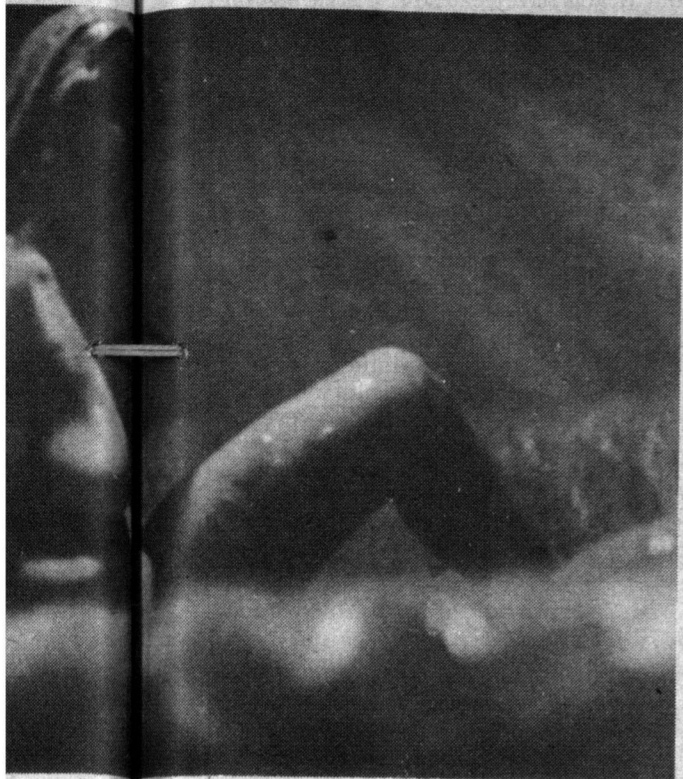


skin expose, also known as Part II



Kelly: Since July. At the beginning, I thought it was great, but I won't do topless. Wet T-shirt is OK.

Gateway: Do you get paid more for wrestling topless.

Kelly: No comment.

Gateway: How did you get into the business?

Kelly: I saw the ad in the *Sun*. It's the first time I've done this sort of thing. I like the excitement. I'm just doing a show, I'm an entertainer. I'm just doing a show, I'm an entertainer. Most of the girls have boyfriends, my fiance helps me out. They mostly act as bodyguards.

Gateway: Why do you think people come here?

Kelly: I wouldn't know, something different to do. There's usually only one jerk out of 15.

Gateway: Do you see anything wrong with this sort of thing?

Kelly: I don't see anything really wrong with it, there weren't any sex overtones before they went topless. The crowds were getting worse and worse, there'd be crowds of 10 guys before they went topless.

Gateway: Do you think this changes the way men see women?

Kelly: Yeah, it objectifies women. I think it breeds perversion.

Gateway: Why do you still do it?

Kelly: Cause we need the money. I'm still going to school. I enjoyed it more in the beginning, but the bucks are the only reason I'm doing it now. With money I made last summer, we were able to buy a brand new car.

Gateway: Do you think this sort of thing has any bearing on the number of sex crimes?

Kelly: Yeah, it increases them. A guy thinks any girl will do anything for money, and that all women are cheap.

Gateway: I noticed that when the match between the wrestler and that guy from the audience was on, that she didn't go topless. Why is that?

Kelly: I think it's illegal.

Gateway: Who gets the money from the kisses that are sold?

Mark: The kissing money goes completely to the girls, everything else is a 50-50 split, also there's the basic rate for the show.

Gateway: Do you think the people here are getting exploited?

Mark: Yes.

Kelly: Yeah, I think we are. It's degrading, once in a while I feel guilty about it.

Gateway: Is there anything illegal going on here?

Mark: No comment. It's something minor, that's not totally above board - so don't get the wrong impression.

Gateway: Do any of the girls do tricks on the side?

Kelly: Not that I know of.

by Jim Miller

While interviewing Miss Honey and Fred as reported in the last issue of the *Gateway* we made arrangements for Anne and I to attend a stag and stagette respectively. After my experience at Chez Pierre's the previous week I cannot say I was anxious to attend, but Saturday night found me in a west end apartment.

As it turned out, Fred, the fellow we had interviewed the week before, was to dance at the stagette I would be reporting

on. I was to be introduced as a 'trainee' so the women wouldn't be nervous, just me.

When we arrived it was quickly explained to us that the guest of honour knew nothing about Fred's upcoming performance. We were spirited to another room, where Fred stripped down to his shorts for the first part of his show. He would make a grand entrance, wishing the blushing bride-to-be all happiness with a kiss and then spend the next one and a half hours pouring drinks and serving food.

I wanted to be sure to catch the betrothed's reaction to her unexpected guest. Quite typically, I gather, she (I will call her Carol - not her real name) was at first embarrassed but took it good-naturedly. The other women enjoyed the moment, too, but not at Carol's expense.

Video taped stag films crackled to life on the color TV. If you've never seen these things before you have not missed much. The emotionless, explicit sex is initially exciting but for most becomes quickly boring. I started reading a book. A couple of the girls seemed interested in the tapes and I was curious to know their reaction but didn't want to blow my cover.

The party had become very quiet. At this point, Fred called a couple of the ladies aside to suggest, I found out later, that they put on some music to get the party going again. It was this kind of concern and sensitivity to people and social situations that I respected in him from the beginning.

