-chick with the nose sang one time.

I was at The Muff Divers in the city's south end when I realized what we need is what our friends in Sweden have — a stylish bikini team. The Swedes have a bikini team, and if you look above at my

photo, you'll see me posing beside a real autographed photo of them! (Their guards wouldn't let me near the real girls. They said something like, "Hey you, grabbing your crotch, get away from there.")

You never hear the Swedes having trouble like we do, do you? I believe it is because they have a Swedish Bikini Team and we don't.

EDITORIAL

It is something that all Swedes can believe in and trust. The team is something little Swedish girls train all of their lives for. It is the symbol of all that is Swedish.

That is of it — we would have national try-outs, where foxy young divas would strut their stuff around, and we males would judge which ones were the hottest. I like the sounds of dat! The team would be

comprised of six members, like the Swedish Bikini Team. Then we would have our national icon: *THE CANADIAN BIKINI TEAM!* Oh, I like the ring of that.

We could have Pamela Anderson as the honorary team captain, and we could get other stars to come out too. Hmm, I think Linda Evangelista would be a real team player. I also think Alanis Morissette would do a fine job. God knows I watch that video of hers a lot when I'm alone and bored.

Now, this team could tour the country, getting the blood of every true-blue, warm-blooded Canadian pumping. Then everyone in Canada could have something in common: the love of their bikini team. Wow!

This love would unite us all, French and English, black or white, even rich and poor. We could live in harmony, while staring at the ample bosoms of our great bikini team.

ANDREW STALLION

LETTERS

Lettin' it all hang out

To the Editor,

I am writing to lament the lack of student apathy on this campus. Whatever happened to those good ol' days when students just didn't give a shit, when you could hear a pin drop at a hockey game, kill seals with impunity and walk around in a thong bikini with a hypodermic needle hanging from your arm. Yes, gone is the Golden Age of student apathy. Now, those damn environmental and civil rights groups are making life difficult for those of us who want to act like boors in peace.

Nowadays, you've got to watch everything you do. If I want to publicly admire a set of breasts, female that is, I'd be labelled a sexist pig bastard, and probably shouted at by the Dal Women's Centre.

I don't get this. I don't indulge in porn so I can call the photos 'whores', and I don't tell them to cook me supper, and I don't smack them around. All I want is to see some unclothed female chests firmly supported by an equally naked body.

But dammit, these days, people take stands, and are offended. As a result, I can't be left alone to my love of nakedness. Buying porno is now a dangerous thing. Feminists have all the goldmines staked out. Sister Sara's, Excitement Video, Ralph's, Paradise Island, the Lighthouse, Tits 'R' Us.

Anyone wanna see my tits? I don't mind. I won't even charge. Too bad all Dal doesn't think this way.

Joey-Jo-Jo Shoobadoo

The little quiet guy over in the corner

To the editor,

We've been thinking. What the hell is the big deal with sex anyway? You usually end up regretting it the next morning, when you realize the guy who looked like Brad Pitt really looks more like Rob Schneider. But I suppose fourteen shots of tequila can alter anyone's judgement.

And rolling around in a bed all night for what? A stupid orgasm that most people fake anyway?

What is the satisfaction in two hot, sweaty bodies moaning and groaning, making complete jackasses of themselves?

So sex is bad. I've established that fact and I know that you agree with me. But I also know that I have desires. And so do you.

I've discovered an orgasmic and satisfying alternative to sex. All on my own — masturbation. The wave of the future.

All those in favour of masturbation raise your hand. Here

are 10 reasons why dildos are better than dudes:

1. You never have to worry about picking up.
 2. Dildos never yell out the wrong girl's name.
 3. You never have to reassure a dildo he's the biggest you've ever had.
 4. You never have to think about spitting or swallowing.
 5. Dildos don't have hair in gross places.
 6. You can always get a dildo in your size.
 7. The dildo can always get it up.
 8. You never have to think about what to say the next morning.
 9. You never have to listen to a dildo snore.
 10. You get to have the bed to yourself when the deed is done.
- So, line up (on your own, of course), and have at it. You won't regret it.

Jessica Lovealot and Tuuti Delore

THE WEEKLY WORLD GAZETTE

editorial board Volume 131, no. 26

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All submissions must be typed double-spaced on wax paper, e-mailed to someone who cares, or on a pizza, in a WP version not greater than your shoe size or equivalent. The deadline is passed.

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Dongs out, dildos in.

Handy necklace model. Stylish and convenient.