

the  
*G*allery

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Fall 2010

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# Plastic Absolutes

When I was a child,  
I imagined cities in miniature.

My house was the city,  
My city was the country,  
My country was the world,  
My world was the universe.

As such, I was God.  
Or at least the mayor.

—Connor Smith



*Built to Spill*  
Zachary Doelp

My father sat in the bathroom  
The phone to his ear.  
Mom stood over the sink  
Reading a kitschy magazine.  
I leaned against a counter  
Tossing burned thoughts around my mind.

“Was he in the hospital? Hospice?”  
“When I die, you better cry buckets.”

Evidently, when I was a  
Small child, he stepped  
On one of my toys and  
Cussed at me in a fury.

“I’ll ask Carol about sending flowers.”  
“Look, solar-powered Queen Elizabeth figurines.”

Dad told me once  
That Grandpa would take  
His golden retriever fishing  
And leave him behind.

“I’m just glad its over, that it doesn’t take any longer.”  
“Oh, Fallingwater miniatures! I love Fallingwater!”

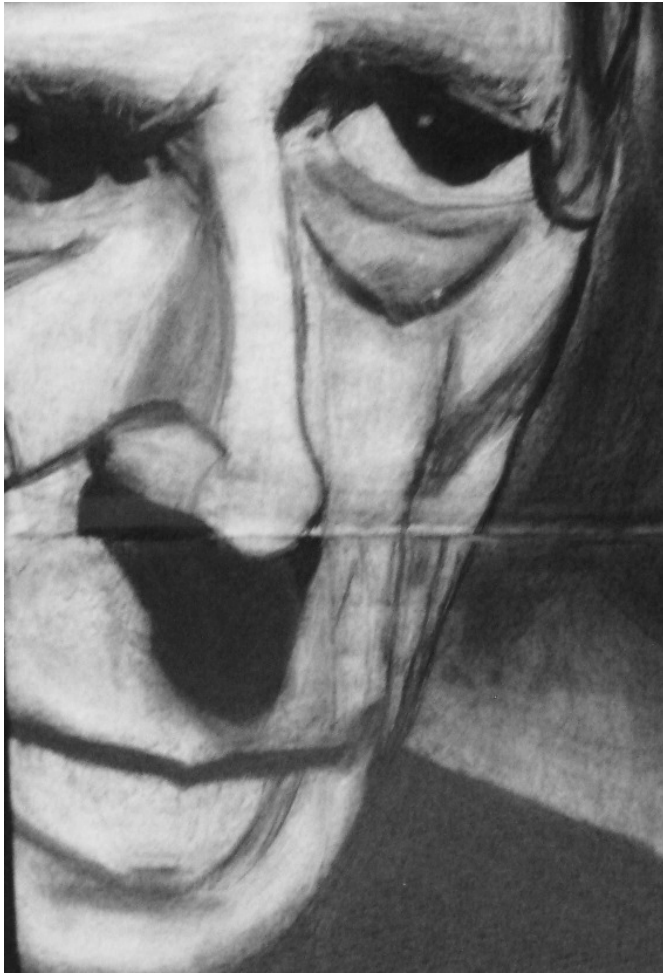
We drove through the Sierra Nevadas  
And I imagined that the crags and  
Cliffs were the wrinkles of his  
Face.

“No, it just doesn’t make sense for me to fly out.”  
“Such cute stuffed animals!”

-And that the flat,  
Modest, burning hot  
Reno was the simple  
Humbleness of his heart.

“Saturday? Really? That soon?”  
“He’s probably on ice.”

# Elegy to Sidney Kenzer



*Bygone*

**Ashley Brykman**

He gave me a painting  
From above his bedposts  
Cubist and brutal, painted  
By a lost relative.

“He was 85, and didn’t want to live.”  
“Its still sad.”

No-one wept the day  
My grandfather died  
A dog barked down the street  
And the sun shown a little darker.

—Ben Kenzer

by Carrie Crow

# Action • Man of

Pastrami tasted better in the conference room. So Donald Wigans perched in the soft seat, savoring the pastrami on rye, smoothed by mayonnaise – light mayonnaise, if Adair was watching – and peppered with rebellion. He could never eat it on his desk – the picture of him and Adair at the Outer Banks five years ago was a tender reminder denying him mayonnaise was her way to keep him around longer. Easing back, Donny opened his phone for the lunchtime call to Adair.

After the phone rang, the door handle twitched. Donny instinctively dove under the table, hunkering beneath with his pastrami. The door opened. Mr. Crinch? Why in the world was his boss in here? The company strictly forbid it. His dress pants swished as he turned and closed the door. He wouldn't dare – “Hi sweetie!” Donny heard Adair's warm voice the moment before he hung up on her.

Mr. Crinch's feet paused. He swiveled this way and that, but said nothing. Donny let out his breath low and easy. *Sorry, Adair*, Donny thought. He would call her back when he wasn't hiding under a table. Shoes clapped on carpet. Right, left, right, left. Slap. Something on the table. Papers spilled out, followed by rustling – wait. Not papers. Donny's darkest fears were confirmed when Donny heard what sounded like a bite from a sandwich. That traitor. All those

lectures on conference room care and etiquette. Donny bitterly curled up tighter, nibbling on his sandwich with all possible stealth. What a failed rebellion.

The door opened again. Miranda Crinch? She taught second grade at the school down the street from him. She was the kind of woman you dropped your kids off with and never thought twice about. Her Crocs padded in from under her apple-patterned dress. “James,” she said.

“Miranda?” Mr. Crinch's feet jolted, almost kicking Donny.

“I'm packed.” Her voice held a mysterious heft. What in the world? Was Boss Crinch stealing away into the afternoon with his wife and illicit sandwich?

“Miranda!” Mr. Crinch's feet planted on the floor, like he attempted to stand. “Here? Now? Can't we talk when I get home?”

Her voice restrained, she said, “I won't be there.”

The bottom lip of his sandwich sagged as Donny realized what this was about. Mr. Crinch started what Donny dubbed the Flustered Crinch. “Miranda, this is my office-“

Wrong answer – even Donny could see that, and he only saw shoes.

“*Everywhere* is your office. I told you I wouldn't wait forever.”

“But now-“



"I asked if we could go to couples' counseling."

"Wait, is that what this is about?"

"I told you I couldn't do it alone."

Donny swallowed. Loud. The sound caught in his throat. No one in the room was observant, however. "Tell her she doesn't have to," Donny thought, clutching his sandwich. "Tell her you'll do the counseling, you didn't realize!" That's what Donny did.

Mr. Crinch crossed his legs again. "You're leaving me because you can't be alone?" Mr. Crinch snapped. Such a bad answer, Donny nearly threw his sandwich at him.

Make the lady feel stupid, that'll bring her running back.

Miranda's Crocs stepped back. "I learned to be alone," Miranda said, not quivering for a moment. "And I decided that's how I'd rather keep it that way. I'm sorry you couldn't notice."

Mrs. Crinch's feet swiveled as she turned. He muttered "Miranda, Miranda, Miranda," as if to remember her name, and grasp it. Her feet reached the door. "Quick! Tell her you love her, tell her you'll do anything!" Donny thought. The door swept closed, the chair slumped with Mr. Crinch.. That was it? No running to save his lady fair? Just swish – click! – done? Donny left a business conference, nearly getting fired to take Adair to the Outer Banks and spend those three days fighting with his wife while his kids were with her parents. He swallowed the bitterest pill of his life and painstakingly

rebuilt his marriage bit by bit.

Donny forgot all about his sandwich. Shoving the chairs aside, he heard Mr. Crinch jump as he rose from beneath the table. Waving his half-eaten pastrami on rye, Donny slammed a hand on the table. "You're letting her walk out the door?"

"You? You were under the table that whole time?" the flustered Crinch said.

"That's absurd!"

“You’re leaving me because you can’t be alone?” Such a bad answer, Donny nearly threw his sandwich at him.

Donny ignored the question with a dismissive sweep of the pastrami. “You let her walk out and leave without even trying!” Ripping off a bit of the sandwich in his incisors, he shook his head. “And

eating in the conference room.... For shame.” Pushing through the conference room door, Donny returned to his desk.

