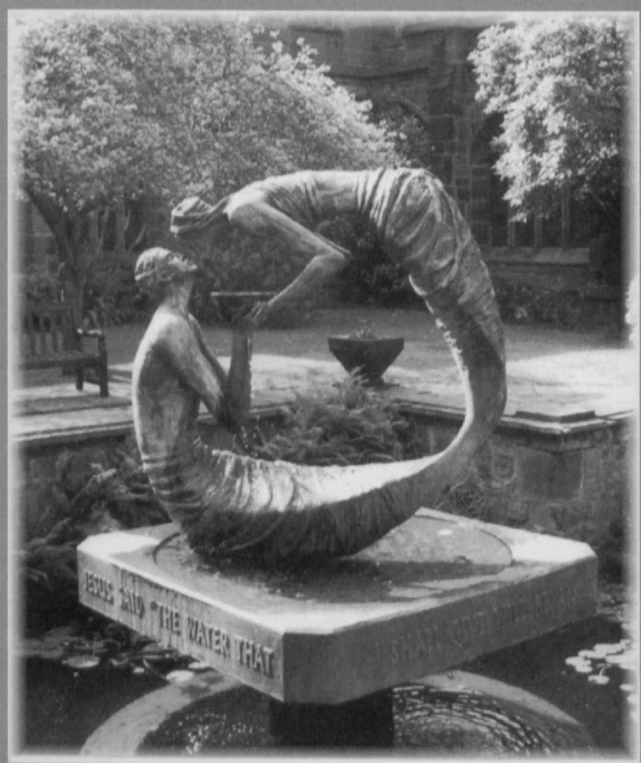


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winged nation

Winged Nation

Volume 10

Winged Nation

Volume Ten
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“So what is this divided being introduced into language through gender? It is an impossible being, it is a being that does not exist, an ontological joke.”

Monique Wittig

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Winged Nation is the proud product of a feminist community at the College of William and Mary. Our publication provides opportunities to share our unique perspectives, and to explore gendered experience.

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Die

Sophia Sinclair

His cup runs over in life,
 which may explain why he has turned to the bottle.
Class after class, it is how he pours himself into Saturday
 nights.

It is a habit you see,
 not practiced on the other 6 days of the week
 when he is things other than mean.
But kind,
 generous,
 intelligent,
 honest,
 to name just four of them.

After the party, during the wee hours of Sunday
 he returns to his room.

He finds it to be shaking slightly,
 like a cup-
 for he is the die
 in it to be tossed, rolled,
 and tumbled out again
 onto another of his six faces.

Being

J.L. Carr

In a room full of women
I am the Radical Queer
In a room full of gays
I am the Pushy Bitch
In a group of any people
If you look for me, I'll be the
Feminist/Socialist/Libertarian/
Soft-Butch/High-Strung/Low-Patience
Brown-Haired
Green-Eyed
White-Skinned
Dyke

I am Sometime-Woman
I am Sometime-Gay
I am White-Woman
I am White-Gay
I am White-Gay-Woman-etc.
Pick any and all you prefer ...
And yet I have to somehow find
A way to reconcile
To compile
(While avoiding putting on trial)
All my fractured parts
So that I finally get
To be Me

Open Air Art

Erin Caro

in the streets
crushed between the banker
and the beggar
sharp morning light
breaks on the shuffling throng
and the low murmur
of Humanity
rises as dew into the fresh humidity

