"The rumors of my death have been greatly exaggerated."
—Mark Twain
‘Yes, yes, yes,’ she is yessing, on the dinky (or the yknid), in Frenchified English, where ‘vwhat’ and ‘d’ohkay’ pass. It was the assent—I thought, if we were in a restaurant I would tell her one yes is enough, ordering this burger is not orgasmic—until it ceases to cede approval, until she, as an alien speaker, plucks the words from their tedium to rouse them. Once ‘yes, yes, yes’ was a warm-blooded noise and sudden depression in the stomach. Such a woman regains the sensation in words: ‘blood on the carpet,’ or, ‘popcorn Frisbee.’ I want to peek—but I listen—gaze out the window and slow my eyes to stillness, till the plasticky canvas creates a Monet in a season it snows mud or dung—those separately colored cars as petals. ‘Yes, yes, yes.’ And I think of the curlicues I drew on a girl’s message board and what she said when I asked why she kept their ornament—‘they’re just like you, they’re too cute to erase off the face of the earth.’ She broke my heart with her nod of ‘no, no, no.’ ‘Yes, yes, yes.’ As if she cuts the poem off. As if ‘yes I know’ could be ‘yes, yes, yes.’ As if a pessimist could ever paint the sadness—or refuse a gesture of silent acquiescence.

On the shale of Inishmore,
Boots are torn. Hands still grasp
Where every builder and tiller
Knew a brittle love bending to work.
We see, here they found the Maker’s lines,
Their walls followed, grew distended,
And the history of stone ran wild,
Offering finally no resistance.
So they let it alone; cloven feet dug up the black,
Enraging the monks, while the people
Stood on sea-legs, like us,
To see the beach consumed.
Who then inhabited, in anger,
Brothers, and in penitential pride,
These exile-houses of self-wrought stone?
All round without; within, four square walls?

My Beautiful Magic Pony
BY ARI SAMSKY

In the fall the soldiers marched off to war,
And with them they took my Beautiful Magic Pony,
You bastard!

When we kissed there in the moonlight,
I felt like a Beautiful Magic Pony,
But all Magic Ponies must grow up,
Like you, you evil football!

And eventually all the footballs will be buried,
Like fish asleep on the couch of time,
But none of them can bring back my Pony,
Bring back my Pony to the sage fields where
We ran like Swedish Children.
In a perfume commercial from before the Reich.

None of the sleeping fish or evil footballs
Can restore to me the Pony’s velvet nose,
Or make again the sound of his merry Neigh!
Or sing again the Dire Straits songs he sang to me
When we were young Swedish Children there
In the Poppy fields of Luxembourg.
Come back to me, Magic Pony!
I still have all your tie clips! And your stereo
Bench rests still in my basement,
Next to my stolen road signs.

A Bug
BY CLAY BAVOR

FREE Grande Coffee
with purchase of any bakery item or dessert
Present coupon at Bucks County Coffee
life should be this simple™

FREE Grande Coffee
with purchase of any bakery item or dessert
Present coupon at Bucks County Coffee
life should be this simple™
Verbatim

Overheard from random sophomore guy in Tower: "If I don't get a date to Houseparties, I'm going to jack myself off into a coma."

Overheard in Terrace: "We aren't really living 'Sex in the City,' we're more like 'Handjobs in the Suburbs!"

Overheard in Little: "I'd back into a dick. I'm not averse to that."

Found on an open cluster computer: "Hmm, what is the best way to describe Agape? Basically, on Friday nights we meet at 8 in Guyot. It starts out with this guy Max putting on a 'funny' thing about Princeton, or his roommates or the freshman, just something like that and he usually makes a video and shows that to everybody. Then do a lot of singing and praising God. It's not based on any denomination and is very low key (and sometimes rowdy). Who knows, next week there might even be some candy canes there tomorrow too...or more tissues?"

Overheard in Holder: 1st Girl: "There were two squirrels fucking outside our window this morning." 2nd Girl: "I didn't teach them that."

Overheard in Edwards at 8:30am on Newman's Day: "Hey, I'm not afraid to admit it: I've never had my prostate milked."

Overheard in an email from F. Dok Harris: Dok: "How can I translate 'I want to touch your penis' into something I can tell a girl?"

Friend: "Say, 'You look beautiful tonight."

