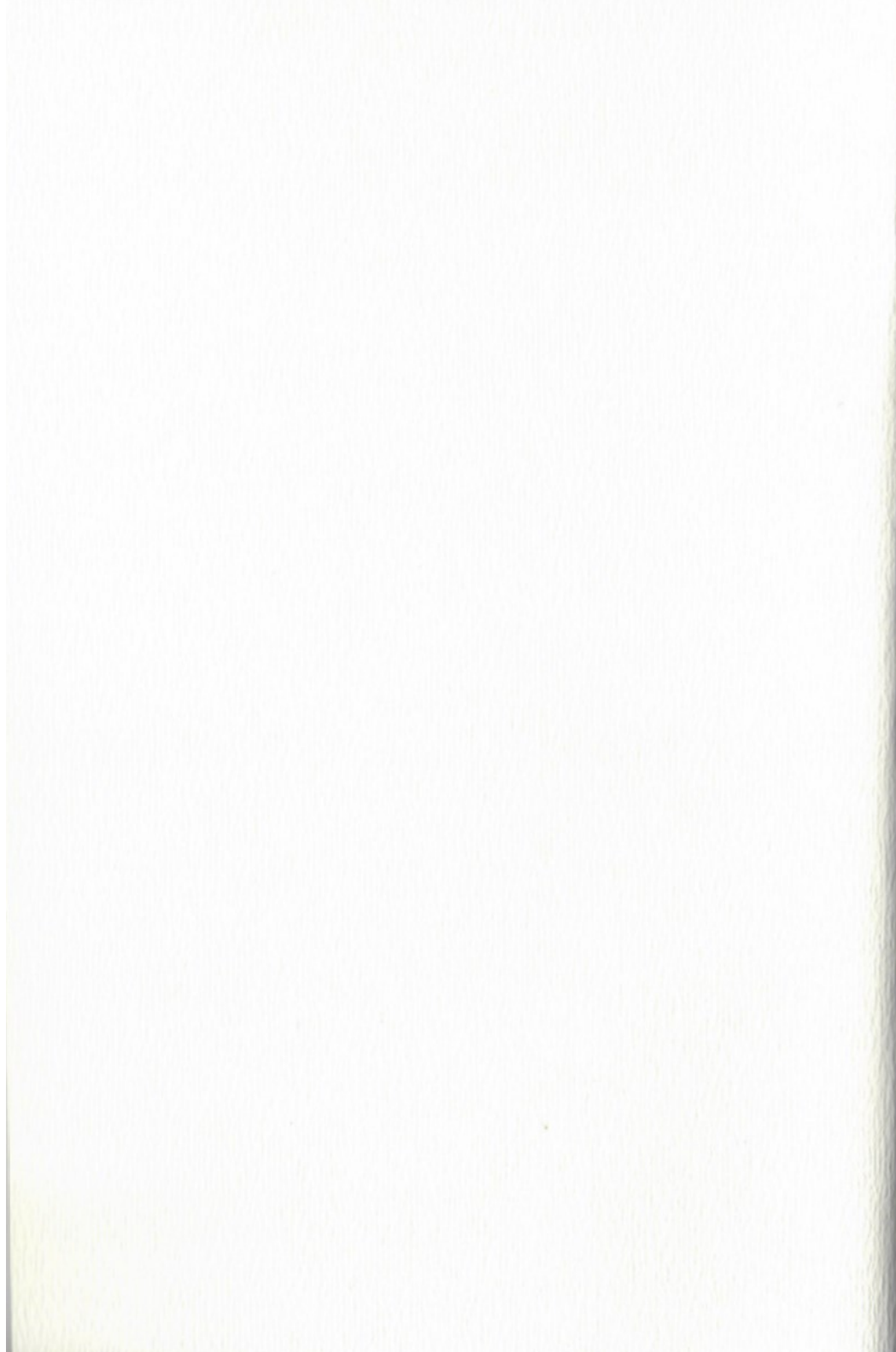


The Trinity Review

Volume cv Number 1

Fall 1991





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Look Closely

Michael Kleinberg

A Word from the Editorial Board

Martha Jo McGinnis	We
Ursula Holland	Very
Robyn Kalda	Plantigrade
Kelly Baxter	Absent
Danielle Etches	Poisson
Hugh Thomas	Café
Alice Staveley	Onlyoneword?
Alex Wiebe	Xodifying
Judd Palmer	Longue
Wyndham Thiessen	Wemys
Anita Kadikar	Dimensionless

Comments? Questions? Contact Martha McGinnis at 485-1664.

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Editorial

This issue of *The Trinity Review* is going into production just as Trinity recovers from serious attacks on its (ahem) venerable institutions. At a hundred and five volumes, the *Review* is certainly among the most venerable of college organizations, and indeed, it too has sometimes been charged with elitism. In recent issues, the editorial board has worked to produce a book that will appeal to readers of all kinds.

This one is no exception. At your first glance through the visuals, you will find they range in subject matter from the sublime to the ridiculous . . . you decide. Joe and Ravi have created another skill-testing cover extravaganza for you, but wait: there's more! Numerous artists and photographers have contributed to make this one of our most *illustrious* issues yet. Be sure to catch our sensational centre spread—even if you do just read us for the articles. The poetry and prose in this issue also represent a variety of interests, from love, to music, to sinister household appliances.

Through these pieces, a Trinity voice emerges, a voice of some eloquence and humour. If satirical wit is the college trademark, then this volume certainly bears it. Yet another, less publicized aspect of the college also manifests itself in these pages. This is the face of sensitivity and humanity which Trinity shows to anyone looking for it in good faith. As writers, as readers, indeed as people, we have a long way to go—but we have a great deal to be proud of as well, not least this issue of the *Review*.

Read to enjoy, and with an open mind. As an heir to the now-controversial democratic tradition, I admit to certain prejudices. For one, I maintain that enlightenment can be achieved only by confrontation. Challenge yourself; challenge your associates. Dare to speak honestly, and to listen with compassion. No matter what you believe, don't allow yourself to be handcuffed and gagged. As long as Trinity students participate in the perpetual dialogue of ideas—of which this volume is only a small excerpt—criticism can only leave us more flexible, stronger, and wiser.

Martha Jo McGinnis

you were
calm song
and sunlit marmalade
you were freed
from shoeshine authority
your black purse was
only for
winedrops
and rainbow candy
but now
you are distant
in morningless rooms of dark
aniseed
on bitter beds
in discordant silence
you lie
your smile strained in salty spiderwebs.

Katya Halil

Mrs. Robinson

Mrs. Robinson recollects
and flips the side
of the record again

remixing her days:
Churchill's daughter
never washed dishes
like we always had to.

And these, those, these, those,
par for the course, it's all,
isn't it?
I need a new prescription,
I need a new addiction,
don't you think?

A man jumped from the landing above
and crushed the begonias
and the lilies landing, love.
No, I didn't see it, but if I had,
I would have asked to change apartments.

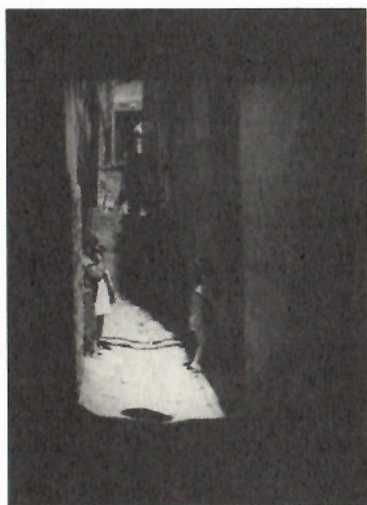
They're all the same,
aren't they? I am
hermetically sealed
with my chintz
prints and the
man on the screen
offends me, lunging
earnestly into the
living room. He is
unintelligible
flickering like
a snake. Hypnotize,
I can't look

away from his mock
honesty. Are you

concerned by the
scoop of ashes
under the apple
tree? Shovel me
in. Colour me dead.

