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Wooing cougars is good business

CONAL
PIERSE



When I turned 18, my older brother told me two things: that I should avoid older women who were on the prowl at bars, and that my moves are about as funky and fresh as a yeast infection, so I'd do well to avoid the dance floor. Though I disagree with the latter statement—I rock the canoe like Lewis and Clark—I've done my best to avoid the sexual advances of hungry cougars over the years.

It's not that I'm some kind of ageist—I'm simply not capable of being the surrogate father figure to a boy who's only a few months younger than myself. And though I know that most young Edmontonian males are of a similar system of beliefs, recent news has caused me to alter my position on these venerable vixens.

Apparently, Kenya has become a tourism hot spot for single older women, many of whom travel there with the intention of finding a younger lover for a marathon of sexual escapades. The women buy their companions gifts and cover the expenses for their time spent together, and in exchange are given

a personal tour of a Kenyan.

The Kenyan tourism board is, of course, against this and is attempting to discourage the practice. You can't really blame them either, as it seems like this is but a step above actual prostitution on the surface. However, when you take into account the fact that these are all tactics employed by wealthy men worldwide, it's really just a great way to get yourself a new pair of shoes. And now that Kenya's tourism industry has dropped the ball, it's time for us to recover the fumble and score some sexual touchdowns.

As it stands, Edmonton doesn't have much going for it tourism-wise—and if you don't live here, one visit is certainly more than enough. Say what you will about our so-called "festivals": if I visited a city only to discover that the main attraction was to have my mind blown by the size of a mall chock-full of assorted teenage hoodlums and questionably dressed skanks, I would strangle my travel agent just as soon as I finished beating a random kiosk worker to death for driving a remote control car into my ankle.

"No longer would a Taste of Edmonton be a week-long affair in the Summer, but rather, a sexy marketing slogan. A simple swapping of letters would yield a world-renowned 'Sheet Performers' Festival,' and it would no longer be the size of our mall that we'd be advertising."

If, however, we were to throw away our prejudices and make hip-shattering love to a plethora of travelling older women, not only could we breathe new life into our city's tourism industry, but we could also get that laser-tag playset that we always wanted.

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At first, you might think that this is degrading. That we'd be lowering ourselves, much like someone who continues to wear a *Winnipeg Jets* jersey to every hockey game he attends. But how much is your self-respect really worth to you? I've thought long and hard about this, and the answer is a Nintendo Wii. It doesn't even have to be new—I'm not picky. You might say that this makes me a man-whore or that I'm morally bankrupt, but if you slap a bow on a cherry-red Vespa, I'll let you call me whatever you want.

China doesn't like big butts, cannot lie

The highly restrictive criteria women are required to meet to work at the Olympic Games do nothing but reinforce our skewed vision of what's beautiful

MARIA
KOTOVYCH



Last week, organizers of the 2008 Beijing Olympics released the criteria by which they'll select hostesses and volunteers to assist with ceremonies such as presenting medals and flag-raising—and old, short, voluptuous women need not apply.

The organizing committee only wants hostesses who are between 18–25 years of age, 1.68–1.78m in height, and who don't have tattoos, earrings, or big bums. Those in charge of selecting hostesses stated the reason for this criterion is that "big bottoms could stick out too much."

Now I'm not an expert at using butt size as a criterion for anything, but I take offense to such lame reasoning. Stating that large backsides could "stick out too much" is more of a description than an explanation for why this characteristic might be a problem. Furthermore, the phrase "big bottoms" is terribly boring, and understates the true hindrance that such a condition would pose to a medal ceremony, as audiences will surely be looking at the hostesses—not the athletes receiving the medals.

Before writing their report, the authors should have listened to the Sir Mix-a-lot classic "Baby Got Back" to bone up on their ass-description skills. Suggesting that a hostess

shouldn't have "a motor in the back of her Honda" would have made the selection committee sound more hip, at least in my books. Personally, I don't see the problem, but, unfortunately, "when a girl walks with an itty-bitty waist and a round thing in [their] face," Chinese officials are considerably less than impressed.

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And though the Beijing Olympics will require only 560 hostesses—which shouldn't be difficult to find, considering China's population—a 10cm height range is far too nitpicky and ridiculous.

When I see a hostess assisting with the flag-raising ceremony, I'm not going to turn off the television because the lady is only 1.65m tall. And considering the average Chinese woman stands at 1.58m, this height range is hardly representative of the population. Furthermore, this narrow height requirement rules out many women who might want to participate, who could do a wonderful job, and who have a fantastic ass.

Only hiring hostesses who are between 18–25 shows a bias towards youthful appearances that exists not

only in the minds of the Olympic planners, but among many North Americans as well. Here in North America, many middle-aged people attempt to make themselves look younger rather than aging gracefully. And while that's certainly an individual decision, some people take it to extremes. Treatments such as botox promise to eliminate facial wrinkles, creating a younger appearance. And for what? To conform to our society's unrealistic obsession with youth?

Standards of beauty (and people who obsessively pander to those unrealistic standards) never cease to puzzle me. When I was shopping for dressy shoes last year, the salesgirl pointed out a pair that would show the "right amount of toe cleavage." I'm sorry—"Toe cleavage?" I guess I missed the memo that announced toe cleavage as this season's hottest body part. Am I supposed to worry about that in addition to all the other body parts that society tells me must look a certain way? Social standards already dictate that my hair can't be too frizzy, that my eyebrows shouldn't be too bushy, that my breasts must not droop, and that my bottom can't stick out too much. Now I'm also supposed to worry about showing the right amount of toe cleavage? I have better things to do with my time.

But I guess I shouldn't complain too much. As long as the 2008 Olympics' hostess-hiring committee continues to write laughable memos, and as long as North American society keeps on perpetuating stupid standards of beauty, then I'll never be at a loss for good entertainment. Satire, after all, never goes out of style.

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