

Victoriana and its strained juxtaposition of the natural and

# the thong also rises

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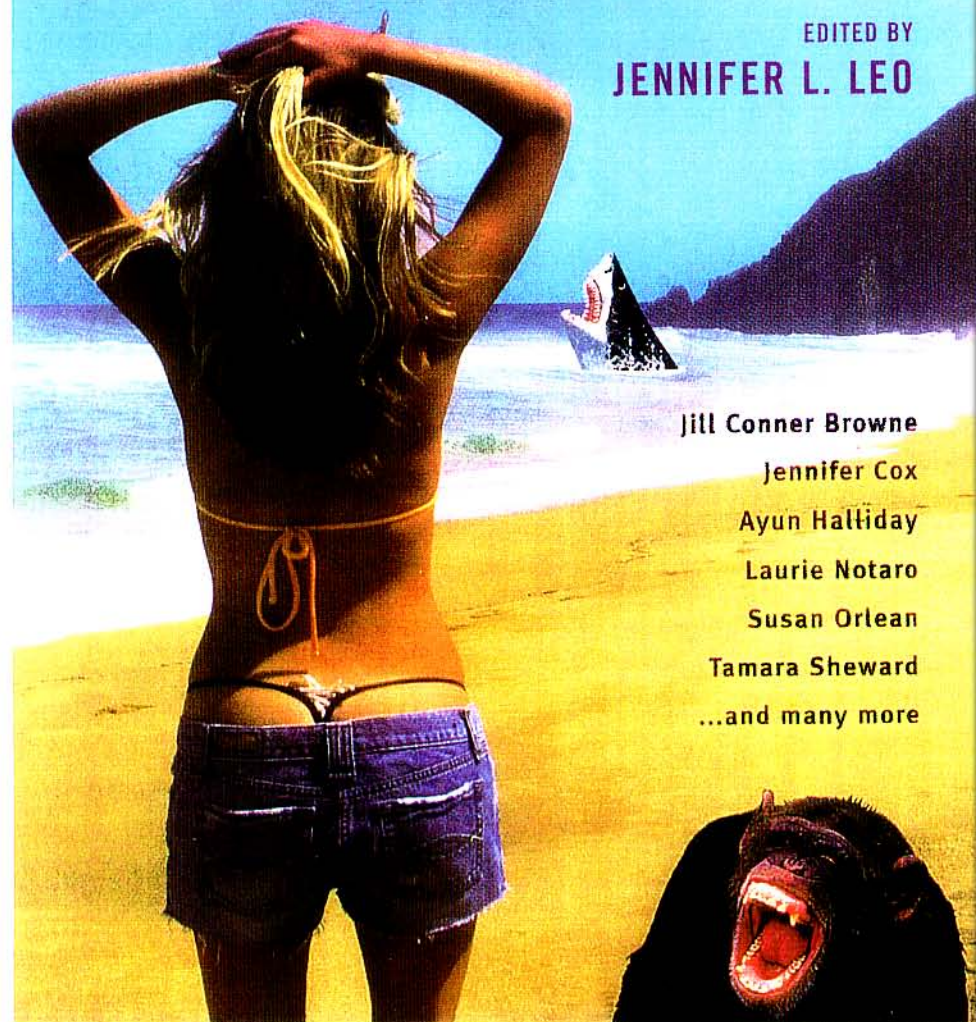
Ayun Halliday

Laurie Notaro

Susan Orlean

Tamara Sheward

...and many more



sculpting, painting, and hairdressing, and mostly you have to be a little bit of a zoology nerd. You have to love animals—love looking at them, taking photographs of them, hunting them, measuring them, casting them in plaster of Paris when they're dead so that you have a reference when you're, say, attaching ears or lips and want to get the angle and shape exactly right. Some taxidermists raise the animals they most often mount, so they can just step out in the backyard when they're trying to remember exactly how a deer looks when it's licking its nose, especially because modern taxidermy emphasizes mounts with interesting expressions, rather than the stunned-looking creations of the past. Taxidermists seem to make little distinction between loving animals that are alive and loving

Not long after our arrival in England, a fellow American student developed a hankering for fried chicken while riding the London Underground.

Silently giving thanks for the abundance of fast-food establishments dotting London, she resolved to ask the first person she saw where she might find a Kentucky Fried Chicken.

Stepping off the train, she saw a woman handing out tracts. As the woman pressed one into her hand, my friend asked eagerly, "Excuse me, where is the nearest Kentucky Fried Chicken?"

The woman's pleasant expression quickly changed to one of shock and disgust.

My friend looked down at the tract in her hand. It began, "Each day, thousands of chickens are needlessly slaughtered to satisfy the gluttony of man..."

—Carol Penn-Romine,  
"Tastes of Home"