Overheard on IM: #1: "#2: "Less. I figure if we are buying crabs in terms of 1000s of cubic feet, we should be able to get a decent discount."

Overheard in a HBS 280 guest lecture on the Salem Witch Trials by Professor Anthony Grafton: "These witches can make men think they have lost their penises... They can also make them think that all the village's penises are up in a bird's nest, where the witch goes up occasionally to feed them grains of corn."

Milk your prostate. Submit verbatim to rweekly@nassauweekly.com

NASSAU WEEKLY

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Correction:

Monday's article in the Daily Princetonian entitled, "Nass! Obscured Staff Turmoil with Decoct!" incorrectly reported that Nassau staff members lied about events occurring at the magazine. In fact, staffers told the truth about events occurring in our Bizarro-World equivalent, the Blassau Bleekly. The Bleekly, in fact, ended in an incredible bloodbath. The Nass remains alive and well. We regret the Prince's attempt to 'love' a better paper in the 'rear end.'

Last week's article, "Switzerland and Sweden: Actually the Same Country" erroneously reported that Ingmar Bergman's film The Seventh Seal was, "laughing...and edge-of-the-seat thriller that will wow audiences again and again." In fact, Bergman's film is, "stunning...a cinematic masterpiece that will amaze audiences for years to come."

In our coverage of the 43-Man Squamish match this past weekend we reported that Atlanta Hernias reverse triple-end Bertrand Smecky scored six tries against the West Palm Beach Adjudicators' goallender, D. Randolph Westfarthingland. In fact, the Adjudicators' up-and-coming midbackfielder Dr. Nkwe Mulkallowanda lay reversed four of the six tries and went on to carry six mukluks into the Hernias' defense zone.

Our article "If Smoking Doesn't Kill You, Deadly Robots from the Future Will," contained numerous inaccuracies. We regret these errors.

In our article, "Dude, Where's my Praxis?" Foucault, Derrida and the Poststructuralist Movement in Critical Context" we randomly combined words which members of our staff thought might have borne some relation to social theory. Many readers interpreted this as a humorous attempt to 'poke fun' at critical essayists, but in fact the article resulted exclusively from a typographical error. The parties responsible have been severely disciplined.
Aftermath
by Jessica Kirkland

A

bbh, give me one too, he said, and I
held out my cigarette already lit
in his hanging hand. I pulled out
a new one from my pack, the last
of three, all battered and looking like
sawdust into my shirt pocket. I lit that one
from his and we sat like that for a while, just
sitting until I began to smoke, and he did
because I did.

In the dark, it was hard to tell that
he was so bad at it, hitching his chest
and pressing his lips
tight, not letting him-
sself cough. Like the
chartered mess behind
us wasn’t enough for him. Or maybe it was
too much, us sitting on the porch steps, the
only part left and even those were ashly,
the tired wood sagging more than it used
to. Just wanted to burn himself down too,
bodily arson, from the inside out, like the
house. The house where his mother had
been sleeping.

The fire department sprayed the rubble.
It was an old place, built with wiring like
tape, he said on the steps, halfway through
the air was less smoky till someone finally
came over to my window and asked if I’d
calm him down, make him quit trying to
run into the house.

Why don’t you take down the fucking
tape, he said on the steps, halfway through
his painful smoke and looking at the yel-
low caution that hung from rail to rail in
front of us. And I told him why don’t we
just go home.

This is home, he told me angry, and
wouldn’t answer when I said he could stay
at my place of course till whenever he needed
or forever if that’s what it came to. He just
stared ahead, his free hand gripping the stair
he sat on. So even though I knew I couldn’t
convince him, I sat there for a while more,
just waiting for him to say something, but
he never did. A couple times I wanted to put
my arm around him or say, remember when
my mom died when we were just 17, but I
didn’t do that because he didn’t like to be
rushed by anyone, and
of course he remembered
my mom and probably
knew that I was thinking
more of her than of his mother and that was probably
pissing him off even without me saying
anything.

She was only 50 or so but arthritis kept
her in. Either in the bed that he moved down
into the living room to make things easier,
or in the chair by the radio, with her round,
swollen ankles up. The hands were bad too,
curled up unusable and she was all bent in
the spine so she didn’t really walk, but Alex
carried her from the bed to the chair to the
bed when she was ready for a change.
He still lived there with her till the house
burned, even though I’d had my own place
in town since I was 20, and had told him he
was welcome to move in. It would make
him closer to work, save him money on
gas. And he never turned me down, never
really answered at all, just sort of nodded
and then went back to whatever he was do-
ing or thinking.

