

Wedding provides chance for expression of horizontal intent

"Dance," she said leaning close to whisper in my ear, "is a vertical expression of horizontal intent."

I laughed briefly and deeply, and she proceeded to make her intentions clear to me. And, I suppose, to anyone else in the narrow, smoky bar who cared to notice.

She pulled me closer, and I could feel the warmth of her body pressed against me from my thighs up to my chest. Deep pulsing music coursed through our bodies, now rolling together in a slow multi-dimensional wave pattern.

I thought of a slow wave-form on an oscilloscope and imagined what a wave representing our bodies might look like. But such thoughts don't stay long in mind under the pressure of more pleasant stimuli.

We moved together, slowly, closer to the giant bass speakers, each pounding note vibrating our

bodies in unison. She pulled my lips to hers, moist, warm and parted. A light taste of Ellen and scotch floated past some low animal sense up to my awareness.

I held her waist with one hand, and slid the other inside her shirt, massaging her back slowly, sliding up to her neck. She nuzzled her nose under my ear, and gently bit me, adding a low, throaty growl.

Horizontal intent now thoroughly established, I looked around.

"Could be a handy bit of trivia, that," I said to her, now swaying slowly to a mellow blues tune.

"You can tell a lot about a person by the way they dance," she said. "See those two? He likes her, but she's not having fun. She keeps moving backward, and he has to follow her all over the floor."

I felt Ellen slide closer again, changing her rhythm to remind me

that we were pressed together, at her behest.

We had met, some months before, dancing, after a long, nearly brutal fight between Best Man and the Bartender at a wedding reception. I could see the headline. "Wedding dance ends in death: Reception in auto-repair shop cut short."



Gary Longsine

To my relief, there was no death. I wasn't prepared for that. Not even someone else's.

There wasn't any blood on the dance floor, but neither was there any enthusiasm from the rest of the crowd after the fight. Most of them knew either the bride or the groom.

I had been called in as part of an emergency contingent to help re-

store the male/female ratio to a better balance, so I knew neither.

"Get somebody and dance. Dance BIG so other people will want to dance too," my friend Shelly pleaded.

She was the bride's roommate, and invited me and my friends, not realizing that violence would happen shortly after our arrival.

"Come on, I know you can do it. Ask Ellen, she'll dance with you. This is going to be a disaster if somebody doesn't bring this place to life pretty quick," she claimed.

I thought it was too late to save the party atmosphere, but Shelly had a vested interest in making this occasion a happy one. These were her friends, and she already had a new roommate lined up. Shelly had to patch things up between the Bride and the Groom, the Best Man and the Bartender.

The Bride had run off after the wedding with the Best Man, crying, thus bringing down upon him the wrath of the Bartender, who was the Groom's Best Friend.

The Bride was locked in the bathroom, and Shelly had to go talk to her through the window, out in the cold, otherwise she'd dance with me herself.

"Pleease..." she said. I'd had a whiskey and coke, or two, or three, and wasn't the least bit aware of the possibility of rejection, so I asked Ellen to dance.

I had never imagined ever wanting to use the word "marveled" until the following morning.

So, love struck, I wrote that I "marveled," even if it was really something else, "the inexorable pull as we swirled around each other, incessantly, as the Moon's pull, about a gentle, loving Earth."

Anyhow, the wedding dance had picked up, after the dance floor was re-seeded. Ellen and I danced through 'til morning, and the Bride, Groom, and Bartender lived happily ever after. Well, so far as I know.

Longsine is a senior international affairs and economics major and Daily Nebraskan columnist.



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Feet

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Conway teaches small groups, such as college clubs, and partners and singles. His introductory offer includes three lessons for \$20.

Dancingly Yours is one of many studios in Lincoln which provide dancing instruction.

The Arthur Murray Dance Studio, located at 5440 South St., of-

fers a free 30-minute introductory lesson. The instructors are then better able to determine the needs of the student. The dance curriculum encompasses all kinds of dancing, from ballroom to the Latin dances.

Talisa Brown, an instructor at Arthur Murray, says the studio does get a number of college-aged students, primarily interested in country western dancing. Brown says that recently there has been a re-

surgence of interest in this particular style.

Kevin Morrow of the Fred Astaire Dance Studio agreed. "More country clubs have opened up, so it's pretty popular."

The Astaire studio, at 145 S. 66 St., operates under the name of dancing's favorite son.

The dance programs and styles taught at this studio are based on Astaire's own dancing style.

Dance

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dancing was carnal before I knew what fun carnality could be.

Tap dancing? Ballet dancing? These were right out; they led to "Other Things." And I learned early that we, as the elect, were living on a "slippery slope of sin." That is, when I was 10 or so, I was warned how easily I could slide into temptation.

First you fox trot, maybe you go in for a little square dancing. Soon you are required to touch a girl. Next thing you know, you've got an erection. They never put it that way, but that's what they meant.

I think it was more widely thought in those days that a sexually excited male could not be held responsible for his actions. At least, that seems to have been the feeling of my elders. Perhaps they had had some experiences that made the assumption attractive.

In any case, if the body heat of the proximate female didn't give you the necessary push down that slippery slope, then surely the devil in your ear would tempt you over to the punch bowl, perhaps under the seemingly righteous guise of

giving yourself the opportunity to "cool down."

But you know as well as I do the kind of punch they serve at those places. Soon, with your defenses overrun by demon alcohol, you're caught with your pants down beneath the bleachers — probably by the school principal; another prom having compromised the reputation of a child of God.

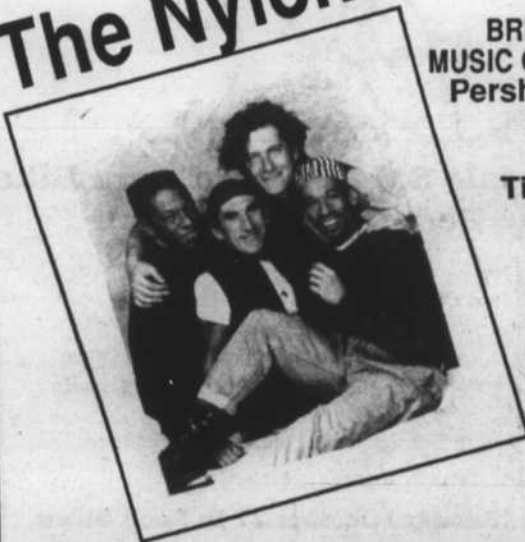
If only it could have been me. You see, I was not in those days the monster of vice that I have become since then. I stayed home from the proms, or went out with my geek friends from church.

We chewed our tongues out with envy. We just knew that everyone at the prom was getting toasted, being paired off, and retiring to the back seats of their fathers' cars all across the country.

Oh, sure, we'd get to go to heaven — in about 80 years. But the real agony was the knowledge that our corrupt peers could easily mend their ways in time.

They'd wait suitably until late in life, say 40, when sex becomes a moot issue, and they're too old to dance. And then we'd have to share heaven with them. And they'd be grinning all the time.

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