

# SECURITY CHECKS WOULD BE A WHOLE LOT MORE FUN IF THE CHIPPENDALES DID THEM ...



"The next time I fly I'm going to wear a Speedo!" said the man behind me in the security queue at Gatwick check-in. I turned around to look and couldn't help an involuntary shudder. I hoped I wouldn't be on that flight.

*By Lynn Taylor*

It's not that I had anything against the man per se – ordinary looking, 60-ish, trim - but with the image of that unavoidable saggy bottom that comes with age, sheathed in tight white briefs.

The man responsible for the invention of the Speedo in 1956, one Alexander MacRae - an Australian - has never looked back. And I'm not surprised – the vision hasn't been pretty. I think it's fair to say that only the Chippendales can get away with wearing Speedos with pride (although the Mediterranean has been known for its overpopulation of ill-clad aging men with a penchant for tight trunks too).

In my imagination, always over-active, I could picture the motley passengers around me, yawning and scratching their rumps and scraping sleep out of their crusty eyes, attired in small bits of stretchy nylon. And if that wouldn't be bad enough, imagine me! I'd be concentrating so hard on sucking in my tummy and standing up straight that I'd forget to breathe so all that sucking and straining would be wasted anyway, as I'd soon be lying in a floppy heap on the floor with drool dribbling down my double chin. What a way to start the day!

I turned back to the security queue and was dismayed to see the young man in front of me remove his belt and place it in the X-ray bin on the conveyor belt beside us. His jeans sank a good three inches to reveal his grey underpants clinging to his skinny butt. Despite the designer label and the colour that is being heralded as the "new black," I really didn't want to see this boy's brooks – especially not before 7 in the morning.

All this stripping in public is becoming indecent – and we aren't even being paid to do it!

My next delightful encounter with Security was to place all my toiletries into a see-through plastic bag, roughly the size of a sandwich bag – English boarding school size that is, not American Deli.

This is ok for the first class passengers who can flash their cute travel pack Elizabeth Arden 8-hour skin protectors, but not quite so cool for those of us with good old common-or-garden Boots face cream and Maybelline Cover Stick. Just give me a sign saying "Yes I'm travelling in cattle class!" – or better yet a bright red Speedo with the words emblazoned in gold across its skimpy top.

Further down the Security line you get to the even more excruciating body search. A large, moustachioed woman, who reminded me of my much-loathed Headmistress, had the pleasure of patting me down, rubbing me in places that I'd rather not go into here. Truly – she scared me.

The mad Speedo idea was gaining credibility by the minute.

And if we're complaining from this side of that body search, think of the poor security personnel. Imagine having to feel in between all the multiple folds on a really fat person; or what about the thug who's come straight from the all night rave and hasn't showered for a while; and how do you tell the difference between a stick-thin model's hip bones and a handgun?

The elderly gentleman's saggy bottom and the youth's grey knickers suddenly didn't look so bad after all.

What the airlines should do if they want some happy customers is have a line-up of security people, ranging in gender, ages and appearances. Passengers get to hand pick their searcher (no pun intended).

My personal recommendation would be a selection of the Chippendales (in said Speedos, of course!), but think of the queue in front of the Beyonce look-alike; maybe Lindsey Lohan and Orlando Bloom could have a go at the slap and tickle routine; the older generation might choose James Dean or Marilyn Monroe; sports fans could pick Maria Sharapova.

But it would probably be best not to ask Tiger Woods to join in the security line-up, just at the moment ...