Sitting on the steps because the porch
was mostly gone and the plastic chairs were
mostly melted. The quiet. That blank space
behind us. That was enough to make me
want to leave.

So after I had another smoke and he
refused without speaking, I just left him there
on the steps, ducked under the caution tape
and walked to my truck looking back twice
to see that he’d turned away from me.
It was too dark to see him clear in the
rearrview mirror, and after a block, I quit
trying.

I don’t really blame him, resting the
fire. Like cleansing the ground, his own fire,
and I’ll never believe he laid there to die,
no matter what they find, because I know
Alex, and I know I’ll see him again because
he’s never had a bruise or a sprain or a bloody
nose, and that’s more like immortality than
anything I’ve ever come across.
I know. I’ll see him. Might be mor-
row. I know... I fight that something telling
me he always went home to her. I’ll see
him, one of these days. Walking down our
street, all black and smudgey, a photo man
out of focus. Walking with a wave, a smile,
may be even smoking a cigarette, may be’s
even gotten good at it.

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Tuesdays with Moron

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Thursday, Friday and Saturday
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Tickets $3

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Dystopia with a FREE screening of
A Clockwork Orange

Thursday @ 10:00 p.m. McCormick 101
for more information please visit our website at
www.princeton.edu/~ufom
There are signs on the streets in Montreal that say danse contacte. That means you can touch the girls when they dance in your lap, as long as it’s not between their legs. They tell you that before they start, but in nice enough way that you aren’t angry. After a few seconds, you don’t even care. They are so magnificent, such buttery brown silk, and they feel like sunshine all around you. Most of the time, you forget you can touch at all… sometimes I even close my eyes. They say it’s for perverts, but it isn’t the rubbing or the stroking or the pulsing that gets you off. It’s that for just one song, just a few minutes, a beautiful woman makes you think she cares about you more than anything else in the world, and that’s so nice for an old man whose wife is fucking his friend and whose kids just hate him and who sometimes wishes he’d find himself in the middle of a street when a trucker could’ve sworn the light was green.

Satan grew up just outside Nairobi. He was tall and smooth and beautifully built. A hooded sweatshirt hung like an expensive suit on his subtly strong frame. He was sharp. Cool eyes glinted from beneath drooped lids. His voice was husky and musical and low.

He was the first of six children from his father’s second wife. He was wise enough to see his own appeal. He used it.

There were too many kids and he got pulled out of school when he was sixteen. He took the money and set out for the clubs. Being gay was illegal in Kenya. So was the sweet white sugar he let dissolve on his tongue. Deep in the darkness that lay behind the city lights, nothing was forbidden. Laws did not exist. The only thing he respected was the dawn.

Strolling home he watched other kids going to school. He bought books with his left over money and put ideas into his pockets whenever he could pick them up. He told himself one day he would be free.

He went to jail.

It chilled him. His throat contracted and his lids drooped lower later when he tried to speak of it. The things that happened there were not revealed.

When he got out, he left Nairobi and headed toward paradise, a little island off the coast called Lamu. He peddled knowledge from a second hand bookshop arranged upon a card table, and listened to the waves lap at the waterfront. He swapped fact and fiction with the tourists. He looked for peace. He found patience. He bided his time.
Jasper Moore had been working on his Daffodil for twenty-five years. It was the only picture he ever painted. At eighteen he moved abruptly west, from the Ozarks to the intoxicating elevations of the Sierra Nevada, where he began his project: to paint the most realistic flower man has ever created.

On the 16,432nd day of Jasper Moore’s life, the sun did not appear. It was the kind of day that collapses into itself, evening into afternoon into morning, dragging the heavens down to earth and flooding the mountains with firmament. The sky stayed empty all day but the air was thick with creation. In his earth and flooding the mountains with firmament. The sky

Daffodil’s exhibition at the Courtauld achieved immediate and meteoric success. Crowds battered each other for a chance to see the painting that looked like a real flower. Its petals even changed and dropped with the seasons, afterwards regenerating themselves with miraculous immortality. Admires sunk into the painting, experiencing incomunicable revolution. Many claimed to be able to see Nature Herself in the Daffodil: “Inside this painting resides the very essence, the Form of the flower, the source of life...” ma critic wrote. Jasper Moore had done Plato’s work of the divine, with the mortal tools of paint and brush.

