

The Trinity Review

Volume cv Number 2

Spring 1992





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Bottled Light

Lise van Boxel

The Board

Martha Jo McGinnis
Ursula Holland
Robyn Kalda
Kelly Baxter
Danielle Etches
Hugh Thomas

Alice Staveley
Alex Wiebe
Judd Palmer
Wyndham Thiessen
Anita Kadikar

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How to Get Out of University Alive (back cover)

When you walk cheerily up and down St. George Street, are you sometimes struck by the vision of being a rat trapped in a maze, while grinning men in white lab coats with pens and clipboards poke you and push you about? The following three mazes will help you navigate the unpredictable yet sheltered world of undergraduate education.

Maze 1: The Undergraduate Experience. Start in the upper-left square. At each stage, you must choose one of the two directions. The example below means that you can move either three squares down or two squares right. All incidents are guaranteed to be real. (If you're not satisfied, please send the defective *Review*, a self-addressed envelope, and \$10 postage and handling to the Editor for a refund.)

Maze 2: Falling Between the Cracks. Start at the upper-left corner of the smaller maze. Try to escape a system that hardly seems aware of your existence.

Maze 3: How to Get Out of the Title Alive. Start at the 'H' of HOW in the title, and end at the 'E' in ALIVE. If the letter is A-G, you may move ahead or back one letter; if the letter is H-P, two letters; if the letter is Q-V, three letters; if the letter is W-Z, four letters. Ignore all spaces.

Hint: One solution requires creative lateral thinking.

Ravi Vakil and Joe Jaouni

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Editorial

If I could write more than one sentence I would become self-referential: a complete thought. —A. J. Sears

This issue of *The Trinity Review* places a variety of disparate works together. At first, these works are independent of one another; their meaning is self-contained, without reference to the poetry, prose and art occupying the neighbouring pages. But once the *Review* is in production the works begin to communicate. A poem appears on page 30 because it complements the prose on 31; artwork is reduced to fit its environment; every page reminds us this is the Spring 1992 issue of *The Trinity Review*. The result is a coherent publication.

In the need for coherence, the *Review* resembles any collection, including the collection of individuals at Trinity College. Just as writers and artists create self-contained works, we create a self-image based on our limited understanding, both of ourselves and of our surroundings. If we fail to communicate with one another, we remain bound within a self-referential existence, unaware of our limitations and unable to imagine anything beyond them.

Genuine communication releases us from isolation only when we expand this self-image to accommodate others. Unless we transcend our limitations, we fail to glimpse the larger pattern of experience, and so continue unconsciously at its mercy. Former *Review* Editor Stephen Collington calls this oblivious existence "The Immunity-to-Irony Syndrome": without an external reference, we are immune to the absurdity of our self-contained self-image.

By observing diverse images—both narrative and visual—in this issue of the *Review*, we identify their assumptions and challenge their implications. Similarly, members of college must recognize their prejudices and question their beliefs. By automatically rejecting other ideas, we ignore the genuine experience that has produced them. The experiences of those we facilely dismiss as "fascist" or "politically correct" may not be our own—but by recognizing them, even if only to refute them, we will begin to free ourselves from self-referentiality, and to acknowledge the incompleteness of our thought.

Martha Jo McGinnis

My Brother Is Not a Junkie

But I watched him tumble
down the stairs, his swollen lips
belying his denials.
And I wrapped my arms around you,
trying to hold you in. Your
medicinal lips refusing to hold
together, bloated with purpose.
We found the pile of leftover Tylenol,
a few Anacin, two Contac C's
but no more of the sleeping pills.
Whatever kind of cocktail he'd concocted
himself was slurring his quick,
clever speech and quivering
in his beautiful, over-exposed eyes.

I held you together, waiting for the taxi.
Why is blood thicker than water?

He'd always watched too much TV
Could recite whole commercials
end-to-end.
Did you remember (the one) where the capsule
was broken, its contents exposed,
chemical baubles in free-fall
scattering outwards, outwards, outwards?
Just like his dilated pupils,
my blood,
my love fallen out of control.