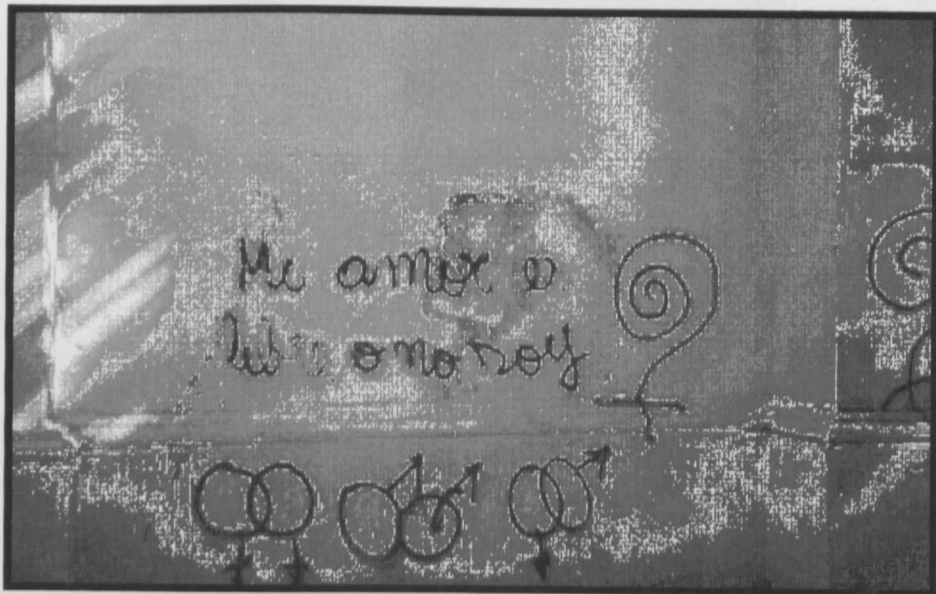
it whispers of dark sins nocturnal,
dulled grey by the entrance of dawn
bland musings of minds half-awake
Wash
around-above-about
all of Us

moving as one to a thousand
different points

And then It is There
black and red and purple bruises
on the immaculate white.
gifts of the night and its
daring deviant
chant
It is loud, strikes and pulls us to It,
yet no sound has trespassed upon
our ears
outside of the monotonous
muttering, murmuring hum.

Yet the Bastion of Tradition
stands wounded,
seeping out centuries of poisoned blood
a trickle into the streets
of
Buenos Aires.

And the Cabildo, seat of all that Knows
and all that Decides
becomes the newest monument
Anonymous
that greets ten thousand pair of eyes
in the morning Sun.



Erin Caro, "Mi amor es libre o no soy"

Male-Bashing, Literally

Margaret Riley

They walk in the night. Woe to the weary frat boy or lone male traveler who crosses their path. For one moment, fear will strike his heart and then there shall be silence, broken only by the lonesome call of the owl. They move silently and strike with no sound save for the rush of air that accompanies their quick movements. They are THE FEMINIST NIGHT ARMY.

Every night as darkness descends on the city of Williamsburg, the army takes to the streets in search of their enemies. You know them by sight: the boy who couldn't believe that a girl could get an A in Adventure Games, or the professor who told you math was not the right major for "someone like you." All doubters and fools who refuse to believe women have the strength and intelligence to kick their asses. Unfortunately for them, there is now a force far more powerful than their bigotry. The FEMINIST NIGHT ARMY has come to restore order and justice to this town.

They are all true women, standing proud in their fatigues with painted faces that enable them to blend into the foliage. They exude femininity and power and will stalk their enemies through the most treacherous of paths. No place is too dangerous; not even the path behind the Randolph complex (the one that smells like pee) is a safe haven for those who would cross them. But their true hunting ground is Frat Row. It is here that males congregate to bask in their testosterone and beer, and it is here where the army begins their search each night. They hide behind trees, shrubs, SUVs, anything that will provide cover. Then, as the boys leave one by one, they follow them and when the coast is clear they strike! Like bolts of lightning they are upon the offenders and the game is finished. Before he knows what is upon him, the man is felled like a buffalo in the Wild West. Only this time the

violence is for more than just fun, it is for justice, although it is fun too.

When the night has ended and dawn's pale streaks of light peek above the horizon, the army retires. Another evening's sport has ended and it is time to resume their everyday lives. They return to their dorms and assume the masks of normality that serve them during the day. But tomorrow night the games will begin anew, and woe to any man who interferes with the army while it is on the prowl. And the world will be a better place thanks to the FEMINIST NIGHT ARMY!



Alyssa Meyers, Bonaventure Cemetary

Battle Plans

Sarah Feightner

(1) Medea:

O Mother you are vicious
and would devour me for principle.

Even as I am your sacrifice now,
so you were a sacrifice unto the Father.

Even as the walls of our houses burn
by your hand
(brown stone and flesh)
so I cannot help but love you still.

We will blow free together
as the ashes on the wind.

We will bring tears to his eyes:
(your vengeance) (my consolation)

(2) Penelope:

Mother and I wait
 patiently
for my Father to come home.

We watch by hearth and not window.

With sex and comfort and fifteen men would
 suit her finely
in the next room, she does not concede.

My Mother anticipates a greater return.

