

winged nation

# Winged Nation

Volume 11



Absorbtion  
Mia Klimchak

# Untitled

Beth Ann Bruno

*dedicated to those women who have contributed  
so much to our world and gone unrecognized*

Look through my eyes  
And see the masterpiece  
I have in store for you

*I* know the recipe for painted bliss  
And with your pledge of love  
And a kiss  
I will give it you  
I will reveal  
Enlighten  
Transform you

And they will call *you* genius.

*I* will plumb inspiration's depths  
And bring you back a pearl  
For you to show them as *your* prize  
Your creation  
Your masterpiece

And they will call *you* genius.

And your fingers will grace my face with gratitude  
And you will wink when no one is looking  
But you won't see my hurt  
Or feel my pain rolling down  
Each cheek  
With every fat tear  
Dripping with regret

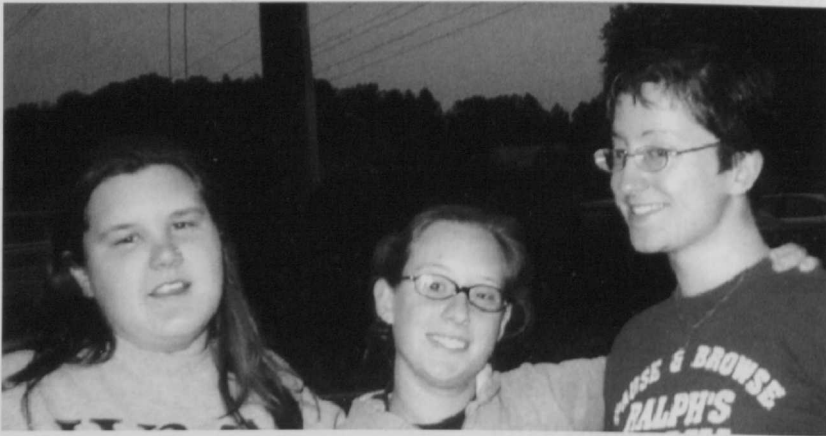
And they will call *you* genius.

I will smile when they shake your hand  
And praise your work  
Quote your words  
You *demiurgic* powerhouse  
And I'll stifle back a laugh  
A choke  
A sob

And they will call *you* genius.

*I felt really compelled to write this poem after becoming cognizant of so many female artists throughout history who have doted on their husbands and given so selflessly of themselves. There have been countless women who have been the inspiration, even source, of art for male artists and gone unrecognized. This poem is for them.*

*-Beth Ann Bruno*



Winged Nation staff '02



Comic from "The Adventures of Andro-Boi"

Julian Carr

*This strip is part of the online trans comic strip series 'The Adventures of Andro-Boi,' detailing the daily trials and tribulations of its genderqueer, androgynous hero. This particular strip shows how in our society even something as simple as having to take a piss requires one to make a declaration of gender. Silly society.*

*-Julian Carr*



Distraction  
L. Holt

# Debauched Love

Rani Schneider

The nape of my neck was her fresh cherry to lick and lap up in her mouth  
Eyes closed,  
Tongues wandering in the streetlight lit room  
She cupped my face and ran her lips in soft circles around mine  
Dazed in drunken delightedness I reached from under the covers to  
caress sweet shoulders  
Shoulder turning to chest,  
Chest turning to breast and oh so soft the heroin high love  
Unsteady hands searching for encouragement  
Grasped by sure hands guiding to the hoo ha place, untouched  
I felt high.  
Rolling over more hands reach from the side and a fluid motion  
begins  
Thrusting and breathing  
Guiding and beating  
Hearts together  
Hands..strong hands from a different place reach and touch  
Kisses hard yet sweet tremble through my body  
Fingers yes many fingers every where and no one where enter a  
sanctity  
Yet untouched by soft timid fingers  
The ecstasy still exists regardless of sex  
I am there.