He lay his sandwich on his desk, its rebellion done. Several of the employees peeked through the blinds and cast quizzical glances. Opening a spreadsheet, Donny resumed business as usual. Mr. Crinch came out of the conference room. The crowd scattered and the blinds scuttled and dropped. He cast an authoritative look, but when his eyes met Donny's, he flinched. He stood at the window, silently looking out.

Donny managed to catch Adair. “Honey, what was that about?” she asked, confused. “A bad connection?” No anger. No suspicion. Just concerned confusion.

Donny touched the frame of his picture from the Outer Banks, a tender reminder. “A very bad connection.”

# GO Johnny GO!

I never wanted to have kids  
when they told me about the program  
I said no  
then there was a rush of wetness  
signaling the end  
of my unsentimentality  
and I broke  
rooting for a revival of the nature  
I never claimed to enjoy

—Shelly Holder

My big brother bought Amy a parrot  
before he left for the Gulf.  
Its green feathers sparred  
with her white gloves.

Then, Billy died in the grassy mud  
along the Euphrates.  
Everyone came to visit.

Amy brought a tray of donuts  
covered with cellophane.  
She looked like a server  
in her white gloves.  
She told us  
she walked to the Ochlocknee  
and set the parrot free.

I wanted a donut,  
was afraid to take one.  
Momma's face told me I shouldn't.  
Somehow I knew it wasn't the donuts  
but the red spots on Amy's gloves

That night I heard God's song  
seep through my locked fingers  
like the chords  
of Sopchoppy's swinging bridge.

The notes carried the tune of my brother's memory:  
*we told stories by flashlight*  
*stole watermelons from Mr. Johnson's field*  
*jumped our bikes into the Apalach river.*

I ran to the Ochlocknee  
when morning broke.  
I thought Billy would be there,  
fishing along the bank.  
The crows called my name.  
The frogs had already stopped singing.  
All I found was a parrot's head  
bobbing in the muddy water.

# muddy waters

—Earl McKenzie

# Four Seasons

## Spring

The trees even see the need for Green Leafe,  
But can't seem to pull up their roots and go.  
All lingering drops of beer are so brief  
And push away what's left for me to know.  
Outside, the underclassmen packing bags  
And saying, "see ya in the fall. Call me."  
Are visible while I'm taking these drags  
Of cigarettes like they might forestall me  
From running out of town when the time comes.  
Our waiter pops the question with the check:  
"What are you celebratin', all you bums?"  
I say nothing, lock eyes and flick my neck.  
He nods. More beer. He's a man in the know:  
In spring, everything needs liquid to grow.

## Summer

If I leave here on Highway 64,  
Leave behind the tourists, the humid air,  
And leave behind you, wondering 'What for?'  
My leaving leaves us all wondering where,  
Past the warm inlets, beaches, and marshes  
I will go for my strategic retreat.  
I, like Napoleon's army marches,  
Hear Russian in my future, then defeat.  
I regroup again at peak of the State,  
Pass out in an off-kilter parking space,  
And find myself home again, yet be late,  
Much too late to cure that look on your face.  
How far I've gone from you, I do not know.  
But this, how far I still have yet to go.



*Untitled*

**Kristen McBride**

# of Williamsburg



## Fall

Someone called the weatherman to order  
A gardenful of slick and painting mud.  
Leave your shoes and walk across the border,  
Surprised this other world can also flood.  
Let's feed ourselves and then wait out the rain.  
I'll meet you at your favorite dining hall.  
Our conversation suddenly is plain  
So rest assured: Everything will fall.  
While the campus maple leaves are dying,  
Someone's life outside of me will grow.  
I can't leave this room or bother trying,  
And who am I to swim against this flow?  
I've no desire to see your face at all,  
but call me up. I'll walk, or swim, or crawl.

## Winter

The strobe of sunlight through the barren trees,  
The final dozen flowers' curtain call,  
The mud under feet, the impending freeze,  
We try to forget memories of Fall.  
So peel off a layer of your onion skin  
And peel away the other things you bought.  
The light through the blinds is also growing thin.  
We talk small then you'll ask me, "хочешь спать?"  
And like the cold among the missing leaves,  
That's bringing a new brood of winds and sleets,  
The part of you that no longer believes,  
And the cold spot where once was warm on sheets..  
Though yours or my affection may still beat,  
A system closed will always lose its heat.

—Andrew McCartney



*Na Krov*

**Connor Smith**

# ALL Fall DOWN

Within the silver mist  
they'll tell stories about themselves  
skipping like children – stones  
to dodge unrelenting pasts.  
They'll speak in shapes  
until the world folds into  
tiny creases and  
only then will they know we  
were only paper dolls, after all.

—Bailey Kielarowski



ourney  
to the  
**Skeleton House**

By Earl McKenzie

Adam and Melissa Hightower trudge north. The Funeral Mountain Range lifts to their right, Death Valley's salt flats to the left. Their clothes reek of two-day-old sweat. Adam needs to find water for his daughter's return trip. She had wasted too much washing her hands, face, and legs. She used half a bottle to rinse her Nikes. He regrets letting her come along.

Adam marches onward, concealing his trembling legs from Melissa. Six months ago, he maintained a stout Shoshone frame. Now his flesh lies across his bones, taunt like a sheet, his neck thin and scrawny like a buzzard's. He should've known better than to try this hike while fasting. Why didn't he do the vision quest before he left? He can't go on much farther.

Adam's coydog, Skull, stays ahead of them. Skull glances back to make sure Adam and Melissa haven't turned to a new direction. They reach one of the small canyons, which led into the rocky brown Funeral Range. Skull brakes lead, as he sometimes does, to investigate the gorge. An iguana sits at the base of the ravine on a sun struck rock, its tail fat and plump; they are near water.

They follow the coydog. Skull quickens his pace as he moves uphill.

The gorge's brush turns from a grayish-brown to a grayish-green, as they hike up the canyon. A roadrunner dashes across Skull's path. He ignores it and trots onward; water is definitely close. Three hundred feet up, the canyon levels off to a deeper green. Adam stumbles onto the flattened section. Forty yards ahead, Skull drinks from a small pool.

"We'll camp here," Adam says.

Adam sits on a smooth rock facing west. He watches the desert change. Across the flats, the sun dips behind the Panamint Mountains. The white salt plain turns a sickly, dead-flesh color. Shadows close to him grow longer, stretching up the hill, recoiling from the valley as if they know death lingers. Perhaps they draw away from him, retreating from the stench inside his body.

Melissa dumps her backpack on the ground. She rummages through it. "Dad, did you bring Chapstick?"

"Stop licking your lips."

Adam doesn't know why he had called his daughter. He debated it for a week. He paced back and forth, avoiding holes in the floor of his fourteen-foot trailer. He had called her less than a dozen times over the past 20 years, seen her fewer than that. He had nothing to leave his



only child. A '89 ford pickup, rusting outside, that hasn't move in five years. The metal box he lived in, as rotten as his lungs. When he built up enough courage to call, he walked to the Reservation's Circle K. When he told her he planned to go to the Skeleton House, she didn't understand it meant he was going to die. He had to explain. She was too much like her mother. Too white.

"Dad, this is stupid! Coming all the way out here."

Adam builds a fire in the last rays of sunlight. He spreads a blanket and removes his shirt. Adam ties an eagle feather to his forehead with a leather strap, oiled and rubbed to a subdued sheen. He opens a fold of wax paper. With two fingers, he smears *toho*, black shale, on his chin.

"Are you going to talk to me or not?"

"I didn't ask you out here."

"Then why did you call?"

Adam removes two peyote buttons from a leather pouch and slices them.

"I didn't come all the way from LA to watch you die." Melissa sits on the other side of the fire. "You shouldn't have stopped the chemo. A lot of people survive cancer once they get rid of it."

Adam stops cutting the cactus. "You don't have to watch me die. You insisted on coming out, remember? Tomorrow, I'll walk out across the flats, to the Skeleton House. You can go back, go home."

