## Entertainment Outlook

## Loony unpopular for men without purses

To tell the truth, I wasn't too sure how to respond to a remarkable little news item that

appeared the other day, concerning Canadians' response to the new one-dollar coin.



The article quoted an assortment of business people, most of whom reported that their customers seem more or less happy with the loony. So far, so

good. But the article then quoted an unidentified clerk at an unidentified bookstore, who revealed that there is just one pocket of discontent - it seems that the loony is unpopular amongst men who do not carry purses, and who must therefore carry the coins in their pants.

This, you will admit, is a statement that takes just a little bit of getting used to. News flash: the loony draws curses from men without purses.

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Decorations.

Well. Let me begin with a confession. The fact is that I have no personal objection to the loony. This is probably because I am, by nature, favorably disposed toward anything worth 40 per cent of a pint of beer.

But let me hasten to add that I manage to like the loony even though I don't carry a purse.

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It is indeed possible that my liking for the loony might grow by leaps and bounds if I did, in fact, carry a purse. But this possibility is going to remain in the realm of purely hypothetical speculation.

Since we're being open and honest with each other, let's get right down to the crux of the matter.

There are certain modern inventions which I cannot even contemplate without profound feelings of anxiety and disorientation. The neutron bomb is one. The male purse is another.

Part of this is undoubtedly due to my small-town upbringing. Grow up in a small town, and you acquire certain hard-and-fast views on appropriate male behavior.

In a small town, it goes without saying that Real Men do not, for example, eat quiche. In fact, they do not eat anything which did not, in the fairly recent past, go "moo".

hopelessly lil-equipped to cope with a world in which men carry snatcher instead. handbags.

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went to the cloak room.

restaurant fover, looking for all the Weir's

View

My own paranola about the

matter was cruelly exploited by a

female companion who took great

delight, on dinner-dates, in asking

me to hold her purse while she

There I'd be, left standing in the

By lan Weir

world like a man who carried a purse. In desperation, I'd try to look turtive and criminally-All of which leaves one inclined, in hopes that people would just mistake me for a purse-

As such, you can understand my horror when she actually threatened to give me a handbag for my birthday.

They're convenient, she insisted. And they look quite dashing.

They well might, I countered and dashing is precisely what I would be doing quite a bit of if I ever strayed past a construction site while carrying one.

In the end, she gave up and got me something else for my birthday. (I forget whether it was the fishnet stockings, or the negligee.)

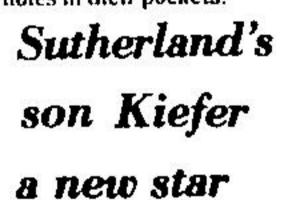
But as a parting shot, she charged that there was just one reason for my refusal to carry a handbag -- it was because I was a shameless coward.

This was, of course, perfectly true. Indeed, psychologists have even coined a new term for this state of mind - it's called feminophobia.

Feminophobia is not (as you might at first suspect) a secret fear of women, which is of course a condition that afflicts all males over the age of eight. Rather, feminophobia is a deep-rooted fear of appearing feminine.

And it is feminophobia, say psychologists, which causes men to indulge in silly macho displays like driving too fast, belching in beerparlors, and (in advanced cases) going to bed with their cowboy boots on.

All of which brings us back around to the disconcerling assertion that men without purses - in other words, all selfrespecting feminophobes - don't like the loony because it wears holes in their pockets.



Canadian actor Donald Sutherland has seen his name up in lights for many a year.

Another Sutherland is quickly getting used to seeing his name atop movie marquees. Kiefer Sutherland, Donald's son, has been attracting a lot of attention lately. With eight movies to his credit in less than two years, he has been climbing the escalator to fame several steps at a

He brings a highly charged dramatte intensity, passion and fer vor to his roles.

The latest Kiefer Sutherland movie to hit the big screen is The Killing Time, released across Canada at the end of October Sutherland plays a psychotic deputy sheriff in this suspense thriller.

He teamed up with another Cana-dian, Michael J. Fox, for Bright Lights, Blg City, which is scheduled to be released during the Christman season.

Poppa is also at work. Donald Sutherland's latest movie is Wolf at the Door - a film that covers the middle period of artist Paul Gauguin's





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