For she sent my Father to journey
 past all of her many faces:
Circe,
 Scylla,

 Siren and Calypso:

It is the fire and not the sea will bring him home

when, weary of wandering, humbled and re-
 educated he comes:
to banish the fifteen ghosts of his former self
 (o world of men)

and be human with her at last.

Princess Anorexia

Sophia Sinclair

Thin as a reed

as a rail
like a pole I stand.

The tundra wind snaps and snags me;
“where is your flag?”
“your particular banner?”
“have you no message?”

I sigh and reply

“noooo,”
the sound lost as my molecules freeze to
motionlessness
the crystals of time building round me.

An ice maiden in a sheath of her own volition

I cannot help but wonder;
will the white-jacketed men come?
will they marvel at this sacrifice?
measure my meager proportions and
attempt resuscitation?
stand me up as a model or exhibit,
cold statistic?

Let it not be.

I just want to die and whiten to history -
The method is immortal.

On the Rocks

Sophia Sinclair

Darling, the bureau drawers are out and overturned
My silk stockings and brassieres litter the floor
The suitcase gapes open from the divan,
 affecting a yawn.

I am filling it.
Filling it as you could never fill me.
This boredom must be stuffed.

In go the slippers, my Chinese dressing gown.
The silk stockings pick themselves up now
 and slip aside those slippers.

I toss in the mantle clock—knowing you won't miss it.
Time spent here was one long drunken stupor after all.

You should have kept your women and whiskey separate.
You should have kept those glass shards whole.
You should have kept this thing afloat rather than drown
 in it.

You will perish on the rocks without me.

Morning Touch

Lauren Holt

blood and fire, i think
and some ancient symbolism that i'm recycling
by breathing.
Heat and pain.
Something that makes me itch,
something smooth and slippery.

And wry.
The set of your mouth
when i come.
Want to rip out your teeth,
bruise your lips.

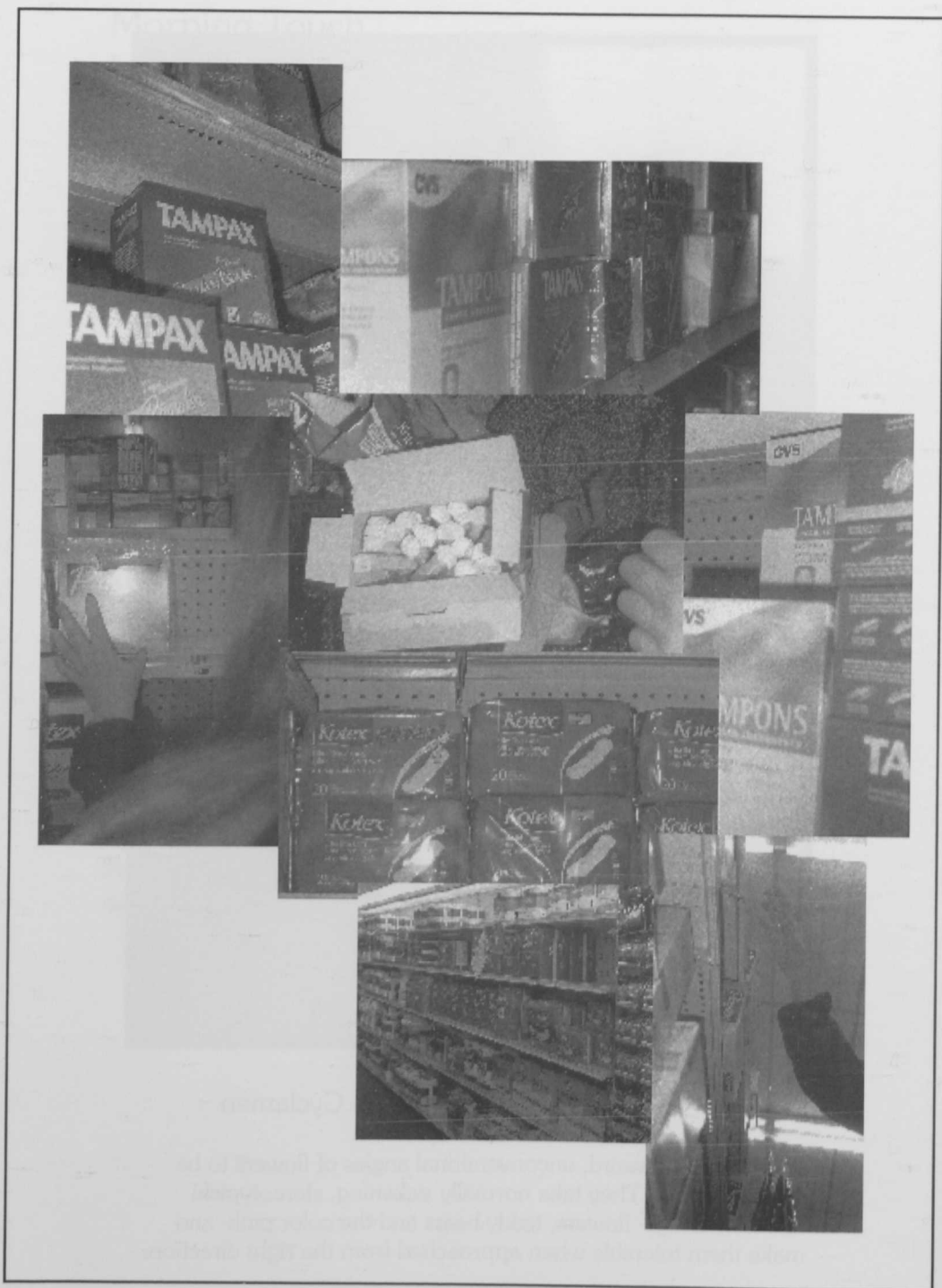
And then you look sweetly,
softly,
and i'm raw from your touch
and you say
goodbye, hello again.
Try to catch this.