All other art suddenly lost its excitement. Who needed Monet’s water lilies, who even needed botany, when a single canvas trumped all of art’s aesthetic achievements and the entire science of art at the same time? Moore’s Daffodil was so real and so perfect that the painting itself foiled all attempts to photograph or draw it. Any attempt to capture the piece visually—other than with the human eye—resulted in failure, typically in the form of a blacked-out silhouette. Neither the fastest shutter speed nor the most gifted living painter could do any better than depict Jasper Moore’s Daffodil as a black blotch.

The painting had to be protected day and night from jealous galleries and private collectors. Nine months and three million tourists into the exhibit, three different robbery attempts had already been foiled. The Parneviks feared another great plus was in the works, another prankster was waiting for the right moment to strike.

As time passed, the public demanded another flower as real as the Daffodil but no one could produce it. Frustration began to fail disastrously for a toxic might revive their dedicatred legs. Who would have guessed that salvation would come from Noelle and Sasha Parnevik themselves? Noelle pronounced the following inage at the Tokyo Art Summit:

The Daffodil was not a work of art. It was never art at all. It was simply flower, no more and no less real than the flowers growing in the garden behind this conference room. There are countless millions of daffodils in the world. Why does it matter that one was created by a man instead of Nature, if there can be no distinguishable difference between any of the specimens? If the Venus de Milo spoke to us and clothed herself in our clothes and attended dinner with us, would she be a woman and not a work of art? Her broken arms and plaster face are precisely what makes her a work of art. By definition art must be imperfect. To create, as a human, is to flaw, and therefore no distinguishable difference between any of the specimens? If the Venus de Milo spoke to us and clothed herself in our clothes and attended dinner with us, would she be a woman and not a work of art? Her broken arms and plaster face are precisely what makes her a work of art. By definition art must be imperfect. To create, as a human, is to flaw, and therefore to be a human, is to be flawed...

The crowd wept and cried with relief.

After twelve more months the watch was called off, saved by those close to the Parneviks. Musicians and poets produced Elipses for the Daffodil. The earth felt like a barren, primitive place without its Daffodil. Whimsical astronomers named a new constellation after it. If only Moore had produced another one!

The art world mobilized overnight and began a transglobal search, reaching from the Berlin paint factories to storage barns in Des Moines. Every detective and every tabloid had the theory: it was a perfect robbery. No leads anywhere. And who could tell the difference between Moore’s Daffodil and the thousands of real flowers among which it could possibly be hiding?

Daffodil

BY JON BARNES

All other art suddenly lost its excitement. Who needed Monet’s water lilies, who even needed botany, when a single canvas trumped all of art’s aesthetic achievements and the entire science of art at the same time? Moore’s Daffodil was so real and so perfect that the painting itself foiled all attempts to photograph or draw it. Any attempt to capture the piece visually—other than with the human eye—resulted in failure, typically in the form of a blacked-out silhouette. Neither the fastest shutter speed nor the most gifted living painter could do any better than depict Jasper Moore’s Daffodil as a black blotch.

The strategy, among those searching for the flower, became a zealous effort: to paint or photograph any flower that looked like it might be Moore’s Daffodil. If the flower were the real Daffodil it would resist being drawn as it had done in the museum.

So every amateur and semi-professional the world over began drawing daffodils. Galleries exploded with the byproduct of the hunt—piles of daffodil portraits, some unspeakably beautiful, and even some forgeries of “failed” daffodils—but no one could produce it. Forlorn artists defeated egos. Who would have guessed that salvation would come from Noelle and Sasha Parnevik themselves? Noelle pronounced the following inage at the Tokyo Art Summit:

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Ezekiel's Slingshot

BY JAY KATISR

Y

outhful accomplishments haunted Ezekiel. Kept in his years at the zoo. They had discolored patches on their breasts and heads, two uneven feathers, cracked beads, moulting grey eye-sockets, and signs of illness in their drowsy gait. He recognized a few. Dunehopper, a belliscope old bird who had arrived after surviving a local family’s house fire and had lived in the main habitat for just a few weeks to recuperate. Count Snakula, who had been ostracized for his habit of ejaculating in the water dispensers and was eventually plucked virtually bled in a gang attack. And in the back corner, climbing beak-to-claw along the fence with futile desperation, straining to jam his healing skull through holes in the iron grid work, was Hunter.