"You're hanging on to some old Indian voodoo magic bullshit when you should be going to the hospital. Oh, and by the way, modern medicine works. There is no Skeleton House out there, just sand

and 115-degree heat." Melissa stands. "This is stupid. I wish I hadn't come."

Adam continues slicing the peyote, nibbling small pieces as he works.

"Great, I'm going to be stuck out here with a wacked-out old man," she raises her voice, "who isn't right in the head to begin with!"

"This is for my vision ceremony to receive instructions before I go to the Skeleton House."

She lies on her sleeping bag and turns her back to him.

**“I didn't come all the way from LA to watch you die.”**

Melissa doesn't stir until the sun strips away the shade on their side of the

mountain, two hours after sunrise. "I see you're still alive. Did you have a nice trip?"

Adam sits by the spent campfire. "I spoke with Grandfather. He told me to make a *nakwakwosis*, a prayer feather and collect creosote leaves. I collected the leaves already, before you woke up."

She wipes the sleep from her eyes as she walks to the waterhole. "Whatever."

The depression holding the water is surrounded by white granite, weathered and bleached by time. The water's path, smooth and discolored, leaves a clear track leading up the mountain range. Melissa kneels and splashes her face.

A low, constant hiss comes from the waterhole. Adam jumps to his feet. He throws his hand up, open palm toward Melissa. "Don't move."

A snake strikes her arm. Melissa screams. Adam looks for a stick as he runs to her. There are none. Skull runs down the canyon toward the pool and stops short, looking around, alert. A

sidewinder throws its head in front of its body, anchoring it in the sand and pulls its body away from the waterhole and Melissa. Skull charges the snake. Adam takes his daughter's arm. He sucks hard and spits. He reacted without thinking. Does he have a cut in his mouth? His lips are not chapped or cracked. If he does, it means death for both of them. He continues sucking the poison until he only tastes blood.

Adam helps her to the sleeping bag. Skull slings his head back and forth, whiplashing the snake gripped in his mouth. "Lay down." He feeds her his crushed creosote leaves. Adam strips the bottom half of his eagle feather. Then he wraps his leather band around the bare half of the quill. Within hours, a fever sets in. Adam mixes slivers of peyote with his creosote leaves. He is not sure if the peyote will help; she has not fasted to remove salt from her system. He feeds her his mixture.

For two days, he dances, waving the *nakwakwosis* over her fevered body. He gives her water when she can drink. Skull comes and goes. Melissa's speech is disconnected. Adam dances for hours, sometimes collapses, wakes up and begins again. Adam sings to the ancestors. They will see his young daughter is strong in body and will, like all Shoshone. They will guide her back.

After her fever breaks on the third day, she regains consciousness. Adam makes her stay under his makeshift lean-to. Her right arm is swollen. She rubs it and says it's stiff.

She tells him about a dream. "I was walking in a sandstorm. It died off, and I saw people talking around a campfire. I was cold, so I went up to them. They

all knew me and were happy to see me. I don't know these people, but somehow, in my dream, I knew them. I know that sounds wack, but it's true. I can't explain it. Anyway, you walked up, and you were young. Strong." She makes a bulging motion over her arm with her left hand. "With big muscles like this. They said I had to go back. I couldn't stay. Then that stupid dust storm started up again. And their skin flowed away, like it was sand or something. They all became skeletons. Then there was a house on stilts with a ladder. They all climbed up the ladder. I tried to follow, but it was made out of sunflower stalks and it broke when I stepped on it. The storm got worse and I got scared. So I ran away. After the storm, I tried to find the house again, but I couldn't."

Adam smiles. "It was rough going there for a while."

"That dream was probably from all that stupid talk about the Skeleton House."

"Probably."

She takes his hand. "I wish you were as strong as you once were...the way you were in my dream."

"We can't stay young forever. But you will be strong enough to walk back tomorrow."

"Are you still going out into the desert?"

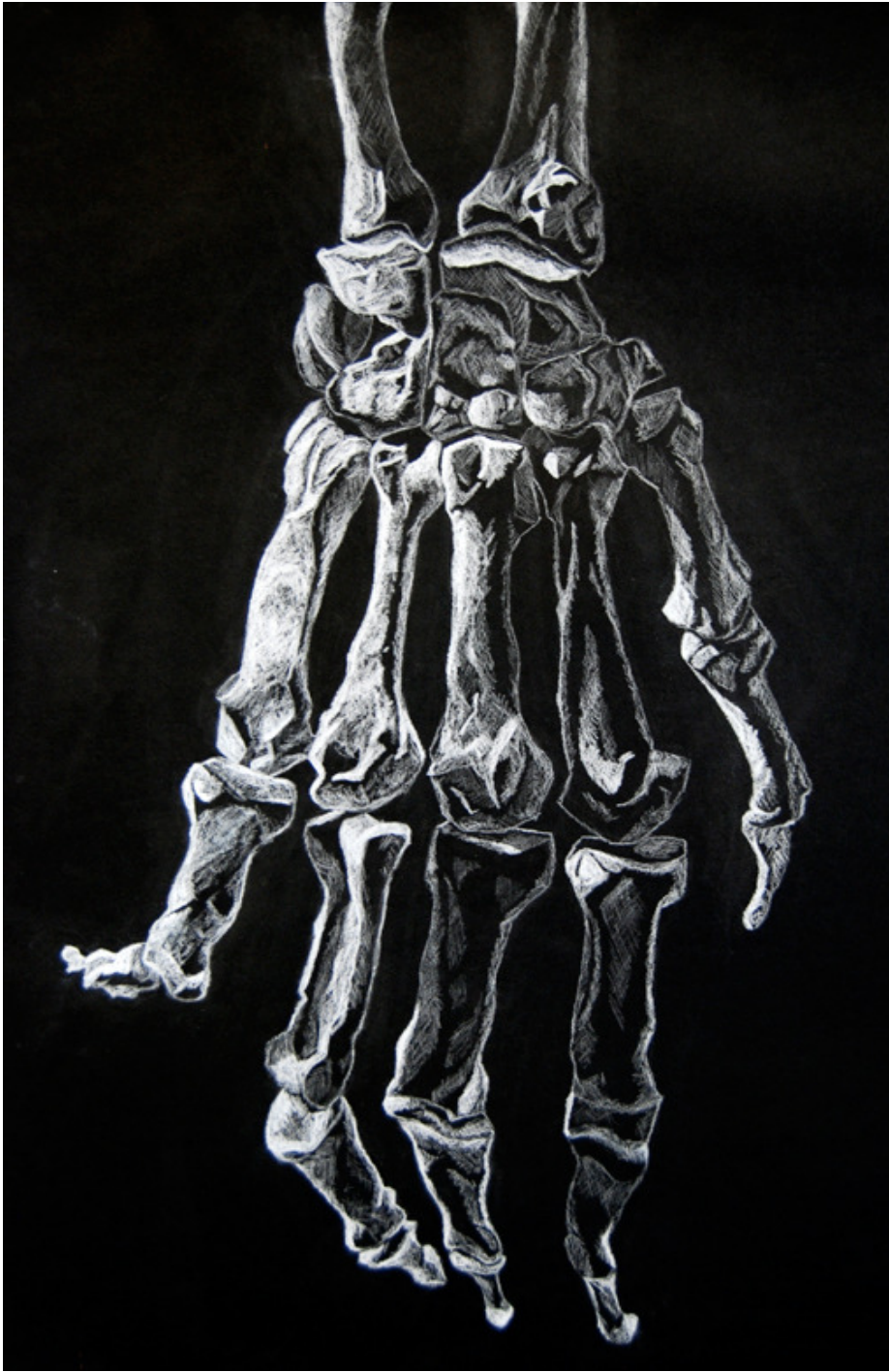
"Yes."

Melissa turns her head. Her eyes water over. She doesn't cry. She is strong. She is Shoshone.

"Will you help me make a *nakwakwosis* before you go? I want to take one back with me."

Adam hands her his prayer feather. "You can have mine."

