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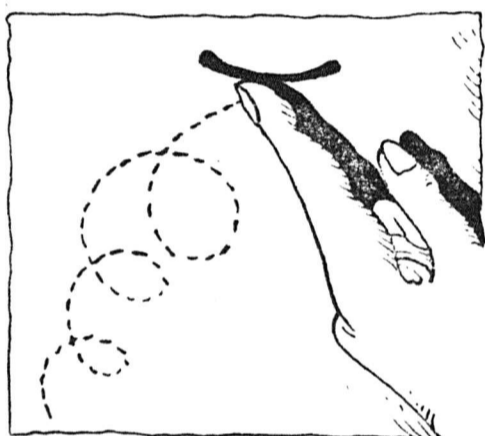
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alta. native festival

An afternoon of country and western music, old time fiddling, and country dancing was featured at the Rainbow Ballroom last Saturday. The event was the annual Alberta Native Festival, sponsored by the Alberta Native Friendship Centre. All the participants were Canadian native people, some of them from the city, others from as far North as Yellowknife. It was definitely a family outing, both for participants and audience.

The festival is run as a competition, and the competitors ranged from the ages of around four to about seventy-four. Some of the dances were the Duck Dance,

Reel of Eight, Red River Jig, Reel of Four, and the Drops of Brandy, plus an old time square dance performed by a group of children with the Master of Ceremonies doing the calling (and doing it well).

One of the most pleasant things about the outing is that there seemed to be no trace of any generation gap.

Very small children, for instance, would be dancing the Red River Jig with one of their teenage brothers, or, in one case, with must have been the little girl's grandfather.

Except for the first two competitions, where men and women got up and sang country and western songs (with guitar accompaniment), the music was quite extraordinary. During the dances, the backup music was played by a group consisting of a guitarist, fiddler, and some fellow, no older than twenty, while the other was definitely an old timer. They were two of the best old-time fiddlers I've seen in Western Canada.

The only thing about the festival that I objected to was that each contestant was a number not a name. I would have liked to know who everybody was. I didn't stay to see who the winners were, and I don't think the audience really cared who won. They were simply to enjoy it.

The Alberta Native Festival will be held again next year. Nobody interested in old time music and dance should miss it.

Larry Saidman

films: where does it hurt

'Where Does It Hurt?' is a funny movie. Just funny, you understand. No need or excuse for hauling out a thesaurus to search for superlatives on this occasion, but there is some excuse for avoiding totally disparaging comments. This movie's two main assets are Peter Sellers and Jo Ann Pflug. Sellers is in form as usual. A tight well-delineated characterization is an obvious attraction for anyone whose bag of favourite partimes just happens to include Peter Sellers doing one of his eclectic stylizations. Jo Ann Pflug, on the other hand, offers little excitement. The producers are so obviously trying to cash in on her new found fame since her exposure in M.A.S.H. that they have miscalculated her talents as an actress. She seems to have worn out her cachet and is now

headed in the direction of lavender. Her main contribution is to keep up the blood pressure of audience members as yet unbowed by epithets of male chauvinist pig. She has this nice pair of legs see. (Well actually, they're not all that great.) And Peter Sellers uses her, see. And it's kinda funny, you know wadda mean? However most of this can be taken in stride since Sellers, as Hoffnagle, the hospital administrator at Vista Vue is one of a rare breed, an all-round bastard. He does everyone dirt, for a percentage of the profits, of course. Therein lies the theme of the movie and the main flaw. It's a little redundant. It's all one single joke which manages to just barely keep out of the range of a geritol injection by the second reel.

The direction basically consists of assembling a group of doctors whose idea of the Hippocratic oath has somehow become confused with the profit motive. Sound familiar? We watch them try to survive the rigors of impending nemesis when an innocent wanders into their confines for a chest x-ray only to emerge at the other end without his appendix, which was healthy, naturally. The feces misses the bedpan when the innocent becomes upset. His sense of propriety is offended. He is not overjoyed at the prospect of flashing his surgical scars at anyone except the District Attorney. That's when the medical horror, otherwise known as malpractice, rears its ugly head as an eminent and imminent shaft.

W a t c h t h e administrator bribe, see the doctors duck. See the administrator blackmail. Hear the doctors groan. Truth is the movie is one of those hospital jokes complete with nurses seducing or being seduced in the linen closet. An infinite number of variations on a two note theme. The plot won't hold urine forever but it has its moments.

The direction is on the intern level. Poking fun at the AMA is a blood sport at its best but the scalpel used here is just too dull to accomplish the full-fledged flensing operation one might anticipate. The movie will never win raves but it's more amusing than 'Dumbo'. Unfortunately the shaft underwent a drastic circumcision at some time or other and the trauma has rendered it semi-impotent. The aim is good, the penetration only sometimes.

Walter Plinge

theatre

midol's future threatened

Off to Theatre West to see Tom Whyte's one man show, 'That Time Of Month' where I passed a most agreeable evening. Only on the most infrequent of occasions does one have the opportunity of passing a couple of hours with a story teller of talent. Even rarer those occasions when the story teller reveals poetic insights with good voice. How few poets read well these days. Have no fear, Mr. Whyte has a resounding voice of great flexibility that is a pleasure to listen to. Indeed, Mr. Whyte shows every sign of reviving that tradition of story telling which I had previously thought long lost. Mr. Whyte is a most engaging performer and his tale is full of charm, peopled by wondrous personages and graced by a singularly pleasing wit.

He has a tale to tell such as would charm the ears of anyone possessed of some sensibilities. The component parts of his tale are indeed unusual but what delightful combinations. Can you imagine a group of artists rejected by the National Council rising to national fame and seizing control of the ship of state by running on a policy which consists mainly of debating that time of month? Well, Mr. Whyte can and after hearing him, one is given to musing on its possibilities after the gentle mirth has finished resounding inside the head, or wherever it is that ideas take root. Ah, my friends, it is a singularly delicate wit Mr. Whyte is possessed of. It is a true pleasure to indulge

oneself in it. There is surely something for nearly everyone here. If you're still titillated by Playboy centre-folds they crop up often enough on a screen for visual diversion. Ignore them. Mr. Whyte is much more interesting. You might be inclined to search for deep, hidden, significant meanings within his little parable on present politics. He does speak many truths, but be warned that they are the truths of an artist. Thankfully, this is an artist who is still able to laugh at human folly. No mean feat if your grant application has been rejected by the National Council. The show may not be staged all that well and it isn't. It isn't a stunning piece of theatre but in this case that is irrelevant. The story is what it is all about. But a story centred around that time of month, you say? Smacks of chauvinism, you say? Well, true enough, plenty of people have asked, "What about a woman's finger hovering over that little button during that time of the month?" Mr. Whyte has enough perspicacity to see past Tampax's visions and postulates that it might just be turned to political advantage. It might just be that we are fools not to realize this. But go and see or hear for yourself. Even if you don't agree I guarantee that you will be amused.

After all, poets are supposed to help us to see ourselves and Mr. Whyte just might pull a little cotton wool away from your eyes and leave you with a few truths that otherwise might remain obscured by a mountain of absorbent cotton. This is a delicate piece of surgery and Mr. Whyte has provided some high quality laughing gas that renders the procedure painless and quite amusing. It sure beats Midol. Catch it if you can.

Walter Plinge