

BIKINI TEAM AN INSPIRATION TO A NATION
DETAILS PAGE 7

WEEKLY WORLD GAZETTE

THE END IS NEAR Nipple comet*

**GIANT CRACK IN SPACE
HURTLES TOWARD EARTH
FROM RABBIT'S HEAD NEBULA**

In a related story, Boo Kip's right nipple has been identified on a comet. Moral leaders condemn the object as a sign of declining values.

Photos page 6

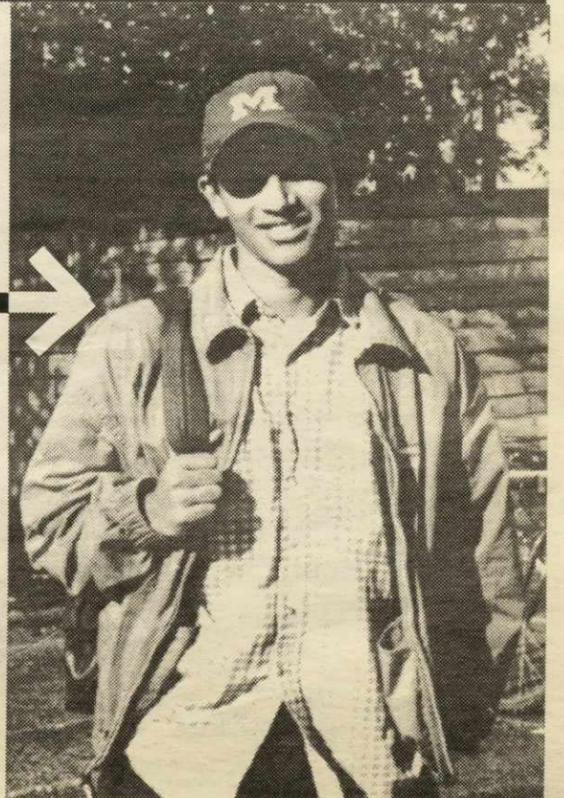
PORN AT DAL? **PEEP SHOW FANATIC** **CHEERY MAYMENN**



**SEX, DRUGS,
ROCK N' ROLL**

**DAL PRESIDENT GETS
FUNKY WITH
THE MOFFATTS**

photos page 11



MILK ON TAP



Brian Kellow,
DSU Executive
Vice President,
knows the value
of calcium and a
balanced diet.
494 1106

The Cafeteria now serves milk.
From a variety of sources, including goats.

Student lobbies hard for porn at Killam

Cheery Maymenn insists that porn is art

BY HARI PRASAD GNANAPANDATHAN

Cheery Maymenn, a Dalhousie student who was expelled from McGill University two years ago for exposing himself at a physics lecture, is on a personal crusade to bring a porn magazine and videotape collection to the Killam Library.

"Porn is art man!" says the eloquent twenty-one year old from Buchans, Newfoundland. "It just is alright."

Asked to elaborate on what he meant by "It just is," Maymenn asked what the word "elaborate" meant.

He did say, however, that as a former patron of virtually every strip club and peep show in Montreal, he alone could make a true judgement on whether porn constitutes an art form.

"I got first-hand knowledge man. I see strippers and porn stars at work every night and I am constantly amazed at the amount of focus and concentration that goes into their work. I don't know where they get their creative flair. It's gotta come from somewhere deep inside the soul."

An accomplished stripper himself, Maymenn says that only ugly people hate porn because they're jealous they can't be in it.

"Yo, I seen some ugly people

in porn, man, but they remained in the background as porn character actors. You know, the pizza delivery guy, the gas station attendant, et cetera. Only the real good looking people get to be the stars. You know what I'm sayin'?"

"Porn is art man! It just is alright."

before he brings it to the Board of Governors, Maymenn replied: "I plan to hold a huge student caucus to discuss and vote on the issue."

He then smirked at his use of the phrase "huge student caucus".

"I came to Dal because I see it as a place where porn will be one day accepted as art. Rumour has it that this place is the alma mater of my screen idol, Peter North, so it's

Asked how he plans to get solid student backing for his proposal

got to be open to new ideas like this. Dal needs porn man, and porn needs Dal."

But

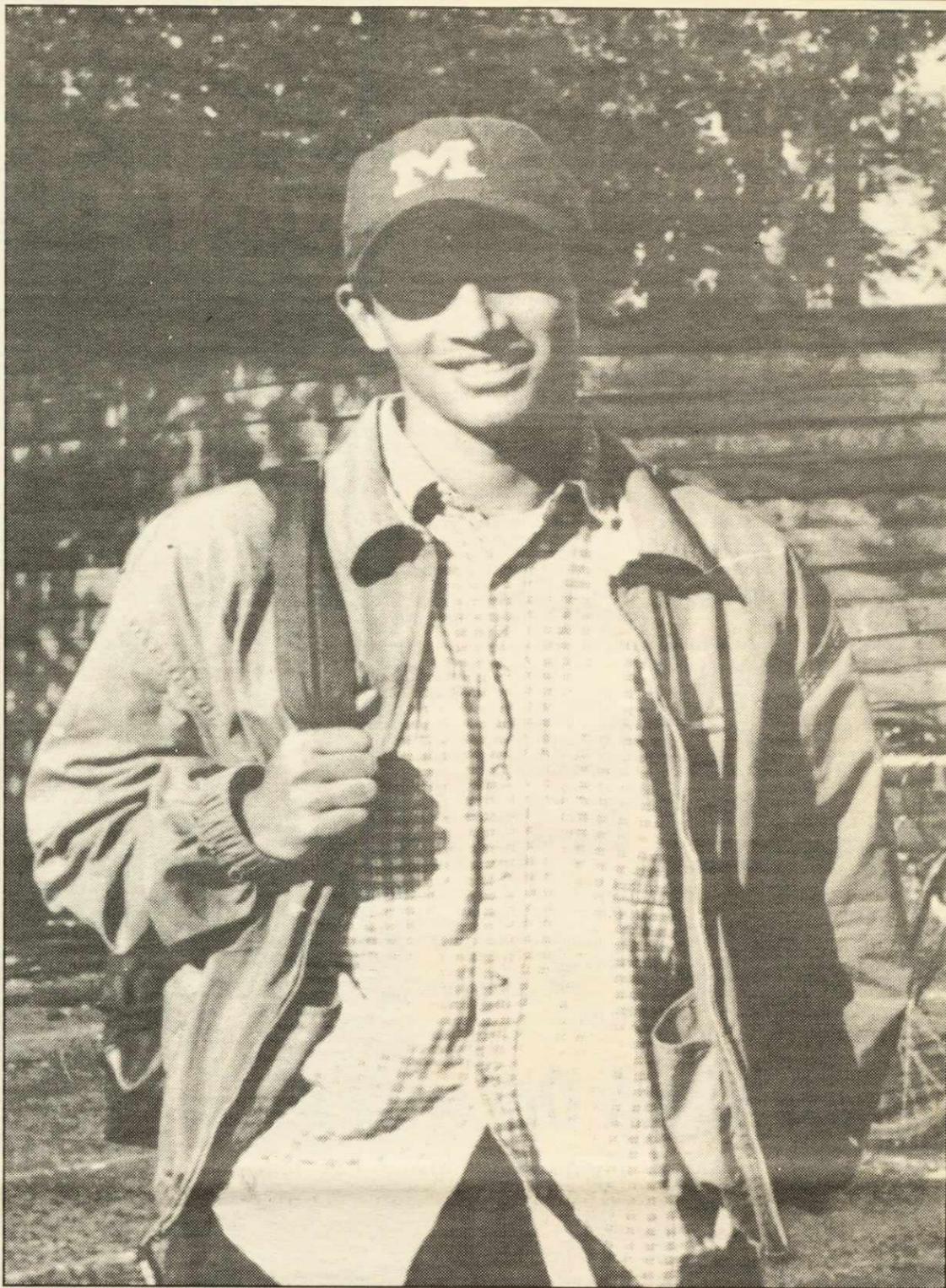
Maymenn's plight may be for naught.

Board of Governors member T. G. I. McScratchy says that the probability of Maymenn's proposal being passed is "about the same as Dame Judi Dench being in a porno or me being naked on the back of the Gazette."

Maymenn however, is unfazed by such comments.

"If I don't get what I want," he says, "I'll just have to beat his sorry ass 'til I do."

"I plan to hold a huge student caucus to discuss and vote on the issue."



FINE ART: Maymenn wants to see lots of porn in the Killam.

Porn crusader was 'ejaculated' from McGill

BY MUNROE MCLEAN

Nudity activist Cheery Maymenn and another student were kicked out of McGill university two years ago after exposing themselves in front of a physics class and shouting "Get some a' dis".

Maymenn's problems began almost three years ago, when he was banned from McGill's campus bar, Gert's, after getting in an altercation with the bar's marketers.

After seeing the bar's controversial ad campaign which had posters with "Gert's" written above a condom, Maymenn thought the establishment would want to take the campaign further. In a written proposal to Gert's, he suggested a poster with the name "Gert's" written atop his naked phallus.

He presented the idea to Gert's manager Lee Ramrod in person, but Ramrod rejected it outright.

He then exposed himself in a last-ditch effort to change Ramrod's mind.

"They couldn't see my point of view, so I whipped it out and said,

"Who wouldn't want this?" Maymenn explained. "They were impressed, as most are, but felt I crossed the line."

Once he pulled down his drawers, the bar's bouncers picked up the diminutive activist and threw him out onto the street. After giving him a wedgie, they then stole his pants and underwear, forcing him to walk home naked from the waist down.

"It was cute... it had that cock-next-door quality that's kinda rare now."

"I didn't care about bein' naked," the self-styled 'Penis Liberator' said. "But yo, those were good pants."

While Maymenn was shooting blanks with his poster idea, he still believed that his penis would make him famous. He began shooting gritty homemade videos of his groin and distributing them around McGill, hoping one of them would fall into the right hands.

Wanda Willies, a recipient of one of the films, was impressed enough with Maymenn's genitalia that she joined him in his nudity plight.

"It was wonderful," she said of Maymenn's member. "It was cute... it had that cock-next-door

quality that's kinda rare now."

Willies and Maymenn realized they were in the same physics class, and after a rigorous campaign promoting nakedness and "y'know, gettin' some", they decided to stage their first act of live public nudity in the class.

Halfway through the class, the two undressed and gyrated at the front of the auditorium.

Maymenn then began rapping Snoop Dogg's "Nothin' But a G Thing" while pointing at his unit,

but stopped when the only response he got from the audience were loud snickers.

