

Try a little harder, ladies

MIKE
KENDRICK



There's a disturbingly high degree of self-consciousness in the world. People look at what they see on TV and tell themselves that they'll never have the full, luscious lips of Angelina Jolie or the comedic genius of Gilbert Gottfried. Everyone beats themselves up and feels inadequate because they think they can't live up to the standards set by society. If it's not television making us feel bad about ourselves, then it's magazines or the Internet. Some would even have the nerve to argue that pornography creates an artificially inflated precedent of what a woman should be. Although, in this case, I have to agree. Ladies, you're just not living up to those expectations.

See, just like women, us guys have expectations too. What kind of double standard are we setting for our children if we make it socially acceptable for a girl to blow off a potential mate at a bar because he doesn't look like Brad Pitt, but then get all bitchy if a man wants a little more than Janet Reno? All I'm saying is that you ladies should really take a look at yourselves before you start passing judgment on us fellas.

Don't get me wrong. I really don't expect that any woman could ever have the hourglass figure and airbrushed perfection of Jenna Jameson—she's actually a robot. But come on, girls, we're living in the future! Us men have a much broader view of the world that we did even 20 years ago. Who needs to be labelled a sex pervert by sneaking

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Most guys are born with the uncanny but natural ability to detect and locate naked ladies from miles away. It's a skill that becomes refined in adolescence through the plethora of *National Geographic* features and late-night Showcase broadcasts available to the susceptible mind of the teenage boy. What else are they supposed to do while their 13-year-old female counterparts are reading *Cosmo*? Play video games and listen to Limp Bizkit? Please.

Through years of rigorous practice, men become trained to recognize those traits that they find attractive in a woman. Some are breast guys, some are butt guys—I'm an elbow guy myself. Whatever one's twisted fetish may be, rest assured, there's some sort of video or website out there to tickle your fancy.

The beautiful thing about the shallow objectification of these hard-working ladies is that through pornography, guys aren't made to feel guilty about forgetting a woman's name or what she even looked like five minutes later. Instead, he can focus on the more important task at hand—that of building his own personal image of an ideal woman from a grotesque collection of Frankenstein-like parts from the bottomless toy

chest of digital smut.

It may sound like I'm setting an “impossible goal” for any “real woman” to live up to. I'm really not. I invite any woman to take a look at the fine selection of adult entertainment offered on the Internet today. Wade through the waters of silicone and airbrushing, and you'll find yourself in a vast paradise of down-to-earth girls who aren't afraid to take their clothes off. It's a far better vacation spot than the Bikini Atoll, where the girls are sexy without looking slutty. Well, as not-slutty as you can look for doing the nasty in front of the whole world.

We just need to stop listening to what our television boxes tell us. Bob Barker may have noble intent by urging us to spay and neuter our pets, but trying to emulate the look of the one-dimensional characters on *Days of Our Lives* won't land you anywhere but the anorexia ward. Real peoples' opinions aren't represented on TV anyway—that's why you're reading this in a newspaper.

So put down that \$800 dress, and nuts to your fruit and yogurt diet. There's a lot more to be learned from pornography than that kinky thing your boyfriend wants you to try. If more women started taking beauty tips from *Suicide Girls* rather than *America's Next Top Model*, we'd have a lot less self-consciousness to worry about, and a lot more time to focus on getting Gilbert Gottfried the fuck off the airwaves.

It's Saddam shame he's gone

With the world's most notorious dictator hanging from the gallows, which Middle-Eastern tyrant are we going to collectively scapegoat now?



CONAL
PIERSE

It's now 2007, and what better way to have rung out the old year than with the swinging corpse of Saddam Hussein. The world is safe again, but for how long? Well, apparently until a video of his demise was leaked to the Internet for the enjoyment of all.

I will admit that I've seen this video. The camera work was shoddy with no real thought to composition and the lighting was terrible, and to be honest, “Yackety Sax” would not be out of place as a soundtrack.

But this is the reason that they went to war with Iraq, right? This was the mission they meant to accomplish: to liberate the people and bring this tyrant to justice. This is the moment that we've all been waiting for, and it ended up being more disappointing than your first handjob.

Truthfully, when I saw him die it felt as if we were hanging Shredder or Dr Claw. This guy has been the big bad boogeyman for as long as I can

remember, and now that he's finally dead, there's a void where that one true symbol of evil once was—a void that I don't feel anyone at present is capable of filling.

Saddam built 48 palaces after the Gulf War alone. Now there was a man who knew how to party, even if those parties more often than not ended up in the rape rooms. I guess you could say he was the frat boy of dictators.

Let's face it, Saddam was a guy who knew how to do evil right. He's not the kind of guy who made empty threats; he's the dude who admitted defeat by lighting Kuwait on fire. The only hot air he was full of was mustard gas.

Despite his courtroom antics and animated denouncing of the authority of the Iraqi Special Tribunal, you've got to admit that the guy was

a snappy dresser. Quite frankly, Kim Jong-il should take a fashion tip or two out of Saddam's book. Old Kim looks like he was dressed in the dark, and the only equipment his barber had on hand were his teeth. The whole bottleneck glasses look is something more befitting of a sidekick than the real deal.

Iranian President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad seems like a good candidate, but I just don't believe his ego is big enough. How many palaces has he built for himself? I'm sorry, but if you want to hold ground as the evil ruler of my heart, then you've got to have at least six.

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We need to find ourselves a new ruthless dictator to be afraid of so we can get past the overbearing feeling of “what now?” Something new to keep us all up at night wondering when the other shoe is going to drop, to give us a new reason to keep on thinking that we're the good guys and not some pompous bully, as that douche in a beret sipping chai tea would like you to believe. Fuck that guy. And fuck anyone who tells you otherwise.

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