Sample the ample
apple I hand you.
My wrinkles are
angular, incidental,
shave away orbitals.
White pouches, can't
you see what I'm thinking
at all?

Erin O'Brien



Tanya Lena

The Cough

Above all else, Herbert Twinkle loved the Symphony. A loyal patron for twenty years, Herbert had always been one of the very first to secure a season subscription. He attended every performance, never returning his tickets for a refund or even giving them away to another music lover. When he felt under the weather, he would make sure to exchange them for an alternate night. Yes indeed, Herbert Twinkle loved the Symphony.

He loved to sit in the sixth row, exactly three seats to the left of centre. That way, he caught the intense concentration of the conductor's face as he swung to direct the violins. Herbert had made the calculation long ago that the conductor swings to the violins 17 percent more often than to the violoncellos. The added advantage of this position was that, whenever there was a piano concerto, the pianist would always sit on stage left.

Whenever a soloist was slated to play, Herbert's grey hairs would ruffle up in anticipation. His habitual frown and furrowed brow would give way to cheerfulness for an entire twelve hours beforehand. As the performance neared, Herbert would sit at his desk at work and fidget with his eyeglasses, waiting desperately for quitting time. His coworkers nodded in understanding: "A soloist at the Symphony. . . ."

Herbert's beloved seat in the sixth row was a perfect vantage point during solo performances: he could see every line of the soloist's face, every manoeuvre of the soloist's body. He would look on in rapture at every movement connected inextricably to the heavenly sounds that poured from the instrument. After a particularly satisfactory effort, Herbert was always the first one on his feet, shouting "Bravo!"—or "Brava!" in the case of the female performer: Herbert knew his Symphony etiquette perfectly. One night, during a particularly boisterous curtain call, he caught the eye of the great Sir Yehudi Menuhin, who held his violin in a firm yet delicate grip at his side as he took a bow just ever so slightly towards stage left. Waves of delight washed over Herbert's entire being. How Herbert Twinkle loved the Symphony!

Herbert Twinkle hated to be distracted at the Symphony. He hated the latecomers, for he always arrived thirteen minutes early to

make his way, unobstructed, to his beloved sixth row. He hated the paper-crinklers, the programme-flippers, the loud snorers, the quiet snorers, the sleeping-but-not-snoring head-rollers, the foot-tappers, the loud breathers, the soft-but-audible breathers, the bathroom-trippers, the nose-pickers, the gum-chewers. . . . As far as Herbert was concerned, a tempest of nine-foot Yamaha grand pianos could come tumbling out of the sky and crush each and every one of these infernal people. Not a Steinway or a Bösendorfer, of course: hand-crafted pianos were too precious to waste on cretins.

But even a Yamaha was too good for one kind of symphony-spoiler. Herbert wouldn't even begin to be satisfied if this distraction of distractions was tarred and feathered, bitten by a hundred black widow spiders, trampled by stampeding wildebeests, horrifically mangled in a bizarre bowling accident, eaten alive and excreted by an Amazonian anaconda and crushed by a mass-produced piano. It was the coughers that Herbert Twinkle detested with a demonic hatred. How he loathed the hacking sounds which emanated from their accursed throats, interrupting the celestial strains of the Symphony.

Tonight, there would be no distractions. It was a night Herbert had been looking forward to for half the season. A soloist would perform tonight—but not just any soloist: the winner of four major international competitions, a virtuoso who brought the audience at Carnegie Hall to its feet, a violinist who received rave reviews from the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, the *Herald Tribune*! Tonight, Herbert would see the bow of the violin guided with absolute precision over the strings, horsehair against catgut, evoking melodies fit for Elysium. The performer's hands would dance over the neck of the instrument with perfect control as the conductor stroked the air with his fibreglass baton, each section of the orchestra following with exact timing. Tonight, Herbert would experience the very soul of the Symphony. Tonight, there would be no coughers.

But Herbert could not control the coughers. Before every performance, Herbert would beseech the Muses, "Let there be no coughing tonight—no fiendish contortions of the throat, no devilish clearing of the lungs. Let the music be met with silent attention." To his frustration, Herbert found that this prayer never worked. Every time he went to the Symphony, the coughers were there, an invisible yet ever-present force striving to tear away every shred of enjoyment. This time, Herbert was determined to win. He would defy those pro-



Tanya Lena

fane hordes of throat-clearers as he had defied them for twenty years.

The concertmaster steps gingerly onto the stage. Applause. Instruments tune up. The conductor makes his appearance. Applause. The stick is raised in a charged moment of potential energy and then—music. The opening piece fills up the first bit of the programme, allowing latecomers (the vermin) to file in before the soloist appears. Applause. The conductor leaves and brings out the soloist, who grasps her violin decisively. Applause. The violinist raises her bow and then brings it down upon the strings.

Herbert closed his eyes and allowed himself a satisfied smile. Such wonderful tone! He tried to picture what it would be like to be a violin, clutched in the hand of such a splendid player. He felt waves of music resonating through his sound chamber. The agile fingers of his mistress rode up and down his length, controlling the pitch of the notes flawlessly. Herbert looked up at the performer, who had been joined by the rest of the orchestra, and smiled again. The folds of her robe billowed as her bow arm oscillated, her face showing complete and utter attention to the task. And then the nightmare began.

As suddenly as a piano flattening a latecomer in Herbert's dreams, the cilia in his throat began a slight but terrifying movement. Physiological structures less than a millimetre in length seemed to assume the proportions of ostrich feathers. Herbert swallowed quickly. The fluid washed out of his salivary glands and fell downwards through his gullet with a gulping noise. Furtively, Herbert's eyes darted from side to side to see if anyone had heard his impious swallowing. Relieved, he returned his attention to the gliding arpeggios of the captivating cadenza. But nature would not give up so easily.

Once again the itch rose up into Herbert's jugular region. Sweat was now forming on his brow. Panic. Herbert tried to draw some more spittle into his mouth, but all he could manage was a drip or two to moisten his gums. Herbert probed his mouth silently with his tongue, stimulating the little ducts behind his molars, and swallowed. Gulp. Eyes darting. More sweat formed on his brow.

To his horror, Herbert found his breathing had heightened. He prayed frantically that the torture would stop, or that he would wake up and find that none of this was happening, but only found that his

breathing became more and more audible. Sweat gathered in the rim of his eyeglasses. Blood flow towards his cranial cavity increased. His eyes became twin orbs mounted on pneumatic drills, bolting about, out of control. Herbert closed his eyes and counted to ten.

Loosening his tie, he could feel that his collar was drenched in perspiration. As the sweat evaporated, the temperature seemed to return to a comfortable level. The concerto was now in its second movement—the slow movement. Soft, lulling music—romantic, free, light, with a touch of melancholy. Herbert reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out a bundle of facial tissues.

This was a situation that Herbert was always prepared for, lest he join the ranks of coughers. Yet, in his twenty years at the Symphony, this was the first time that Herbert had had occasion to execute his emergency plan. Meticulously, he unwrapped his tissues to reveal three lozenges. Grasping one ever so slightly with his fingers, Herbert popped a lozenge silently into his mouth and let it dissolve. With the utmost care and in complete silence, he re-wrapped the remaining lozenges and replaced them in his pocket. Relief.

The third movement began with a burst of energy and a plethora of difficult scale passages. Herbert observed the technique of the soloist as she handled some of the most difficult passages ever written. He ran his tongue across the roof of his mouth and the back of his incisors, contemplating the aftertaste of his lozenge. Nervously, he swallowed to clear the small bubble of phlegm that had gathered at the sides of his gorge. No effect. His eyes widening ever so slightly in consternation, Herbert reached into his pocket once more to draw out the lozenges. He unwrapped the tissues and—

CREAK!