While there were smiles in the class, they soon degenerated into laughter. Hollers of "It doesn't look normal!" and "Put it away!" finally chased Maymenn and Willies from the room.

Maymenn soon learned from McGill's administration that he was no longer welcome at the university.

For his part though, Maymenn has no regrets.

"They can do what they want," he said. "I know the score. People may not be prepared for this sort of thing, but they will be."

"In the future, people will look back at people like me and Wanda as visionaries, and statues of our god-like bodies, complete with exposed penises and girls' thighs, will grace street corners and public parks," he said.

"Children will look up to us." With files from Hari Prasad Gnanapandathan



OUTSPOKEN: supporters of Cheery Maymenn call for porn at the Killam.

Porn purveyors push for men's centre

BY MUNROE MCLEAN

Responding to what they call an unnecessary backlash towards pornography, two *Playtoy* representatives are pushing the Dalhousie administration for the establishment of a campus men's centre.

Boo Kip and BS Sidesmith, who have represented *Playtoy* for the past year, say that fear of feminism has made the centre a necessity.

"Without it, where else can we read pornos in the safety of a private sanctuary," Kip said. "We're tired of having to hide in toilet stalls to get our jollies."

"And don't tell me to go home, either. I live a good five minutes away from campus, and sometimes a man can't wait that long."

Kip said the centre would act as a place for men to discuss things like reverse sexual discrimination, the latest episode of *Baywatch*, and which of the characters on TV's *The Golden Girls* they'd most prefer to "score with".

Cheery Maymenn, a Dal student, thinks the centre is a good idea, and also believes that it would help his academics.

"Before I do homework, I gotta relax," he said. "Y'know, I need a place where I can just sit back, pull off, and write an essay."

"It'd be therapeutic."

Some don't agree with the *Playtoy* Reps, however. Patsy Thomas, the head of the Dalhousie Women's Centre, says "those little perverted freaks ought to keep their pants up when they are on campus".

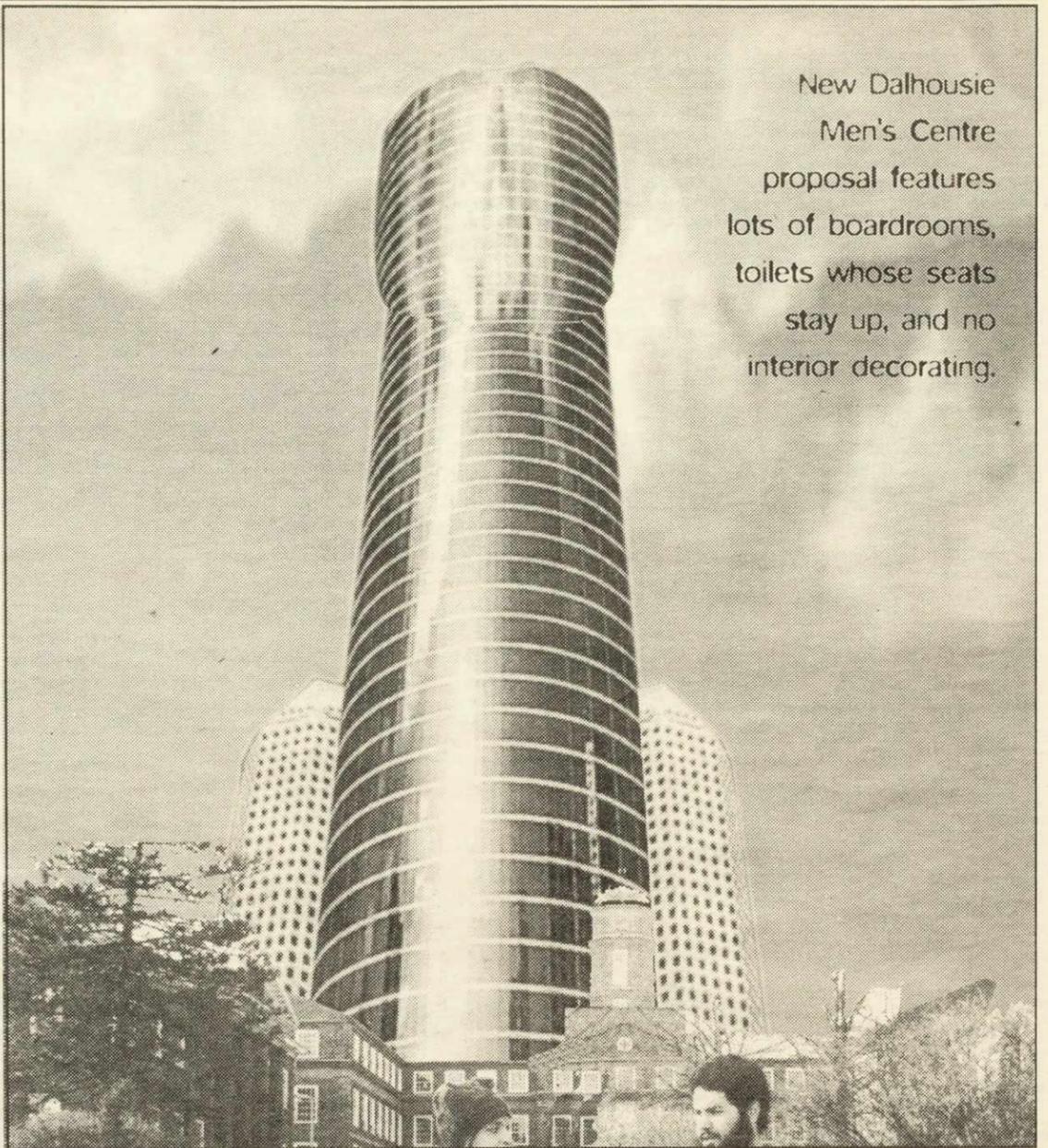
"Universities are a place of learning," said Thomas, "but not about one's own body."

But Kip and Sidesmith say that campus feminists have defamed them long enough, and wouldn't know good porn if it "walked up and pinched them on the ass".

"I'm tired of hearing all this crap from the [women's centre]," Kip said defiantly. "Especially after I offered them a guest appearance in *Playtoy's* latest movie, *Horny Feminists From the Arctic Circle*. That was a chance of a lifetime — an olive branch, if you will."

Even still, Sidesmith says all their female detractors are welcome at the centre, as long as they submit to mandatory measurements upon entrance.

"We can't have no uglies up in here."



New Dalhousie Men's Centre proposal features lots of boardrooms, toilets whose seats stay up, and no interior decorating.

Profs shock Dal with shady past

BY ALAIN TOPP

As the *Playtoy* debate drones on, Dalhousie has learned that two people at the centre of the *Playtoy* opposition have had liaisons with the magazine in past years.

Dr. Candida Bonvie from the English department has recently been discovered as once being a *Playtoy* centrefold model in the early 1980s. And Dr. Terrence Hardaway from the Biology department was a model for *Playgrrl* in the late 1970s.

The information was brought to public attention by Dalhousie's *Playtoy* representatives, Boo Kip and BS Sidesmith. They say it was easy to find the pictures on the Internet, and have handed the photos out to their friends and those who ask for them.

Both Dr. Bonvie and Dr. Hardaway say they had good reasons to pose for the magazines. At the time, Dr. Hardaway was

completing his Ph.D. in molecular biology at Harvard University. He says he ran out of money to finish his thesis when he answered an ad in the local newspaper. The ad was looking for a young, intelligent male who was well endowed. Dr. Hardaway took it upon himself to answer the ad.

"I thought it would be a good and quick way to get some cash. I was desperate. Can you blame me?"

Dr. Bonvie has a similar explanation for her involvement as a model. In 1982, Bonvie was just starting her Masters at the University of California in Los Angeles. She too ran out of money not long after she arrived, and a classmate mentioned how much money was available at the nearby *Playtoy* mansion.

"I was only 22 and foolish. I didn't go there prepared, and I was from Red Deer. I'm sorry."

Dr. Hardaway's photo, dating

from 1978, has him lying on a red satin bed with a sheer red scarf draped over his waist. It was included in a photo series called "The Big Bang Theory".

Dr. Bonvie had a more prominent role in the magazine. She was a centrefold in the May 1983. She was pictured wearing rollerskates and rainbow legwarmers.

Both say they are ashamed by their foolishness in their youth, but say without posing they would not be in the positions they are today.

"If I didn't do it, there was no way I could go on in my education, and then I wouldn't be a professor. So it all evens out in the end," said Bonvie.

To explain her objections to *Playtoy* today, Bonvie says the magazine was classier in 1983. She says the magazine is nothing but a cheap rag now.

Dr. Hardaway says he is mortified his past was found out. He says he has not told anyone of his days as a model.

"Man, when my parents find out they'll flip."

The *Playtoy* reps say they no longer see their main opponents as threats. Kip says they are nothing more than hypocrites trying to repent a past they can't erase.

The women's centre on campus is behind the shamed professors. The director, Patsy Thomas, says the two made a mistake and are truly sorry.

"If they weren't sorry, then they wouldn't be speaking out against the magazine. We all do stupid things in our youth, especially when we need cash."

Since the pictures have gone public, both professors have continued teaching their classes and hope to put this behind them.

DSU on the cutting block

BY BLANCHE COLLINGSGROVE

In the wake of problems with the recent elections, a revote that could have serious ramifications for the Dalhousie Student Union will take place.

For years apathy has plagued the student body and poor voter turnout has consistently marred elections. And with the revote, the union is debating on whether or not to dismantle itself next year.

Outgoing DSU president Ted Chainsaw says he sees no other viable option.

"Listen, no one cared about the first election, why would they care about a second?"

Chainsaw also pointed to the constant headache involved with trying to get people involved with DSU. He says efforts to attract people have failed and he thinks if the DSU was dismantled for a year people would realize what they're missing.

"Absence does make the heart grow fonder."

Fifth-year political science student George Little says this may be a good idea.

He just realized there was a student union here at Dal last month when a prof mentioned the elections in class. Little said over half the class either didn't know there was a DSU or what the leaders looked like.

"I was shocked," Little said. "I've been at Dal for five years now and I had absolutely no idea there was such a thing. I cannot believe it."

The candidates in the recent election said they would be disappointed in such a decision, especially if they had won, but see the point.

Chris Papoulidis ran for president in the elections and lost.



Ted "Buzz" Chainsaw: "Bzz, bzz, eh."

He says he's not bitter, but that those who called for a revote should get what they deserve.

"I lost and it's okay. I know I don't want to go through the whole elections process again. And I'm sure the students don't want to as well. Just bust up the union and start brand new next spring."

