



minor  
threats

**“Transcending Type”**

Mon., Jan. 28, 10 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
A&A (Art & Architecture Bldg.),  
180 York St.



COURTESY PRINCE

Oh Prince! You are a fountain of blood in the shape of a boy.

**“The Perfect Storm: Sitting a Wind Park in Nantucket Sound”**

Thurs., Feb. 2, 4 p.m.  
Bowers Aud. Sage Hall, F&ES  
(Forestry & Environmental Studies), 205 Prospect St.

Sitter #1: “The Suck Zone.” It’s the point basically when the twister sucks you up. That’s not the technical term for it, obviously.

Sitter #2: When you used to tell me that you chase tornadoes, deep down I thought it was just a metaphor.

Sitter #3: Oh, red meat! We crave sustenance!

**“Extremity Trauma: What a Fracture Surgeon Sees on Plain X-Rays”**

Thurs., Feb. 2, 5:30 p.m.  
Fitkin Amphitheatre, 15 York St.

Fracture surgeon: Why, that looks like the finger of God!

**“Don’t Marry a Drunkard to Reform Him”**

Thurs., Feb. 2, 8:30 p.m.  
Yale Cabaret, 217 Park St.

Marry a drunkard to not reform him.

**“Somebodies and Nobodies: Overcoming the Abuse of Rank: Special Workshop”**

Thu Feb 2 2006 2 to 4 p.m.  
Rm. LL1, 221 Whitney Ave.

The finger of God: Basketball bones! I’ve got the basketball bones ooh baby ooh ooh ooooooh.

*Every single day we walk down the street, we hear people say, “Baby, so sweet.” Ever since puberty, everybody stares at us. Boys, girls, we can’t help it, baby. Baby boys, baby girls, we’ll help you, baby animals in the night, men by day, beasts in the gloaming of our digestion.*

# Sleeping beauty, once upon an orgy

By Cynthia Wandia

An ugly and macabre side to a timeless love story goes up this weekend at the Yale Cabaret. *Sleeping Beauty*, a dark tale about “one stored as a princess and stirred by a prince,” aims to reinvent the wheel by focusing not on the storied princess, but rather on the demons that awaken thereafter.

The play opens with an encounter between the prince and eponymous princess. Mounted on a raised platform, encased in a wooden vest, she is surrounded by flowing white sheets. The prince hobbles in, crippled and leaning heavily on wooden crutches, humbly juxtaposed against the regal image of the princess on the dais. After attempting unsuccessfully to kiss the princess, he resorts to cunnilingus—and the princess awakens. Fueled by this triumph, in the play’s definitive transformation, the prince becomes convinced he must be God, having raised the princess from the dead. Emboldened, the prince sheds his crutches and swaggers around the stage, for the first time, with confidence.

The princess (Sofia Gomez, DRA ’06) is a narcissist who doesn’t remember much of the past and must question her own identity. Initially unsure how to respond to her abrupt awakening, and lost in the world she finds herself in, she asks the prince, “Should I submit to the truth of your being?” She continues by beginning to mimic his movements in a show of subservience; soon, she’s demanding the attention she believes she deserves.

The prince’s transformation from humility to majesty is powerfully portrayed by Mike Floyd, DRA ’06, whose bold strut reeks of hubris. “I am power,” he proclaims, threatening that, having created her, he could as easily destroy her. He comes to exhibit masochistic tendencies that merge with sadism, tugging the princess towards him by her nipples before roughly pushing her away, and cackling with glee. The two engage in a power struggle

throughout the play, their egos clashing violently as they fight for supremacy.

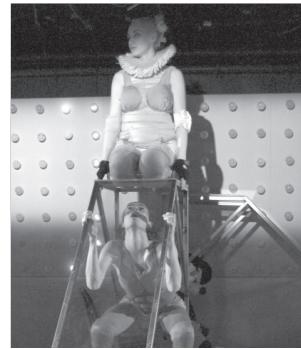
Director Yana Ross takes great liberties in bringing this dramatic story to life. Her approach is groundbreaking, a powerful response to the challenge of trying to convert a nine-page play into a full-fledged theatrical production. The dingy feel of the Cabaret’s under-

ground stage (at 217 Park St.) and blood-red walls only enhances this production’s sense of grit and pain. Honest, spare sexuality punctuates the entire play: It begins with the orgasmic “kiss” that awakens the princess, traces through the production in the pair’s constant bump-and-grind back-and-forth, and ultimately climaxes—literally—in an orgy with inflatable dolls and teddy bears. Visual elements, which complement the play appropriately, provide echoes of graphic sexuality, bloody force, and strange, dissonant ideas of beauty. Background lights flash occasionally, spelling out words such as “being.” Little more than a glass platform, inflatable sex dolls, neon lights, and a caged bunny (whose role in the finale is eyebrow-raising), the set itself is an experiment in minimalism.

