

RENAISSANCE WOMAN

TAM OLIVER
Staff Writer

Ntozake Shange, novelist, poet, playwright and performer, will read from her award-winning writing Thursday, May 11 at 7:00 p.m. in the Gregory Forum.

The reading, free to the public, is brought to Clackamas Community College by the English department and the American Association of Women in Community Colleges (AAWCC) as part of their "Connections" program. It is the seventh annual reading of the Clackamas Community College Writer-in-Residence Series.

The Drama Queens Theatre Company will perform pieces of Shange's choreopoem, *For Col-*

ored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/ When the Rainbow is Enuf, the following morning, Friday, May 12 from 9 a.m. to 12 p.m. in the Community Center, Room 127. This work was performed on Broadway for two years after it opened in 1976. Shange was nominated for a Tony award for the play and won an Obie and an Audelco award. The Drama Queens, who are recovering from addictions, feel that their performances are a way they can give back to the community. Following their performance, Shange will lead a discussion about the healing power of art.

Shange, who integrates poetry, dance and music in her readings,

has written four novels, five books of poetry, and four theatre pieces.

Shange was born in Trenton, New Jersey. As a teenager, she attended schools in St. Louis, where she was one of the first court-ordered students to integrate the schools. After graduating from Barnard College in 1970, she earned her master's degree at the University of California, Los Angeles. It was there that she adopted the Zulu name Ntozake, which means "she who comes with her own things," and Shange, which translates as "who walks like a lion." It would appear, by her accomplishments, that she more than lives up to her African names.



Ntozake Shange

DATE DIARY

BY SALENA DE LA CRUZ

Was there ever someone in your life whom you'd known for awhile, but never really had the chance to get to know? Well, that was the case when I went out with my friend of over two years, James.

5:00 p.m. I took a bubble bath, shaved all the right places and lotioned the body. I slipped into black lacey push-up bra and bikini panties. I wore black slack flounder pants, a hot pink tank top, some body glitter and a hot pink rose temporary tattoo on my back. I slid into my beaded thong flip flops (shoes). I threw some mousse in my hair, shook it out, put my make-up on and called me done. (Tip: **Where make-up is concerned find out what season you are and get make-up that defines your characteristics—in my case I'm a Fall, the more earthy tones, browns and neutrals.**)

5:45 p.m. I'm ready to go. (Tip: **Never arrive too early for a date—you may seem too anxious.**)

6:15 p.m. I left my house in Molalla in my 1987 Mitsubishi Galant and drove out to 82nd rocking to Jammin 95.5.

7:02 p.m. I walked down the sidewalk as James walked out of his apartment. He greeted me with a hug. We went into his apartment to create a plan of action on what we wanted to do. (Tip: **Try to have a plan, before the date if crunched for time; if not, being spontaneous always works for me.**)

7:06 p.m. *God, I love the smell of leather.* He just got himself a black leather sofa. There's knock on the door. It's his neighbor. She came to check out his new decor. *Fabulous, we'll be leaving even later.* He asked her if she remembered Salena. She said "Is she one of those hog-sweat girls?" What the hell is that suppose to mean? I take it as an insult.

He turned her around to face me and she turned beet-red and started busting up laughing. *O.k. it wasn't that funny, but I've got to say, to see her embarrassment was worth it.* She said she didn't mean that. *Of course, she did.* She then said "You've got to admit, Chief, (what she calls James), you've brought home some real winners." *I love the sarcasm.*

They then got into this conversation about the Shakespearean Era. *Are we going to leave in this lifetime?* O.k. She's leaving.

7:20 p.m. Now, I have the chance to check him out. He looks fab in those slacks not to mention the blue eyes. I've known him for a little over two years, like I said, but you never really notice someone you consider a friend. *So any way the first thing that attracts*

me to a guy is his eyes, you know they are a gateway to the soul? Well, especially, blue eyes, woo hoo!!

7:32 p.m. We arrive at Old Chicago. We go inside; the hostess asks where we want to sit. We decide to sit at a booth; it is more secluded. I saw Paul Creighton, the vice president of ASG. After we walked past him James asked who it was. I told him. Then he asked if I dated him. *Guys are so funny! You say hi to someone of the opposite sex and they automatically assume you dated them.* I told him no I didn't. (Tip: **Try to give the date all your attention, avoid unnecessary questions.**)

7:36 p.m. A waiter came to take our orders. We weren't ready.