*G*



*Skeleton Hand*  
**Alix Kashdan**

*Concerning the Wildlife of Angeles,  
the Pattern of Their  
Dispersal  
Away from an  
Unkempt  
Fury*

smoke regresses into steam,  
the burning husk which roams about  
doused by rushed lullabies  
and in its wake  
piles  
of decommissioned wood,  
equated with the floor.

evicted by a red sky,  
they return to find  
burrows and nests  
blackened and dry;

a handful of seeds  
a handful  
of berries  
the ardent singing of unfamiliar tunes  
along the encompassing black of the pavement,  
the barrier which turns every way

even the ghosts disperse,  
trudging through the brush, gnawing at big bear paws;

it is known that  
the canopy will regrow  
shrouding a sky eternally reminiscent  
of smoke

—Jacob McCollum



*Dynamic Horses*  
**Zachary Doelp**

Fahrenheit 451 told us that  
It was a pleasure to burn  
but was quickly silence by  
our boisterous The Good Earth bragging  
a bit too much about how  
It was Wang Lung's marriage day  
which got To Kill a Mockingbird  
off on some awkwardly tangential story.  
Something like

“When he was nearly thirteen, my brother  
Jem got his arm badly broken at the elbow.”  
Everyone listened on, trying to humor her,  
but after an hour, Macbeth had to leave.

“When shall we meet again,”  
he asked,

“In thunder, lightning, or rain?”

The Tin Drum wasn't sure what  
time would work for him,

“Granted, I am an inmate of  
a mental hospital.”

He pointed out.

That's nothing, The Stranger

had to point out, “Mamma died today.”

Things Fall Apart tried to cheer him

up, “Okonkwo was well known

throughout the nine villages and even

beyond.” Things Fall Apart had somehow

forgot Mamma was a “she”, and Okonkwo a “he”

(this does not even take in account

temporal and geographic discrepancies)

The Devil's Dictionary noticed this fault,

however, and defined the whole statement under

“Abasement.”

But then Anthem caught me watching on,

and exclaimed, “It is a sin to write this!”

Well, before I could protest,

Fahrenheit 451 took control, grabbing this poem, and

a lighter. He ran off, flames all around, yelling,

“It was a pleasure to burn.”

I turned to The Bible for help,

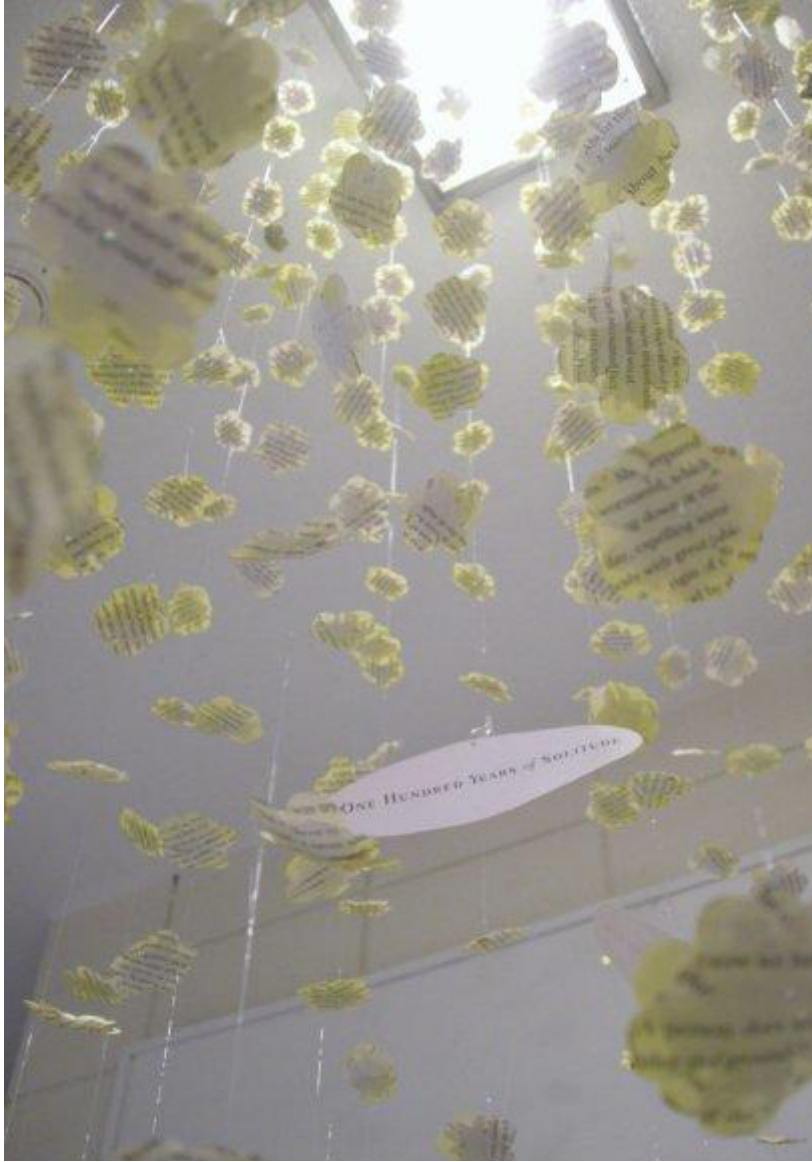
But it just shrugged, reminding me

(In my new poverty)

“First there was nothing.”

# 11:31

—Ben Kenzer



*Breath*  
**Michelle Repper**



*Plumage*

**Michelle Repper**

24





*Angkor*

**Connor Smith**



*Koi*  
**Zachary Doelp**



*Centophobia*  
**Zachary Doelp**

# To Gut a Deer

by Andrew McCartney

“First, you grab his weiner,” my cousin said.

I looked at him to see if there was a tell-tale smile on his face. Nope.

My family has a lot of traditions. The first is hunting. All the men hunt. If you don't hunt you're a boy or you're a woman. They assemble at 3:30 in the morning on the first day of deer season like a council of war, packing supplies, hand-warmers, bright orange articles of clothing, piss and vinegar. My grandmother talks about the brother she lost in the Battle of the Bulge, and I couldn't help but think about him as I trudged through the snow, my stomach turning to liquid on my first day of deer hunting, just shy of twelve. But that was last year.

Another tradition my family has is that you get a free pass the first deer you get. This means that one of the older, more experienced guys will gut it for you. My first deer I didn't deserve. After waking up at 5 AM, having maybe slept two hours, and placed in front of blank wall of trees and told to look for deer for a while, I fell asleep. When they woke me up, I could see the look on their faces, thinking maybe, That little shit. If this were the army, we'd shoot him for this. Then my dad, trained SWAT Sniper, spotted tan through the wall of brown and told me to shoot it when I was ready. I did. It was a clean shot, well aimed, and the deer didn't make it very far until we all came

upon its recently breathing corpse. It was a button buck. That means the deer was a preadolescent male, whose horns hadn't grown beyond stubble yet, like calcified inch-long peach fuzz. But I didn't have to gut it. As the sick old man--that one who once threw an American flag on the ground, pulled out a confederate flag and claimed it as his own--pulled out a knife and immediately went to work, my cousin whispered in my ear, “He actually likes doing this.” When he pulled out the heart and laid it, purple on the snow, I turned to my dad and said, “I should eat it.”

He looked at me and said, “Tatunka.”  
“Exactly.”

One more tradition: we make fun of me. Actually, we make fun of everyone. But I'm the runt, the last picked, the little guy. I bear the unmistakable genes of my mother's side of the family. I get my height from her father, whose nickname in the navy was Little George. He was Little George because the guy who went around calling everyone by their first and middle names, Jimmy Boyd (“like a New Yorker says ‘bird!’” he used to tell people), found my grandfather's middle name, Aloysius, too difficult to say. So he was Little George. And I was his little legacy in a family over six feet. When I was younger, we used to play football in the big field behind the house. I was too small to be anything other than the kicking tee. Back when we all used to play

football together: the other thing that made you a man. Back when all the men were still alive.

But I was too serious. I was Napoleon-short, too smart for my own good, and trying to make up for it. So they took the piss out of me whatever chance they'd get, sometimes trying to see how gullible the city boy could be out here in the hills and mountains, broken only by cow pastures and occasional fields of corn. They often got me.