Writer Elfriede Jelinek, the winner of the 2004 Nobel Prize for Literature, is a known upstart. Celebrated in Europe for the intensity and frankness of her writing, her fame is not as widespread in the United States. Still, there is no denying the quiet power that lies beneath the surface of her work. Ultimately, *Sleeping Beauty* is a play that explores our illusions—of sexuality, of power, of being itself—in an unconventional and occasionally disturbing way. Themes are brashly delivered, with powerful references to domination and submission that make this experimental piece both worth seeing and worth approaching with wariness. But be warned: You will never look at fairy tales the same way again.

**Sleeping Beauty**

Yale Cabaret  
Jan. 26-28  
Tickets: ysd.cabaret@yale.edu



VALERIE CERVANTES/YH

Tut tut.

## Hummus: the po’ Yalie’s love potion

By Benjamin Siegel

Allow me to say a word in praise of the humble chickpea. All-too-frequently maligned as that putrid legume that is unceremoniously dumped raw on top of your Greek salad, the chickpea is certainly the most versatile of the pulses, cooked into any number of satisfying forms. An Indian chef can turn dried chickpeas into chana masala, fritters made of chickpea flour, or the street snack food known as chaat; même le Français in the South turn chickpea flour into socca—savory pancakes that make their Parisian countrymen swoon with jealousy.

What does all this have to do with me, you’re asking, the perennially cash-strapped and hungry Yalie? Well, the pitifully inexpensive chickpea may just prove to be your low-cost key to party-hosting sophistication. With most of Lynwood Ave. excused, the Yalie hosting a party or somewhat less inebriated get-together has the social responsibility to provide more than just Popov and a red cup (don’t quote me on this, DSers, but I think it’s in Rousseau). A few plates of homemade hummus with a stack of warm pitas will do the trick perfectly.

There are other reasons to make your own: Heroically garlicky hummus is the great romantic equalizer, provided you proceed with caution. If you haven’t partaken in it yourself, locking lips with someone who’s just come back from Mamoun’s leaves a little something to be desired (where that “little something” is “Listerine”), but to rely on a trite phrase, the couple who eats hummus together might also just wake up in time to eat runny eggs in J.E. in their pajamas together.

Besides, if there’s anything that five semesters in inane sections have taught me, there’s nothing Yalies love more than a pointless argument, and making your own hummus instantly entitles you to join the teeming millions wrestling over who’s got the best combination of

garbanzos, garlic, tahini and spices (hint: The answer is not the Tribe hummus company). Trust me: The real Middle East conflict has very little to do with Israel and Palestine; think hummus, not Hamas, and you’ll get the picture. On top of that, the ingredients for creamy, garlicky hummus can be purchased with the



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Don’t be fooled by the rocks that I got.

spare change found between the cushions on your common-room couch.

You’ll need a blender. You can borrow your friend’s or, in a pinch, a drink blender will work just fine—but make sure to clean out well afterward unless you’ve got a thing for garlicky daiquiris. You should come back from a quick stop at Shaw’s, or from your off-campus friend whose life on Edgewood has injured him or her to the annoyances of theft, with canned chick peas, many cloves of garlic, olive oil, salt, pepper, cumin, and tahini—the crushed sesame-seed paste that you can find in the Middle East section. Occasionally you’ll find it along with the Jewish foods, squeezed in between a bottle of Manischewitz and a box of matzo meal, neither of which is recommended as a suitable accompaniment to your DIY hummus.

But the recipe for delicious hummus couldn’t be easier. Blend together a lot of

chickpeas, a fair amount of olive oil and tahini, a few garlic cloves, and salt, pepper, and cumin to taste. The real artistry is in the ratio, and you’ll soon figure out what tastes best. My advice? Go heavy on the tahini. Think of yourself as a fraternity brother making punch, with tahini your grain alcohol, and you’ll be on the right track to creamy hummus success. Spread your tahini on a plate swiped from the dining hall, garnish with some cumin or paprika, and you’re done.

Should you not feel up to the task of making hummus yourself, or your blender is caked-over with the fruity, dried remains of last week’s margarita party, you’ve got other options; there’s no paucity of places in town for good hummus. Mamoun’s (85 Howe St.) is the most famous of the bunch, but is faced these days with increasingly garlicky competition from Sahara (170 Temple St.). Both Mamoun’s and Sahara stay open late, in case you get a 2 a.m. baba ghanouj fix.

But the award for friendliest daytime hummus joint may go to King Falafel (240 College St.), where the convivial lunchtime counter-man dishes out a slew of vegetarian and non-vegetarian wraps and plates. Even if the tortilla—instead of a warm pita—is a bit of a misfire, the meals are cheap and delicious. Be sure to ask for the sumac and onion condiment, a delicious, if eerily bright purple, addition to your sandwich.

All of these places will also do a plate of hummus to go. Place it in your refrigerator if you can’t finish it, but be warned: Without the preservatives of most store-bought hummus, your Mamoun’s hummus will go bad faster than a private-school kid on Old Campus.

As always, be sure to enjoy your hummus responsibly. Always cover it in the refrigerator unless you want everything else to taste like the Gilroy Garlic Festival. And if you’re going to lock lips after indulging, make sure your partner has also partaken before he or she gives you the garlicky go-ahead.