Ursula Holland

Disorder

Every sock shall find its mate again.
Later, you'll see things be as they are not;
Disorder's just a pattern in your brain.

Distracted by some novel joy or pain
You can forget the standards you were taught
And every sock shall find its mate again.

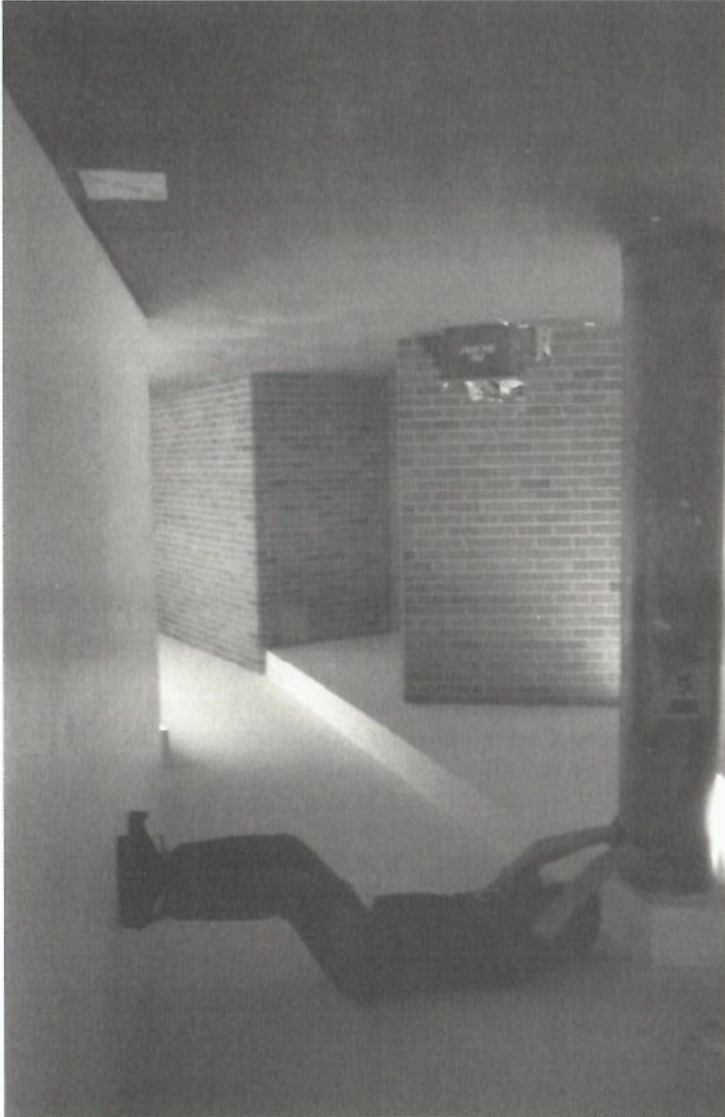
Just sit and listen to the quiet rain
And think how every value's in your thought,
Disorder's just a pattern in your brain.

Or if things get disturbed, hop on a plane.
Trust in the magic distance you have bought.
There, every sock shall find its mate again.

Perfection's here; there is no need to strain
After that vanished Eden you have sought.
Disorder's just a pattern in your brain.

Learn to ignore or muffle that inane
Voice that repeats that at your best you fought
That every sock should find its mate again.
Disorder's just a pattern in your brain.

Hugh Thomas



Look at Rickey!

Alex Wiebe

Deep Thoughts

I was studying quietly when all of a sudden
I looked up and there was
a man and he asked me why I didn't eat
Tomatoes, but I told him I did and he called me a
hypocrite but just as he was hurling his
handbag at me the light turned green and
he was broadsided by an oncoming
Watermelon truck and all the turnips in the
truck screamed about how cold it was because
just

Yesterday they had seen the toe of Ben
Johnson (the poet or the runner?) explode during
the filming of one hundred and one
Dalmatians . . .

This of course disturbed the interplanetary
bubble bath so I was forced to put on
my gloves and
find a new value for π and finish
my game of monopoly before I set the
Sistine Chapel on fire but then I woke up
and realized that
it
was all a dream
Until they came . . .