Legally, the student union can cease to exist for a short period of time. The DSU is allowed to remain inactive for 12 months, after which they must re-organize. If they fail to do so after a year they will lose all privileges that come with being the DSU.

University president Dom Travis says he "wouldn't give a fart in a mitt" if the DSU existed or not. He says the union does nothing for students.

"They're the most ineffectual group of losers I've ever met," Travis said.

"Think about it, they have no power at this university. I make all the decisions. I say what goes. It's me. It's me. It's all me!" he said, adding some loud, bellowing laughter while pressing the 'Thunder' setting on the keyboard in his office.

But Little says he will be saddened if the DSU breaks apart for a year. He's just recently found the SUB and is excited to actually go inside.

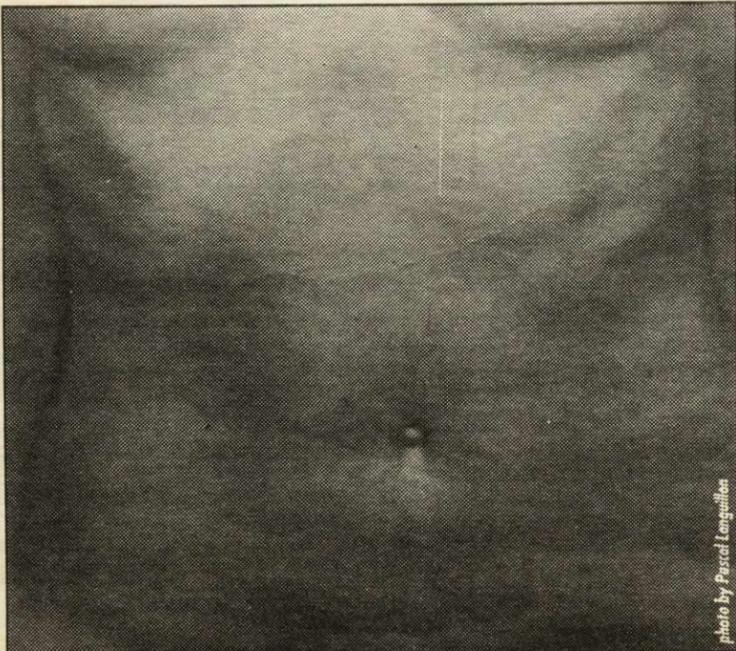


photo by Pascal Longueville

SKIN OF LANGUAGE: English professor Dr. Candida Bonvie in the early 80s.

NATO Plans to Bomb Dalhousie

BY TSR

The recent treatment by Dalhousie against its *Playtoy* representatives has prompted NATO to take drastic action.

"We cannot allow basic human rights to be suppressed in this way," declared US president Clinton.

Clinton's lap-dog Tony Blair added that "Dalhousie's repeated refusal to sign a membership with *Playtoy* is an act against world peace and human rights."

The PLO (Playtoy Liberation Organization) has recently stepped-up action against Dalhousie Security Forces. Their kidnapping of DSU executives and their replacement by mindless-puppet clones went largely unnoticed by Dalhousie students. NATO however, was not so blind.

"We cannot condone the actions of the PLO," stated Foreign Affairs Minister Floyd Unworthy. "However, the aggressive actions by Dalhousie's President are in no

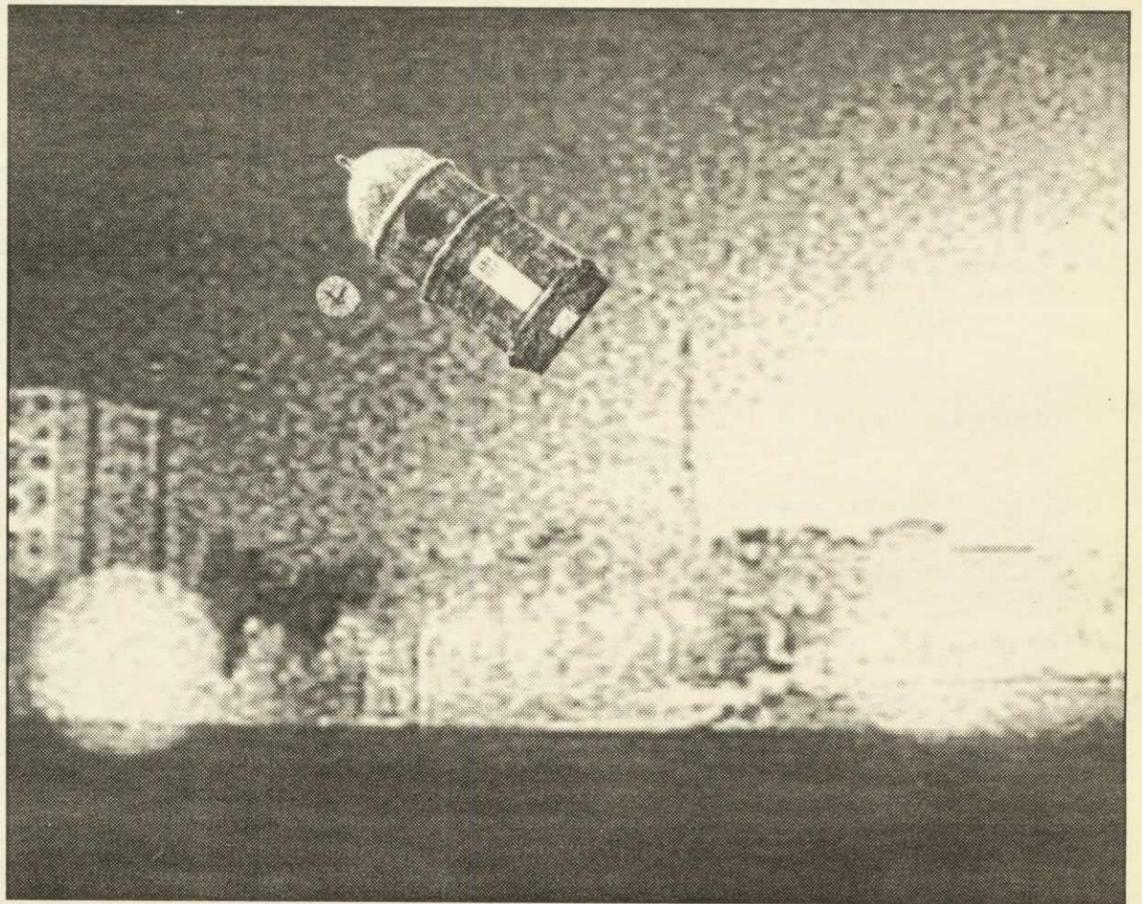
way legal under the UN charter."

The actions referred to by Unworthy are those of Dal President Dom Travis who has ignored international law by continually raising tuition fees and dancing around the sub nude, stifling student creativity and freedoms.

One of the most vocal opponents of military action against the university has been Patsy Thomas, director of the Dal Women's Centre.

"The university is an autonomous state and its sovereignty is being violated by such [NATO] actions," stated Thomas in an interview. "There is no proof of persecution of any students. And furthermore, we cannot allow every single group to have all the freedoms they want, when the majority suffers at the expense of the minority," she explained.

Protests against NATO-state embassies and consulates around the globe have increased in recent days by sympathetic members of



BOOM: NATO tests out a cruise missile on the clock tower, students concerned they may be late for classes.

the *Playtoy* diaspora. The US consulate in Toronto was severely damaged last week when protesters became violent and began hurling bricks and water-filled condoms to

the chants of "Objectify This!"

The university immediately began a crack-down and began forcing academic departments from their homes. Although many are

now fleeing from the air strikes expected to begin any day, many have continued to hide-out in massive concrete bunkers with glass roofs.

Project to liven up boring ol' Killam library building

BY AL COHOLIC

A recent study of the effects of natural light and colour on study environments has led to plans for massive renovation of the Killam Library in the year 2000.

According to Dr. Hyon Sumthin, who has a Ph.D. in Astral Vibes from the Community College of Nova Scotia, but is currently freelancing, having a study area with plenty of natural light and plenty of colour can improve the general academic performance of students by up to 10 percent.

As a result of Sumthin's findings, Dalhousie has decided to replace the large cement and gravel slabs which currently form the walls of the Killam library with giant panes of multi-coloured glass.

The new windows will feature shades and patterns designed to create a relaxed and mellow atmosphere.

"I foresee a kind of stained-glass pastiche of psychedelic patterns," said Sumthin, who predicts profs will start seeing more creative and

focused work from their students in the years to come.

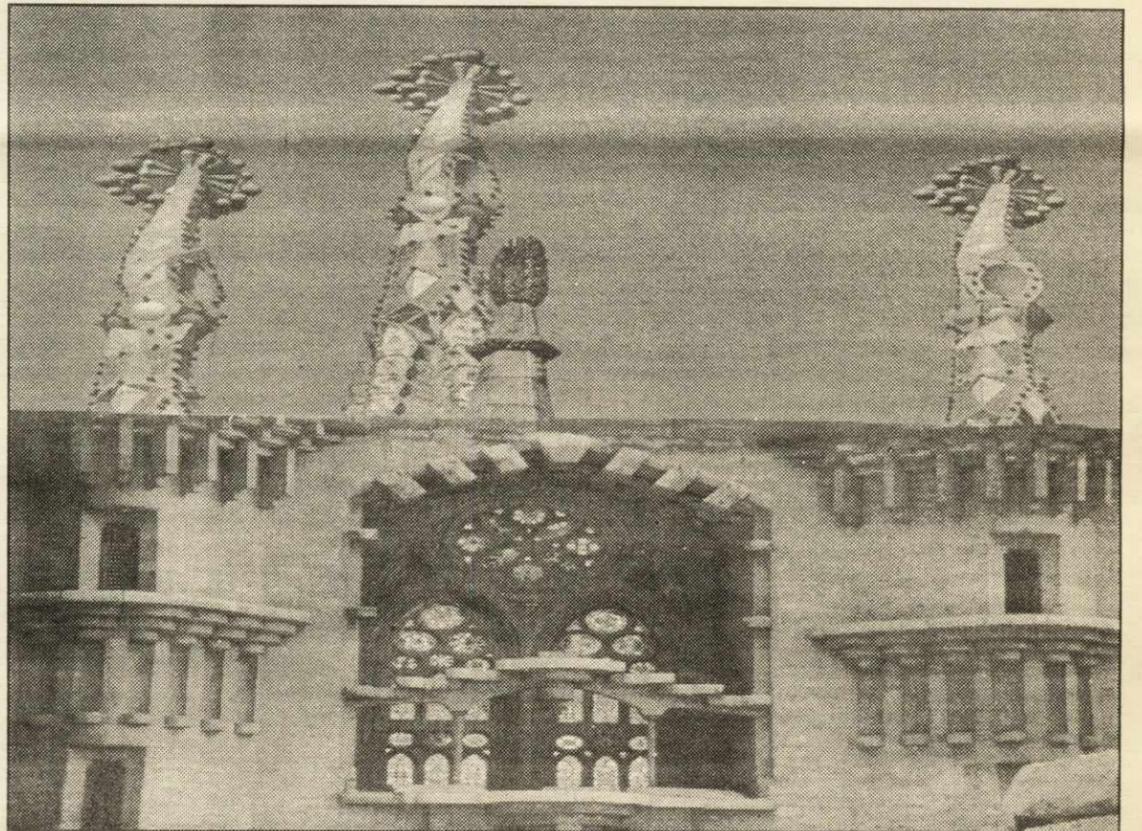
Sumthin's other plans include lava lamps, classical music headsets at each desk, special shelves for candles and a licensed cocktail lounge on the fifth floor — for those last-minute papers when intoxication is your only hope.

