

Don't you loose no lip on me

Smith, John *Lover's Lair*, Harharliquin Romances, 89 pp. \$1.25.

Love and death under a Caribbean sky and novelist Smith dishes it up white hot... but, with a touch of class and beauty. Faculty with words gives a depth of realism - "Darling, do you love me? Why can't you tell me?" - and his ability to provide an authentic background for a truly dramatic plot will turn this book into one of the year's big big sellers.

One thing which makes this book stand out is the fact that the characters speak for themselves, and the author is not just imposing his views on the happenings in the novel. This gives us the reflection effect that Shakespeare often spoke of - "It holds, as t'were, a mirror up to nature" - and gives us a moving picture of what would have only been a collection of stills, otherwise.

The stunning force of the climax should not be underrated... I won't tell you how it happens but it has something to do with Alexander, the hero, and Raphael, the heroine, and Big Popa Jack, the fishing boat captain come villain. His wind-down or 'denouement' as more pretentious critics are fond of

calling it) is a bit weak, but then, we can't all be Shakespeare (or Barry Westgate).

But don't let that keep you from one of the best I've had a

chance to read. Buy it ... you won't be disappointed (and neither will I, if I get my kickback as I'm supposed to).

by Harry Hotspur

SU may be looking blue in the face

In the wake of a financially successful experiment conducted at Dalhousie University, SUB Theatre announced yesterday that it will be offering a pornographic film fare beginning early next year.

VP Services Terry Sharon, key figure in bringing the blue movies to campus, says that the Dalhousie experiment realized a weekly net profit of over 700 dollars resulting from low film rental costs in combination with high student interest. All monies went directly to the students' union coffers, and, said Sharon, "When you consider that the Dalhousie theatre seats 130 less than our own, assuming a one dollar admission charge, the probable returns look very promising indeed."

With regular showings Sharon feels profits could run as high as 1200 dollars per week, adding that "The market for this sort of thing is inexhaustible. We'd be fools not to take advantage of it."

Council debate on the subject of pornographic films, although heated, indicated strong support of Sharon's scheme. There was even some preliminary discussion of possible allocations of the financial windfalls. Suggestions included the expansion of RATT to the sixth floor of SUB, the hiring of 'big name' bands for socials, as well as construction of the long needed bowling lanes in HUB.

The films, to be shown between 1 and 3 p.m. on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, are tentatively scheduled for a March 1st start, and with the absence of interference from the Alberta Censorship Board, Sharon expects the program to get the balls rolling again for student services on campus.

If I want any lip from you I'll rattle my fly

If you read the reviews which promise "hot, panting sex" in *Bawdy Body*, now playing at the newly-opened Dream-country Cinema, you might be receiving mis-leading information. Actually, the show is tame and hasn't got a helluva lot of sex - hot, panting, or any other kind, to offer.

Sultry starlet Stella Stephans plays a long oral role but doesn't say much (if you know what I mean). She appears, however, to genuinely enjoy the part she is required to perform. She's backed up by some fairly incompetent acting

from the minor characters, most of whom are either employees or visitors to Ms. Stephans' house of pleasure.

The plot line is simple... Stephans' is a madame in Cincinnati in the years immediately following the last war. She is apparently an emigree from a European country where prostitution is legal and she is determined to obtain a similar legal situation in Ohio. The movie follows her adventures in trying to do so. And it all makes a pretty flimsy fabric to base a full-length movie on.

As a result of this shaky

foundation, the movie tends to restrict itself to casual shots of naked human bodies floating around, but it never really gets down to some solid flesh photography, although as I've said, all the publicity blurbs try and give it the impression of being really 'hot' material. Certainly the oral shots of Ms. Stephans, and the various poses of her always top-heavy employees are stimulating to a degree, but I would say that most people going to see the show will be, on the whole, unsatisfied by the material which is presented. I was and I know it wasn't solely a result of my impressions of the acting abilities... I mean, you should get what you pay to see, shouldn't you? My recommendation is to stick to Studio 82 for a fare which gives you exactly what it promises to.

B. Eastgate

Author pays lip service to Greece

An Illustrated History of Hellenistic Greece, Wigglesworth, Harold. The Goose Classical Library, Weyburn, Saskatchewan, \$36.95.

"... no holds barred in this one. Whew!" Newsweek

"I picked it up one Friday night and couldn't put it down till late Monday morning. This book is going to leave a lot of bleary-eyed readers behind it."

John Jones, TIME

"I recommend this one only to the strong of heart... not one for prudes!"

New York Times Literary Supplement

"One blockbuster of a book! Will leave a lot of classicists in a sad state of excitement..."

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"A Canadian classicist, trying to write a dirty, filthy, perverted, slobbering, bloody little book about the history of Ancient Greece? Preposterous! ... A snotty nosed little bastard going to slander the names and morals of the greatest men that ever lived? I won't have it in my library, and if I were a Colonel, not in my country, either."

Athens Gazette Sunday Literary Supplement

Editor's Note: This book can be purchased in the University of Alberta Bookstore, only.



"Look at the size of that thing!" exclaims Stella.

From hand to lips - in SUB!

Graeme Leadbeater, S.U. Pres., in an interview Tuesday stressed the need for more food - or less students.

He outlined his ideas as he ploughed his way through some greasy chips and gravy. In fact, he was able to draw an analogy between greasy chip eating and student responsibility.

"Just like chips with or without gravy, students have a choice to make - either less eating or less thinking - one or the other."

He swilled down some coffee and continued. "What I mean is, what's the biggest business on campus? Eating - right? Well, I just asked myself why."

Gateway was about to ask why when he suddenly leaned forward, his eyes burning with zeal and good intentions, and said, "You want to know why?" Leadbeater grabbed his hamburger in the unconscious way of an executive leader and then said, "I'll tell you why."

"I've found," explained the Prez., "that people in general, but especially students, seem to need food. Trouble is, not only is there less food but it's more expensive."

"I don't know whether it's some sort of conspiracy but I do know that some people are getting very anxious over it all," he added.

"If you think I'm kidding just look at Brian Mason," said Leadbeater. Just then Mason

rolled in with a tray of buns and chocolate milk. He seemed quite upset and asked Leadbeater if he had heard about the latest food follies. "Hamburgers up by 5 cents, the gravy's gittin' thinner, and - no more tomatoes with the salad. Can you believe it?!" screamed Mason.

Graeme ushered Mason out of the office, consoling him and guiding him through the sea of empty trays strewn about the floor. He came back and smiled apologetically. "One more man bites the dust, completely out of control," he muttered.

Is there a solution? Leadbeater eased into his chair and wiped the crumbs from the corner of his mouth - with his shirtsleeve - Mason had absconded with the serviettes. He spoke: "It's war now and we, the students, are the soldiers. We'll fight with everything at our disposal." Leadbeater gestured menacingly with his fork.

Anything more? "Just this: if you can't stand the heat get the hell out of the kitchen; but if you can't stand the food there's no hope."

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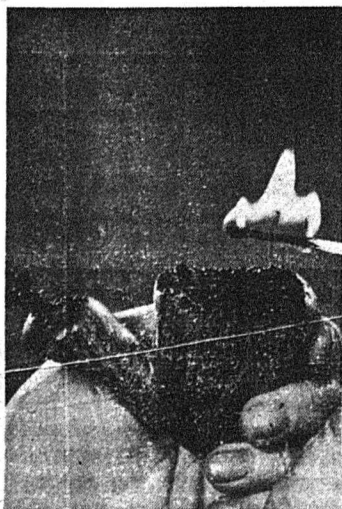
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