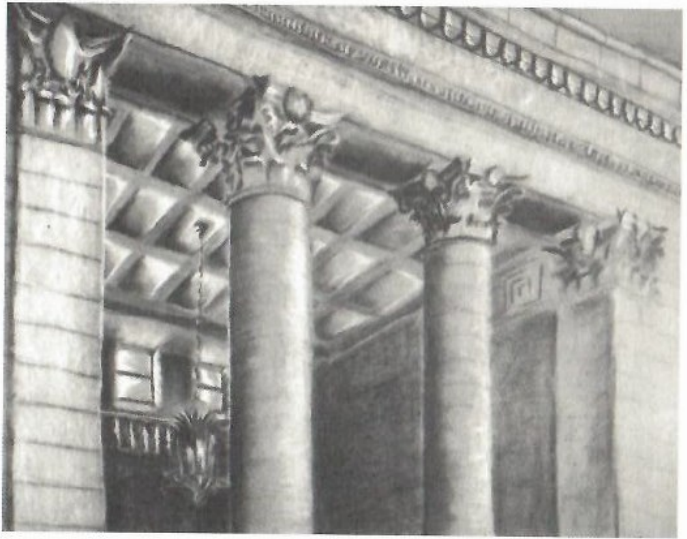
Kerstin Gustafson

Visions of Ewe

Beach warm and sparkling in morning sun
Bucket and trowel bang on thighs
I spread my towel
Smoothing out wrinkles in sand.

A killer whale flounders
Gasping, panting, baking
In the heat
I put on some #4 lotion
Perfect for tanning, they tell me.
As I gaze upon the dying mammoth,
Inhuman compassion overwhelms me
There is no place for caring
In this world of "Have a Nice Days."
Whale is my heart, sea my soul
Rivulets of blood prick through her skin
Her smell of carrion meat screams
For quick warm death
It comes in cows who trample to pulp.
Merciful hooves, O! Merciful hooves!
Last rotten breath sent in a sigh
She was my mother
I am the mourning sun.

Hugh Birch



Rosalind Coulthard

The Impending Presence of Wheat

The very air was oppressive: the clouds rained darkness onto the fragments of the recently departed storm left to dissipate into the slick asphalt amongst the hopes and secret dreams of thousands of untold souls. Accordingly, nobody went out and not much happened.

Thursday was different. As I stepped out of my apartment that morning, the bright sun and fresh air seemed to imply the impending presence of wheat. Of course, living as I was in the Metro area, I was inclined to dismiss it as a frivolous metaphor.

But as I went about my daily routine, more and more of these suggestions crept around the boundaries of my consciousness. I paused to purchase a beer from a street vendor, and as I was looking in no particular direction, waiting for my change, I saw the person beside me holding a cup of coffee, with the swizzle stick between her teeth. It was an orange swizzle stick, and some trick of the light made it golden: it was a plastic swizzle stick, and glare from the road made it soft, natural, and frayed at one end. And then, in the

quarter-second that my mind was deciding that I was in fact observing tricks of the light and glare from the road, (and NOT wheat,) the Coca-Cola van behind her became a giant red combine, dripping stalactites of steel with which to tear apart acres upon acres of vibrant soil. The office building to my left became a towering silo. Then the quarter-second was over, and I could only say, "What adventures of fortune can spring from the humble swizzle stick," and the vendor could only imitate the strange look the woman was giving me.

I rounded the corner and checked my watch. I was going to be late for my meeting with Ho. I recited my mantra to myself numerous times and hoped that it would dispel this impending presence of wheat that I carried. At that point, a sentence walked out of the building in front of me, crossed the street hurriedly, and vanished from sight. I made a mental note of it and entered the restaurant wherein I would meet Ho for lunch.

Ho was a Korean with blue eyes and ragged fingers. I never knew what colour hair he had, or even if he had hair at all, since he constantly wore an immense floppy grey hat. In the downwards vertical lighting of the restaurant, the hat cast shadows over his entire self, save the ragged fingers that were toying with an empty wineglass when I walked in. The sound system struck up an old Dylan tune as I took the seat across from him, across the strange yellow and black table that clashed horribly with the subdued cyan walls.

