



Edmonton sk under the microscop

Remember 1964? One year after Kennedy's assassination and the Red Ensign was traded in for a Maple Leaf? It was also the year that the Red Ensign was banned from appearing in Alberta. To many people, the ban seemed almost laughable. To more philosophic types, it was a contravention of free will. In any case, it continued. In fact, it was only half a year ago that *A Clockwork Orange* was deemed by officials to be corrupt for viewing by the provincial populace and was banned from Alberta theatres.

My, my - how things change!

If you wander the streets of our fair city in this day and age, you will not only find movies of dubious moral value, but even strip joints and "massage parlours" where it is thought much more than a mere massage is offered. Real social degradation, our society is slipping beneath the waves! What can be done in this situation?

In all the best traditions of journalistic integrity, *the Gateway* decided to investigate such depravation. Sure in the knowledge that students of this campus would have no need to visit such places, we summoned our staff members to the task of examining the nether regions of our fair city. Reporting on the destructive forces working within our society to destroy it totally! Here are their stories — this time they're strip-joint reviews. What's next?

Tracy Starr's

by Steven J. Adams

Some papers review movies. Some review restaurants. In keeping with editorial policy, *Gateway* is reviewing strip joints.

With this in mind, after the Mancini concert on Friday night I furtively skulked over to Tracy Starr's to get the bare essentials of the case and flesh out my feature. It seemed as good a time as any. Besides for his encore Mancini had led the ESO through "The Stripper". Clearly a favourable sign.

Tracy Starr's is located at 103 St. and Whyte Avenue, in the former venue of *The Blue Danube*. There is no mistaking it; the sign out front is full of color and stars and says, rather coyly, "Girls, Girls, Girls." There is another sign that informs one that it is a fully licensed dining lounge. Eat and drink while you watch? Dine while drooling?

The philosophy of such establishments has always puzzled me. I mean, if you were starving, would you pay to go inside some place and watch somebody sit up on a stage and eat a steak?

But, live and learn. There must be some reason for it all.

Tracy Starr's is very small. The stage is stuck in the middle, there is a tiny bar, a tiny grill and small bathrooms - one step in sophistication above the average outhouse. In fact, there were only two things there that were not small.

Very cleverly, you can see the stage when you stand there waiting to be seated. This way, any last minute hesitations are swallowed up in a flurry of heavy breathing. However, prudery aside, the stars fade out of your eyes then they smilingly inform you how much you're being taken for. Yup, there's a \$4.00 cover charge. What? But wait. You can only have one drink without ordering something to eat. Oh. And the cheapest meal is \$3.00. Later on, I had my one drink. It was a screwdriver for, get this, \$1.75.

I clenched my teeth and paid. I

surrendered my coat. Eventually I was shown to a table where a waitress in a gold body suit came and took my order.

The stage looked suspiciously like a huge canopied bed... with lights. The curtains I had seen before. Was it some dream? No, it must have been on the cover of Monty Python's "Live at Drury Lane."

At one corner was an M.C. who sat at a console where he played with the lights, turned on the canned music and introduced each girl. He always started and ended the same way. "And now, let's have a big hand for Boots Morgan, who comes all the way from Leduc." and ending "Our next young lady will be with us in a short while." I looked closely to see if his lips moved and to check whether or not he was plugged in or something.

I stayed and watched four acts. The only thing that I can remember about them is where they came from. Two were from Vancouver, one was from Toronto and the other was from Munich, Germany (which figures, because she was built like a Panzer). They all followed the same pattern. First they would come on stage in some kind of outfit. They danced around a while, then took it off leaving a bra and g-string. They danced some more. Off came the bra. Some more dancing. Then the g-string. After that, on came a loose robe or shift which hid nothing. Then that too came off, and the "young lady" would finish up.

It was all very casual. The girls would talk to the audience, talk to the M.C. and talk to themselves. It was not professional in the way that one encounters entertainment in ordinary lounges.

The rest of the audience was not particularly surprising. There were no "beautiful people". There were no university students around, or for that matter, other seedy sorts. No middle-aged gentlemen holding their hats in their laps. No guys wearing army boots, raincoats and sunglasses. Just plain people. Mind you, a guy sitting at the next table managed to insert "fuck" between every fourth word. Some wit kept yelling, "Let it all hang out." But no real degenerates, save myself.

The one impression I got was a complete disassociation between what

was happening on stage and sex. I mean, that's what its supposed to be all about isn't it? Isn't that what people paid to get in for, to be sexually stimulated? Mind you, there were a few moments, sometimes it was even beautiful...

"My god, what is she doing to that chair?"

... but there was no way that my fevered mind could make the connection between a smoke-filled room, flashing colored lights, girls built like pill-boxes... and sex. It seemed to me that everything was totally unreal.

Some of the girls seemed nice. And perhaps that was what was the trouble. There was no element of wickedness. One had the urge to get up and say, "My, but you have nice hair. Tell me, don't you get cold up there?"

But I didn't. I just thought of \$6 down the drain and the dismal approach to ... entertainment?

Chez Pierre's

by John Kenney

You don't walk into Chez Pierre's by accident.

Late night crowds are huddled around the entrance to the place. Beer bottles roll and break; the faces are drink tired - the bars have just closed. They're one step ahead of me. I'm tired and only slightly drunk. But I feel absolutely wrecked and how appropriate, I think, as I squeeze through the door announcing "fabulous strippers" with my two female companions. They are not strippers but it doesn't matter. The suggestive grins and sideways glances have me pegged as a pimp. Okay, I'm a pimp.

Up the long, long, flight of stairs, and into the fire. The whole place looks like a discarded stage set from a high school production. A few vertical 2 by 4's with sheets of plywood announce some counters. I shuffle up to the one directly in front of me and, radiating coolness, peel off the \$15. Wrong counter he says. Shit. But my irritation is temporarily deflected by a pair of breasts floating

past. They belong to the waitress who serves coffee. Don't misunderstand, she's not there.

Preliminaries over, I walk into the blackness of the room. The whole set-up is so accidental with a room full of floor over there and a light hanging from the wall over here coming from a speaker in the ceiling and a few girls bobbing around on the stage.

I streak towards the stage with long serious strides. The girls are still following. I freaked out to bother them. I just wander around the stage, showing signs of adolescent awkwardness. I got to relax. Let things be. "Jesus," I realize, "I'm not drinking." and I walk a bit.

Once at the table, I see that we move closer to the stage. The better to see you hear. Hmm ... quite right. I change their minds and so I've changed mine too. What big eyes you have. Shit.

The coffee, tea and beer by and it's coffee for the empty chair. "Coffee?" she giggles and I laugh without really understanding of humour, fine girl, just a light flashing in the eye. I settle back and turn on the blues' clichés in my head. The coffee is great. I hope so. It's \$1.50. You can get a good cup of coffee. Expensive? Well, what else is bacon?

CHEZ PIERRE'S ... RESENT ... garble, garble. LINDSAY! The music and the beat rolls across the floor. Lindsay dances into the black sequined robe and dipping and swooping. I get the idea, I'm running. I think it's graceful. I don't gross. Look, if you want to gross you should have been back in '71 when I picked up beer bottles. You know what I mean. Off topic.