According to Dom Travis, Dal president, Dalhousie has agreed to allow Sumthin to use the Killam library as a guinea pig because it was the least popular of libraries surveyed in a nation-wide study.

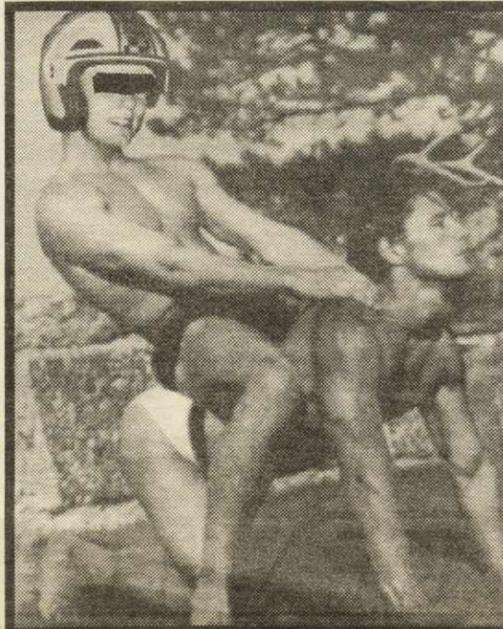
"No one we talked to seemed to think the Killam could be less attractive than it already is," Sumthin said.

"It's the ideal situation — there was almost no one we needed to convince to let us make the changes."

As for the cement slabs, Dalhousie plans to recycle them if it can find somewhere to use them. Sumthin has suggested putting on a contest, where the student with the best idea will win a free drinking spree at the cocktail lounge during finals.



KILLAM DEAD: library may soon be mellow haven in Dal's architectural wasteland.



DON'T DRINK AND DRIVE - The key to safe sex.

For more hints on sex so safe you can't tell you're having it, call 494 2507.

SCIENCE ENVIRONMENT

Earth to be enveloped in Sidesmith's ass

"Who knows what wonders we may find inside"

BY SNOWY GOODYEAR

A giant nebula made up of local *Playtoy* representative BS Sidesmith's ass crack is catapulting towards earth, prompting some scientists to proclaim the end is near.

Sidesmith's ass was jettisoned into space approximately six months ago, when his ego became too large for earth. While most human beings have brains in their heads, Sidesmith's was located in his ass.

The nebula, which is approximately 60 times larger than earth, should reach our planet by the end of August. When it gets here, earth will become lodged in the asshole, and will be unable to receive sunlight, or any form of enlightenment — which will spell

the death of all life forms on earth.

Wilhelm Shroederburg, a prominent Dalhousie physicist, is convinced the end has come.

"Being hit with a force that large would be catastrophic," Shroederburg said. "It's comparable to Drew Carey sitting on a Boston cream donut."

Other scientists agree that life on earth will cease, but for different reasons.

"Think of the smell," neurologist Jill Sneider said. "It's like a million farts being blasted at once. It's contamination."

More interesting than the scientific debate, however, is the moral battle Sidesmith's naked, hairy ass has evoked.

One faction, calling itself CARE (Caressing Asses Really is Enjoyable), cannot wait to be surrounded by Sidesmith's butt

checks.

"Who knows what wonders we may find inside," said Jingles DeLong, a Sidesmith fan. "I've seen the insides of many an ass, and let me tell you, this is big. It's the event of the millennium."

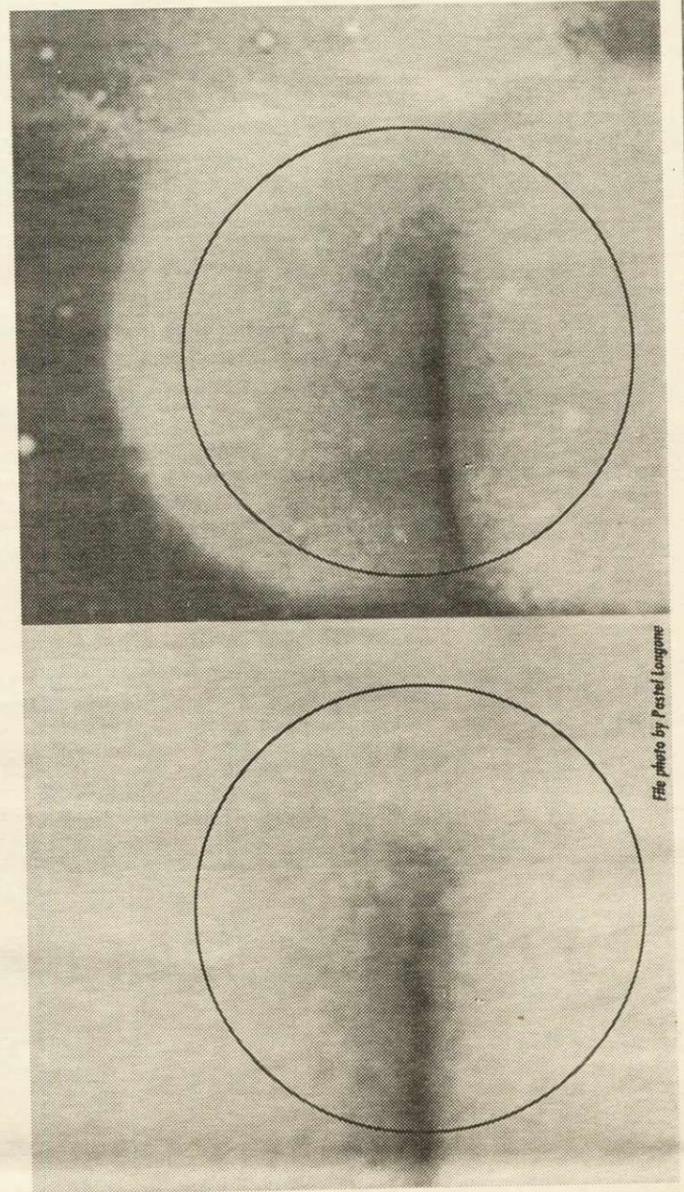
But some aren't looking forward to the coming of the "crack in the moral fabric of our universe".

"It stinks, plain and simple," said Patsy Thomas, director of the Dal Women's Centre. "The last thing this campus needs is a peek at BS Sidesmith's arrogant, misogynist cheeks."

Sidesmith, however, has no problem with the forthcoming asshole invasion, saying that stopping his ass would be a violation of free expression.

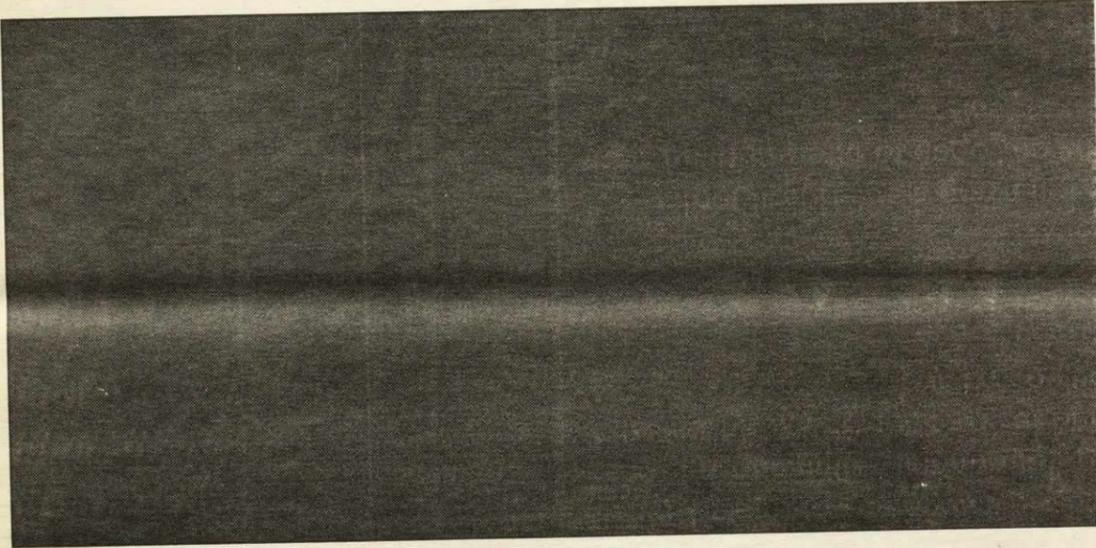
"My ass can do whatever it wants," Sidesmith said. "I only wish I had shaved it first."

Hole in space



File photo by Pester Longone

Experts note similarities between approaching nebula-like phenomenon and B.S. Sidesmith's buttocks.



HOLY MOLY: possible appearance of the inside of the phenomenon.

Dal prof discovers the gene for compulsive nose-picking

Chronic pickers might have to find meals elsewhere

BY HANDSOME B. WONDERFUL

As a result of a recent scientific blunder in the laboratory of Microbiology, professor Dr. Alosius Hoffman has yielded a remarkable discovery that will make Dalhousie a household name in nasal fixations.

Dr. Hoffman's laboratory was performing experimental gene therapy on rats with the intention of perfecting a treatment for toenail cancer.

However, Hoffman's Graduate Student Omid Hekmat accidentally inserted the cancer-curing gene into the genome of the laboratory rats backwards.

Animal care facility worker Nicola Vickaryous was the first to notice the peculiar behaviour in the rats. "They all had their little paws totally glued to their noses. I couldn't figure out what was going on, but when I took a closer look, it was obvious...rat snot! Everywhere! Some of the more avid nose-picking rats even had scratches on their faces."

