

Incontestable Ranking of the Breasts of Naked Stanford Sculptures

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The worst breasts on campus were sculpted by Rodin. They bloom from the armpit. If you lance that bronze with a needle, pus will leak out all viscous. Rodin's women cross their arms over their

eyes, as if embarrassed by their bubonic pustules. Next I'd rank the breasts around back of the mausoleum. They are attached to sphinxes, which used to stand in front of the maus, until Jane Stanford

called them "displeasing" and had them moved to the rear. Now androgynous sphinxes flank the front door. The breasted sphinxes became part of a vast underbelly of institutional secrets. Institutional secrets have often

revolved around breasts, and these breasts themselves are vast and institutional: tough rock, bulbous and distinct. In second place is the *Universal Woman*. She lives in the Stem Cell Research Building. She is eight feet tall. Her

breasts melt into cavities. Her bronze limbs appear to waste away. The universal woman is on the brink of disappearance. The universal woman is not aging well. The universal woman eats herself alive, breast by rotting breast.

The very best, most realistic breasts on campus were funded by Chevron, Chevron being the main corporate donor to the Papua New Guinea sculpture garden. They are attached to women who are often being pulled upward:

by men, by eagles, by higher powers. And yet the soft wooden breasts sink resolutely down. They say: this body shall not rise heavenwards. It is of the earth. On earth she stays.

Meet the piece: This poem, in a tongue-in-cheek way, examines the way male sculptors have treated women's bodies in the statues across Stanford's campus. In the poem, I critique sculptors like Rodin, and I also comment on Stanford's own institutional censorship of breasted bodies.