Herbert had started and turned his head backwards towards the perpetrator of the chair-shift before he realized that he had dropped the tissue. The lozenges had rolled away into the darkness.

Despair. Herbert fought back the temptation to drop to the floor in search of his lost salvation. He sat glumly in his seat, imagining for a moment that one of the second violinists had given him a derisory glance. Phlegm welled up within his lungs and then hurtled up through his trachea and into his throat. Swallow. No effect. Herbert held his breath and tried to force the virulent fluid back—to no avail. Nature was mocking him, and Herbert knew it. He wished with all his heart that the piece would end, but he knew full well that

there were at least five minutes left. With a grimace of resignation, Herbert became one of the creatures he had come to abhor. He clenched his fists and . . . it happened.

<hack>

Nobody paid any attention to Herbert Twinkle that night, but it was the last night anyone would see him at the Symphony in his sixth row seat, three left of centre. Anyone who looked carefully enough might spot him at the bowling alley. For above all else, Herbert Twinkle loves bowling.

Martin Chang



Wyndham Thiessen

A Foreign Epistle

The sun is climbing as we say goodbye;
It taxis up its runway to the sky,
Trailing after it, like a filmy kite
Wide as the horizon, its band of light.
Around us two, the glossy marble floor
Shines like a silent sea around the shore,
And we, an island, rise from its embrace
With light, and light reflected, on our face.

Our joined hands loosen, let each other go;
Crossing the gleaming expanse, your steps slow.
You turn, you wave, you hoist your shoulder pack
And I can only stand and watch your back.

Soar up to sail the roiling foam of cloud,
And chase the sun, and dare to be as proud;
Inspire elusive rainbows to forsake
All shyness, and pursue you, in your wake.
Sprinkle the stars behind you as you fly,
And draw the wind out gently in a sigh,
Charming raindrops into downward careers
As from my throat you coax the rising tears.

Now each morning, first to meet my eyes,
Your picture, on the bedside table, lies
Close by my head, pretending to be true—
Returns my smile, pretending to be you.
I bask awhile in thoughts of former days,
Which memory mirrors back in dimmer rays,
Then, rising, leave the photographs behind
But carry out your portrait in my mind.

This bench, these stones, the pathways you once took
Display your image everywhere I look;
So many times you gazed upon this tree
That now it gazes your gaze back at me.
The walls that sheltered you, to me are friends,
Within which, future, present, past time blends:
You are just out of reach, just out of sight,

What barriers divide us two are slight;
Yet, slight or not, they still can separate,
And make me conscious of our separate state.

I watch the flowers, which presume to grow,
The leaves to change colour, and clouds to snow,
Helpless to halt, for you, what moves and lives
Without the permission your presence gives.
As for myself, in public life drawn out,
I cultivate each friendship, let it sprout,
Divulge the colour of my thoughts, let all
The flurries of new-formed ideas fall.
Disloyal me, to listen and to talk
With you too far to hear, agree, or mock.

But sometimes, when I teach my mind to rise
Beyond the trees and towers to the skies,
I see the band of light which wraps us round,
Connects this hill to every other ground,
And every shore around it to the rest,
And shines on all the world, from east to west.
It looks on you, on me, and as it speeds
Takes from each an image the other reads.
Across the ocean, over mountains, hear
How the wind brings distant whispers near.
The earth is whole to the farthest reach:
We hold her hands; she joins us, each to each.

Martha Jo McGinnis

Do not cry
look
the street where you first rode your bicycle
is streaming with summer

Katya Halil

Night's Daughter

Velveteen fingers caress the flesh,
streamlining naked bodies in the moonlight
Recollected innocence under scrutiny
One silver eye adrift on the water
We are separated by an onyx blanket of fluidity
Aquatic Eden
Breathlessness a combination of exhaustion,
anticipation
The game begins: a sensual preamble—
Our intentions, though unspoken, are deafening
The infinite darkness sighs, signalling your approach
Blinded by the sanguine sensation
Glazed vision
I am expectant, hungry for the serpentine kiss.

Warmed by the knowledge of you about me,
I question nothing.
The tease of fingertips infernal
Two alone in the alluring depths
The pain of wanting,
An invited guest.

Lisa Kovarik

The trees are a frantic multitude
of hands pressing to touch
as the bats fall shaken
from their hair
before the grey, dim-sighted face of the sky.

Mark Russell

My Mother's Blowtorch

She knows I hate the flame-tongued wand
And yet my mom insists
On waking me at blackish hours
With clouds of death-drum fists
And lighting up her blowtorch. Why
She bought it, I don't know.
Since seven when I burnt my eyes
I've hated fire. Although
I love my mother I just fail
To understand the rea-
Son why she hides beneath a bush,
Blowtorch in hand, to see
The melting look on me when, walk-
ing off to school, I meet
Her—leaping from the once-green hedge
With heated knives to greet
Me.

Wyndham Thiessen



Selective Cut

Michael Kleinberg

Hepzibah did not fall asleep that evening. At approximately four in the morning she found herself looking through old clutter-boxes comprising dust-enveloped memorabilia. At roughly four-thirty she found an old set of photographs from university. She lit herself a new cigarette and took them to the living room, choosing to operate solely under the illumination of the smouldering tobacco.

There were two or three complete sets of prints, as well as an undeveloped roll in the corner of the box that had probably gone bad. Looking through them, Hepzibah began to regret her former habit of insisting that the subjects look away from the camera. Once or twice she tilted the pictures to their side, vainly attempting to make eye contact.

She contemplated long over the photo of Patrick, until finally, with a slow and deliberate motion, her left hand brought the cigarette into delicate contact with its surface. Pinpoint specks of light appeared, scattered across the image, building into a circle of flame: for a few instants the fluorescence enabled Hepzibah to make out the geometric crevices of the room, until the light went out and there was only her, sitting in the dark holding in each hand a fragile construction of ashes.

Alex Wiebe

You

are made entirely of words:
no skin, no membrane, no
closure. You are mutable,
correctible, flammable.
You can be crumpled
or framed, read
or ignored. You are
lies and a truth.

You are in a drawer,
too dangerous; two white
fangs against white paper,
camouflage.
The real danger:
the sentence might
never end,
this sentence becoming
a life
sentence and

(What if I can't kill you
with punctuation? So much
ink and blood
to wipe away. I wash
my hands of you, I can't
get these stains
off my hands.)

(Period. Won't you stop,
don't stop, oh god,
don't stop.)
()

Erin O'Brien



Tom Weinacht

A Heart of Gold

April 11

My grandmother has died. It's April the eleventh, it's raining outside, and my Baba is dead.

I found out last night. I was awakened in the middle of the night by a lot of shouting, and I was mad because I wanted to sleep. I marched into Mama and Papa's bedroom to tell them to be quiet, but Mama was yelling into the phone, not at Papa. He looked at me, surprised that I had come in, and said that it was a poorly connected phone call from our relatives back in the Ukraine. I grunted incoherently in reply and returned to my bed. Upon awakening, I felt as though I had dreamt it all up. Then Papa told me that Aunt Olena had phoned from Kiev to say that Baba had died in her sleep from a massive blood clot in her brain.

The news affects our family in different ways. Mama, of course, is terribly upset, as are Mary and Lesia. The "men" of the family, Papa and Michael, reacted in "manly" ways, muttering things like, "At least she didn't suffer pain," and "She was surrounded by family." I don't know how to react. I feel guilty for not crying, but I can't force the tears to come.