"Seriously? You grab its weiner?"

"Yeah."

Here's what you do: You grab its weiner. You pull it out and flip out your dad's police-ordered spring-loaded buck knife and cut the flap of skin that connects the base of the penis to the underbel-

ly. You cut it all the way down, emasculating it by inches until you reach the skin by the anus. Then you drop the penis in the snow like a second, flaccid white tail. Then you can start the real work.

Next you find its xyphoid process, tracing its bottom ribs up to where they meet like a gothic arch. You stab carefully with the point of your knife here, trying to get all the way through the thick white fur and the skin, then slice downward like a surgeon. You have to be careful. If your knife doesn't go in far enough, you're just scratching off fur and the big men standing in a circle around you wonder why you're wasting their time being such a pussy. Dive in already. But if your knife goes too far, you can cut the bowel. Then you have to smell the sweet and rank vis-

cous shit as it pours out of the poor animal for the rest of the day. I did this the next year. Only once, and just barely, but it was enough.

When you've gotten all the way down from its ribs to its asshole, the whole cavity opens up like a bread bowl full of hot red soup. Steam rises into your face and blood pours out the bottom towards you. If you don't move quickly, it soaks in through the knees of your camouflage and turns your longjohns red. I had a lot to watch out for, and I was tense.

I moved in time.

This, I think, is when Dad gave me the bad news: "Take off your jacket and gloves."

"What?"

"You can't wear your jacket, you'll get blood all over it."

It was the Allegheneys in December. I took off my jacket. I took off the sweater I was wearing under it. I took off the Old Navy Performance Fleece I was wearing under that, the fleece that everyone made fun of me for ("Why are you wearing 'fleas?"). All I had on was an old t-shirt, stained from paintballs. I dropped my gloves.

You do the guts in two parts. First the digestive system. If you haven't gotten shit all over the place by now, it's easy enough to reach up to its stomach and pull everything out. It seems like yards of intestines, stomach, liver. Everything must go. That's the easy part. You can pretty much turn the damn thing over and dump all that out. Here's where I remembered my mom's little brother. He's another geeky runt, the first person in

“When he pulled out the heart and laid it, purple on the snow, I turned to my dad and said, ‘I should eat it.’”

any of our families to finish college. He's even got a Master's. When he was first learning all this, he clipped instructions on how to gut a deer out of a magazine he had found in the waiting room of a hospital and kept them in his coat pocket when he went hunting. Mom says that after the first time he killed a deer, he left the instructions in the steaming pile of guts he left behind on the snow. She said he didn't think he'd ever forget exactly how to do it.

I still can't. And here's the last step. By now, your hands are covered in hot sticky blood. They'll look reddish brown. In days past, before my brother and I made obvious liberals of ourselves, perhaps they would have made a comment about the change in skin color. Instead they kept silent and Dad gave me the last instruction: Reach inside as far as your hands can go and pull the rest of everything out. This means the heart and the lungs. This is where your bullet hits, if you're a good shot. This is where the blood puddled inside its running body, making haste of its own asphyxiation as its muscles probably cried out for oxygen that wasn't forthcoming. This is the site of its drowning in itself. Not always, though. Another cousin likes to go for head shots. One time he shot a deer through the nose. The exit wound was its asshole. He said they spent twenty minutes trying to figure out where the bullet penetrated before they found it. They might have been fucking with me. Another time, my uncle missed a deer, which was so startled it ran into a tree and broke its neck. I can confirm this because I saw the body. That was a few years, I think, before he died of cancer. I can also confirm that.

I reached into the deer as far as I could,

like I was reaching out to hug its respiration. I felt my hands moving gently, caressing the hidden spaces in between ribs and perfectly-shaped lungs. I felt my fingers meet at the back of everything, and I tugged everything forward like I was rowing a boat over by the dam. Everything came out. I piled it all on top of the digestive system and my dad handed me rope.

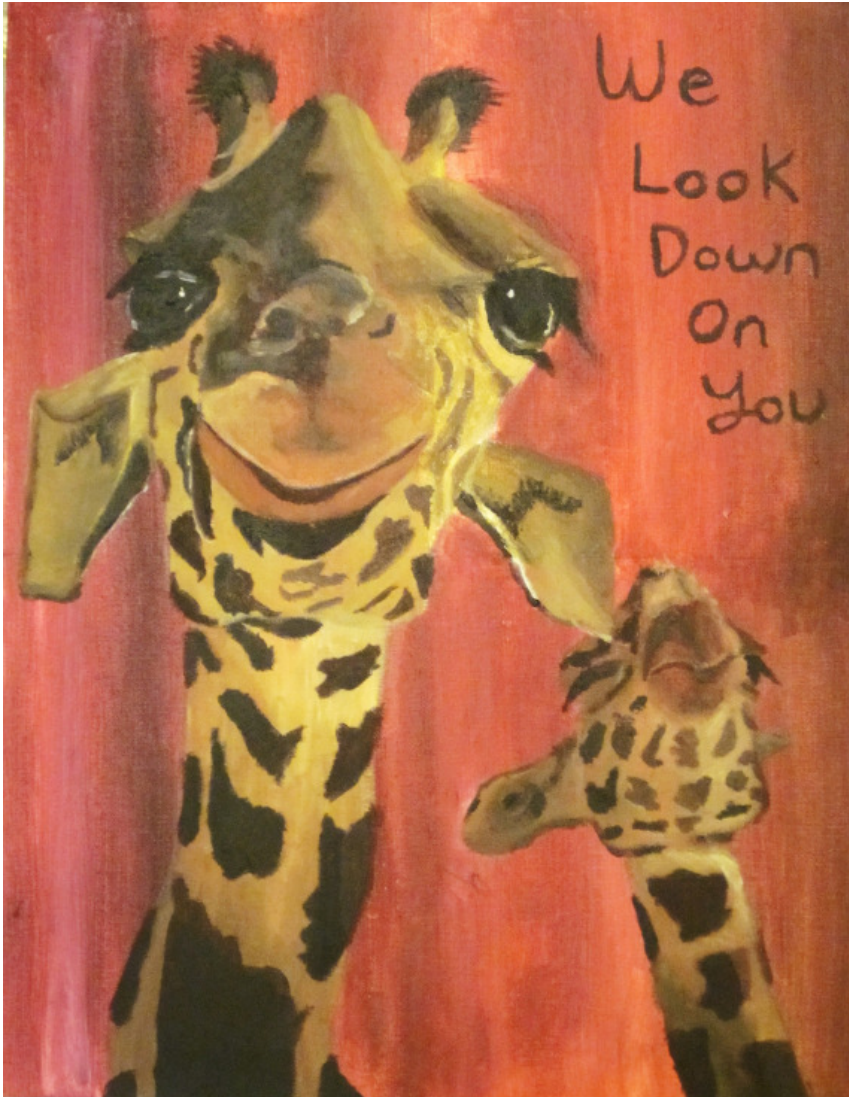
"Tie a knot, boyscout." That's right. If my parents had stayed here, I would have grown up in these forests, would have had plenty of time to get to know nature and survival skills, or at least the ones that came in handy. If you're too good at surviving out here in the trees, you're a pussy. Can't you rough it like the rest of us? So I was in the suburbs solution to that problem: I learned knots, knives, fire. I went camping. I went camping on nights that made the cold Pennsylvania snow seem warm by comparison; I camped on days that made the steaming guts feel cold by comparison. I camped without fires and without food and sometimes without tents. But they still took the piss out of me.

"Tie a knot, boyscout." I pulled some string around the thick neck and held the two loose ends together. What's the right knot for this? I could remember how to tie maybe half a dozen, but they don't always teach you what they're for. Sometimes it's just memorization of hand movements. What's the right knot for this? A bowline. I was sure of it. That's how the red cross gets a body out of a dangerous place: tie a bowline around the person's waist. But I couldn't remember a bowline. Something about a rabbit coming out of a hole, running around a tree (the other part of the rope) and going back in the hole again. On the

drive home, Dad will show me the grove where he shot the first animal he killed: a rabbit. I couldn't remember a bowline, so I tied a slipknot I had taught myself at summer camp the year prior. By the time we got back to the cavalcade of pickups, the slipknot had tightened so much that it yanked all the fur out, which left a Hansel and Gretel trail behind us. I lifted the

damned thing into the back of the truck.