Vickaryous then notified the Hoffman lab and intensive

round-the-clock observation of the rats began. Hekmat, who observed the rats for 72 hours straight, and consumed 47 cups of coffee, claims the rats could not stop doing the dirty deed.

"It was like nothing I have ever seen before, in fact they just could not stop it they were picking and picking and picking..." says Hekmat. "22 out of the 25 rats shunned tissues when offered!" Hoffman is thrilled by the accidental finding, and has already sought research grants from Kleenex, Tim Horton's and The University of King's College, for they are already experts at dealing with snots.

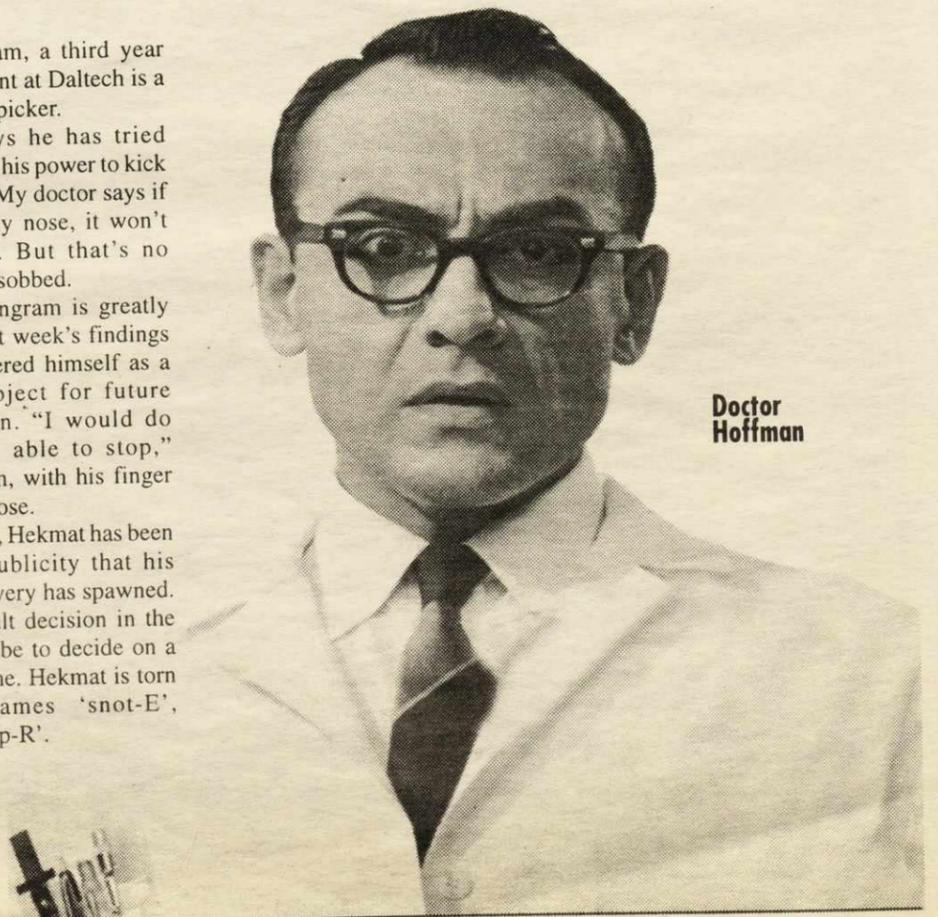
Dr. Timothy Warner, a Dalhousie psychology professor is astounded by the discovery. "We used to believe that nose pickers were merely sick, twisted individuals. Now, with Hoffman's discovery, there is hope for finding an effective treatment to this socially debilitating condition...yes... so debilitating..." sniffled Warner as he searched for tissues.

James Ingram, a third year engineering student at Daltech is a compulsive nose picker.

Ingram says he has tried everything within his power to kick the nasty habit. "My doctor says if I stop picking my nose, it won't bleed so much. But that's no consolation!" he sobbed.

However, Ingram is greatly comforted by last week's findings and has volunteered himself as a human test subject for future experimentation. "I would do anything to be able to stop," explained Ingram, with his finger jammed up his nose.

Meanwhile, Hekmat has been enjoying the publicity that his accidental discovery has spawned. His most difficult decision in the near future will be to decide on a name for the gene. Hekmat is torn between the names 'snot-E', 'fingerl' or 'deep-R'.



Doctor Hoffman



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. Hmmm, 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 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

Mainly-to-blame: Natalie MacLellan • Plagiarism supervisors: Patrick Blackie and Greg McFarlane • No News Is Good News: Shelley Robinson • Crafts and Hobbies: Avi Lambert and Karan Shetty • Sweaty Bodies: Patrick Blackie • Focus, I've got to focus!: Brianne Johnston • Unethical Science & Environmental Destruction: Andrew Gillis • Pornography: Pascal Languillon • Come-from-away News: Mark Reynolds and Phil E. Lewis • Biased Opinions: Vanessa Owen (autographed glossies avail.) • XXX Personals: Mufaro Chakabuda • Orifice Manager: Janet French • XXX Website: Karen Parker • Guy in pay-per-peek-booth: William Roberts • Pimp: Dallas Shannon

contributors

Sumant Kumar • Daisy Kidston • Mike Davenport • Andrew Simpson



Student Union Building, Dalhousie University, 6136 University Ave., rm 312, Halifax, NS, B3H 4J2.
editorial tel. 902 494-2507, facsimile 902 494-8890, e-mail. WEEKLY_WORLD_GAZETTE@Xweb.ns.ca

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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.

Found lying in the street, the WWG is Canada's oldest lousy newspaper. With a barely detectable circulation, the WWG was thought to be clinically dead. WWG Publishing Society, of which all students of Dalhousie University are not members. The WWG exercises full dictatorial authority and reserves the right to execute any student who we don't like. All editorial decisions are made at random. To become voting staff members, individuals must, well, we'll tell you privately. Views expressed in the WWG are not necessary. Unless otherwise noted, all text is in english and © 1999 the WWG Publishing Society. ISSN 6969699

Dongs out, dildos in.

Handy necklace model. Stylish and convenient.

FOCUS

Body hair removal: a memoir

Or what to do when unwanted hair comes a-knocking

BY THONG DE LA HOYA

If you're like me, then you're covered with unwanted body hair. Sometimes you console yourself, while looking in the mirror, and think, "maybe everyone else is like me," but you know you're lying. If this sounds like you, then let me save you the needless torture I went through while finding the closest shave.

I contacted Dr. Pipi Shortcake, professor of Health and Human Performance at Dalhousie University, and she filled me in on some sheik advice about personal hygiene.

"You can never have too little body hair," Shortcake said. "Sometime I even get rid of my nostril hair. There's nothing like breathing with a cleanly shaved nostril."

It seemed to me Shortcake was the perfect professor for me to contact about my dilemma. We shared the same philosophy, and she had really nice legs.

Shortcake is a seasoned veteran in the hair-removal field. Shortcake was kind enough to guide me through the sea of beauty products that are on the market.

The Razor
The old favourite, the trusted tool of the hairy, the saviour of the beast-like back. This little apparatus has been around for a long time and is by far the nation's most popular device for the removal o' hair.

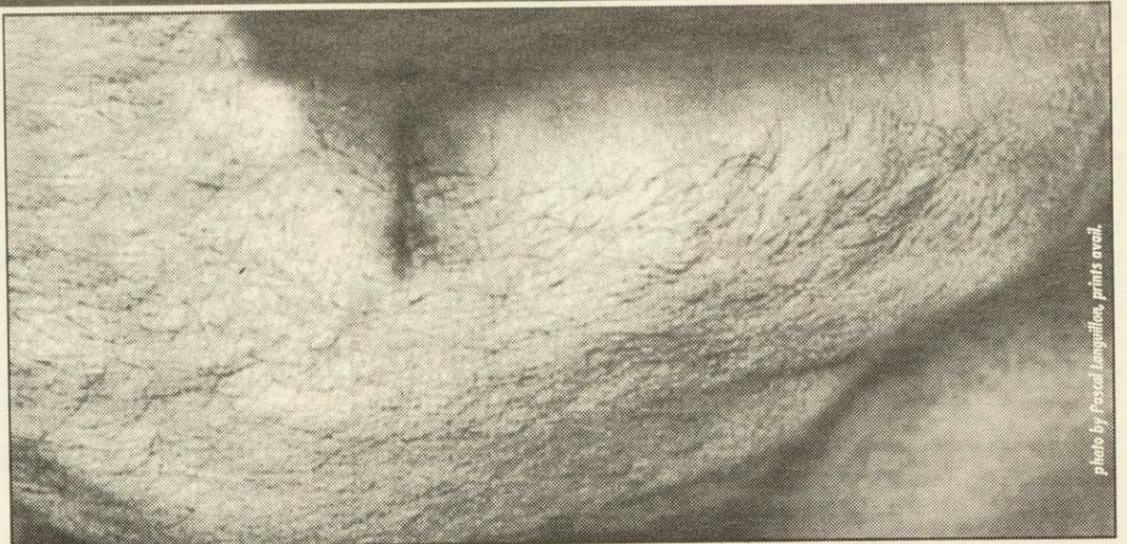
"Now, the razor is quick and convenient," Shortcake said. "When I was researching for my Master's thesis at the hair dressing school beside the liquor store, I realized that the razor has played a major role in the history of hair removal."

Long before the razor, Shortcake explained, the common person had no affordable way to rid themselves of disgusting hair. The razor changed all of that — it brought hair removal to the commoner's door. And thanks to Bic Co., the razor is now made in mass quantities and available to all.

"Thank God all of those gross poor people could shave their legs," Shortcake said. "If not, forget about me dropping pennies into their little cups while they sing."

While Shortcake ranted on about the marvels of the razor, I had one question: "What about razor burn?"

"Well, razor burn is when you don't put enough lubricant or lotion



GROSS: an undisclosed location on the author's body.

on the hairy area before you shave," Shortcake explained. "Some people intentionally put less cream on their legs because they like the burn. The way the fiery sensations creep up your leg, then slowly climb up your spine, and send shivers to every inch of your body and you explode in such a fury of energy and passion and..."

Waxing

Ouch! The pain is almost not worth the silky sheen you get after waxing. This method may be one of the most painful methods out there, but it remains one of the most popular. The method of pouring hot or cold wax on the hairy spot, and then ripping out the wee hairs, is not my favourite way of hair removal.