# Untitled

Dan Spurlock

how quietly you entered me,  
and softly you caressed-  
how slow the grow from to and fro,  
explosive all the rest!

as fond as i am of spring,  
enchanted by all its spell,  
i prefer to be loved lamb- then lion,  
and oh! you do it well!



Où est Tom?  
Novella



William and Mary Women  
Staff collage

## A Personal Problem

Erin Caro

Candi stands up to tell her story to the group.

I was checking my e-mail late one night. Huh. Returned mail. That's unusual, I thought. I clicked the message, expecting I had made a typo in some address line somewhere. Turns out, it was from the dating service I had just signed up for. They couldn't accept the bio for my personal ad. Said it contained obscene phrases that wouldn't be appropriate to post on their site. I mean, I know I have some wild ideas sometimes, but that really hurt. I was just looking for a date who has the same interests I do. What's wrong with that? I mean, shouldn't I be able to call myself whatever I want? I didn't know that it was such a dirty word. Is there something wrong with me? What if I tell people I'm, you know, that word, and they think that's all I am?

The women in the group display faces of concern and sympathy. They'd been where Candi was, and they knew the pain, the confusion of her dilemma. The group leader thanked her for sharing, then handed her the flier that each member received upon joining the support circle.

“Welcome to Feminists Breaking Anonymity

We know how difficult it is to come out in public with your new found identity. You worry what your family, your boss, your minister will say. Perhaps you've been protecting your children from the confusion of having a mother who is also a feminist. The first step is to overcome denial of your identity. Following is a list to help.

You are a feminist if...

- You went to school to get an education, not a husband
- You expect that your education is as valuable as that of men
- You hate the idea of thongs

- You feel dead sexy in thongs, and even makeup
- You've burned bras in protest to inequality and discrimination
- You've burned the family dinner while reading a travel book
- You resent all those ads for plastic surgery in magazines
- Flirting is a way to get a free drink, not a meal ticket
- Exercise is how you get strong, not how you round out your eating disorder
- You're a man or woman who believes that all men (and women) are created equal
- You think (regularly)

Once you can admit to yourself that feminism may be for you, it's time to let the other people in your life know. They'll probably take the news more calmly than you would expect. From there, tackle the most difficult tasks. Write the word on your resume, include it in a personal ad. Claim it, live it, and stand up for it when it comes under attack. If it becomes hard to defend your new, strong self on your own, remember that your sisters are here and everywhere. They're just waiting for the day when they can come out, too. Keep working for them."

The women take turns reading sentences of the sheet. Each recalls their first day of meetings. What if the group wasn't enough? What if they told their friends, and got labeled things like "unfeminine" or "radical leftists", or dykes? It was frightening. However, they all knew that, until they could embrace all of themselves, they would continue to suffer.

Now, strong and content, they reassure Candi and welcome her. They tell her funny stories about how worried they were before coming out, how they were scared to admit what they believed and wanted, even to themselves. Candi slowly begins to be more comfortable, and by her broadening smile, the others know she's become a member of their group. What she had thought was a personal problem turned out to be something different entirely.

# From Oma

Kristin Imre

*Mein liebendes Enkelkind,*  
Days pass here slowly  
your Opa and i do what we can.  
Wake in the Morning to Days  
that stretch like *Strudelteig*  
                  thin and long   *lang und dunn.*  
i turned eighty this Year  
                                  *achtzig*  
and your Opa  
                                  *vier und achtzig.*  
we move now more slowly,  
the Years having spent themselves  
                                  on us,  
marking their passage  
                          *mit viele Narben*  
                          *viele Krankheit*  
                          *viele Pein*  
                          *veil Damnum,*  
and now we are tired.  
we long for Homes  
lost i think  
                  to *Zeit und Krieg.*  
so we hide ourselves in our Movies  
                                                          and Pictures.  
                  *Bilder von Heim*  
                  *Filme von eine verlorene Zeit*  
we find comfort, *Liebchen*  
                  in the beautiful Songs  
                          and *wunderschöne* Actors  
                                  and *frohliche Zeite vor dem Krieg.*