Blood and fire.
Fevered, but
subsiding, i'm not looking.



Emilie Snell-Rood, Cyclamen

I generally find weird, unconventional angles of flowers to be quite pleasing. They take normally sickening, stereotypical feminine things- flowers, teddy bears and the color pink- and make them tolerable when approached from the right direction.



Kristin Imre, Untitled

EUPHEMISMS

(a period piece)

Anonymous

Rolling out the red carpet.

Surfing the crimson wave.

Parting the red sea.

The curse.

That time of the month.

On the rag.

Back in the saddle.

Moon time.

A visit from Aunt Flo(w).

Taking Carrie to the prom.

Indisposed.

Indisponiertsein (Germ.).

Dolorosas (Span. — to have pain or discomfort).

Piove (Ital. — "It rains.")

Mr. George Michael (cockney: rhymes with cycle).

Our little girl is so grown up.

The wound of Eve that never heals.

Adam's revenge.

Self loved, self hated,

a woman's life is punctuated

...Dot

...Dot

...Dot.

The Moon at Union Station

A short one-act play

Chris Boyce

THE TIME: now

THE PLACE: Union Station

THE CHARACTERS:

ANTONY: 49, a homeless woman, able to pass for a man.

ANNE: 42, a business woman.

DAVID: 47, Anne's boss.

AT RISE: Union Station. A garbage can and a bench on stage, occupied by ANTONY. She is sleeping on her back, with a thin orange blanket covering her body and a newspaper over her face. DAVID enters, walking with furious energy. ANNE enters a pace after him, obviously struggling to catch up, and grabs his forearm. He turns.

DAVID

Mechanical difficulties my ass! Every time I take the train there's some excuse. Employees sick, or a wrench in the goddamned gear. How long did that asshole say it'd be?

ANNE

(Soothing, condescending but trying to hide it) Just a half hour, Dave. We can find a bench, and actually rest a bit before the meeting.

DAVID

In this filthy place? I haven't seen an empty one yet.

ANNE

Well, I'm sure

DAVID

Never seen so many bums in my life. Sprawled out like they'd paid for hotel beds.

ANNE

Well, it's not like they're --

DAVID

Did you see a restroom anywhere?

ANNE

Back the way we came. There's a sign.

(DAVID exits. ANTONY wakes up, stretches and stands. ANNE begins to walk away.)

ANTONY

(*Very surprised to see her, but pleased*) Annie! Hey, Annie, it's Tony!

(ANNE turns, glances back quickly, and then continues to walk away, in direction opposite from David. She exits. ANTONY starts to follow, stops.)

ANTONY

Well, if that's the way it is . . .