I don't remember as much about my grandmother as my older siblings do. I try to describe how I feel, but I can't ascribe words to my emotions. I never am really honest in these diary entries. I'm always afraid to write about my deepest feelings and darkest secrets, in case someone reads it and discovers my naked, innermost self. I know this defeats the purpose of keeping a diary, but I can't help it. I've always been very private—like a closed-up clam, Mama says. But now I honestly want to write about how I feel, and words evade me.

I only saw Baba once, when she visited Canada eleven years ago. My sisters and brother were already teenagers, but I was only seven. They remember so much about her, while I keep searching for a memory to grasp onto. Mary and Lesia can recall the time she taught them to knit, and the long walks they often took together. Michael remembers her special cabbage rolls, and her funny anecdotes about "life in the old country." I listened carefully to their recollections and tried to come up with some of my own, but I could only think of isolated, insignificant details.

I remember how her old gold locket rattled on its loose clip, and how she wore an orthopaedic sock on one foot and left the other bare, so that as she walked, one shoe would click against her skin, while the other would thud against her elastic stocking. Click, thud, rattle-rattle, click, thud, rattle-rattle . . . that is Baba to me.

I'm beginning to cry. My tears aren't even for Baba's death, but for my own inadequate memories of her. What if she didn't remember anything about me either?

Today, the rains continue. We go to church, and Mama tells the news to her friends who knew Baba. Plans for a service and the subsequent wake begin to form, leaving Mama with little time to grieve. I feel no desire to join in planning, and stay in my room for most of the day. After a few more halfhearted attempts to write in my diary, I give up and began to draw.

This is my real passion. I can spend hours sketching, and it always soothes me. I have loved art all of my life. In my eagerness to share my work, my usual shyness falls away and my defences drop. Drawing gives form to my feelings as writing can never do.

How many hours I spend drawing I do not know. When I am finally interrupted by a knock at my door, I realize that my room has grown quite dark. It is already late in the evening. Mama comes in and sees me stretched out on the rug. I expect her to scold me, as usual, for my poor posture and for straining my eyes in the weak light, but she remains silent. Though her eyes are red-rimmed and puffy, she attempts a smile.

"Hungry?" she asks.

I shrug in reply, then remember how she hates careless answers. "Not really."

"So this is where you've been all day . . . drawing, I suppose." Pause. "Can I see your picture?"

I look down at what I have half-consciously drawn. I see an old lady sketched in pencil on a clean piece of paper. Her wrinkled eyes hold a tired look of wisdom; her rounded nose and chin soften the severity of her lined face and tightly braided hair. From bits and pieces of my memory, I have drawn Baba.

"Oh, Alex," Mama whispers, tears welling up again in her exhausted eyes. "It's her. It's beautiful! You said you didn't remember anything, but you do. It's just beautiful!"

"I—I don't know," I stammer.

"Alex, it's priceless. You're priceless." Mama holds the picture up. "Your drawings always come to life."

I squirm uncomfortably on the rug, pulling at the woven threads. I am never comfortable with praise. My art teacher always scolds me for that. I prefer criticism, because it always makes me determined to try harder, to do my best to prove myself. Praise just makes me scratchy and silent.

"You know," Mama continues, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, "Baba saw that special talent in you. She remembered the drawing you made of you and her at the zoo."

This is news to me, since I barely remember having gone to the zoo with her.

"As a matter of fact, she mentioned it in her last letter." Mama looks right at me, then glances down. "She mentioned dying in the letter also. She sent something with it, which I was to give you at your graduation from art college. I know that won't be for quite a while yet, but I want you to have it now."

She presses something small and cold into my hand. It is a gold heart, ornately engraved with delicate scrolls and flourishes, and with a fancy A. *A for Anastasia*, I think to myself. That's Baba's name. But A is also for me, Alexandra. Carefully, I open the locket. The pictures inside make me catch my breath. On one side is a drawing of a smiling, grey-haired lady with a golden heart at her neck. The other shows the face of a little girl, with straight brown hair and a gap in her grin. It's Baba and me.

"She cut those out of a drawing you sent her a long, long time ago," Mama says. "She always loved you and remembered you, and wanted you to remember her too. She was afraid that you wouldn't, because you were so young when she visited."

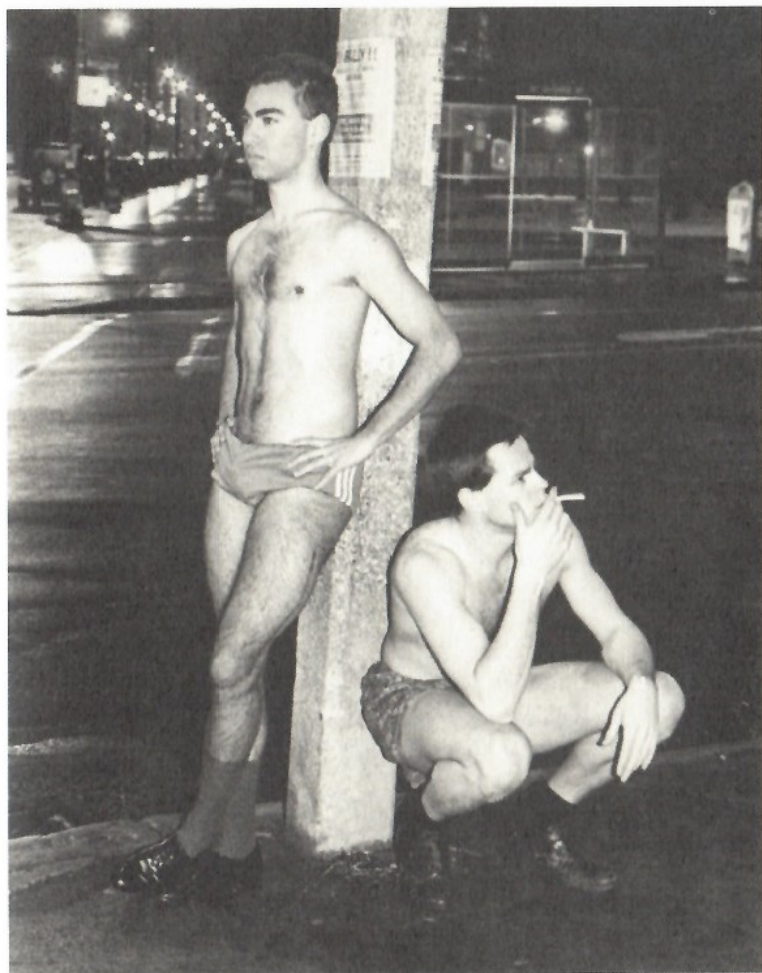
"But Mama, I do remember," I whisper. "I remember now."

A warmth begins to fill the emptiness inside of me, and I hug my mother. Over her shoulder, I look at the locket I am clutching in my palm. A for Anastasia. A for Alexandra. No, it is not just a locket. It is not just a tiny bauble made of cold metal. It is a memory—a loving, unforgettable piece of her past, and of mine.

Tania Denesiuk



Don & Anj



Michael Kleinberg

Selene

Every day at dawn, H. would leave the place where he slept and walk into the desert. Sometimes his path would be long and sometimes his path would be short, but always he would arrive at night at the building where S. lived high, high up, surrounded by light. H. would look up, but always many rooms were lighted so he could not tell which was hers. Then he would walk back across the desert.

Later he found out S. didn't live there.

There the manuscript ends. I didn't write endings in those days. Whatever it may seem, I was always hoping that as I stared up at the apartment building's unknown lighted windows, someone would come to her window, look out, see me . . . and that would be how all my stories would end: happily ever after.

Now, in the interest of accuracy, I'd end it like this:

After a while, Hugh lost interest in the tall apartment building where no one he knew lived. Then he met a woman who lived always close to the ground. They suited each other well enough so they got married and moved to Brampton.