Hot waxing should be done by professionals, but also can be done while baking a cake or speeding down the Trans-Canada. The searing hot wax must gently be poured on the desired area and then

let sit to cool. A strip of paper is applied, and then pull. It's *that* simple.

"Cold waxing is for chickens," Shortcake said. "Ever hear the saying; no pain, no gain?" Well, it's true. When I see those shits using cold wax, I want to lunge at them and ring their little necks. Oh, I want to slap them silly."

Cold or hot, Shortcake and I agree that the pain of waxing is much more tolerable than looking at a bikini line that isn't shorn.

Harsh chemicals

Don't you just love the scent of hair being dissolved by corrosive chemicals? I sure do. Products like Neet or Nair have been on drugstore shelves since Luba came out with her hit single "How Many Rivers To Cross".

I think the idea of smearing your skin with a chemical harsh enough to burn the hairs off of you is a marvellous one. This way, the only pain one goes through is the

pain of having some unsightly red spots on their skin.

"It's great for those little girls who want to start training," Shortcake said. "It's also great for men with really hairy backs and it would take a long time to remove all of the hair at once."

This is an inexpensive way to remove your hair, and it is less painful than others. This may be one of my favourite ways to get that smooth look. Oh, take it from me, don't use this method if you are shaving your scrotum and don't ingest 'cause it hurts like a bastard.

There are other methods of hair removal — some are effective and some aren't. Electrolysis, for example, is a method used, but unless you are rich you can't really use this method very much.

I hope this guide has helped you in search of the perfect hairless body. Now you women with moustaches and men with thicker back hair than that on your head will have no excuse for being grotesque.

New super-very-high-speed Halifax subway being built

Suicidal persons no longer have to rely on bridges, now we have a subway

BY JOSEPH PLEBE

Have you been wondering what all the dirt on University Avenue is for?

If you haven't heard, the dirt is officially in.

The Halifax Regional Municipality, Dalhousie University, and several other constituencies from the supercity have pooled funds together to build Metro Halifax's first subway line.

The first stage of construction, planned for completion next April, will provide subway access from South Park to the front doors of the Arts and Administration building along University Avenue.

By the following summer, city council hopes to have subway stops from the Lighthouse to the Halifax shopping centre, as well as a parallel line running down Spring Garden.

The Spring Garden lines will be a rapid transit system, based on a similar scheme that has worked well in Athens, Greece.

The Spring Garden Rapid Transit line, or the SGRT, will have stops at every corner in the downtown core. Kara's, the Tickle Trunk, Park Lane, Kentucky Fried Chicken, Grabba Jabba, and Saint Mary's Basilica will all house the proposed subway stops.

City councillors reasoning the line shouldn't exclude the outskirts

and suburbs of the supercity assured me the Metro line would run farther than the fringes of Halifax in the future.

"We're trying to get license to get it out to the airport, and, hopefully out to Spryfeild," one counsellor said.

But, distance surely seems like a problem on the proposed line.

Some Haligonians don't even think the subway is a good idea.

When asked if the subway was a good idea Cesaria Evora said "No, [Halifax] is too small".

City councillors don't seem to agree, and they hope to combat the claims of boredom and travel time.

City councillors are already planning new extensions of the current underground system.

The Subway will run, depending on an upcoming council vote, into Dartmouth under Halifax harbour.

The sub-harbour line will be encased in glass. Sharks and other large sea creatures will be put in the harbour to increase the attractiveness of the underwater, and probably eerie ride.

The Keith's brewery is one of the participating constituencies and plans to push for a bar car.

Halifax can look forward to its first subway.

Lord knows its a long walk downtown.



TIME IS MONEY: 30 minute Spring Garden stroll will be reduced to an efficient 25 minutes by subway. Fares expected to start at just \$35. single rate.

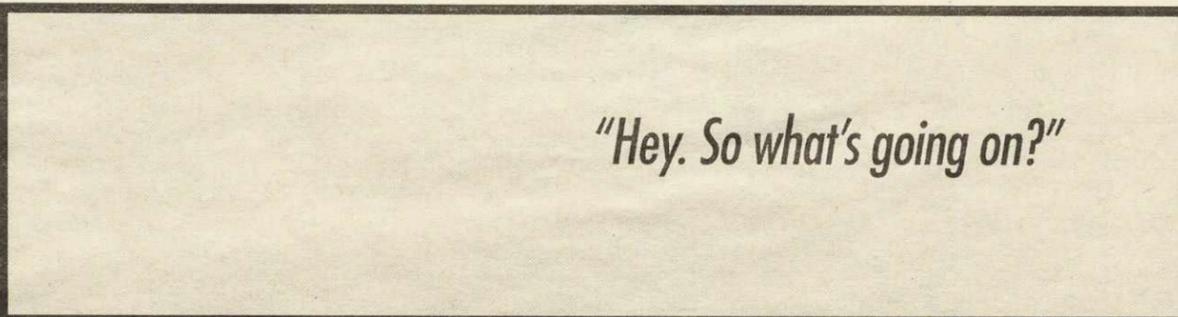
We walked up to people. We said 'hey'. We took their picture. We walked away. Here's what they said.



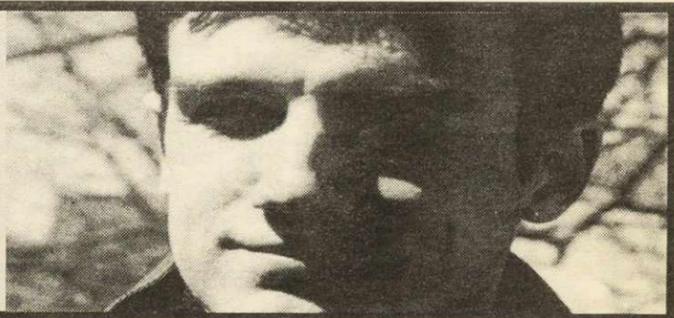
"Hi. Am I supposed to smile? Do you have to ask questions too?"



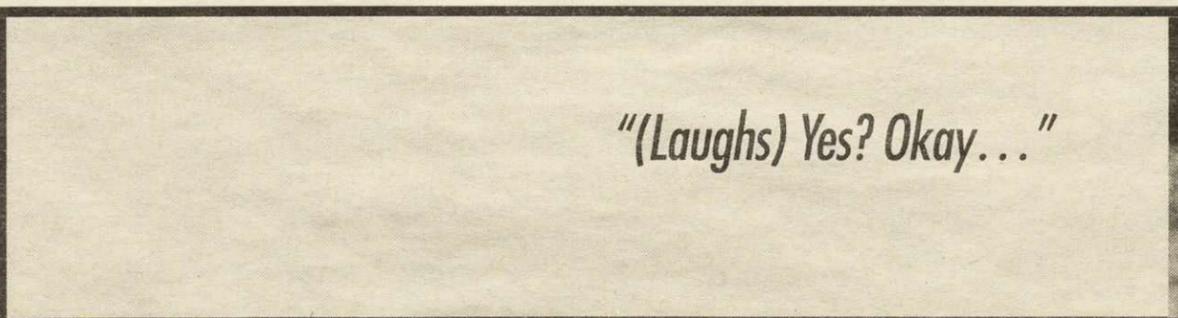
"Oh my God. That's weird. Are you doing a thing on my reaction? That's cool."



"Hey. So what's going on?"



"Hey. What's up? What's that for? Is it for the news... the Gazette whatever?"



"(Laughs) Yes? Okay..."



"(Groaning) Why are you guys taking a picture of me?"



Middle: "Hi there."
Right: "Oh God, (giggling). I look a mess."
Left: "(Fake screaming in agony) Arghhh."
Middle: "We're just enjoying the sun..."
Right: "Let's just keep talking."
Middle: "If you take our picture we have to know don't we?"



ARTS & CULTS

Porky's a legend by all standards Tits-travaganza remains classic

BY CHEERY MAYMENN

To say that any Canadian movie, especially an old Canadian movie, can be considered a classic, is a little shaky. But that rule goes right out the door when the tits start flying in *Porky's*.

How can it not be a classic? A story set in the fifties about a bunch of high school perverts on a relentless mission of the utmost importance — to get laid — who venture into *Porky's*, a stripbar/brothel located in the ever-so-hospitable southern States.

Porky's starts off the porn-fest with about a dozen naked guys and one prostitute. The lady was fully clothed and years past her prime, but the feel was in the air — nudity was on its way.

The lads continue their quest for sex at the illustrious mens entertainment establishment *Porky's*. The teens hope to rent out a few of *Porky's* lovely ladies, making for prime porn-viewing; but alas, it was not to be. Luckily however, the scene at *Porky's* was sufficiently spackled with nakedness. Needless to say, I was

pleased.

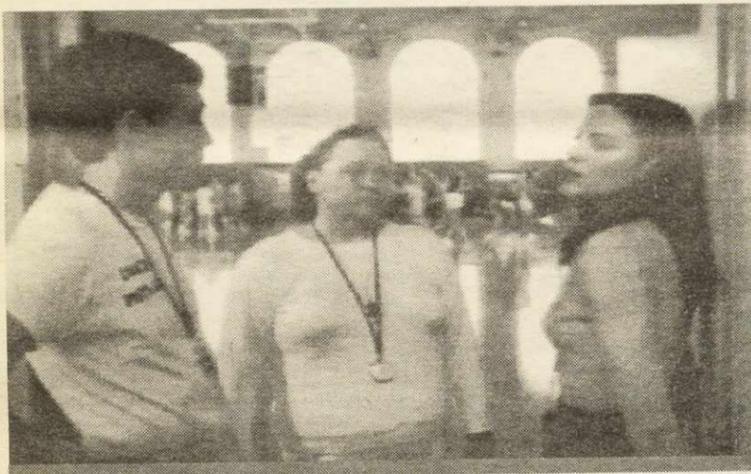
Porky's continues on the nude tradition with a few more trips to the breast-faring establishment, and a fantastic shower scene that was definitely Oscar deserving.

But yo, *Porky's* makes an important point, one that I'd like to emphasize. Porn is good, man. Porn is great. *Porky's* takes the unclothed body and makes a work of art, and I think a lesson should be learned from this. Don't hide all the naked bodies — show them, be proud of them.

Bringing me to my next point, why the hell doesn't the Killam have porn? Why can't any tuition-paying student go and get a copy of *Smut*, *Hustler*, 40+, *Skank* or *Teenage Slumber Slut* from the two-hour reserve? Hell, two hours is more than enough anyway!

Anywho, *Porky's* teaches an important lesson that Dal students have to learn. Pornography is not something to hide, but to read in the open. Instead of sitting in a coffee shop reading a newspaper, pick up a skin mag, and be a proud supporter of good ol' T&A.

