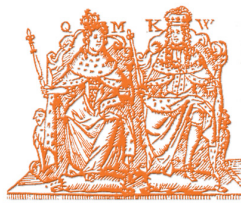


The Throne



News and Services from Swem Library at The College of William & Mary • April 2011



It's a puzzlement! You'll notice something different about this issue of *The Throne*. Each article offers information about Swem in styles reminiscent of four well-known authors. Can you name them—and their works parodied here? If you think you know the answers, send them to *The Throne* at the email address below. We'll draw one winner from the correct entries on April 21. The prize? \$25 gift certificate to Barnes & Noble.

The Booty

For months now, he had been preparing for it—for the gathering and collating of all the artifacts of the immemorial war and the malevolent wilderness, of the doomed woods, bigger and more ancient than college woods, and the men, black and white, blue and gray, fatuous enough to believe they could understand it, could to become one of the with the will and endure, within the immutable, undusted pursuit of the apotheosis Of life, eventually juxtaposed, laid out in to the ancient and scholarship, which voided all to create the Swem exhibit, *From Fights to Rights: The Long Road to a More Perfect Union*. Coming soon to a rotunda near you!



possess any fragment of it—hunters, compelled to search hardihood and wiliness to miasmatic silence of the stacks, the irrevocable ancient prey, old books, the old contemplative to be subdued and display cases according immitigable rules of regrets and brooked no quarter,

“Comrade, who are you—an onion or a garlic?”

The girl could feel someone watching her. She was wearing a cap—not some leather Parisian affair but an ordinary Virginia Tech ball cap—and she thought the stare was directed at her cap, rather than at herself. She was already pretty fed up with being looked at, sometimes with curiosity, sometimes with disapproval, but maybe she went on wearing the cap precisely to spite William and Mary students staring at her.

She was sitting in the jam-packed Information Commons in Swem Library pressed against a computer screen so that the peak of her cap came up against the glass. A hefty student in a Ukrainian embroidered shirt with red tassels had only just managed to log on to the *Pravda Digital Archives*. His face was reflected in the screen to the left of the girl. Grasping his computer with the vast arms of a wrestler, he fixed it with a savage gaze. Who would win, he or the data base, had yet to be decided.



Trip to the Bibliotek

She hated the assignment. Almost turned it down. What did she know about exercise, with her small frame and tiny breasts? But her Apple iBook 600 with a 25-gig hard drive and 420 megs of RAM with its 14-inch screen had died, and she didn't have money for a new one, so she told him OK. She rode her second-hand Kawasaki 125 to Swem. There they were. DVDs, with titles like *Pumping Iron*, *Meditation and Yoga*, *P90-X Extreme Home*



Fitness, *Pilates Intermediate Mat Workout*, and the *Alexander Technique* (whatever that is), just waiting to be checked out. By students! *Analysis of consequences*, she reminded herself. Outside, it was spring. She went home, lit a cigarette, made some coffee and a sandwich. Then she laughed out loud.

Sonnet to Swem

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.

I love thee to the height of floor called three

Where cranky shelves belie the signs that silence is the key

And drowsy students snooze away the days.

I love thee for thy stacks that form a maze;

I love thee for thy racks of DVD,

And for the staff that conjures such esprit

While facing questions that, a sage, would daze.

I love thee to the depth of floor called ground,

Where ILL does toil with dedication,

And Lobuto drops phattest beats sans sound.

I love the hum of PC cogitation

I love the dusty bunnies hanging round

I shall but love Swem better after graduation.



Do you have any suggestions for the editors of *The Throne*? Email us at throne@wm.edu

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