Then they got divorced. Hugh moved back to Toronto, alone, and fell back into his old habits. One night he found himself once more in front of the apartment building. He looked up at the anonymous lighted windows and wondered when and how he had mislaid the certainties of his past.

Later, the moon would rise to shine impartially upon him as he slept, tired and dissatisfied, and upon the building in whose pale and artificial light his life had so long been ordered. Perhaps if he were to awaken and look out his window at the moon shining on the city sprawled around him, he would feel once more the power that had moved him, though imperfectly, towards his dream, itself as old as the cycles of the distant moon.

Hugh Thomas



Joe Jaouni

Being a Surgeon's Kid

My daddy is a surgeon, and he's good at what he does
Mum and I are thankful for the things he does for us
I know he loves us dearly—he's so proud of his son
So I try my best to thank him for the many things he's done
But still it's kind of hard
Being a surgeon's kid.

I was happy as could be when my tenth birthday came around
I woke to find a massive pile of presents on the ground
I quickly worked to see what lay beneath the fancy bows:
A racing car, a pair of skates, new sneakers . . . and a nose
That's when I learnt it's hard
Being a surgeon's kid.

"Don't worry, son," my daddy said, and pointed to the nose
"I've worked for twenty years and dealt with millions of those
I'll attach it after breakfast with a little thread and glue
Other kids have only one, so *my* son will have two"
I smiled and thought, "How great"
To be a surgeon's kid. (Thanks, Dad)

Ever since that birthday it would seem the general trend
Is to make me so much better than my human-looking friends
It's strange to have a dad who does more sewing than your mum
If only Mary Shelley could have seen what I've become;
I don't think I'd mind
Being a plumber's kid.

Mum makes special clothes for me, I have a special bed
Some dads bring home the bacon; mine brings home a head
I don't know what my mum thinks—she just says, "Your dad knows
best"
But I guess she must be happy with three bums and seven breasts
At school, kids point and say
"There goes the surgeon's kid." (I love you, Dad)

My daddy is a surgeon, and he's good at what he does
Mum and I are thankful for the things he does for us
I know he loves us dearly—he's so proud of his son
So I try my best to thank him for the many things he's done
But still it's kind of hard
Being a surgeon's kid.

Wyndham Thiessen

Tongue in Cheek

I wish I had been born a boy.
It's not that I'd choose to annoy—
 But being on top
 And choosing to stop
Is something I'd really enjoy.

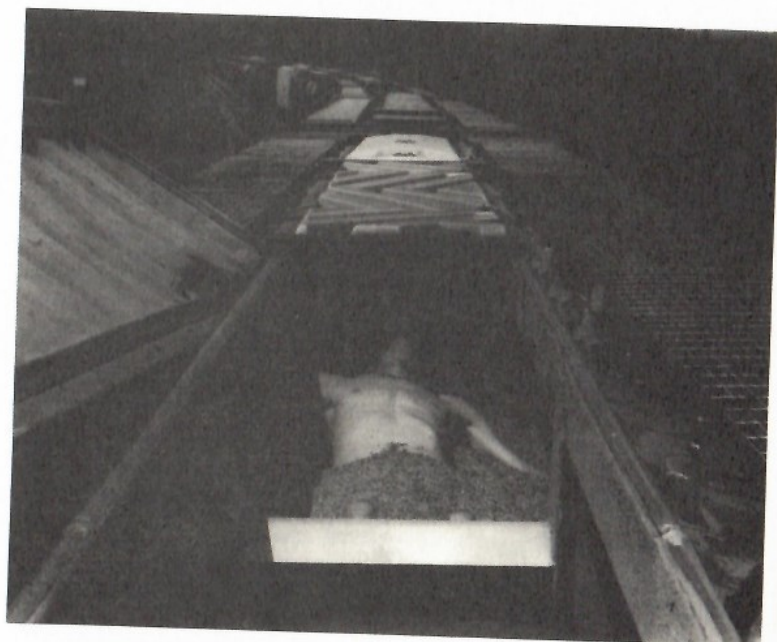
The trials of a life lived in residence
I cannot explain without hesitance:
 Suffice it to say,
 However you play,
You'll find that in here there are precedents.

Kelly Baxter

Lightning, As Seen from the Train

A flash; our hearts bluntly struck
By thunder—a woman's eyes
Spark wide, too late to catch
The jagged light's reflections
But not mine.

Alex Wiebe



Michael Kleinberg



Thunder Bay

Michael Kleinberg

Old Bones

Your dry sticks are no fuel only
brittle poles
poked through and tearing at the fabric
of the tent of rags
that collapses and sags about you
as if a phalanx,
the men at ease and careless with their spears
had come to a stand within you.

Mark Russell

The Refrigerator *A Fable of Technology*

Dick and Jane sat at the kitchen table eating oranges. The juice sprayed in bright yellow geysers through the sunny golden air as they peeled them, squinting to keep the stinging liquid from their eyes and sneaking glances at one another around the long curved sections which spread wetly through their mouths and around their teeth.

In a sudden burst of fire and brimstone a large, shiny refrigerator appeared in the centre of the room, gleaming brightly, spanking white and silver and just begging to be filled with perishable food items.

—Well, said Dick, clearly surprised, this is a surprise. I wonder how this got here.

—I've no idea, said Jane, who was as surprised as Dick by this sudden entry into their mutual kitchen. I hope it didn't jostle the bun in the oven.

—Speaking of which, said Dick (although they weren't really) didn't the oven arrive in much the same way?

—Yes, said Jane, suddenly taciturn.

The arrival of unexpected appliances was a sore spot in their young marriage.

I was sitting at the table with my wife Jane, eating oranges, when, quite suddenly, a refrigerator appeared in the kitchen. I noticed that it was a state-of-the-art piece of technology, complete with ice-maker and specially designed and labelled compartments for fruit, veggies, meat, and cheese, along with other handy gadgets, the names of which I did not know. It had a very spacious interior; in fact, it appeared to be larger on the inside than it was on the outside, like some obscure, wonderful spacecraft. I suggested that we keep it, and my wife concurred immediately.

I set about hooking it up without delay.

The whole story began in Toronto, in the year 1991. It was a bright summer's day, trees waving in a pleasant breeze that was not quite a wind, sweetly singing birds appearing in the trees every time you were near, and a hundred other happy summery things all taking place in

blissful harmony. The house on Oak Street, with which we are primarily concerned, was shaded by majestic maple and towering tamarack trees, though there was not an oak in sight. They had all died as a result of Dutch elm disease, which is not as discriminating as the name might suggest. Dick and Jane were sitting at the table eating fruit when a refrigerator appeared in their kitchen, quite of its own accord. They stared with gaping mouths for a while, and then hooked it up. Little did they know the apocalyptic consequences that simple action would have on countless innocents throughout the world. Or, at least, on a small number of individuals unrelated to them except for that single bond of terror.

My husband Dick and I were sitting at the table one day in the heat of summer when a refrigerator appeared in our kitchen. We had never owned one, and had just been considering that perhaps it would be a worthwhile investment. In winter, of course, we just threw the food into the back yard if we thought it might rot—but now, as our first summer together began, the situation was quite different, and we knew we would have to act accordingly. I pointed out the restrictive magnitude of our incomes; Dick remarked that all our friends had a fridge. When one appeared, we kept it. It seemed that the food we put in it stayed good indefinitely: things that would rot within one or two days in another, brand-name refrigerator were unspoiled weeks later in ours. It didn't bear a brand name, though we searched quite thoroughly.

The fridge was, to say the least, a marvel.