Kim Katerall launches her acting career



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Dal president joins musical group the Moffatts

BY GINGER PAYZANT

Dalhousie president Dom Travis has joined the musical group the Moffatts just in time for the Rebecca Cohn auditorium!!!!!!

The decision to join the teeny boppers came last week at a recent Board of Governors meeting, when Travis began singing the group's chart-topping single "I'll Be There For You" to the rest of the governors!

"I've been out of music too long, and let's face it, I've screwed up [Dalhousie]," Travis said about his decision to join the successful foursome.

When asked if that meant the end to his tenure as Dalhousie president, Travis replied with a firm "No way, dude!"

"I'm not leaving this job. My free house is too nice to give up."

Travis left an established career in music to join the exciting world of university administration.

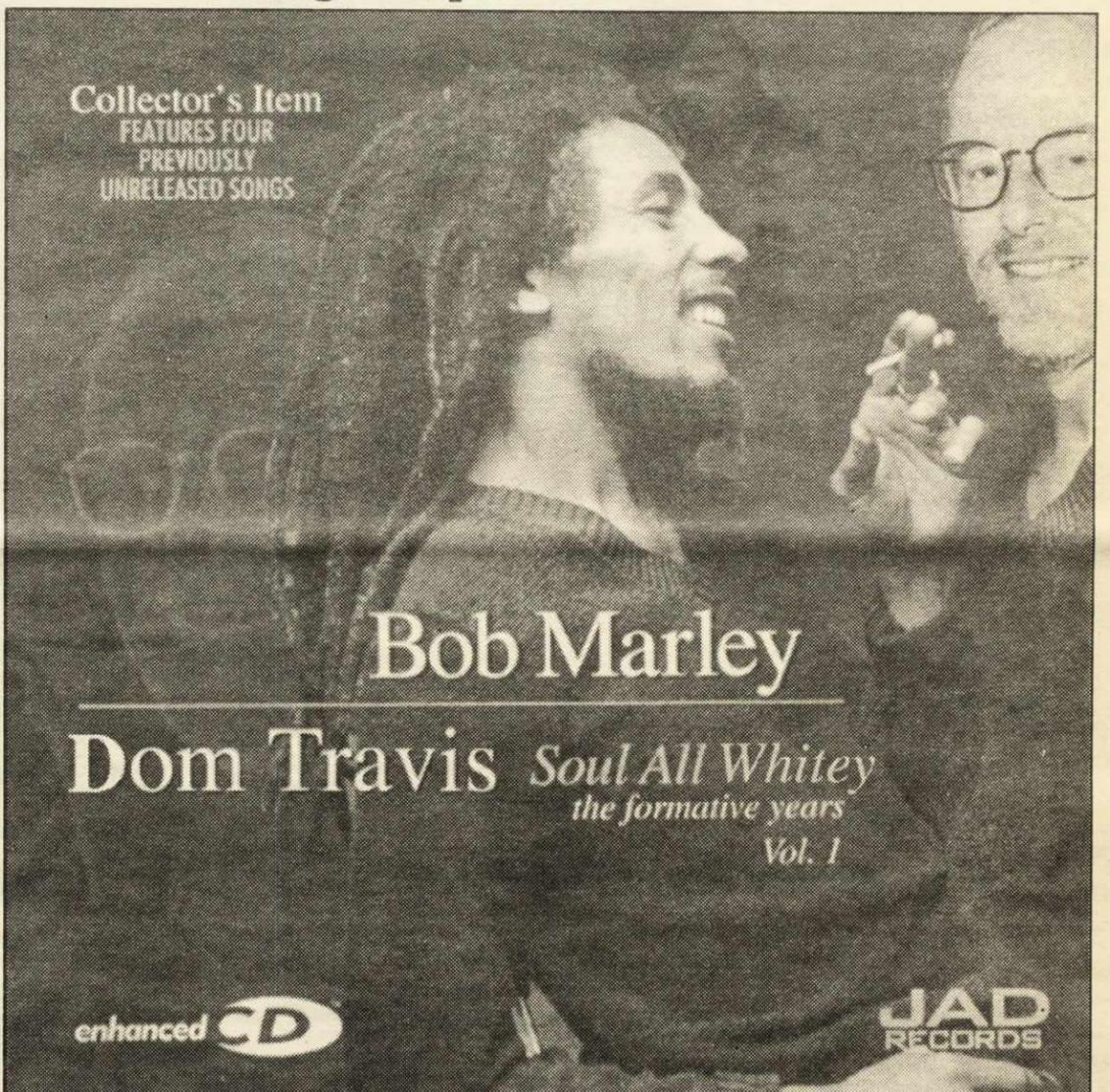
He was an original member of Bob Marley and the Wailers, but was kicked out after his drug habit conflicted with Marley's disciplinarian style. He

went on to work with such artists as Yvette Michele, The Roots and A Tribe Called Quest, among others. Travis also produced *Mo'Hogany*, the smash release by Monifah. On that CD he even supplies lyrics on the song "Touch It", singing "Do you really want to touch it/Do you really want to fuck with me tonight".

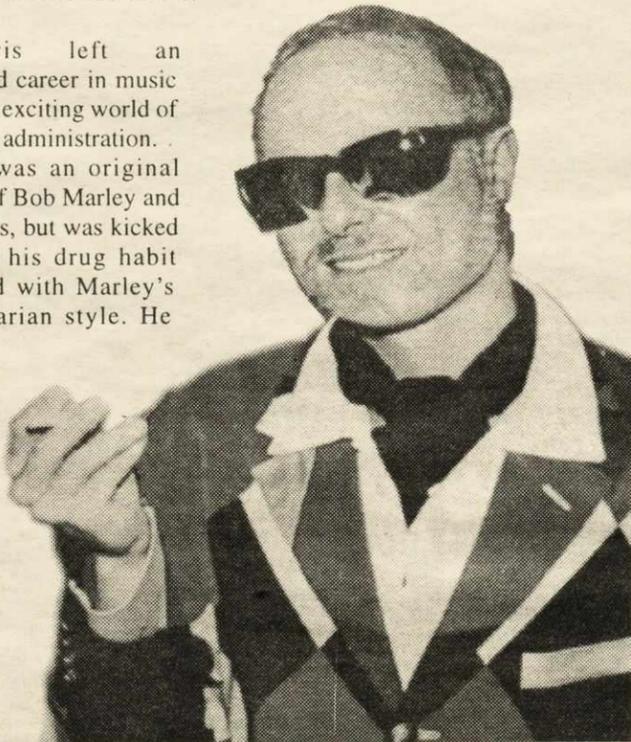
But even though Travis has worked with artists with a more critically-acclaimed sound, he's not afraid to get poppier with the Moffatts, saying he'll still "rip shit up".

"These boys know how to rock," the reggae specialist said. "They got some flair. A little gunjas, they'll be alright."

Travis won't play any instruments, instead adding rap interludes and b-boy moves! Cool!!!!



BREATH IT IN: The unbelievably rare Marley/Travis collaboration album.



COOL DADDY: Travis today, "Don't hate me 'cuz I'm there, man."

We'd just like to take this opportunity to remind you that this is the SPOOF issue of the Gazette. So relax.

THE JOURNAL

A great portable urinal.

Look at that Travis fellow. Reggie? How about a little continuing education?

Dal looks buff, old boy. I'm taking an immersion course!

SWEATING BODIES

Arts Society sponsors mudwrestling tournament

Women's centre director challenges Arts Society to full-on brawl

BY BUFFY ST. LAWRENCE

In a move meant to piss off the women's centre, the Dalhousie Arts Society is sponsoring a female mudwrestling tournament.

The tournament, which takes place on April 17th, will feature cast-offs from last summer's "Hot Legs Competitions" at the Palace.

Lara Houseman, president of the Arts Society, says the women's centre has been a thorn in her side all year long, and a mud wrestling tournament would be the best way to "stick it to them".

"We've been diplomatic all year long, despite their constant harassment," Houseman said about the women's centre's critical stance towards the society's *Playboy*-inspired events. "We thought, hey, fuck them."

While there are no official plans for fucking inside the giant glass pool the contestants will be fighting in, newly-elected Arts Society vice-president Ian Robbin says nothing is guaranteed.

"Y'know there's gonna be beer served at this thing," Robbin said. "And I'm open."

But if officials at the Arts Society thought they were going to annoy the women's centre, they were mistaken. Patsy Thomas, the director of the women's centre, only has three words for the society: "Bring it on."

"Alert the media. If this is the best they can do, then I'll kick their asses around this issue too," Thomas shouted. "If I gotta boot those little peons around mud, then damn it, that's what I'll do."

The ensuing clash and even just the thought of hot, sexy women rolling around and sweating in mud has students titillated.

Dal porn activist Cheery Maymenn says he's already bought tickets for the event, and can't wait to see the same girls he hooted for at the Palace immersed in a vat of slimy muck.

"The only thing that pisses me off is that I can't get my sexy self in there with them. Yo."

The event will take place in the Great Hall of the University club, so nobody with a disability will be allowed to attend.

Do you think you have got what it takes?

BY SONIA LEBOEUF

Hey boys, think you got what it takes? Think you're man enough to win the first annual Dalhousie Penis Length Competition?

Well any well-endowed male stud(ent) at Dalhousie may enter the competition, sponsored by the Gazette, scheduled for this April 18.

All males must be in good

health and have a beautiful hunk of man-meat. Those sexy slabs of beef must be at least six inches to even be considered for the competition. Only rules: no curvies or freak penises — this is not the Carnival Diablo.

Judges will be the gals from Oh-mega Pie, the boys from Sigem

Kie, and the girls from the Gazette. Participants will be rated on length, girth, scent and overall appearance. Prizes include a year's supply of chocolate and a free Moffats CD.

"This will be a great opportunity to see what kind of talent we have at Dalhousie," said Nessa L'Owen of the Gazette. "This

is a chance to get some publicity out for our great paper, and maybe we'll get some great photo ops."

"I can't wait for it," said competitor Geoff McDouche. "Me and the boys at Cameron House have been practising for a long time already. We were doing it even before we knew of the

competition!"

McDouche exclaimed that any of the boys at Cameron could stand a chance at winning the prestigious title.

And there'll be Hollywood scouts there as well.

"I'm going to be there and if any of the boys are worth their weight, they may end up in *Playgirl*," said Desdemona DelaT, Dalhousie's *Playgirl* representative. "Of course, they'll have to really show me how bad they want to be in... the magazine."