*Du weißt, gell,*

i carried a Family through the War

a Son starving

Light broke through the Window

and Days of grey

*“dein Sohn, Mädle, wird jetzt Gesund sein”*

a Husband

*drei Jahre kein Wort*

*entgeht von Russland*

a Grandmother

*verhungerte* for a Child

in a Serbian *Konzentrationslager*

a Cousin killed

for Money

mein Gott

für Geld.

every Day

every Meal i have made.

every Sickness i have seen us through

and my own Heart, *gell*.

*es tut mir weh.*

we wake each Day

to Prayers

your Opa not always rising

he cries, *gell*,

*für uns*

*für euch*

*er weint.*

*aber*, i cook the Meals

that carry us through the Days

*langsam verpassende Tage.*

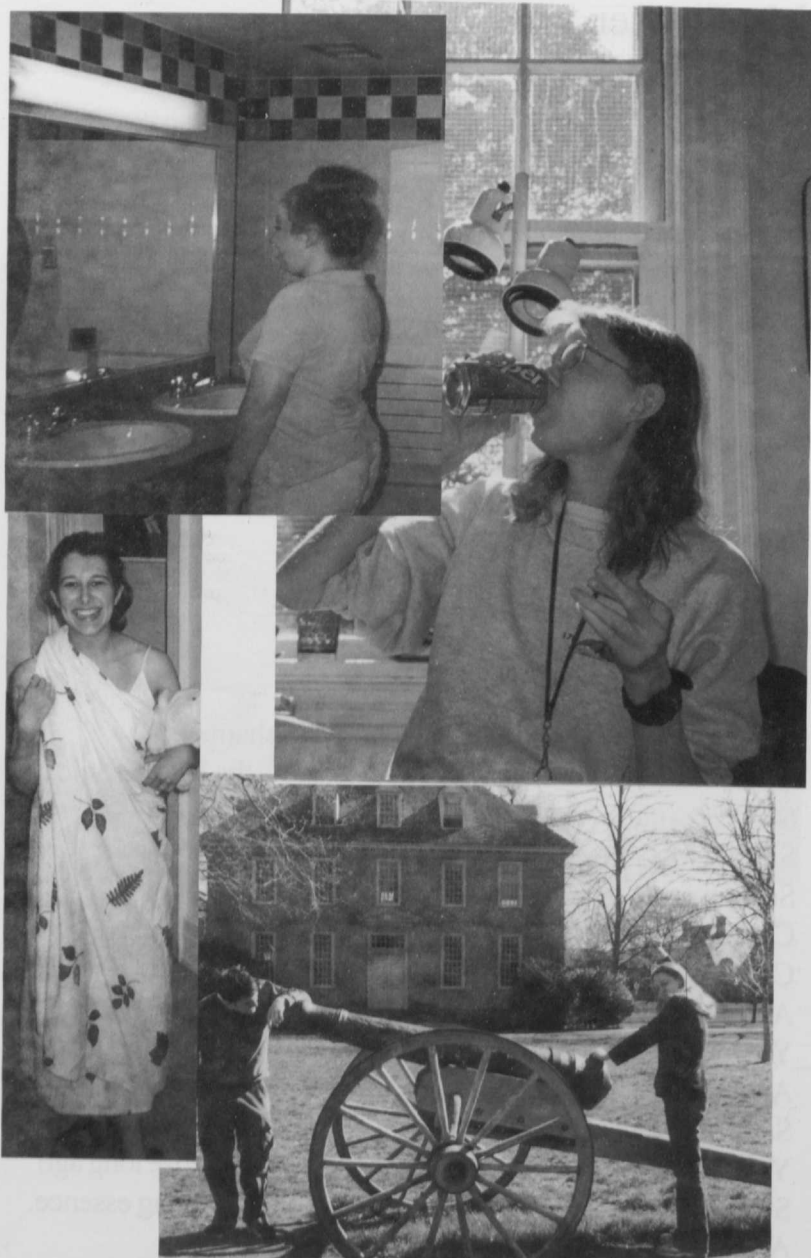
it is hard

*mein Kind*

it is hard to see your Life ending

*das Ende abwarten*

and know only the past.



