# Entertainment

### 'Shivaree,' some real entertainment

by Marie Stoppelmoor

What do Jack Shields, belly-dancing, and the new television season have to do with the fall

by author William Mastrosimone, is a comic drama about a young hemophiliac, Chandler(Rich Burroughs), trying to break out of his lonely one room existence much to the dismay of his over-protective cab driving mother. Scagg(David Gloden), the barely getting by street guy, tries to enliven Chandlers existence with Laura(Deborah

phrey), a professional girl. By now poor Chandler is having se-cond thoughts about experiencing life until he meets Shivaree(Laura Mannen), a free spirited belly dancer. meets

The extreme character dif-ferences between the bookwise but naive Chandler and the experienced Shivaree create diverse and humorous dialogue

Laura Mannen, playing the lead, will be taking private belly dancing lessons from Azalea Perera to learn the dance that will frighten the "afreetes" from Chandler

The talented director, Jack

Shields, is very enthused about this play because of all the new performers working together. His encouragement gave muturing non-threatening at-moshere to the audition. "I want more ...more," "wonder-ful" and bursts of applause are common sounds at his rehear-

The play debuts Dec. 4, 8p.m. in the McLoughlin Hall Theatre. What does the new television season have to do with it? Well, by then the reruns will start and you will be ready for some real entertain-

## **Grey Matter Pudding** Hitchers: the ignored minority

Ah, the first issue is here. It's ways frightening putting out a first issue. New editor, new year, new advisor and new staff. You just never know what might happen. Well, at least I still get to keep my column.

I suppose, it being a new year and all, that the standard in-troductory paragraph is in-order. Don't worry, I'll belbrief. If you can read then you already know it's called Grey Matter Pudding. Sometimes it can be good and sometimes it's just plain stupid, but it's more of a column than you've got, so don't complain. When I was little, I remember

every time we passed a hitchiker, my mother would sav "Never pick up a hitchiker or you'll get knif-This, of course, is utter

nonsense.

Since that time I have done my share of hitchiking, and every time a mother in a car with her child passes me by (women with children never stop), I swear I see her "mouth" the same thing.

These last three days, due to a slight brake failure. I was once

slight brake failure, I was once again reduced to hitchiking as my major mode of transportation. I a lot of mothers with kids by. Come on now moms, one day it could be your kid out

Anyhow, the point is, even though hitchiking can be a pain in *der popo* (as my German instructor would say). It can also be a very different experience for several defferent reasons.

In today's world, there is often little time for thought (cliche' I know, but please bear with me). Things tend to move rather quickly. I rediscovered something this weekend, that hitchik-ing is great for the thought pro-cess. It's not really the most efficient mode of transportation. Especially if you've got to get

thinking. This is because a good ninety-eight percent of the people who pass you are under the im-pression that in all likelihood, you are a knife/wielding psycho-path who spends his weekends butchering anyone who give you

Nothing, of course, could be farther from the truth. You just don't butcher every Tom, Dick and Harry that picks you up. I mean, it's got to be the right per-

What I can't stand are the hitwhat I can't stand are the hit-chikers that don't utilize the international extended thumb sign. When picking up a hitcher, I always go by a rule of thumb: no thumb, no ride.

The strange thing about hit-ching is that young people never give you a ride. The only people who ever give rides (generally speaking) are older working class types. Everyone else is just too scared for some reason. But what the hell, I have more intelligent conversations in one day with people who give me rides than I do in a week with the average college student. I'd almost go as far as to say that I get more practical knowledge from them also. But, unfortuately, they don't give you a little white diploma for hitchiking.

Something really ironic is that on Sunday, none of the people returning from church would give me a ride. Not that it's necessary to pick up hitchikers for sa'vation mind you, but I do recall hearing something about charity and compassion somewhere in the Christian doctrine. But I suppose when you're in imminent danger of being knifed by a college stu dent with broken brakes, right?

Oh, by the way, will the person who has the Queen Mary docked outside of Student Publications

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