(ANTONY walks back to the bench, and neatly folds up both the blanket and the newspaper. She begins to do exercises from a familiar routine. Every few minutes she groans and puts a hand over her stomach. DAVID enters, and sits on the bench, using the blanket as a cushion. He picks up the paper, removes the Business section, and throws the rest into the garbage.)

ANTONY

(*Ignoring DAVID; does jumping jacks*) One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight! Nine! Ten! (*Groans and clutches her stomach.*)

DAVID

Shit. Bull market my ass.

(DAVID crumples a page of the business section and throws it at ANTONY.)

ANTONY

(*Still ignoring DAVID, doing pushups*) One! Two! Three! Four! Five!

(ANNE enters)

ANNE

(*Very melodramatic*) Oh, Tony!

ANTONY

(Ignoring Anne) Six! Seven! Eight! *(She stands up with effort, clutching her stomach, but proud)* Eight!

ANNE

What day is it today, Tony?

ANTONY

It's (whatever the current day is).

ANNE

And what's the Julian date?

ANTONY

It's (the number of days since the beginning of the year).

ANNE

And what phase is the moon in?

ANTONY

I don't know.

ANNE

David!

DAVID

(Mildly annoyed) What?

ANNE

What phase is the moon in?

DAVID

(Mild sorrow) The phase of the moon is in the trash.

ANTONY

Poor, poor man.

DAVID

(Fingering his suit) Wealthier than some.

ANNE

(Patting DAVID on the head) Yes, a very poor man.

ANTONY

What is the next step?

ANNE

The next step below a poor man?

ANTONY

That wasn't what I—

ANNE

Tony, the next step below a poor man is not a man at all.

ANTONY

That's a very odd thing for a woman to—

ANNE

Yes, isn't it? But I'm not talking about me.

(DAVID has just become interested in the conversation. He is furtively looking at ANTONY and ANNE. ANTONY approaches the bench and offers DAVID her hand. Embarrassed, DAVID takes it, and she pulls him up.)

ANTONY

(Brightly) We can't have anyone sitting during the morning exercises!

(ANTONY picks up her blanket, which DAVID has been sitting on. She sniffs it, shakes it out, refolds it, and tucks it under her arm.)

ANTONY

(Grandly) The moon is on the wane, and in a week it will be brand new! Which brings us to the next step!

(To DAVID) What are you thankful for, Man?

DAVID

That would involve thanking someone? Like a higher power?

ANNE

(Rambling) Or a lower power, or a moderate power, any sort of power you like, as long as it's a power, cause really if it's not a power there's no way it can help you, is there, and if it can't help you, you've got nothing to thank it for.

DAVID

What do I know about power? Power isn't something you thank,

anyway. You fear it. Unless it's your own power. Power. Power. Power. Power. Power. Power. *(Powerlust grows with each repetition.)*

ANTONY

What are you thankful for, Woman?

ANNE

For lower powers and moderate powers, I think. Higher powers tend to swoop down from above when you don't expect them, and scare the hell out of you. I don't think I want to be helped by a higher power.

(Long pause. ANNE and ANTONY study each other. DAVID continues to mutter "power" softly, staring out at the audience.)

ANNE

Well, your turn, Antony. And I get to ask.

ANTONY

Just like old times.

ANNE

You never liked to answer.

ANTONY

(Clutching her stomach) You know I like difficult things. Morning exercises have a purpose, after all. If you don't do them, you never wake up.

ANNE

(Distastefully) Even though they can be . . . painful. I prefer beauty sleep myself. So, what are you thankful for, Fey-male?

ANTONY

For the date, the Julian date, and the phase of the moon.

DAVID

(With greedy curiosity) And those things have power?

ANTONY

Well, of course. *(She steps up onto the bench as though it is a podium, and clears her throat for a lecture.)* The date is powerful because it is always changing. It is pleasant to feel that we are moving forward.

DAVID

He's right!

ANNE

She's right!

ANTONY

And the Julian date is powerful because it's obscure. The past is a security blanket, even when it's corrupted, misremembered, modified. (*Toys with orange blanket*) After all, if we change too much too fast, we'll forget how to describe ourselves pleasantly.

DAVID

(*Thoughtfully*) Do you know, I don't quite remember how? I'm rich of course. That's enough I think. Yes, that's quite pleasant. I think.

ANNE

Yes, and what about the phase of the moon?

DAVID

It's in the trash, remember?

ANTONY

The moon is on the wane and will be new in a week.