William and Mary Women  
Staff collage



# My Flower

Rani Schneider

Why won't you work for me when I need you?  
It is an embarrassment  
I feel ashamed of you so I keep you hidden though you hide your-  
self well enough.  
You belonged to me once  
Though now you belong to everyone but me;  
Magazines rape you with long lurid licks  
TV presents you as a whore opening as easily as a can of Spam  
Men disregard you as their possession  
They tear you with disrespect  
An awe going beyond their comprehension  
They have jealousy toward you  
Yet do not understand why  
Aggression rises and frustration takes over  
They will degrade you and make you feel ashamed  
Until warped in their own sense of pleasure, the beasts come out  
Slamming into you with heavy thrusts  
Searing Man  
Searing pain  
Confuses you into submission  
Cixous knows They gag you with pollen  
A burst inside flows easily through you  
Yet you fight it with acidic currents  
Anger is felt yet shame pervades  
Saturated with guilt words stop on your tongue  
You remember you were built for a beautiful purpose long ago  
Somehow a carcass takes the place of a once thriving essence.  
And my professor reminded me  
they make us whole but forget the W...  
*We know we are more than that.*

Inspired Social Experimentation

"The Drawing School" Program

July



Contempt  
Mia Klimchak

My Flower  
Rust...



Outhouse  
L. Holt

# Inspired Social Experimentation

## “The Dragging Ocelot” Excerpts

Gabriel Kauper

### **Dragging Ocelot**

What kind of world do we live in when college students temporarily impersonate male ocelots in drag? Is this eccentricity funny or repulsive? How would others relate to this man-creature?

### **Faux Paws**

I became a female ocelot in order to elicit and examine responses and reactions and judge them under the criteria of comic or tragic. The event began one cold, Friday evening at a “Heaven and Hell” party – grist for the mill for any religion paper. T’was a night of prowling incongruities. I chose triplicitous Catholic middle path of “limbo” and later that night found myself transformed and reverse-anthropomorphized into a cross-dressing ocelot. The intent for the evening was the same as many evenings: to spread joy and mirth, and to blithely “stir” people from the dull slumbers of their comfort zones. I did a fair bit of research on ocelots.<sup>1</sup> I borrowed a pair of tight, purple stretch pants and lavender top from a friend down the hall. Several women insisted on doing my makeup.

Voila. The paraded me around the hall, a proud pride of pre-party animals and I got alterations, details, whistles from guys and girls. It was time to experiment.

### **See-3P-Oh! Goes to Hell**

The ambiguity of being both an ocelot and a female allowed for perceptive flexibility in people’s judgments and reactions. That is to say, one could react binarily - comically or tragically to the two variables of “ocelot” and

“female”. This 2x2 reaction choice forms the four categories of my hypothesis. There existed another duality. People could either ‘make up their own minds’, exhibiting ‘flexibility’, or, I could use my powers of persuasion and spectacle to, like the television, ‘melt their brains’, exhibiting their malleability. In several instances, flexibility allowed for tragic reactions to slowly transform or ‘flex’ into comic ones. To further catalyze their open-mindedness, I, like the Court Jester, had to comically manipulate the putty of their malleable minds in order to gain their favor. Here’s my favorite example:

*Heaven is downstairs. I trek upstairs to the frat marked “Hell”. I enter, and an unnerving silence falls over many faces, despite the blare of vulgar music. I walk around for a bit, and soon enough a pack of guys call out to me angrily from across the room.*

“Hey! What the hell are you doing?” (Tragedy).