We drove him home, pulling the truck into the back yard instead of the parking spaces out front. This was my grandfather's signal to his wife that we've brought back dead things. She comes out of the house in a blanket, stands on the back porch overlooking all the men, looks at me, and smiles. *G*



*We Look Down On You*

**Ashley Brykman**

# *Inversion*

*in*

# *Acrylic*

Of the dragonfly; who  
knows not swimming  
on sweet bright drops  
of breeze over  
undone hedges.  
reaching (if you) touching  
(look right) graphed ink  
paper telephone  
wires. Cloud smears  
in a steam-pressed sky  
sign the white hot  
hurt of the world  
as kite scars.

—Bailey Kiehlowski





*Self-Portrait*

**Kristen McBride**

# In the Witch's Ring:

His eyes glimmer strangely as the moon glances down.

She walks away and doesn't look back as nimble fingers deftly button up her shirt.

The rocks are sticky, rough, and cooling ever so slowly, ever so softly.

The moon darts behind and below the horizon as shadows trample the uneven ground.

The sun steals the moon's place, letting blue eyes of sky peek through the fog-ridden morning.

This Irish morning air smells of dew and heat-ripened spring.

Cows low in the distance, yet here in the witch's ring there is a strange sense of quiet.

He smears himself into the lingering darkness, but the sun casts its gaze on the scene below.

Ah, how peaceful a morning, as purple and green conspire on creamy skin and linen, ah, how  
violent.

She pauses before the fence, hands no longer steady, and those proud shoulders slump.

Too far away for the sun and rocks to see, she bows her head and cries.

—Samantha Roth

# Apology to Mr. Crawford

An Epistemologist, an Ontologist, a Logician,  
and an Axiologist with an Aesthete on his arm  
walk into a bar, but not the Ethics Specialist,  
never the Ethics Specialist. He was never invited.  
You didn't like him.

"The Unexamined Life is Not Worth Living,"  
you, the philosophy teacher tell me,  
the philosophy student. "What do you think?"  
I'm thinking of the antithesis, that ignorance  
is bliss, which I've never believed. My cynicism  
dictates that if ignorance were bliss, more people  
would be happy. You have made cynicism  
and egotistical elitism into an art form, but I think  
you believe that ignorance is bliss,  
because why else would you be so sad?

Knowledge has made you pick at the scab and see  
the imperfection, has made you think outside of  
the box and gaze into the void and ask if there is  
any meaning? Well isn't there? Hello?

It wasn't between the Tree of Life and  
the Tree of Knowledge that you had to pick.  
It was the Tree of Knowledge and the Tree of Happiness.  
In shade darker than night and bitter juice still on your tongue,  
you have examined life, I have examined yours, and  
I am sorry. I'm sorry that life is what it is, and that  
the forbidden fruit was not so sweet.

You get yourself a drink. The Epistemologist asks,  
"How do we have knowledge of the drink?"  
The Ontologist asks, "How do we know that the drink exists?"  
The Logician asks, "Hasn't evidence shown that the drink  
will hinder your reasoning?" The Axiologist asks,  
"What is the value of the drink?" And the Aesthete asks,  
"Isn't it so beautiful, the way the light shines through the glass?  
The glow of the amber drink? The bubbles rising  
until they are one with the air?" They all have questions,  
but not a single answer for you.

—Hayley Rushing

# girl in the

Drips and drops of warm shower-rain sprayed  
down  
from the head  
cast from steel  
fanned out in a circular sheet: punctuated water.

She  
slid  
her  
hand  
along  
the nude surface of her body  
not yet lathered with soap, her skin collecting the water  
as if it were sticky flecks of syrup.  
And like syrup, the drops cohesively clung together  
until, forming slender speedy streaks, ran  
down  
the side of  
her ribs.

Under the large awning of buildings, cast with dusky shadows  
it may have appeared navy. Or even purple.  
But the raincoat was definitely Black.  
Not some synthetic Gortex: a plastic, protective sheath.  
But rather, a permeable coating of cells upon cells upon cells upon—  
An epithelial encasing.

# black. raincoat

The thunderous clash of water upon porcelain:  
a manipulated  
downpour  
time set aside to launder her coat.  
Soiled from tear marks and bloodstains and activity and dirt and  
oil and filth and makeup and rain.  
Feeling clean on the outside feels cleansing on the inside,  
and the grime on her exterior made her insides just plain dirty.

And while she was definitely Black, she was also undeniably  
many shades of mahogany and maybe even a little bit  
like coffee with a touch of cream,  
and perhaps even sugar, but you'd have to lick her to find that out  
and only select men have gone so far as to taste

her skin.  
Dried and cleaned  
out of the storm  
now wearing a  
cotton blouse and freshly pressed slacks—red  
neat crease  
down the front.

Wearing this crafted attire over her  
one-piece, Black raincoat.  
Natural fibers woven into fabric worn over  
cells stitched together, growing and dying  
In a permanent coating.

—Andrew Ray

The first things I lost:  
Little trifling objects,  
A brown knitted hat,  
A pair of khaki pants,  
A bike-chain bracelet.  
I crawled on my knees for days,  
Searching for-  
An old CD,  
A gold key,  
A white teddy bear.

# 11:54

Next to go were feelings.  
*Thoughtful*, being overused,  
Departed first.  
*Confused* left,  
And then its companion, *angry*.  
I didn't miss *sleepy*,  
But I cried when I lost *joyous*,  
Until I lost *sad* too.  
I didn't notice when  
*In love*  
Disappeared.

Letters scurried away.  
X, Y, and Z fell off in a chain.  
Q was easy enough to misplace,  
But P's evaporation was un-leasant.  
I had to say "-lease" to ask for tea.  
It's no fun to gossip about "-eo-le".

Places faded.  
My room ran away.  
I slept on the floor,  
Until home leapt from it foundation.  
Grocery stores, cafes, restaurants all departed.  
I grew hungry.

Last,  
People slid away.  
I sat for two hours in class,  
While I waited for a nonexistent math

The President's State-of-the-Union,  
Was given by a blank screen  
And afterwards  
No mother  
Told me to go to bed.  
Then, finally, I lost myself.  
And, for once, everything was found.

—Ben Kenzer

*Trees Outside of Andrews*  
**Kristen McBride**



# *little red riding hood*

...sort of

by Griffin Voltmann

ONCE UPON A TIME, whatever that means, there was a little girl, who lived, for reasons unnecessary to the continuation of the plotline, on the very outskirts of an incredibly dangerous forest. The girl's mother, having had a rather rough childhood herself in which her parents had been gored to death by a rogue bull while vacationing in Pamplona (yes both of them, yes at the same time), had decided to craft a beautiful cloak all in red as a sort of psychosomatic coping mechanism. For some inadequately researched reason, she had chosen to name her daughter 'Red.' "Red," she told her one day, "In life, we must face our own fears head-on if we wish to succeed." "You mean to say," said Red, "that you are going out into the forest to face the wild beasts and atone for Grandma and Grandpa's deaths?"

"No." said her mother, "whatever gave you that idea? Now I want you to go run along and get your bright-red cloak and go into the woods and deliver these baskets to your Grandma while I stay here and wait patiently for you to come back."

By now even the dimmest of readers will surely have picked up on the fact that I already told you little Red's Grandma was dead. By now, you are no doubt shaking your heads in condescending disbelief at how I, the self-proclaimed narrator could have made such an obvious blunder. My dear readers, it gives me great pleasure to say that you are all, completely WRONG. This was, in fact, Red's paternal Grandmother, her father having run off to join the Crusades. There. Happy now?

Now Red's Grandmother lived in the very heart of the woods. The extremely dangerous woods, which Red, a mere child, was now walking through all by herself.