"Thank you, Catarina, that will be all!"

"Thank you, Catarina, that will be all!" Ezekiel screamed with fright. It was one of the few phrases he had mastered during his youth as a domestic parrot. He had lived in the household of an affluent heiress to a national denture-polish fortune and spent most of his time with the maids. They had fed him a lot of chicken fat that the later suspected had stunted his intellectual growth. Liberated as an adolescent when he was donated to the zoo, he had led a quiet and industrious life in the communal habitat up until now. Was he about to join Hunter in this refuge of the mangled and abandoned?

At a tattered wing slapped against the window, and Ezekiel fainted due to a translator he had been fed in a chunk of honeydew.

Still clutching the dajuapram, Ezekiel shuffled away from his cage and across the pruned grass. He thought back to his first moments here at the Children’s Zoo. He supposed they had delivered him unconscionably directly from the infirmary. When he had awoken, he was lying on a blanket path a grybbly finger poking at his belly and two huge blue eye’s within pecking distance. This rough treatment turned out to be trend, and he soon discovered that the keep- ers would allow children to handle him because they expected his passivity. Over his months of confinement in this mad house, Ezekiel settled for the exchange of docile behavior for the freedom to leave his cage and walk around during the day.

But just there was anyone worth visit- ing here.

He crossed a gravel path and stopped before a fall wire cage. Inside lived an enor- mous, brain-damaged macaw. Despite the mammal’s slow-wittedness, its antics amused Ezekiel, who had once even devised an annual book about it.

The porcupine was named Gregory. Today he was lifting his morning potato in its foopawers and repeatedly banging it into the underside of his hairy neck.

"Si, Serotina Den-ti-fresh," Ezekiel whistled congenially.

Gregory looked up from his potato, stirred his massive hindquarters into a clatter of quills, and then resumed banging with vigor. It was pointless.

Ezekiel peered around the side of the cage in search of materials for his slingshot. There were none, but as he turned to move on, he heard a muffled thump and rattle against the inside of the thin bars.

The porcupine had thrust something through the wall of the cage, and it lay in a brown clump on the grass. Ezekiel twisted his head to examine the object. He was delighted to find that it was a leather eye patch with an elastic strap, potentially very useful. Transferring the grass-stained diaphragm to his mouth, he hopped forward through the strap and hoisted the eye patch. He began to nod his gratitude, but Gregory was already preoccu- ped, violently assaulting a plastic water bottle at the back of the cage.

The first time Ezekiel had a direct encoun- ter with Hunter, he had already been intimidated by the younger bird for a long time. Hunter was an in- ternally deranged juvenile, but carried himself with a brashness that Ezekiel could only imagine personally attaining if he ever lived up to his potential as an inventor.

That day, the keepers had not observed a sufficient amount of food for the twenty- eight macaws that occupied the shady com- munal habitat. As usual, the dominant birds scrambled to lift their portions to perches on the tangled network of elm branches that reached up to the high, grated ceiling. Ezekiel was not among them.

He descended to the dirt floor. Ezekiel found only sunflower husks, a bar- ren coconut, and a few cantaloupe rinds, all coated in fresh guains. He was accustomed to eating last, but there was usually enough left over for him to scrape together a meal. There was no way he would be able to in- duce the others to share. “You must fold the laundry properly, Catarina,” he squawked an ineffectual.

He heard a throaty staccato complaint behind him and swivelled to see Hunter. The sleek gray bird swayed tenaciously from leg to leg. He hadn’t really eaten food in long enough entirely, probably slowly by the grimy wound over his right eye. Hunter stepped forward and waved his black tongue at Ez- ike, and then flapped up into the branches. Flustered, Ezekiel scampered to a vantage point from which he could observe what the younger parrot was doing.

He looked up in time to see Hunter pulling down on an unbalanced tree limb. The branch was lodged directly above Mc- Groodle, a small but aggressive red macaw renowned for his ability to smash pistachios with his skull. This was ingenious. The branch landed on McGroodle’s back, and the vegetables he had been hoarding beneath his body cascaded to the ground. Hunter hopped floorwards to retrieve his spoils.

In the course of his swaggering, he kicked a gnawed zucchini skin in Ezekiel’s direc- tion.

