



Printed Matter

BY ANDY LIGUORI
Staff Writer

In choosing to review James Morrow's seminal work *Only Begotten Daughter*, I might have bitten off more than I can chew, in that Morrow's work leaves so very little to criticize that it might be easier just to write "READ THIS BOOK!" a hundred times down the page.

Only Begotten Daughter is the story of Julie Katz, Jesus' half-sister (on God's side). Brought into the world via the union of her father's donation at a sperm bank and a holy ovum (hardly a storybook catechism), she spends her life striving to reconcile her divinity with the rest of her life. Murray Katz, her father, persuades her to keep her divinity under wraps in the interest of having a normal existence. However, it soon becomes clear that the new Messiah must live up to her heritage at some point, and finally Julie uses her power to defeat an ultra-conservative religious cult's attempt to destroy Atlantic City.

Julie's life then becomes a battle with the world, the Devil, and, at times, herself.

Characterization, an element usually sorely lacking in fantasy novels, is utilized to great effect in *Only Begotten Daughter*. Morrow actually seems to like all of his characters (including Satan) which helps elicit an empathic response from the reader; I actually felt sad when Murray Katz died.

Morrow's writing style, which frequently invokes comparisons to those of Tom Robbins and Kurt Vonnegut, is a pleasure to read. Morrow possesses the uncanny ability to know exactly when the story might get bogged down, and accordingly speeds up the pace of those sections of the novel. Throughout the novel, most things are handled lightly with a distinct comic tone. However, Morrow's irreverence might be a problem for those readers who refuse to put their doctrinal belief aside, as Morrow frequently uses it as the target of satirical barrages.

Only Begotten Daughter, winner of the 1991 World Fantasy Award, is an impressive tour de force of fantasy, or any other genre for that matter.

The Dots

and I

BY PAIGE MCRAE
Staff Writer

Together since 1981, the Legendary Pink Dots have had a prodigious musical output in their years together. Originally an East London-based band, they relocated to the Netherlands in 1985 after response to their album "The Tower" wasn't as good as hoped. However other albums such as "Princess Coldheart", "Crushed Velvet Apocalypse" and the newly released "Chemical Playschool" won them a loyal fan base.

On Friday August 29, I was fortunate enough to see the Dots at Charlotte's Tremont Music Hall and even noticed a hearse in the parking lot. After a long line and interminable opening act, they finally took the stage.

The relatively inconspicuously dressed lead singer Edward Ka-spel conducted himself with the sort of lazy majesty that comes with being the British lead singer of a long surviving band. The more flamboyant saxophonist, decked out in an exotic print robe and hat, came out into the audience. The keyboardist peered out into the audience through long black bangs.

The music seemed to dwell in a shadowy limboland that slightly resembled the darker aspects of Pink Floyd. The lyrics were often disturbed interior monologues. Some lines were delivered in an urgent, impassioned tones, such as "Take me as I am/ Take us as we are / Take things as they come."

As the set progressed, they audience's enthusiasm increased and when it was done, they cheered for an encore. The band obliged and a single bass note sounded for a good while after they departed.

Root Beer Diaries

BY CATIE BRALY
Features Columnist

Welcome to Guilford. I feel like I have heard those words enough in the past few weeks that I have a few of those greetings to share with you.

I am the new columnist for the features section (pause for applause.) I will be coming to you once a week with some sort of rant coming from the pit of my mind (again, hold for applause.) Thank you for making me feel so welcome.

I feel somewhat sage-like when it comes to this whole "living away from home" thing (yes, I am part of that 28% or so who came here straight from boarding school hell.) I walked through the halls of my dorm during the days of Chaos, and watched all of the first-year students desperately attempting to settle into their dorm rooms, arranging and rearranging their rooms trying to recreate that familiarity of home.

So, with that in mind, please allow me to share with you a story that I heard while watching a cinematographic masterpiece...well, actually it was in a Sylvester Stallone movie, and it was a complete disgrace to the film industry, but the story does have some truth to it.

If you can make it through the triteness, I think you could learn a lot.

Once upon a time, there was

a little mouse who was stranded in a snowy meadow, freezing to death. The poor little mouse was alone, and the snow was so thick and deep that he had no clue how to get back to his burrow.

Suddenly, a cow who was wandering through the pasture pooped on the little field mouse. At first the mouse was disgusted with his surroundings. But then, he noticed how warm the doo was, and how he was suddenly feeling so much better. His heart rate began to speed up, and he began regaining his strength.

Overhead, there was an eagle circling the pasture. She spotted the little field mouse in the pasture, wiggling around in the pile of doo. So, she swoops down, picks the little field mouse out of the pile of doo and ate him.

The moral of the story? Not everyone who poops on you is your enemy, and not everyone who gets you out of poop is your friend.



Catie relaxes on a Beemer.

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The Phonathon operates from Sunday through Thursday evenings from 6 until 9 and lasts about 3 weeks.

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