There was, due to a great series of hunting expeditions, only one wolf left in these woods. Of course, Red did not know this. The Wolf in question was also, rather conveniently, roughly three times the size of the average timber-wolf, and twice as nasty. He had smelt the little girl in the woods, and come to see.

As any of you out there reading this who are predators will surely know



already, it is exceedingly rude to devour someone without properly introducing oneself first. To this end, the wolf suddenly sprang out of the bushes and landed right smack in front of little Red.

“Good morning, little girl,” he said, in a voice like someone whose throat enjoyed pain, “and how are you on this fine day?”

It is a popularly accepted fact of nature that animals with bright colors are usually the ones to leave alone. The Monarch butterfly, for instance, is bright orange-gold-and-black, to signal the unpleasant poison it contains. The Coral snake has bright bands of color to signal the deadly poison that it contains, and as previously stated, Red was wearing bright-red cloak.

Before the wolf even had time to think, Red had kned him in the groin, grabbed him and thrown him against a nearby tree, and given him a nasty flying scissor-kick to the back of the head. “Don’t you EVER come near me again, or I’ll kill you.” Red told the wolf. Then she calmly picked up the basket from where she had set it down, checked to make sure the contents were still intact, and skipped off whistling the theme from “Mortal Kombat” pleasantly. The wolf came too some time later. He spat out a tooth, massaged his head, and limped back off into the woods. He was hurt, in fact he was covered with booboos, and he desperately wanted

his Mama. Crying great wolfish tears, thankful for once that the other wolves couldn’t see him, he ran until he came upon a cottage, conveniently placed on top of a hill in the middle of the forest. He knocked on the door, but no one answered, so he let himself in. He found it to be comfortably furnished, with that persistent old-people smell. For some reason, he liked that smell, and followed it into the bedroom...

**“As any of you out there reading this who are predators will surely know already, it is exceedingly rude to devour someone without properly introducing oneself first.”**

Meanwhile, (how was THAT for a transition) little Red was just entering the clearing where her Grandmother’s house was located. She ran up the hill, and rang the door bell. There was no answer, so she let herself in. “Grandma?” she

called, “It’s Red; I brought you some goodies...” Red wandered through the quiet house, checking every room until she came upon the bedroom.

Red peeked inside, and saw an incredibly ugly woman lying in bed in a pink nightie, her hair in curlers, beauty mask smeared on her face, reading a gossip magazine.

“Grandma?” asked Red. The woman looked up, gasped, held the magazine in front of her face and said “yes, I am your Grandma little girl” in a rather bad falsetto.

Red, who wasn’t the most intelligent girl, took a step closer to ‘Grandma,’ and said “My, what big ears you have.”

“Really?” said her Grandmother, “because I’ve been meaning to talk to my stylist about that...” Red took another

step closer “My, what big eyes you have.” “do these questions have a point?” asked Grandma sharply dropping both magazine and falsetto for a moment, “cause frankly I find that a bit offensive.” Little Red stared in astonishment “My what a big mouth you have.”

“Alright, that’s it” said Grandma in a startlingly masculine voice, “I’ve had it come here--”

But it was at that moment that the front door opened and in walked the real Grandma with a bag of groceries. When she saw her granddaughter and the ugly woman in her clothes, she dropped the bag with a shattering noise on the kitchen floor.

“Grandma?” said Red

“Uh-oh” said the woman

“You again!?” shouted Grandma, pointing at the woman.

The Ugly woman hopped out of bed, and began running around the room on all fours, trying to get around Red’s Grandma who was blocking the doorway.

“Always forget to lock the back door and you come in here, waste all my beauty-mask, ruin all my nice clothes, read my magazines, and you’re a BOY WOLF for cry-eye...!”

There was a loud “AHA!” from the back of the room, as Red had found the closet where Grandma kept her collection of medieval weaponry.

What? I get to have some fun, don’t I?

“YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!” screamed Red, as she came running at the wolf with a great double-handed battle-axe. Grandma jumped out of the way, and the wolf seized his chance to get free. He turned to see if he was getting away, and slipped on the puddle of milk seeping from the broken groceries, got tangled in his dress, and slammed headfirst into the closed kitchen door.

He had only a few moments to savor the bitter irony, when suddenly Red was upon him, and brought down the axe.

Fortunately for the wolf, Red had very poor eyesight, as should have been apparent earlier when she mistook a wolf

for her Grandma. She misjudged the distance, and took out the door rather than the wolf. The wolf tore free from the nightie, eliciting a sob of horror from Grandma, and fled off into the early evening with Red and her battle-axe in hot pursuit.

Grandma watched them run off and disappear into the

woods. Grabbing a spiked mace for herself in case the wolf came back, she sat down and peered into the basket.

“A fruitcake?” she asked indignantly of the surrounding air, “That girl really does have issues.”

**“Fortunately for the wolf, Red had very poor eyesight, as should have been apparent earlier when she mistook a wolf for her Grandma.”**

THE END



# Humanities' Futile Rage

“You have pissed off the wrong writer!”

sounds great  
powerful  
potent  
dangerous

“You will regret it!”  
prophetic

but

my inferno dwindles  
dowsed with a gentle mist  
because

what can this writer do?

what can one writer do but  
painfully chisel  
chip  
by chip each bit

of granite  
from your facade

worth is not in the funding  
but in your recognition

—Shelly Holder

# Here in the Grass

The gentle spark  
Your hand presses my cheek  
Beads of sweat  
Turned cool by the wind  
As it stirs the trees  
The ocean like roar ensues  
Drowning my rapid breath  
The pressure of your chest  
Wet grass clings  
But I am warmed by you  
The sky is draped  
Orange and blue  
As night begins  
We lie motionless  
Bound by arms and legs  
Content with the shadows, we stay  
While the world moves.

—Rachel Ausura

*Majestic Majesty*

**Zachary Doelp**



# The Fifty-First Minute of Every Hour, During Which Carl Sagan Feels as if the World is Caving In

Each glance to the horizon leaves you  
in disbelief, its curvature unnoticed  
at such close range. Eventually, all you wish for  
is a bird's-eye view, to be  
bathed in a constant slew of particles from a world anew;  
all the stars that you thought were so distant, but are not.

Through the telescope you epitomize what must have been your  
favorite word, *billions and billions*. In the observatory  
time floats away. You carefully note  
the prominence of a discolored sphere; they make up their own story  
for this next world, a rock on which to build a few successful cities,  
and you sing the blues for a red planet.

A sympathetic paradigm is all you offer this time –  
the pale blue dot hugged by a sunbeam – and the importance  
bites your throat (with the cloud of your surprising advocacy)  
while wavering memories of the world fair bring a sharp swing  
to your curiosity; they ask, *who is visiting the moon these days?*  
in hopes that your shoes simply would slosh in a nebula of mud.

—Jacob McCollum

# Contributors'

**Rachel Ausura** was born and raised in Newport News, Virginia with her five siblings. She was a homeschool kid for most of her life. She transferred from Christopher Newport University this fall as a sophomore. She enjoys Gypsy music, heights, old books, fields of sunflowers, sea water, collecting trinkets, and camping. Rachel aims to be a globetrotting history teacher.

**Ashley "Forbidden Fruit" Brykman** is not at liberty to divulge much information about herself. She can, however, let the general public know about three facts. 1. She occasionally finds pleasure in cleaning toilets. 2. She will not hesitate to freeze (anyone's) underwear. 3. Her alter-ego is a babushka.

**Carrie Crow** is planning on living in a box in the street, writing her Great American Novel that will revolutionize all writing ever written. In the meantime, she is an English-Psychology double major and a senior who is technically a junior, since she'll be graduating in 2012. She is an RA, a member of HOPE, a sister in Phi Mu, and freely admits that none of these have much to do with each other.

**Zachary Doelp** is a freshman from south Jersey and potential English Major. He enjoys all types of artistic expression and his favorite artists are Andrew Wyeth and Giorgio de Chirico. He is currently reading *Light Boxes* by Shane Jones.

