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# Feminist stripper demands respect: part I

would like to get to know that person. At one time if she went up to and talked to that person first she was a forward woman. She's forward, there's got to be something wrong here.

**Honey:** The ones that want to talk to me the most are the ones that are not the best looking guys, are usually the most timid guys. To them they have never been able to talk to a woman that freely. They feel they can talk to me more freely because I'm in a shadier position or because I'm not a moral woman in other words. A normal woman, they wouldn't be able to come up and ask me out... With a normal woman they wouldn't be able to open their mouths. They feel they can be more open with me because I'm a dancer. They're not as suppressed.

The more shy guys; the least best looking; the ones with the big pot bellies are more apt to come up to you than the good looking stud guys because the studs are more easy with women. Whereas I talk to the more insecure type men who don't think they're that attractive.

I stand there and I listen to them and I smile and I treat them like they're just as good as the stud over there in the corner. I treat them like they're an attractive man.

**Gateway:** Perhaps if there was more of that in normal society we'd all get along better.

**Fred:** It would be.

**Honey:** You betcha. If you would look beneath the cover.

*...for the Lord seeth not as a man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart. 1 Samuel 16:7*

by Jim Miller

So much for the investigative reporter going for the kill. Perhaps I'm too easily swayed but I found myself listening to what these people and what they had to say. It made sense.

Later that night we found ourselves ringside for mud-wrestling at Chez Pierre's. With an hour to kill before show time we talked to the audience.

Three soldiers on a night out defended their presence by stating that sexual excitement was not their reason for attending. They were only looking for entertainment.

Behind us sat three men. Builders. The soldiers were young and enthusiastic. These men were older and more hard. The most vocal of them was not interested in exploring the social ramifications.

Of course it's degrading to women, he said and left it at that.

For all my sexual experience I feel I still haven't lost my innocent appreciation of women. I hope I never do. Not so with the builder.

Like any two with differing ideas we sought the other's education. My attempts to question his feelings would meet implacable silence. He would teach with temptation.

Pierre was on stage and the show began. Each of the girls was introduced to the accompaniment of rock music. They wore bikini bottoms and T-shirts.

The only similarity between the deep French-kisses they sold and those purchased at a fair was the price - one dollar.

At this point I admit to a certain amount of titillation. I appreciate the female form and these were packaged to please and excite. But I felt reasonably under control.

Our final lady of the evening was introduced. Far and away, for me, the most attractive of all, her blonde hair and fine skin were attractively adorned with golden chains and leaves.

Beautiful. On this the builder and I agreed. I watched as she moved about the tables dispensing kisses. She stopped in front of our table and leaned over.

Thinking she was leaning past me to kiss another I leaned to one side. The audience roared. I looked around me to see that the builder was buying me a kiss.

I must admit I was tempted. The audience was encouraging. What should I do? I lifted my head; she leaned forward; our lips touched. That's all. Honest!

Later he offered to put up \$50 for me if I would wrestle with one of the women. I refused.

by Anne Stephen

As we arrived at the address, we discovered the building had a sign outside for an insurance consulting firm. We walk in, tell the guys at the desk that we're here to get an interview with Charlie. He directs us to the last door on the right of a hallway. We walk in to a closet-sized room and are introduced to Fred (who'll represent Charlie), and Miss Honey. There are two chairs in the room, and two more have to be gotten elsewhere. On the wall are about twenty-five framed pictures of various dancer, both male and female, but mostly female. Most have flashy stage names such as Suzie-Q, Dallas, Silky Satin, Sassy, and Satan's Angel. Although there is only one phone, there are two ashtrays, and a couple of 3-ring binders and two electrical outlets.

Ted is wearing a T-shirt and jeans with cowboy boots (it suits his slightly American accent). The T-shirt has a wolf

From this point on, for me, the show went from bad to worse. A wet t-shirt contest followed. Men with plant sprayers squirted strategic spots to a disco beat.

The final blow, however, was to see the image of blonde beauty and mystery shattered in a ring of mud. It was like taking a hammer to a grecian urn.

Her opponent in the ring enjoyed arousing men, it seemed. Later, interview would confirm it. But for me the sight of these two women covered in mud; writhing in a ring was not arousing or even entertaining. I was glad when it was over and we could leave.

Attending Chez Pierre's did not give me much appreciation of women, or people in general for that matter. If stags and stagettes were to seem any different the atmosphere would have to be markedly different. I hoped so.

on it, with a caption reading "If it smells good... eat it." To contrast, Miss Honey is wearing a striped cotton T-shirt, with a red blazer over top, new jeans and boots, a wool cap and a gold chain.

The bias we walked in with was shattered by the open and honest viewpoint presented by these two, with a totally different outlook on life. It was really quite thought provoking because we saw that our upbringing had led us to believe that these people were dirty, or stupid. I must say, I'm happy that there are still people who can be honest about themselves in this world.

As a result of this whole thing, I think I've met two interesting human beings whom I'm glad to know.

*To be continued. Be sure and pick up the next issue for the thrilling conclusion...*

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