ANNE

Yes, but what about—

ANTONY

The moon is on the wane and will be new in a week, because I said so.

(ANTONY holds the orange blanket up in front of her like the close of a curtain. Long pause.)

DAVID

(*Angry*) So the moon is on the wane. Just my luck. (*Exits*).

ANNE

(*Confused*) So the moon is on the wane. Just my luck. (*Exits*).

ANTONY

(*Smug and happy. Throws the blanket aside, but it lands near.*)
And soon it will be new.



Kristi Jamrisko, Byrd Song

Dream Poem

Anonymous

The perfect dress
would make my thighs smaller
and my breasts bigger,
make my hair blonder (because
gentlemen prefer blondes),
help me teach dyslexic children
how to read
through interpretive dance.
We'd make the blind see
and the lame walk--
and while we're at it,
we'd make peace
in the Middle East.

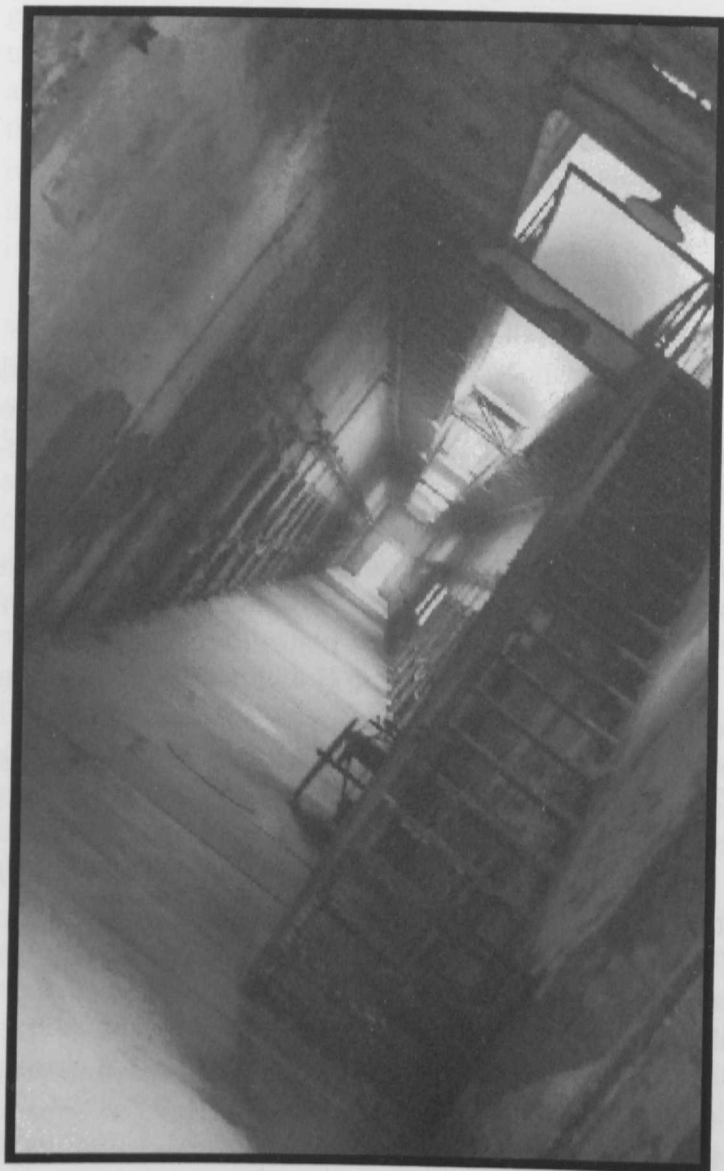
The Dissection

Joy Allen

You are stark as eaves or rock paths
To questions that drove you answerless last June,
Glinting like the diamond you wish would cut away
The scraps of lonely that hang from your bones,
Morsels like fish flesh caught between ribs and fins
On the great oily plate after dinner has ended.
I wash my hands and descend into the basement.

You've left me caught in repetition,
Choosing faces flavored with your heritage and shape
To peel back their skin, evaluate their skulls
And crack them apart for the solution to you.
I need them grey-checked like you two days unshaven,
Soft smelling, noses small and straight, brows like down,
Eyes horrible with chunks cut out
Backs like planets, a smeared tattoo,
Serrated scars where your guts should have been-
I lay out the sheets on the cement floor and begin.