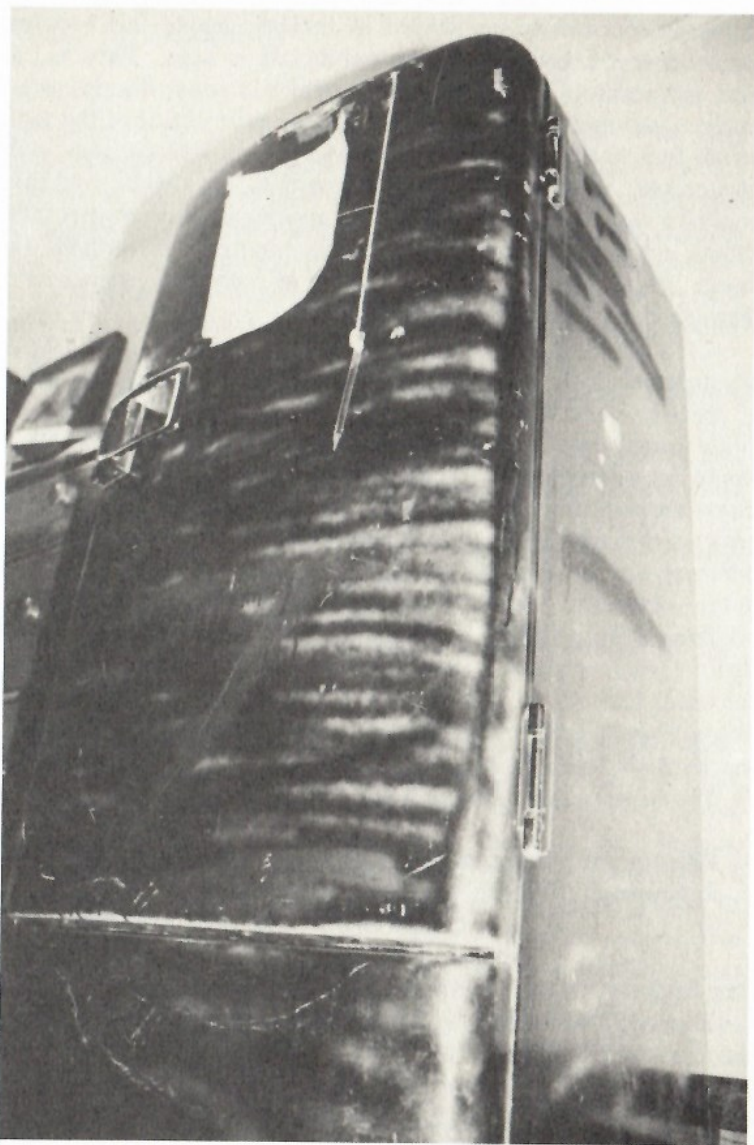
Refrigerator: cabinet or room in which food etc. is refrigerated.

Refrigerate: 1) make or become cool or cold.

2) subject (food etc.) to cold in order to freeze or preserve.

One begins to wonder about the recurrent phrase "food etc." What could possibly be denoted by the mysterious etc.? *Et cetera*. Perhaps the dismembered limbs of some family member tucked in behind the leftover roast beef? A bit of ready cash and the most valuable family heirlooms buried in a pound of rancid butter where burglars would never look? A sibling's favourite toy, hidden in the interests of aggravation?

But would you want to *refrigerate* these things?



Richard McCall

—But Dick, I still don't see why we want to buy more oranges. We've got plenty left.

—To store in the fridge, of course.

Disputes such as these are common in any healthy marriage, and should not receive any undue attention from the involved parties.

I convinced Jane, and we went out and bought the oranges. Got a great deal, too.

The woman at the cash was old and wizened, bent with age, and I noticed that she had only three fingers left on the hand that reached out to weigh my purchase, shaking slightly as those long fingers moved through the air, rough memories of an earlier delicacy in some village, hands that moved with grace and light in the warm air of a local park infested with the hot smell of summer and cooking hamburgers and the buzz of grasshoppers that were trapped so many times in those pale gentle hands and suddenly began to wonder if they really did want to escape or if rather that prison was better than the harsh cold reality of freedom with its responsibilities and confrontations that just pile up and that finally led me that day, in the tiny fruit market on the corner nestled between two larger stores where two major streets came together, to yearn in my heart, in its deepest darkest most secret reaches, for that soft pale prison those twin flesh doors closing around me shutting me in when all the bars were still there before old age and devastation fell heavily maiming and mutilating and robbing and leaving behind poor shattered creatures drifting helpless lost.

The oranges, when we finally ate them, were good.

Before refrigerators there were ice boxes—square, insulated metal boxes lined with blocks of ice were delivered to the house every morning with the milk that came in tall tapered bottles, cream separate at the top, and with the newspaper, back when it found its way to the centre of the front porch instead of being buried in the hedge, as if the paper boy were intentionally trying to make things difficult, words lost in the verdure. The blocks of ice were handled with ice picks—very slim, sharp, nasty affairs that cropped up in stories by Raymond Chandler and Dashiell Hammett and were pub-

lished in Dime Detective magazine, which was bought off the newsstand by acne-faced kids who hid them under the bed, the lurid covers of scantily clad damsels in distress, swooning revealingly across the trench-coated arms of square-jawed heroes, hidden from Mother's prying eyes. Now they are bought by men with tweeds and beards who call themselves "collectors" and pay ridiculous prices for certain editions but still leer with the lascivious eyes of pre-pubescent boys. The modern-day equivalents to such pulp magazines are Danielle Steel novels, bought in airports and read on subways by otherwise respectable people, and soaring week after week to the top of the bestseller lists. But ice picks never appear in them. "We're far too sophisticated for that sort of thing, *dahling*. . . ."

—Dick, I said one morning, slightly worried in spite of myself, is it just me or has the fridge begun to buzz?

—All fridges buzz darling, Dick said, trying to reassure me, it's what makes them work.

I nodded and began peeling an orange.

In Florida, Joe walked through his orange groves, admiring the fruit swelling and ripening on the branches, deepening into a true orange hue, sweetening with juice and yellow flesh. His crop was good this year, and some had already been picked and shipped off to Canada and other frozen expanses of tundra where the people would twist and die in the grip of scurvy if they didn't get their fruit.

Joe saw himself as the sole saviour of all people living in parts of the world where, at some time during the year, you could see your breath. He feared, most of all, seeing the fine grey ghost of his own exhalation rise and twist in front of his face like the dying gasp of an expiring cow.

—Sorry, dear, Jane said to her husband, who was standing a short space away in the kitchen, but you'll have to speak louder. I can hardly hear you.

—There seems to be a lot of ambient noise in here all of a sudden, said Dick. Are the neighbours renovating?

—Not that I know of, darling.

—If you've finished eating, let's head down to the market and buy some fruit and vegetables. I think we're running a bit low.

—Running low, Jane cried, exasperated. The fridge is practically overflowing and you want to run out and buy more food? Sometimes I think the refrigerator eats more than we do.

Despite her protestations, they went to the market. When they got back, Dick decided to rearrange all the food in the refrigerator. He had spent days in front of his handy personal computer while it worked out a complex food organization system, and now he was ready to put it into effect. All the food was emptied out of the refrigerator and piled on the floor, and he knelt down and stuck new labels on all the drawers.

—How's it going? Jane whispered as she tiptoed into the kitchen.

—Fine, said a distracted Dick, a bit annoyed at the interruption. He was concentrating very hard, a feat which did not come easily.

—I hope the food doesn't rot before you get done, his wife whispered.

—Why are you whispering? said Dick in a belligerently loud voice, although he had whispered his previous line of dialogue just the same.

—It's so silent in here, his wife said, you could hear a pin drop.

There was a new cashier at the fruit market today, a young blonde girl with empty eyes and no interest in anything. I remember how the old woman's eyes used to sparkle from her wrinkled face as she watched the customers, fascinated. She seemed so alive and caught up in the wonders of human experience. It is all in the name of progress I suppose, replacing the old with the new, but nonetheless I have decided that Jane and I will take our patronage elsewhere.