“I’m a P. P. P.” [*Stated demurely, as if it’s obvious*]

[*Pause, some confusion, curiosity*] “What the hell is that?”

“You mean, ‘what am I’?”

“Yeah...” (Tragicomedy)

“I’m a purple pussy from purrrrrrgatory! [*Rolling the r’s*] Don’t you all know there’s a heaven and hell party going on? You all didn’t even dress up – or let me guess – you’re all young lawyers and businessmen on your way to hell...”

*They begin to laugh, along with many others who were listening. I casually look around grinning and winking to amplify the spectacle.*

“Are you really a dude?”

[*Matter-of-factly*] “Actually I’m a female ocelot.”

“What the hell you doin’ man? Are you some kinda fag or sumthin’?” (Comitragedy)

*I belly laugh loudly and speak in my normal, bass voice.*

“Naw, man, I’m just dressed up for the party. Is that a

Is that cool?"

"Yeah, yeah that's cool you dressed up... Have fun, man."

*I extend my arm for a handshake and he looks at me oddly. I grin and do a masculine, three-part 'secret handshake' with him. He looks confused and mentally disarmed from anger as to whether or not I am gay. I laugh and wink at those watching and go dance.*

<sup>1</sup> Despite their drunkenness, the guys acknowledged me as a member of their own species; with limited costuming capabilities, I could not always embody ambiguity literally. Had I successfully pulled that one off, I believe the whole event would have quickly ended tragically with a vigilante zookeeper tranquilizing me or riotous pandemonium caused by fear of a wild, exotic animal here in Williamsburg.



Untitled  
Novella

# Glass Containers

Erin Caro

## **Kitchen Window**

The sun rises.  
One of many chores,  
A homesteader's wife stands before the window  
Above the basin  
And washes and rinses and dries  
Looking out over the vast expanse  
Wondering about life, and love, and promises

and the sun sets  
and the sun rises.

A maid for a Victorian goddess  
Quickly scrubs and dips and dries  
Cups, spoons, plates  
While longingly gazing Out  
Opportunity obscured by those panes of glass

and the sun sets  
and the sun rises.

The lady of the house comes in  
With her new cropped hair  
Flushed from the victory of  
Her very first vote.  
And she puts on her apron  
And stands before that window  
Absentmindedly wiping, drying  
Dreaming of the possibilities just beyond.

and the sun sets  
and the sun rises.

She arrives home from her job  
Peels off her heels, hugs her children  
In a flurry of activity and exclamations  
Finally, Liberated,  
and after dinner  
and after bedtime  
Stands, exhausted, in front of that glass  
Imagining what her mother, her grandmother  
Must have seen, must have dreamt  
Every day  
Scrubbing, rinsing, drying  
Wonders exactly why architects and husbands  
Always put a window, a portal to the Outside  
Just at the spot of  
No escape.  
And the sun sets.

### **Mirror**

Lips  
Breasts  
Abs  
Ass  
Smile Bend Twist Flirt  
Get ready.

Lipstick  
Push Up  
Suck In  
Thong  
Contort Distort Defy  
Yourself.

When the you  
Looking back  
Isn't the you  
That you knew



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Yourself.

When the you  
Looking back  
Isn't the you  
That you knew

Then you know  
You're ready  
To Go.

Have fun  
Be yourself  
(As long as you  
Remember  
to  
Reapply  
Fluff Up  
Suck In  
Push Out  
and  
Smile.)

### **The Ceiling**

sometimes, it's what we can't see  
that contains our dreams,  
and we should never cry over broken Glass

\* \* \* \* \*



William and Mary Women  
Staff collage

## Thank You

The staff of Winged Nation would like to thank:

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Appreciation can make a day, even change a life. Your  
willingness to put it into words is all that is necessary.

-Margaret Cousins

Thanks again to all who have helped  
us on our journey this year.