

## Mannen 'slinks' to exposure in Shivaree

by Marie Stoppelmoor  
Staff Reporter

"Oh my gosh, you're going to belly dance? I've gotta see this!" has been the typical reaction to Laura Mannen's part in the fall term play, "Shivaree."

Soft beige carpets, full length mirrors, beaded hip belts seductive around and the seductive beat of Armenian music fill the atmosphere of Azalea Perera's dance studio where Laura is learning the art of belly dancing.

Mannen, decked out in leotard and sweats, listens pointedly as Mrs. Perrera tries to explain the cocoon concept in the dance sequence. "Think of a caterpillar" Azalea suggests, "When you slink and wiggle" out of the veil.

Miss Mannen's personal reaction to the bed scene, belly dancing and the outfit she will wear is "What have I gotten myself into?" And well she may think that. Jack Shields, the director,

has instructed her to wear a bikini top to rehearsal to prepare her for all the "exposure" the play will bring.

As Laura is learning to camel, a subtle sway of the hips, Azalea cries "Softer, softer, you don't want it to look like a stripper!"

Mrs. Perrera has been dancing for nine years, teaching for four and believes belly dancing is a form of art.

Laura, on the floor, is "working herself into a frenzy" to match the tempo of the music. After a less than graceful ascent, Azalea demonstrates how an arrogant swish of her hair will make the move smoother. Laura begins again using the new technique and finishes with applause by Madam Perrera and "I love how you end that, it looks really natural."

And so, if "you gotta see this" the play debuts Dec. 4, 8 p.m. in the McLoughlin Hall Theatre.

Thad Kreisher  
Entertainment Editor

There was a time when I hated poetry. Fortunately, those days are gone, and things are now quite the opposite. I love poetry.

By now you've probably guessed that this week's column has something to do with poetry. Well you're right. I could go on for quite some time giving you a lengthy, philosophical explanation of poetry that would not only would confuse the hell out of the both of us, but also bore you into rigormortis. The following is a poem submitted to me by a student currently attending CCC.

So let's just skip the formalities and get right to the good stuff.

And now...a poem.

*Oh Lord, why have you forsaken us ?*

*Slipping off the downtown bus  
Into the night*

*I wait*

*For my brothers*

*For my sisters*

*To walk by*

*On this*

*Errand or that*

*A few feet away*

*Jesus sits*

*Close cropped*

*hair, sandals*

*Robes, a headband*

*proclaiming:*

*Trust Jesus*

*Every so often*

*A punk harasses him*

*To which he repeats*

*some words on fire*

*Or brimstone*

*Oh Lord, why have you forsaken us ?*

*Outside the storm rages*

*On white brothers strangle*

*Their children*

*Black brothers*

*Stone black sisters*

*In a place called*

*Seuwito*

*Oh Lord, why have you forsaken us ?*

*Outside*

*Storm rages*

*Waiting like*

*A cat with*

*The mouse of God*

*To snap*

*Our neck and  
Call it peace  
Oh Lord, why have you forsaken us ?*

*Brothers*

*Sisters*

*Have taken*

*To the streets*

*Looking for love*

*Finding dream death*

*And heavenly nightmare*

*Oh Lord, why have you forsaken us ?*

*Throwing swine to the  
Pearls wisdom is nothing  
We want it now at*

*All costs*

*Sell children to*

*Gypsies*

*Buy new car*

*Drive it far*

*Karma,*

*Follows those*

*Who follow themselves*

*If we could give darkness*

*A mouth, would it speak*

*To thee ?*

*Of flowers, gods*

*And inseparable*

*Nighttimes*

*Lying in bed*

*Listening to*

*The whir of air*

*Conditioners*

*And burning bodies*

*Oh God, why have you forsaken us ?*

*Left your sons and daughters*

*To copulate endlessly in the*

*Gutters while kissing the mind*

*Scapes of spiritual violence*

*Oh God, why have you forsaken us ?*

*And left us to worship the bomb*

*While plucking supernatural flowers*

*From virginal hair*

*Oh God, why have you forsaken us ?*

*Leaving our earth in such a disarray*

*With doors for walls, pollution*

*In our heads and a cause*

*Oh God, why have you forsaken us ?*

*And gone to China to find the*

*Mystic revolution of a souls final*

*Gasp*

*Oh God, why have you forsaken us ?*

*While our children pass under the neon*

*Skies full of radio active rain*

*Giving birth to sandalwood nights*

*And Asian warfare*

*Oh God, why have you doomed us to an*

*Acid laced kiss ?*

Rozz

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