For every face I see could be yours,
All the ones so handsome they're ghastly, leaking,
Every shoulder so strong I want to flay
The ridged clumps down to tendons and see if they explain
How connecting tissues can rot and fall apart.



Lisa Volb, The Hallway

Colonialism in Modern America: The Relationship Case

Matt Schroeder

*Sheep to the slaughter – oh I thought this
must be love...*

-- Elvis Costello, "Big Sister's Clothes"

I write of a form of modern colonialism so widespread that it affects every reader, each of whom will probably see himself or herself in it. It starts innocently enough: two strangers encounter each other with a subtle brush of the hand, a quick glance, or a proposal that they get a cup of coffee. There is nothing new here; Europeans and indigenous Americans did as much with hand signals and pidgin languages. Out of these initial skirmishes, however, emerges the colonizer: a romantic relationship (hereafter referred to as "Relationship" to distinguish it from its non-capitalized platonic counterpart).

Conquest follows: as the Relationship gains power, it takes possession of the un/happy couple, much as Europeans systematically dispossessed American Indians and symbolically claimed the land. This colonial power goes farther than its predecessors, though. In a particularly insidious twist, it transfers its greed for power to the colonized couple. Each wants to own the other, and thus the Relationship continuously recreates itself through this possessive bond: it cannot exist without the "colony couple."

Having attained hegemony, the Relationship reorients its colony; the couple turns away from its members' previous interests and passions to spend more time together, thus sustaining its colonizer. Citizenship, family, friends, companion animals, the pursuit of knowledge – all are in danger of falling by the wayside. Again, this is not without precedent: the English formed praying towns and set up schools to "civilize" the Indians, the French sent out

Jesuits to promote Catholicism, and the Spanish colonial government resorted to torture to stamp out indigenous religions. Similarly, the Relationship relocates its colony and uproots social networks in the process. (This relocation can be as extreme as living together or as slight as spending time with the other.) In the end, it sets itself up as a superior religion, and its rituals (hand-holding, kissing, mating, "I love you") enforce its dominance. Paradoxically, then, a couple becomes more isolated as it grows closer.

After cutting off a couple's old world, the Relationship begins the exploitative process. It demands tribute, and so the colonized couple offers up gifts of candy, flowers, and (in advanced stages) expensive jewelry – just as the Spanish forced the Andean natives to provide them with silver and gold. It is important to note that the colonized couple thinks that it acts for each other, yet the effect is to reaffirm and sustain the Relationship. Refusal to engage in the ritual exchange of precious metals brings down swift sanctions from other colonized couples, who feel threatened by this challenge and must affirm their own Relationship's existence. The hard work required to supply these tributes often exacerbates the reorientation process described in the previous paragraph; the colony turns farther away from its previous activities to provide them.

To sum up, Relationships create a self-perpetuating colony through physical conquest, social reorientation, and economic exploitation. This model has considerable explanatory power; it describes how otherwise healthy people can abandon themselves and their interests under the influence of a coercive and constraining external force. The couple, to use Bob Blauner's phrase, is both "subordinate to and dependent upon" the Relationship that has consumed them. In other words, a formerly independent human acquires a primary identity as "X's boyfriend" or "Y's wife." An institution more degrading to the individual can scarcely be imagined.

But another world is possible, for a critical look at the colonizer can destroy its power. Relationships thrive on blind faith; lucidity is sufficient to begin a rebellion and reclaim one's individuality. It may be tempting to surrender when one encounters a potential colonizer, but he or she must maintain a conscious and conscientious celibacy. Only through this can humans have functional friendships and value each other for each other's sake.



Alyssa Meyers, Mario/Maria

Jubilee

Alyssa Meyers

The name of this place
has been lost, if it ever had a name,
this place where the sea
used to be. Used to be.

A calm gray day, like the
inside of a pearl: digging
through salt and more salt.

*For she shall inhabit the parched places in the
wilderness,
in a salt land.*

(I will show you olives
from the fig tree,
and the figs
from the vine.)

This is a strange dreaming
tasting of honey,
and yet bitter. Returning:
the tang of salt
on our lips with every step.

once bound, now free.

Thank You

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"This organism that has been under the shadow of a rock these million years--feels the light fall on it, and sees coming her way a piece of strange food--knowledge, adventure, art."

A Room of One's Own
Virginia Woolf