The interior of the refrigerator looked like a mass of orange bubbles all piled up into one indiscernible mountain of colour. We each took one and began to eat.

The refrigerator gains its energy from the food stored in it, and leaves its own waste products in the food. Those waste products, however, nourish the food itself and make it last for amazing periods of time.

Every once in a while, though, the refrigerator becomes hungry for human flesh.

In the black still of the night it shifts from the kitchen corner, begins to move slowly, cord trailing, towards the bedroom. It does not hesitate, but devours Dick and Jane in their beds.

Dick and Jane awoke simultaneously from their shared nightmare. In the kitchen, the refrigerator stood in its corner, innocently buzzing.

I think something very strange is happening. It is as if the house is shaking, falling apart in some way I can neither see nor comprehend—my world being shaken apart at the seams, rupturing. I cannot plug the holes gaping in the fabric of reality. We never go out anymore, just sit in the house eating oranges. I shouldn't say we *never* go out—each day we make, together, as if neither one of us wanted to stay in the house alone, a pilgrimage to the fruit market for more oranges. The refrigerator seems partial to them, and we have always liked them as well. It has been several weeks now since either of us ate anything else. The yellow pulp and juice from the peel dries into crusty deposits along the crescents of our fingernails, crystallizes in the dry corners of our mouths, a second citrus skin covering us.

I go on, walking into some unknown darkness.

Joe's trees are gradually looking more and more bare, but the demand for oranges has not let up. It is as if, he thinks, they were going north and then just vanishing into a cavernous, insatiable maw.

A brief article at the back of a daily newspaper notes that police are puzzled by the complete disappearance, without a trace, of an old woman who worked in a small Toronto fruit market. Her only distinguishing feature is that her left hand has only thumb, middle and index fingers. Police are without a clue and would appreciate any information that might be helpful in this case.

The house on Oak Street, in the city of Toronto, is almost bursting with an unknown tension, which stretches out onto the property of the neighbours. Soon they will complain of crushed hedges, broken fences.

Dear Diary,

This will probably sound silly to you, but I am worried about our neighbours—you know, Dick and Jane, those nice newlyweds we're always talking about. Why, just last week you said you passed them on the street and they were so polite and everything. Don't tell me you don't remember. Anyway, I am very worried about them. Not long ago it seemed they were always out working in the garden or reading or just walking around the neighbourhood on a quiet afternoon. But it has been days since I last saw them, and the house seems so quiet: no music playing—you remember how we used to hear their music—no voices, nothing. Since Harvey died, you know, the only people I've really had to talk to have been them, and of course you, my dear sweet diary. You hold all my secrets . . . promise not to tell! I feel more and more lonely without Dick and Jane, despite the excellent (if sporadic) conversations I have with you. More and more we just watch television these days, not saying anything. But I shouldn't say that Dick and Jane's house is totally silent. There seems to be—constantly now, and getting worse every day—a very loud buzzing sound. I'm sure you've heard it, haven't you? I called the police (I think it was a few days ago, though I can't be sure: time seems to be blurring together into one swirling mass of action), and they went over and rang the bell. Dick and Jane answered (Harvey and I always used to answer the door together, too, when we were young) and both of them said they were fine. They hadn't noticed any buzzing, and the police also claimed not to hear a thing. The sound seemed to go away then, for a while, but now it's back, and worse than it ever was before. I haven't slept the last few nights; it's as though the buzzing were taking some kind of revenge on me. And my phone has broken as well—I tried to call the police again today and it didn't work. No dial tone, nothing. I feel so isolated, so alone. What would I do without you to comfort me?

Night. Thick, black. Joe runs in fear from his orange grove, stumbling wildly, blindly through the trees. The branches reach out, wet cold mossy on his face, trailing away in woody, rough cobwebs that sharply grip the flesh. His forehead smacks on the corrugated bark of one of the trees, the sound of the impact echoing through his skull and leaving the tang of blood in his nostrils and throat. Arms knotted with muscle wrap around the bole, clinging, and then a maddened exertion pushes him away from the wet inky blackness and

on towards the distant comforting light of the house. The only available safety is locked within those walls. Breath rasps, grates in his throat, coming in great shuddering gasps, his lungs shredding like tissue paper as the pounding feet behind get nearer. The roots twist, whip out, snaking around his ankles trying to trip him up bring him down but he kicks them savagely away and dashes on reaching the door at last, leaping the concrete symmetry of the steps, face against the door, hands fingers scrabbling down the wood searching for the knob. A rough cord wraps around his ankle, draws him slowly back, silently screaming, into a gaping black hole in the centre of the knowing awestruck bowing reverent trees.

Morning. Sunlight cracks the dreary grey shroud of predawn. Joe is lying on his back in the middle of his orange grove, the trees waving merrily above him in the faint pleasant breeze. The events of the previous night flee quickly on the airy wings of morning songbirds, but unavoidable is the recent scarring about his ankles, still red and tender, which will never go away but will settle into pale white reminders as time goes by. Joe walks slowly into the house, his legs still shaky. His wife is nowhere to be seen, there is no sign of breakfast and the dinner dishes are only partially done. She does not respond to his calls. He finds her in the bedroom, lying across the waterbed, an ice pick protruding from her upper back just to the left of the spine, a frozen waterfall of dried blood cascading down the bedspread and onto the floor.

Dick and Jane sit once again at their kitchen table, eating oranges.

—Is it just me, Jane yells at her husband's face, which is a foot away from hers, or is the fridge buzzing a lot louder than it used to?

—Sorry, can't hear you, Dick yells back. Have another orange.

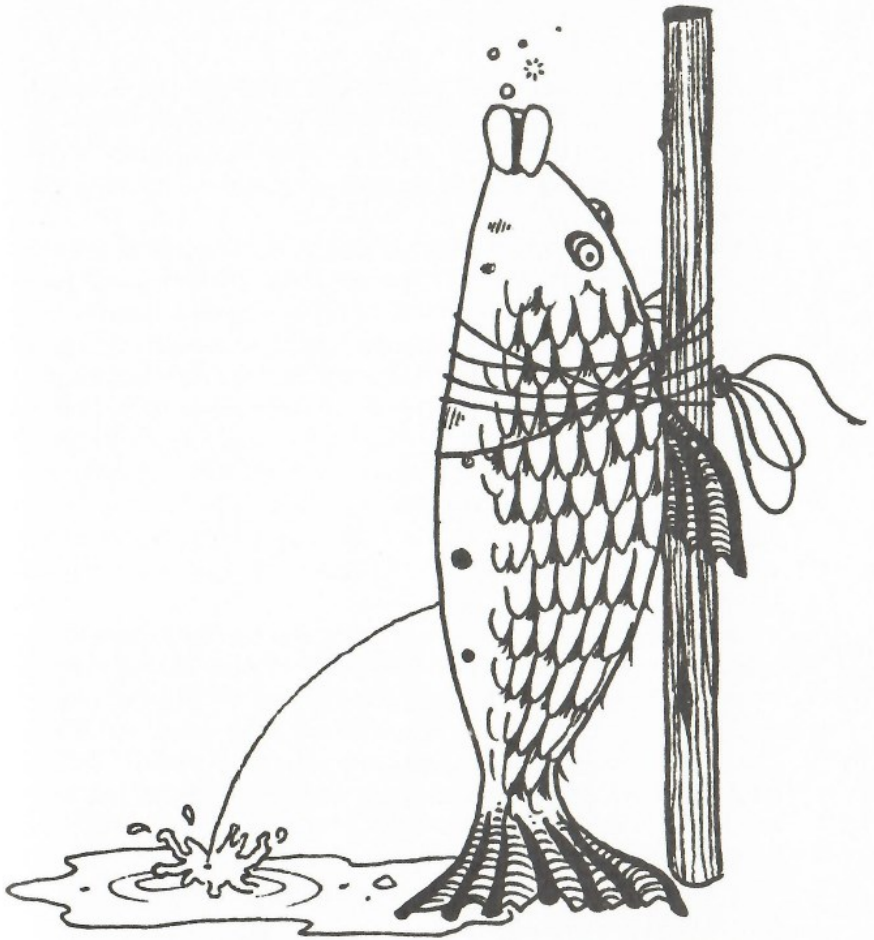
The sound of the refrigerator fills their ears like a swarm of bees. They fall silent. The silence and the buzzing merge. Filling the room. Emptying the room. Only one sound remains possible: the non-sound of the vastly silent buzzing.