Ezekiel forgot his awe in a spurt of inspiration. The skin was just what he needed for a back-mounted paracord he was considering developing.

Turning from the porcupine’s cage, Ezekiel delved into the pigeonry and inspect the launch site for his slingshot. On the way he had to check some of the details of his plan. With the eye patch still dangling from his neck and the diaphragm secure in his beak, he hopped surreptitiously to an ivy-covered section of the wooden fence that separated the Children’s Zoo from the main zoo facilities.

He nudged the ivy leaves aside with his forehead. There, scratched into the plank was a complicated map he had scrawled in his own private hieroglyph. It outlined the strategic landmarks of the Children’s Zoo and contained a vague rendering of the terrain outside the fence as far as he could determine. He had marked the preferred location for the completed slingshot, as well as his projected trajectory over the fence and onto the path to the rest of the zoo. Translated into English, it would have looked like this:

Ezekiel clamped down on the rubber disk and sighed. The map was the most fully realized part of the entire operation. Just as his life had been during his years back in the communal habitat, he could see where he was going but could not figure out how to get there.

The day that Hunter was first brought in, Ezekiel was struggling to weave pliable twigs into a honeycomb he could suspend between low branches. He was fifty-four years old then, exactly six times as old as McGroodle had been when he quelled his first symphonies.

Hunter was dragged into the spacious, bustling enclosure behaving the same way he would when removed two years later, belligerently. His flying fury sent the entire population into a mélée of shrieking and warm breezes, and in the confusion, he man- aged to pierce the keeper’s thumb and was dropped on his head. He hopped darkly to a branch nestled corner, where he crouched and rubbed his wings over his face.

Ezekiel had been too engrossed to

(Continued on page 9)
Ezekiel, con't.

notice the cause of the uproar, but when he glanced down from his low perch, Hunter was staring directly at him. “Señorita Den-ti-fresh es enorme una puta!” he yelped, and flittered backwords, knocking the sticks he had been manipulating down to the dirt. Hunter beat his way quickly from the corner and dragged Ezekiel’s creation back with him.

The next day, Ezekiel was so frustrated that he couldn’t eat. He swung upside down from a bough for hours in order to facilitate thought. It had taken him months to acquire enough viable material for the hammock, and it was the closest he had come in years to putting one of his innovative ideas into action.

That evening he discovered it completed behind the water dispenser.

Ezekiel backed away from his map and ducked under a wooden post into the petting area. The four ferrets had been let loose today, and they ricocheted between small mounds of wet hay with their usual ignorant glee. They were Ezekiel’s most appropriate inmates at the Children’s Zoo; like the majority of the visitors, they were hyperactive and had an unpleasant odor. The albino one, who was named Fizzbert, was galloping straight towards him in mindless greeting. Fizzbert careened on a lump of sheep feces and skidded into Ezekiel’s breast, soiling his green feathers and throwing the diaphragm and eye patch across the enclosure.

When Ezekiel glared up, the ferret was licking its pale genitals.

He preened himself and sought out his lost materials. The diaphragm was wedged under a lamb’s hoof, and he removed it with some difficulty. Luckily, the contraceptive had retained its flexibility. He found the eye patch swinging from a mushroom-shaped wooden stool, the launch site from his map. He bit firmly onto the springy strap and pulled down with his right claw, but it remained affixed. He jerked his head to the ground in an attempt to dislodge it. He paused.

At fifty-seven years old, he realized he had finally reached his moment.

He carefully laid the convex side of the diaphragm against the inside of the leather eye patch. He turned his body, and then strained his back into the rubbery surface. Taking a few steps backwards against the tension of the strap, he pressed against the asphalt with the pads of his claws, and prepared to extend his crippled wings. This was his time of achievement, the redemption for his years of perseverance, and it had happened by chance. He supposed that was all right as long as he got out of here.

Ezekiel breathed, then released.

He lay flat on the infirmary table with a cloth bandage around his jaw and an intravenous needle under his wing. Beneath the dressing, his beak was cracked down the center and he was bruised across his entire torso. Ezekiel had taken no time to calculate the angle of trajectory in his haste to escape. He had launched himself directly into the base of the stool.

From now on he would be considered too unattractive to return to the either the Children’s Zoo or the communal macaw habitat.

He struggled to his feet and looked through the grimy window. Hunter was peering in, waving his black tongue. “Catarina, have dinner ready promptly tonight,” he chirped with satisfaction.