James went through the beer list because he wanted a dark beer. He ordered a black port. *UGH!* I settled for a blue daquiri. *UMMM Good!*

7:45 p.m. We ordered chicken fettucini alfredo. We found out it was our favorite food. A common bond. *Yes! I love it when I find I have things in common with guys.* I love sports, so does he. Football and softball are my two favorite sports. We started talking about our lives because I never really had the time to talk to him because there was always someone else around. I asked him if he'd ever been married. He asked why I asked that. A

question to answer a question, not a good sign. I told him I'd heard he had and also that he had a daughter. He said no he'd never been married. He'd lived with a girl; o.k. no shocker, I think most people have. He said yes he has a daughter, she's three years old. *Wow! You'd think I'd know about that by now.* Maybe, it's not just information he wishes to divulge freely. Oh well. He told me her name and how he and her mom met. He told me how they don't get along very well. I told him a little about my life—my first serious relationship of really being in love. (Tip: **Try not to bring up the past, it may hinder the future. However, some things you may need to know.**)

8:30 p.m. The meal was excellent. He paid. (Tip: Just in case, make sure you bring some extra cash.) I've paid for so long it's a nice change to have someone treat me. We went to a store to bring some drinks home. We got some Blackberry Heffenweiser, which he paid for. Damn, he was really earning some brownie points. We went to Fred Meyer because he wanted a DVD movie. He asked if I'd ever seen it. I said no. He made it his mission to ensure that I did. But to no avail because they didn't have the movie and neither did Hollywood Video. He took my hand as we walked out the doors. *Oh how sweet.*

9:12 p.m. We're back at his place. He turns on the T.V. There is this show on that is like a documentary on erotic shows all over the world. Oh my God, I was busting up. I was laughing so

hard. There was this show in England that had 600-pound guys doing strip teases. There were women that were just going wild over it. I couldn't help but laugh. James wanted to turn it, but he said he couldn't it was just too funny.

9:30 p.m. We were slowly scooting closer. Eventually, he took my hand. He brought his fingers to my lips and kissed each individual one. *That is so prime. Sensual, sweet things like this are so much more to me as a woman than anything else.* Then we kissed. *OOOHHH, that was nice. Heaven help me.*

9:45 p.m. He asked if I wanted to stay the night. This was no big deal because my friends and I always kicked it there, after parties. *However, this was different, we were alone*

10:00 p.m. Things started to get a little hot. Conscience started invading. To stay or to go, that is the question. I decided it was time for me to go. He kissed me one last time and I left.

We got to know each other a lot more that night and even found we liked each other. We have a lot in common and maybe that can grow, but I'm leaving my options open for now and I know he is too. Once hurt by people of the opposite sex, which we found we both had been, you no longer trust them as easily. Anyway, James and I see each other often and talk still. *Until next week...Enjoy life...Be happy...Have fun. (Tips are meant for entertainment purposes only and are advice from my real life experiences.)*

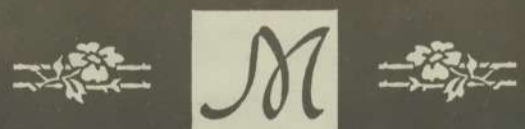
Date Diary is the true account of a Clackamas student's dating escapades.

MASTER OF SONNETS

Vikrem Seth, a world-renowned novelist from Calcutta, India, is set to read at Clackamas on Wed. May 17 in CC127 from 1-3 p.m. He will share selections from his latest novel *An Equal Music*. Born in India in 1952, Seth attended Oxford University and Stanford University.

He left Stanford to become a Stegner Fellow in Creative Writing from 1977-78, and in 1980 began to study classical Chinese poetry and languages at Nanjing University. Seth's first novel *The Golden Gate* is composed of 690 satirical sonnets about the romance life of young professionals in 1980's San Francisco.

Seth has been compared with the literary likes of George Eliot, Goethe, Tolstoy and Dickens. Seth's work will be available for purchase at the reading.



montage

southern bistro cooking

301 s.e. morrison ~ 234.1324

dinner: sun-thurs 6:00pm - 2:00am

fri-sat 6:00pm - 4:00am

lunch: mon-fri 11:00 - 2:00