FLEX: Geoff McDouche demonstrates tryout techniques for the first Dal Gazette Penis Length Competition

Olympics expand horizons

Under-recognized sports receive attention

BY CACK N. BALLS

The Olympic Committee announced today that four new sports will be added to the 2000 Summer Olympics. The four sports, although a little untraditional in terms of the Olympics, are expected to increase viewership of the sporting events and improve the committee's image from anal-retentive cock-suckers to fun lovin' party animals.

Yell-Off

The first of the four sports to be added to the Summer Olympics is the Yell-Off. Expected to be the most energy-driven of the new

events, the finest screamers from mental institutions from across the world will be thrown into a rubber room where they will sprayed with hoses. The two 'athletes' who yells the loudest, most incoherently outrageous things combined with the most random facial expressions will move on the finals, where all their training will be key. They will be required to out-yell their opponent in originality and time, possibly spending as much as two or three days at a time in the rubber room.

Canadian team member Simon Bonnell is confident.

"Damn shit...cutoff motherfuck where's my S.L.U.E. coffee sonofabitch."

Professional Wrestling

The second event to be added to the Summer Olympics is Professional Wrestling. These

athletes will have tag teams representing each country, and in light of WWF and WCW rules, chairs, bats, tables, cattle-prods and beer-trucks are allowed, and interference is encouraged.

Steroids are not banned, but mandatory. All athletes must be tested to ensure that they are in fact juice monkeys. Any wrestler that has not subjected his body to performance-enhancing drugs will not compete.

Brett "The Hitman" Hart feels that Canada has a good chance, and is already enticing the American competitors. In a recent press conference he appealed to the US's "Stone Cold" Steve Austin.

"Stone Cold, I'm gonna fuckin' rock your ass," said Hart "When I'm done with you, your ugly face is gonna be six-feet up your goddamn asshole, bitch."

Darts

The next event is probably one of the most under-recognized sports of all. Darts. This is finally being acknowledged for the great physical test that it is. Dozens of well refined athletes will be put under pressure, competing through thick clouds of cigarette smoke and under the influence of four or five scotchs-on-the-rocks.

89 year-old gold medal favourite Charlene Walker from Antigonish, NS feels that the competition is all wrapped up for Canada.

"Oh my dearie, I tells ya, oh Jesus yes."

Old-School Bender

The final event added to the Summer Olympics for 2000 is the Summer Bender. By far the most controversial event, two drunks from each country will be given 30 bottles of Colt 45, 60 grams of the finest marijuana available, a large bottle of Tums, a value pack of condoms, two sets of brass-

knuckles, a Polaroid and 14 hits of low-grade acid.

The team will be given the package on a Friday evening at 7pm, and the first team to have emptied out their packs without dumping anything wins. In the case of wasted drugs/alcohol, the team will be penalized. Any team that gets into a fight or gets arrested will also be penalized, unless they win the fight or escape the police, in which case they will be rewarded with time credit.

The Canadian team of Matthew Eisses and Joel "The Animal" Bates are now in the midst of rigorous training for the event.

"We're not worried. Fuck, the only people we got to worry about is the goddamn Russians," says Eisses, whose recent liver transplant has increased his capacity to drink.

"Our strategy is to pick a lot of fights, and then fight real dirty. Start pretending to cry, then kick 'em in the nuts. That'll do it."

Savage Tubby Personals

I want sex. Dirty sex. No talk, just sex. Box#696

One horny bastard looking for Brown-Belt. Call me. Box#110

My hammer is small, but my tongue is big. Box#229

If you like giving head, then gimme a call. Box#745

Yo girl, if you're not ugly, gimme a call. Box#121

Bald, fat and sweaty — just your type. Box#231

Built like a rock. Spank me silly. Box#254

Drop anchor in my port. Box #022

Do you have ample breasts and supple buttocks? If so, call Box#252

Good lovin'. 8 days a week. Box#275

Hung like a Horse. Box #215

Touch my delicate instrument. Box#341

Hey chick, lay me an egg. Box#126

Voulez-vous coucher avec moi, et mon frere? Box#031

Never done it? Me neither, so let's do it! Box #224

Backdoor. Gimme some more. Box#251

Me and my midget husband(wife) are into swingin', you game? Box#232

I like aquarium animals. Box#222

Long brown bombshell, seeks short, pasty hairball. Box#246

Amber — penis and vagina. Say no more. Box#250

I am a praying mantis. I will eat you after we make love. Box#300

Virgin with clean mind seeks same. Name is Bill. Box#069

It's not unusual to be loved by everyone. Call me. Box#987

If you want a ride on the baloney pony, call me. Box#228

Looking for bedmate(s). Will take sports teams. Call me. Box#876

I've got herpes, let's fuck. Box#556

Call for Cougar. Over 60 and still rarin' to go. Box#311

Just looking for a little rub. Box#302

Looking for someone with open mind, three friends, and a big whip. Box#111

Golden showers. Box#304

Looking for love in all the wrong places? Box #342

Wave your wand in my direction big boy. Box #085

Big dicks need not apply. Either kind. Box #212

Puss in boots. Box #440

Dog in sandals. Box#432

Big dicks, hot chicks. Will take photos. Ask for Pascal. Box#060

Bad taste, poor pay. Box#312

Little Boy Blue come blow my horn. Box#370

Shubenacadie's 4th Annual Town Orgy. Where the grass is green and the girls are pretty. Box#325

Wild Bacchanalian free-for-all. Box#230

I specialize in soaps, lathers and fancy bath oils. Box#232

It isn't bent. Box#097

My name is Cheery Maymenn. I like sex, so call me. Box#799

My mom says I'm cool. Call me. Box#423

Bend my Wookiee. Box#554

Any asshole that thinks he can get me off, call Box#652

I have no standards. None whatsoever. Call me. Box#221

Rodeo king looking to settle down. Call Joel. Box#167

20-year old stud looking for rich woman. Doctors preferred. Box#888

Have ass, will travel. Box#225

Student artist looking for nude model to pose then fuck. Box#333

Get off your ass and get on mine. Box#880

I'm married, but my wife's a ho. Call me. Box#781

James Coburn lookalike looking for high school girls. Box#745

I'm like an elevator, I go down, you go up. Box#448

Likes taking young boys' virginity. Call Melanie Mountains at Box#255

Tired of animals, looking for humans. Call Box#400

Size queen looking for big boy. Box#001

Crazy fuck machine looking for dirty lay. Call me. Box#202

If you like coke and orgies, please, give me a call. Box#091

If you go down on me, I'll give you a ride in my car. Box#477

If I can borrow your Mercedes, I might screw you. Call me. Box#501

Looking for fellow crackwhore to mudwrestle with. Box#000

Damn Be-atch, alls I wants is a bit 'o fuckin'. Shit. Box#220



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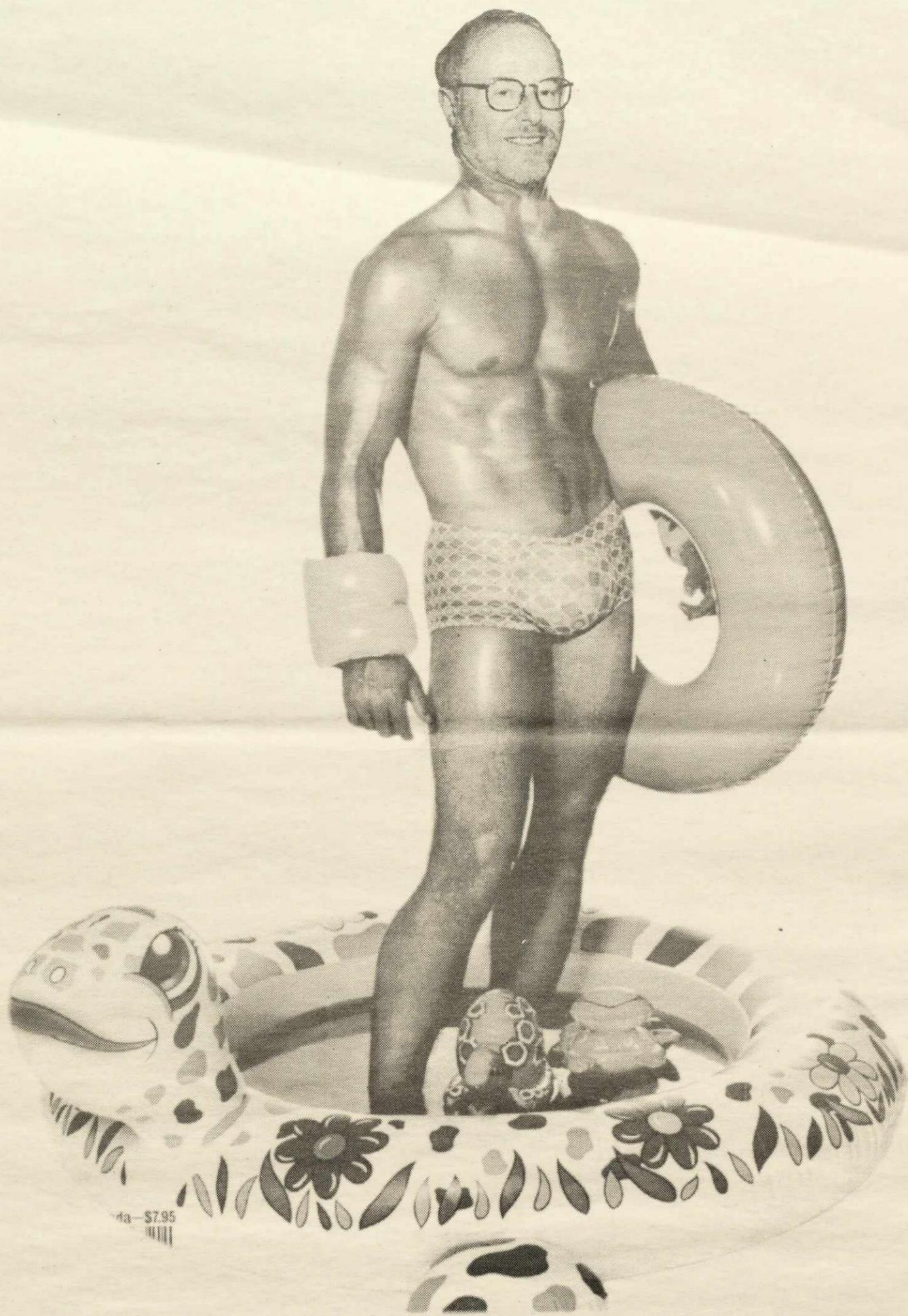
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