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NOTICE:

PRESIDENT TILGHMAN’S OFFICE HOURS

President Tilghman will hold office hours as indicated in the following table in One Nassau Hall on the dates listed below. Office Hours will end promptly at the indicated time. Please check the notice weekly in The Nassau Weekly or the President’s Office Hours web page at http://web.princeton.edu/pusites/1Nassau/princeton/oficehrs.html for any changes in office hours as they are subject to change.

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PRINCETON PUBLIC LECTURE SERIES - CLARK VANUXEM LECTURES

CHARLES FALCO

UA Chair of Condensed Matter Physics and Professor of Optical Sciences

TUESDAY, MAY 7, AND WEDNESDAY, MAY 8, 2002

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The Art of the Science of Renaissance Painting

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May 2, 2002 | 9
There are two things he keeps in his bathroom: activities (frequency of urination, volume each time, stool activity, color, odor) “because the doctor’ll need information like that when something happens” and a notebook of Chinese characters. At night, while his wife does stomach crunches, he practices calligraphy. He used to win contests in his youth. “My father wrote beautifully. And my father’s father.” But recently the stroke marks have started to slip. “Your father… Your mother…” will be the first thing he says to me after I sit down. Maybe he won’t use those exact words but he’ll be disconcerted a bit that I’m not like her, that I’m not frail and exotic, an Audrey Hepburn with dreadlocks. No, so, I will not wear Capri pants and ballet flats. I will be: the muscles of my shoulders deliberate as parentheses, filling the room with their bluntness. He will apologize for the mess of course be spotless – and tell me his latest expose of a political scandal in some exotic country as if I were any other acquaintance drowning in for tea. “He’ll—”

“Well, it’s not… any more… I mean… He liked you. I’m not sure about the details but he was in Indonesia covering attacks on Chinese Christians or something.”

“Another honk.” They’re here. “I’ve gotta go.” I say as I walk out the door. “I’ll be back by two.”

“Yeah, just throw those on the ground,” Joannie greets me as I get in the back. “Sorry we’re really running late.”

When the car seat is as sticky as the weather. I move aside the piles of papers and books.

“She brought the bill to her nose, hoping there would be traces of her father’s scent. She and I both look in the direction of her writing desk in the family room. A honk. Black Toyota pulls into the driveway. I start to get up.

When we meet for the first time, will he remember that day in Taipei when an American exchange student offered him notebook paper to record the words on his arms before sweat melted them away? Yes, he’ll remember the memory, but not as a treasured moment, more like a file card, one of the many file cards he keeps on all his assignments. His name’s probably already penciled in on the bottom. Even an unexpected daughter can’t throw him off. He wouldn’t let it.

“She, Mr. Langer. I am your daughter,” I’ll say when he answers the door. “Ah,” he’ll say. Maybe there’ll be a slight pause, but I’ll recover his composure, extend his hand. “I was just about to have some tea. Won’t you join me?” How old will I be? Eighteen? No, older, twenty-two after graduating from college. I’ll be tired because plane rides always drain me out. His address will be in my back pocket. (An address my mother once scribbled down during a mysterious phone call, the piece of paper folded in half and placed in a drawer with unpaid bills. And I knew it was something related to my father because my mother is never mysterious about anything except my father. “He’s… away,” she said the first and only time I asked about him and pushed down the corners of her lips so hard I thought her chin would fall off.)

“Milk or cream? You don’t look like your mother,” will be the first thing he says to me after I sit down. Maybe he won’t use those exact words but he’ll be disconcerted a bit that I’m not like her, that I’m not frail and exotic, an Audrey Hepburn with dreadlocks. No, so, I will not wear Capri pants and ballet flats. I will be: the muscles of my shoulders deliberate as parentheses, filling the room with their bluntness. He will apologize for the mess of course be spotless – and tell me his latest exposed of a political scandal in some exotic country as if I were any other acquaintance drowning in for tea. “He’ll—”

“Your father…” My mother interrupts my reveries. I stare out the window. I am slightly annoyed. Joannie’s late. Rachel Lynd’s Sweet Sixteen party has already started. She and I both look in the direction of her writing desk in the family room. A honk. Black Toyota pulls into the driveway. I start to get up.