# Notes

**Ben Kenzer** is a freshman who plans to major in International Relations. He first became interested in poetry during senior year of high school, thanks to an amazing creative writing teacher. He has previously been recognized with a Gold Medal by the Scholastic Young Writers Association, and has previously been published by the Claremont Review. Beyond writing, Ben keeps busy through International Relations Club, Chinese Student Organization, and Model Arab League.

**Andrew McCartney** is an alumnus who was too embarrassed to submit these bizarre oeuvres while he was a member of the gallery staff (vice president of fangling affairs).

**Michelle Repper** was born and raised in Fairfax, Virginia. She's a Sophomore at The College of William and Mary, considering a major in English and either Art or Art History. She enjoys multi-media sculpture, but dabbles in everything she has access to. She hopes that she will continue to have time to realize her inspiration in the future.

**Hayley Rushing** is an English/Theatre major and a senior here at the College. Being a transfer from UMW, life here has been a challenge, but she feels blessed to be a part of the W&M community. Amid busy college life, she feels like it's been years since she was able to write with the fervor with which she wrote in high school, but all many publication opportunities here at the College are great encouragement. She is so grateful.

# The Gallery Staff

**Maddy Benjamin (Prose Editor):** As a young child, Maddy admired the melodic spitting noises of the of the alpacas on her farm. She would spend hours stroking the soft, plushy fur of her (only) friends and wish for their talent. She decided to bring them on stage, breaking out of her rural life. She would sing lustily, with the alpacas as her backup. Her singing wore out her lips so much, she became addicted to chapstick.

**Ashley Brykman (Art Editor):** Ashley was born in a log cabin back in the 1800's, when she and the neighborhood rowdies would romp around kicking an old piece of rope. Then mother would call her in for supper where she famously would say "I feel badass when eating mac & cheese." Now back in those days you'd get a whoopin' for using that kind of salty talk which eventually caused Ashley to dream only in Lolcat speak. It was a problem. Eventually she grew up to make people jealous because she has so much swagger. She was an American Icon.

**Brian Croarkin (Manager of Advertising):** Brian is a man of few words and even fewer fears. He is known throughout the North American continent and most of Asia, (Brian is HUGE in Japan right now,) and is widely regarded as the daredevil of our generation. Brian, spurred on by a fit of political discontentment, notoriously wrangled a hippo in an attempt to stage a coup and rode the beast, foam flying from its wildly flapping gums, towards Washington. Unfortunately, the navigator in the band of guerilla fighters he led mistakenly directed him to Bolling Airforce Base, where he was nearly arrested. However, being the charmer he is, Brian calmly explained he and his hippo were simply leading his Frisbee golf team towards their next match, and he was let off with a warning. Brian is now living in the mountains of Guatemala with his hippo friend, Lou, pondering his next move.

**Carrie Crow (Editor-In-Chief):** Much like spiderman, Carrie was initiated into the world of heroic action by means of an animal bite – a weresquirrel bite to be exact. From that day forward, she began fighting crime by night (when she wasn't up at odd hours working on The Gallery, that is). Therefore, when stingrays invaded her high school prom. It was Carrie to the rescue! She discovered petting the stingrays calms them quickly.

**Katie Demeria (Layout Editor):** Katie's parents knew they wanted their daughter to start lion-taming lessons at an early age, so that she would have an advantage over the other kids in her third grade class, but Katie found that her true passion lay in the world of elephant-riding. Frustrated that her parents would not allow her to follow her dreams, Katie ran away into the forest to live with the wild elephants (who had recently "escaped" from the zoo). After only a week she was wearing a loincloth, swinging from vines, and using a trunk she had fashioned out of a slinky. Unfortunately, one day she was seperated from the herd and captured in a Wal-mart



# Bios

parking lot. She now lives a normal life as a William and Mary student (although she occasionally finds herself slurping water up her nose and rubbing her non-existent tusks against trees.)

**Arielle Kahn (Associate Editor):** Arielle was born in Tokyo, as an elaborate ruse so that her spy mother might infiltrate the Japanese hospital system. Meanwhile, her father was busy working at the CIA headquarters (and also making sure Arielle never discovered their real jobs.) While traveling all over the world, she experienced many different countries and cultures, but never forgot her upbringing. As such, she is waiting to find the right Tokyo man to become her fellow progenitor of the master race, the Jewpanese. Until then, she's the associate editor of The Gallery.

**Julia Powers (Staff):** The might of Julia Powers lies in two words: peanut butter. The secret behind all her prowess and ability lies in processed peanut product. Born in a rough and tumble tumbleweed in Oklahoma, Julia now lives in the fields with her trusty dog. Julia's dog can smell fear, devour evil, and loves the color pink.

**Connor Smith (Manager of Silly Voices):** Also the director Youth Minor Demographic Outreach Editor and the pioneering creator of the "Sweaditor" staff position, Connor Smith began his illustrious career with early networking. After beginning a rapport with an actor from Sesame one childhood summer of yore, an even younger Connor discovered his roots for fame. This led to the Great Campaign of '09, where Connor was campaign manager – for a fake candidate. After a landslide victory, Connor was forced to explain Cecil B. Billington didn't actually exist, and the ensuing rage chased him off of the continent, to the United Kingdom. Eventually, he gained a dual citizenship, and after his old pal from Sesame Street sorted everything out, he was allowed to return to the country. Connor never quite recovered from his experience in Britain, however, and picked up a perpetual fascination with the eccentricities of Eastern Europe, that persists to this very day.

**Kat Zantow (Prose Editor):** Kat was born a Patriot's birth on president James Monroe's land. It only seemed reasonable to follow up her life at James Monroe's alma mater, where she decided to change the world. After deciding the world didn't need that much change and the IR department was doing a bang-up job without her, however, she turned to martial arts. She's in fierce training for the upcoming sequel to "The Karate Kid," where she kicks Jayden Smith repeatedly in the face. In the meantime, she has done 64 plus (but no less) hip throws in the past week.

*Not listed but still loved: Shonte Hill, Ricky Lu, Kristine Mosuela,  
Christina Paladeau, Sarah Schall, Marisa Spronks*

# Editor's Note

Dear World,

I can has galleries? I can has magazines made wiff purty pikshures and pretty poems? This besst ting since cheezburger!

Before you have an aneurysm that one of the editors on campus is secretly a four year old - one with a surprisingly poor grasp on the English language, at that - be consoled. I'm actually a LOLCrow. I only come out at night, after 10 pm in the Pub Lab when suddenly everything in the world is bright, sunny, funny, and rofflecoptor-tacular.

Particularly sweaters.

But this is not about LOLCrows or Cats or No. This is a declaration of the sheer awesomeness of the document you are about to read – or rather, the document you have already read, given this is the end. Or perhaps you were just browsing nonchalantly until you happened upon bastardized English, and decided this was a document for your refined palate's perusal.

This, my friend(s), is the Gallery. A holistic survey of the William and Mary campus. Bits and pieces of the best and brightest, stuffed between two black covers - metaphorically of course, we have yet to capture our campuses best and brightest in the most literal sense of the phrase.

Perhaps they are too clever.

But you don't care about that. Here at "The Gallery," we hit the refresh button on our magazine's metaphorical internet browser. That, and hit refresh on the literal browser of "Dramatic Reading of a Breakup Letter."

We were the first Literary Arts magazine on this campus. After plugging along for twenty-some years, the Gallery disappeared, p0wned by modernity and the epic computer crash of 2003. It's been a crazy road, but four years later, the magazine reappeared on Sadler Center benches, proudly beside the campus's other publications.

We're still a bit new - in an old kind of way - and we're not trying to reinvent the wheel. We just want to keep it rolling. And avoid cliches like the plague. And avoid the plague like the plague.

At any rate, read our magazine, don't, use it as a paperweight or as cannon fodder against the inevitable zombie outbreak. They make somewhat lame hats, for all your somewhat lame needs. Maybe get a few wheels rolling though we can't take credit for inventing that.

Just know at whatever stage of reading or non-reading or already read, or hatmaking or zombie survival: this is the awesome product of an awesome staff reflecting the unbridled awesomeness of our campus.

**Carrie "Anything but Comic Sans" Crow**  
**Editor-In-Chief**