I did not know if this was today's typical party for a future bride but I felt that the next part of the evening could not be more traditional - until we got started.

I was handed the wedding book and told to write down all the gifts as they were opened. A large lipstick marked perfume turned out to contain a replica of a phallus. H-m-m-m-m. A wedding night kit contained a measuring tape with spicy comments at every inch. But the 'piece de la resistance' turned out to be a gun like the kids get at Christmas. You know the ones; you pull the trigger and all the coloured sparks fly. You've probably already guessed its shape but I must tell you it was at least a foot long. Sigh.

I should make note that the one rather more traditional gift, a crocheted decoration, received the appreciation it deserved. Many hours of hand labour had gone into its production and the fact was not lost on those present.

Well, it was showtime; Fred had changed into a red jumpsuit split down the front to his navel. As 'Saturday Night Fever' played Fred turned into a women's man. He danced with enthusiasm and skill; the women showed their appreciation with clapping and shouts. Carol seemed to be

...it's debauching, degrading fun

shy and one guest offended but the others were all taking it as good natured fun.

Fred was trying to get Carol to help him out of his jumpsuit but she was having no part of it. Someone else in the audience readily obliged. He was down to his g-string, now. Again, Carol unwilling, a member of the audience helped Fred half out of his g-string but it remained for Carol to finish the job. She reached up from her seat, eyes closed, and the deed was done.

I was busily trying to take note of my reactions. They were many and varied. For most of the beginning of his performance I was negative, but as it progressed I found myself more accepting. It was certainly more novelty and entertainment than sexuality. The best argument I could come up with against it later was that perhaps the money involved could have been spent on something more practical. Against this I had to contrast the fact that here was an evening that Carol would never forget. An evening when a man danced just for her. I hoped that hubby would make her feel that special.

After that, one of the girls who had had a few drinks asked me to dance. She reached out and started undoing the buttons on my shirt. Taking a cue from Miss Honey, I suggested that I would match her item for item. She stopped.

Next time I do one of these features I think I'll try something a little less dangerous. Maybe El Salvador.

by Anne Stephen

I was a little(?) nervous and a lot naive, as I headed over to the hall where I was to witness my first stag. I was only allowed to go under the pretense that I was a new "girl", and wanted to find out how the whole thing worked.

Walking in, I nervously inquired if Miss Honey, the only person I thought I would know there, had arrived or not. She hadn't, but I discovered Sue (a.k.a. Kelly) from Chez Pierre was there. She really was a trainee.

We acquired beers, and I tried to explain my presence as convincingly as possible to those who asked.

The atmosphere was more like a party than any stag I had heard about. The only difference was that there were three women, one of whom was a topless waitress, and about forty men.

Once things got rolling, and the alcohol took effect, couples started dancing and people began to enjoy themselves. Since there were more men, most of them played poker or talked.

Later that night I viewed my first stag film. Although they initially were amusing (great camera work!), they soon became boring. I was more interested in the reactions of other people there.

The groom-to-be, having had too many drinks, became the comic relief as he gave an anatomy lesson while standing in front of the screen.

After braving three films, all variations of the same theme, the first of three strippers (dancers) came out. She wasn't bad, but others said they had certainly seen better. I couldn't really judge as I'm no connoisseur of exotic dancers.

A while later a second stripper came out, who appeared to have had more experience, which was later confirmed. She was a bit more risqué than the first.

When I was asked if I could, or would, do something similar, I said I didn't think I could and I would not. Not so for my acquaintance, Sue.

A collection was taken up and she gave her first performance. I wished her luck.

She made sure there was no touching allowed, and proceeded to do what I thought was a reasonable job, for her first time.

I had to decline another offer.

The party continued for quite some time, but at some point the groom disappeared. I hope he did not find himself in Calgary the next morning, with twenty cents in his pocket.

When asked about my first, but not necessarily last, stag, I had to reply that I had enjoyed myself. I came away feeling happy for the groom and his future bride, and glad that I was able to be a part of such a jovial occasion. I only felt sorry for the guys who had to clean up the place.

Now that I've acquired a new insight into how some people make a lot of money, FAST, I have come to a more informed conclusion.

Having witnessed the impersonal atmosphere of mud wrestling at Chez Pierre contrasted with the congenial atmosphere celebrating someone's wedding, I preferred the latter.

Still, I can see some worth in a place like Chez Pierre, or Tracy Starr's. I had been toying with the idea of going to see the male strippers with a gang of friends before this feature came to be. I will probably go someday.

The reasoning behind such a decision would be to see something out of the ordinary; to have a few laughs with some friends; and the sheer novelty of it. I could easily rationalize my behavior but I would find it more difficult to do so if I were to go every week, or two weeks, and by myself.

Probably, to get the best of everything, I would prefer to go to a stagette, which would be a more humanizing experience.

After seeing the obvious enjoyment people got at the stag firsthand, I think to combine the novelty with friends and a warm atmosphere would be much more rewarding than going to a nightclub. I now know why some guys love to go to stags, but I think we women have it even better because most of us have not become bored with the whole idea.

I'm glad Jim and I decided to do this feature because I was able to meet some fascinating people, and my scope of vision was widened ever so slightly.