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“Milk or cream? You don’t look like your mother,” will be the first thing...
We Needed Us More Than They Needed Them

By Brian DeLeeuw

Living on rooftops, catching crippled pigeons only to set them on fire and throw them down at the pretty ones on the street below, this is what we did that sick summer long. These were the last months of the trees, and the air near the ground was polluted, dirty, so we got above that, as high as we could go without falling. Connecting blacktop to blacktop with manipulated fire escapes, de-bolted and re-bolted, parallel to the smut streets below: catwalks for our refugee camps. We threw things down on what we were refugees from: cars that denied our own memories of cars, people that sodomized our memories of people, children that slipped behind and to the left of our memories of childhood, and the street itself, boiled and charred and baked by a sun that didn’t really remind us of anything at all, anything except blight. This was the way that summer was. Our ragged sleeping bags, relics from the days of camping, were too hot and smelled too bad to be used for anything other than demarcations of space, territorial boundaries of tribal affiliations. Where did the new things come from? The street? The street consumes, regurgitates, and never gives us diseases. What we saw was no need, no pressing need, to wipe off our heads out their windows or banging their brooms on their ceilings, our floor, because they found out how there’s sometimes too much love in this new world.

Summer up on the blacktop was a strange thing, a cruel thing, but a thing, nonetheless, a thing that violently differentiated itself from mass of humud human things down there below the smog that hovered, fetid, around the tenth-floor level. The city was sometimes wrapped with it, a vice grip of heat and smoke made thick with sweat and the strange splendor of resentment, resentment that pushed both ways across the horizontal wall of the rooftop grid. It was on those days when the smog cleared that we could follow the phosphorescent traces of the objects we pitched down all the way to the bottom, that the gutter was suddenly illuminated in front of my dirty face and I saw the pebble splash into the shitwater below. Satisfaction was the sensation that wormed its way into my too happy brain when the piece of junk would finally hit the street and I got to see it happen. It was a real event, another thing that made up the larger fabric of life up there—a place where, when food was low, there was always manna falling, rising off the street somewhere to take, because if it ran out, we weren’t the ones to go hungry. That’s another thing that was a bridge, that functioned as a bridge to our early memories of taking and feeling, because it was there and real and somehow clean. Or maybe it wasn’t clean, but there was no need, no pressing need, to wipe off the dirt because it was pure and natural and never gave us diseases. What we saw crawling around down below us, from our Saint Simeon pillar, those damned and harried, all of them bore no resemblance to the memories that bubbled, crystal clear, in the recesses of our collective brain. There was this space, this difference of years and (Continued on page 12)

As the semester comes to a close, the USG would like to know what you want to see done next year.

Please email usg@princeton.edu with suggestions, questions, and comments.
We Needed Us, con't.

massive events that separated us from the scuttling below, a different kind of vertical searing was desired. A bitter equation, inextricable cause from effect.

It was September when we finally left the tar-fields simmering from a violent solar absorption. The way to our park, huddled together as a group of foreigners that we had become, a phalanx beetle-like in our unity. We took big felt marks on each of us, and began them on the way, in a gutted-out thousand stone, left that way because there was nothing to use for fixing anything anymore, we carried as many as we could as we went out to our way to the park. When we got there, there was a halo of alcoholic pollution ringing the trees. But they were still trees, greener than their smog double, leaves alive, a struggle but this was how it was for everything. And we burst out onto the little grove, our protective form splintering into fragments of screaming run-
ners, hurling their love and desire at the trees. And when we got there, some climbed up the sagging trunks, others reached over their heads and bent branches down, and some found leaves laid unoin as a green ground, and we wrote on them, in black felt pen, a violent, rhapasic automatism, hieroglyphics pouring outwards in a desire to cover and inscribe the last trees any of us ever were to see. Soon it was done and we had written down everything that could be written down, and we pulled back a bit in order to inspect our opus, and a newly black crop greeted us, disgusting and lovely in its own unelli.

I stood panting at the edge of the grove, thinking to myself what a beautiful thing it is to make something that is all your own for everyone else to see, when the call to action came. I heard a few of us raising a commotion on the opposite side of the trees and I followed the noise through the smell of markers. When I finally reached my fellow roof-dwellers, Lange, the tall one, grabbed my shoulder and, squeezing with each word, said: "Do you see them over there, hoarding, protecting? We can see it coming. It was these same people who never saw what we dropped from them. "It was true, there was a tractor inching along the side of the roofs of the central city, and swept forward as one rush.

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