The silence falls.

Thump.

It is the last sound they never hear.

Brooke Clark



IT'S CURIOUS TO NOTE THAT BOTH BOY
AND GIRL FISHES CAN PEE STANDING UP,
IF YOU HELP THEM.

Wyndham Thiessen

Performance

choir orchestra formal men in penguin suits looking distinguished why am I here people looking worried bored running about behind the scenes Mr. Kitts thinking Mr. Allen advising Mrs. Coombs smiling Mrs. Graham looking lost hullabaloo shouting talking laughing preparation warm up your Voice!

on pain of death do not drink carbonated beverages milk coats the vocal cords tired rehearsal rehearsal rehearsal the bass soloist looks like a bum there he's changed looks good he's ready to sing hall full of people expectant singing is beautiful beautiful beautiful those damn Chichester psalms I'm so sick of them when will it end HandelsHalleluiaChorus will people stand up Carlos is good-looking so is Jay these people are getting on my nerves start acting *you are professionals* project project project I can't understand a word you're singing soaring soul truth beauty singing is the most beautiful thing in the world joyous make an explosion on the *j* how many times has he told us crescendo decrescendo NO NO NO again and again and again and again

how many times do we have to sing this if I have to stand any longer I'll keel over there's no better way to pass the time singing soloists in formal dress that lady cannot carry off that dress ladies *natural* stockings gentlemen black socks don't you know? out of tune gorgeous full sound that's the way you're supposed to sing REMEMBER performance excellent amazing wonderful fabulous all those words and such young people! philharmonic they are paid professionals do not waste their time they have rules union be on time audience standing ovation thunderous applause the experience of performance there's nothing like it.

Talin Arzumanian

Shower Song

Ooky woogy
Na na na
Ooky woogy
Ta ta ta
Miss a step and fall to death
Blow a kiss and lose your breath
Ooky woogy
Za za za
Hold me close and call me friend
Wear a bathrobe, start a trend
Ooky woogy
Ma ma ma
Rage inside and never tell
See your friends get shot to hell
Ooky woogy
Ra ra ra
Drown inside a sea of tears
Choke it back with seven beers
Ooky woogy
Cha cha cha
Anger, sorrow, lonely days
Talk about the Leafs and Jays
Ooky woogy
La la la
Drink some coffee, write bad poems
Never let them hear you moan
Ooky woogy
Wa wa wa
Ooky woogy
Damn it all.

Alex Wiebe



The dragon tangoes with fortune

James Kiffmeyer
(Illustrated by Judd Palmer)

La Valse de la nuit

Un pas de trois, les étoiles dansent ce soir.
Un bal de nuit, un rythme doux, berçant et lent
Elles seules ici, en pleine nuit, où nul peut voir
Quelle splendeur, beau miracle, enchantement.

Ces soleils illuminent l'encre du noir.
Constellations et comètes, astres brillants,
Milles éclairs, l'abîme luit tout follement.
Ces flammes font hypnotiser et émouvoir.

Ces lumières ont inspiré d'innombrables
Poètes qui en ayant vu l'immuable
Beauté des cieux, corps célestes, furent pris.

Feux scintillants, tourbillonnants, étincelants
Tous à jamais, dans les rêves d'esprits vivants
Là pour éternité, la valse de la nuit.

Yasemin Heinbecker

Small Men

i saw a small man once and never again
his eyes were large and hair quite dark
i knew him not but as a small man
in a large world

D.V.S.



Kelly Baxter



Kelly Baxter

Building Block Inventory *A One-Hundred-Word Story*

My building blocks are very special. They deserve to be treated accordingly: I keep careful track of them.

Red square blocks go on the ledge inside the small closet.

Blue square blocks go underneath the loose board I found.

Other square blocks go in the hole in the wall.

Cylindrical blocks of all colours go in the corner across from the bed.

Triangular blocks are used to plug holes in the baseboard. I hate rats.

Long skinny blocks are kept next to the food bowl.

My small collection of spherical blocks is scattered near the door. One can always hope.

Alex Wiebe

About the Contributors

Talin Arzumanian: To me, writing and singing are beauty, pure beauty. So is windsurfing on a hellishly hot day.

Kelly Baxter has never written anything of consequence. Nor does she draw. Mostly she just sings.

Martin Chang's favourite lozenge is Hall'stm "Ice Mint." In his spare time, he studies science, philosophy, and Italian.

Brooke Clark can often be found reading poetry under trees in the rain to all his other ghosts.

Tania Dencsiuk happinessfamilycourageJaneEyreimaginationfriendshopecookieswisdom"sexdrugsrock'n'roll"iambicpentametersoulfuntrustwordslovelove

D.V.S. would like to believe in man's humanity—but then again, s/he would also like to believe in Santa Claus.

Katya Halil likes grapefruit, oranges, peanut butter, and banana cream pie.

Yasemin Heinbecker: Hey babe, if you really want to know more about me, I'm in 352 St. Hilda's.

We were unable to contact **James Kiffmeyer.**

Michael Kleinberg is the president of the Hacks-R-Us photography society.

And he's not only the president, he's also a client.

Lisa Kovarik is an aspiring poet. If inspiration strikes, you'll doubtless see her scrolling madly away.

Tanya Lena has absolutely nothing to say.

Richard McCall has been involved with Stephanos and Salterrae. As well as being an avid photographer, he likes rugby, ice hockey, backgammon and roast beef.

Martha Jo McGinnis is shamelessly anything: happy, angry, lonely, friendly, idiotic, in love.

Erin O'Brien is working towards a degree in English and Political Science.

Judd Palmer characteristically failed to get his author biography in on time.

Mark Russell is found perhaps at the end of a trail of a few inadequate words, hastily dropped, experiencing what words can never create.

Jennifer Shelton dedicates this photo to her stolen camera. She works in advertising and eats lots of chocolate.

Wyndham Thiessen enjoys many trees. And his two frogs recently passed on, God Bless Their Souls.

Hugh Thomas scribbles ideas in a notepad, writes stories in a spiral notebook, and still insists on studying the sciences.

We were unable to contact **Tom Weinacht.**

Alex Wiebe congratulates you on having made it this far through the author biographies.

Joe Jaouni and **Ravi Vakil:**



Redefining the frontiers of art,
or just a couple of goofs?





Normal Key

- 1 Red
- 2 Yellow
- 3 Orange
- 4 Green
- 5 Light blue
- 6 Dark blue
- 7 Light grey
- 8 Dark grey

Nihilist Key

- 1 Black
- 2 Black
- 3 Black
- 4 Black
- 5 Black
- 6 Black
- 7 Black
- 8 Black

Surrealist Key

- 1 Dog
- 2 Believed
- 3 The
- 4 Sun
- 5 Angst
- 6 Factory
- 7 Quickly
- 8 Platypus

Scratch-&-Sniff Key

- 1 Apple pie
- 2 Bonfire
- 3 Fresh bread
- 4 Leaves
- 5 Ocean
- 6 Sour grapes
- 7 Paper
- 8 Smog

*Choose what you want; do what you want;
live your life as you please.*