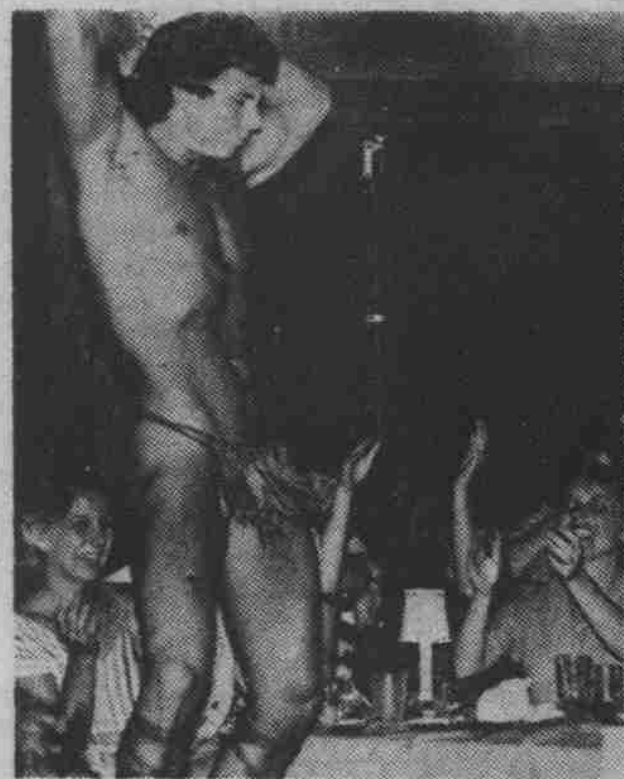


# FEATURES

## Male strip show brings fun and questions on sex roles



Dancing on tables and kisses for dollars part of strip show

### Man gets glimpse of 'ladies' night out'

By FRANK CLARKSON  
Photo Editor

Monday night I found myself in a position most men would envy—I was nearly the only man in a room filled with over 200 women. Yet I was so nervous I found myself looking into my drink to avoid the eyes of the unescorted females.

They had crowded into Stephen's... after all to watch other men take their clothes off, and unbuttoning the second button of my shirt is about as much exposure as I generally get. I didn't know whether my presence at this "ladies only" event would provoke ridicule or wrath from these women waiting expectantly for the show to begin.

Thinking that some food might settle my queasy stomach, I decided to order something but then I saw the menu. I couldn't ask for "something thick and creamy" (soup) "a little chopped cock" (chicken salad) or "a big stiff one" (a banana split) without blush-

ing and having my heterosexuality seriously questioned. I decided on a roast beef sandwich, "some real hunky meat," and ordered another Scotch—either to calm my nerves or to assert my masculinity. The bartender informed me that he was serving "lots of ladies' drinks, pina colodas and fruity stuff."

As the show began, I busied myself taking pictures since that was the reason for my being there.

I tried to hide in a corner and felt I was successful until one dancer came in my direction. With the spotlight in my eyes, I tried in vain to hide behind my camera. Luckily he was attracted by the woman next to me waving a dollar bill, and moved on after she deposited it in his g-string.

The evening passed quickly and I was confident I had escaped virtually unnoticed, until a fellow reporter told me that a woman noticed my rugby injury and asked if I was on crutches because I got hurt dancing in the show.

### A sex show for suburbia—unsexy

By LYNNE THOMSON  
and MIMI PEEL  
Staff Writers

You could hardly call it erotic—the sex was so clean it squeaked—but the 200 women who packed Stephen's... after all Monday night seemed to enjoy their "ladies' night out" with the Peter Adonis male strip show.

The dancers strutted on tables to cheers and loud disco music and the women gave them dollars for kisses, but the g-strings stayed firmly in place, and no one was forced to confront sexuality as more than the subject for entertainment and corny jokes.

Though one woman who works in a pharmacy at Duke said she was "definitely" getting turned on, another woman who works at Duke said she thought women go to strip shows for completely different reasons than men. "Men go to be aroused; women just go to be amused," she said.

Dean Welch, one of the dancers, said that some of the women he dances in front of aren't so detached.

"I'm not there for them to grab me," he said. "I get propositioned lots of times, but I don't have to sell myself like that."

"I don't get excited when I'm out there," he said. "I'm not there to get turned on... that's for them."

Welch and the other dancers dressed in a kitchen hallway before the show, yielding to busboys emptying trash cans, but they maintained an air of professionalism.

Welch explained that he purposely tanned in a bathing suit, so the women could see tan lines. The women like it better, he said, if they get the idea that they are seeing something (his buttocks) that is not normally exposed, and that, by implication, what is

covered by the g-string, is never shown in public.

Yet some of the spectators weren't so appreciative of that coyness.

"We're bored, bored," one 30-year-old Chapel Hillian said. "We want them to take it all off. If I can't lick it I'm going to go home."

But another spectator took a more philosophical view.

"It seems to me it's a bunch of hardened housewives out there. They've been with the same man for 10 years and they'll talk about this for the next 10."

"This'll be the high point of 1982... and that's sad."



Getting ready before the show... Welch dons g-string

Photos by Frank Clarkson

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