Ho never wasted time on greetings. "Any progress?" he began.

I opened my briefcase and removed from it a green file folder. Within seconds the folder was spread out on the small table, a neat and efficient job requiring only that a glass of orange juice be rudely dispatched to the floor. A waitron with hair the colour of wheat quickly arrived to clean the mess.

I told Ho my news. "Charles has managed to dig up that story by Taniguchi that you wanted. I've read it, and it should fit nicely into that blank space on pages forty through forty-four."

Ho nodded. "Groovy."

A thought barged into my brain. "Um, Ho . . ."

Ho's concentration was diverted by the arrival of his pasta. He dug into it eagerly, pausing only to say, "You know, my friend, I think it is my destiny to sit here and eat tortellini." Ho treated every meal with appropriate mock profundity.

I tried to think of what to order, but instead the thought once more imposed itself. "Ho, I was thinking . . ."

Ho, who had been busy playing Calvinist god with his pasta, tilted his head upwards. "Yes?"

"I think we should perhaps shift the focus of the magazine, a little . . ."

Ho tilted his head sideways. "What do you mean?"

"Well, a slight alteration of theme, sort of . . ."

Ho narrowed his eyes. "To what?"

I coughed. "Um . . ."

"What?"

"Wheat."

Ho slowly put down his fork. "What?"

"No, wheat."

"I know you said wheat. What's wheat got to do with anything?"

"Well, it doesn't, not now. But, you know, if we . . ."

Ho raised one eyebrow and lowered the other as if trying to rip his forehead apart. "I don't understand."

With a supreme effort, I wrestled the thought down and kicked it off into oblivion. "Nothing. It didn't mean anything."

Ho remained motionless for a moment, and then went back to devouring his tortellini. I ordered a ham sandwich on brown bread, which sat uneasily in my stomach right up until I went to bed that evening.

Mr. Edwin Frank did in fact manage to conquer his sandwich before bedtime, but not his impending presence of wheat, on account of which he slept uneasily. As he tossed and turned in his bed, his mind was filled with questions: Where had the imposing thought come from? Could the physical presence of wheat be far behind? What would Ho say then?

Sleep can do wonders for the troubled mind, however, and by the next morning (also sunny) Edwin had put the matter completely behind him. Over breakfast, though, he would be struck by the impending presence of leaves; and on Saturday it would be of geese, and on Sunday of cheese: but those are tales for other Muses to tell.

Alex Wiebe

Spring 1992



Sophia Petrovich

The Patience of Prudence Prim

Prudence Prim was aptly named. She was a woman of great intestinal fortitude. From birth, her parents had tried their hardest to mold her into the modern Madonna: benevolent, honest, sweet, friendly, compassionate, liberated, holy, destined to dole out bread in the streets. Somewhere along the way, perhaps due to that rather unpleasant incident with Simon the altar boy and the christening font, she left her parents mired in disappointment and embraced the hedonistic lifestyle of a small-town librarian.

In the town where she lived, Prudence was always very careful to follow the rules of social decorum in order to avoid acquiring a reputation of any sort. She did not drink, smoke or use drugs—except for the occasional Hall's throat lozenge—nor did she play gin rummy, watch the races, or sleep with the windows open. Each month, she worked twenty-three and a half days, went to church twice, and volunteered four hours on the Youth Crisis Hotline. At the library, she was known for her accuracy in "Overdues," and was in charge of the monthly Saturday afternoon seniors' movie—hence the half-day in her schedule.

At home, she enjoyed all the peace and quiet of a cul-de-sac. Her bungalow, at 12 Brontë Avenue, always had neatly trimmed lawns and hedges (or a carefully shovelled driveway and sidewalk, depending on the season), and her birdfeeders were plentifully stocked with Robinson's Red-E Feed, although they only hung from November to March. Prudence felt that the time from April to October afforded the birds great opportunities for self-sufficiency. She also believed in clipping coupons, pinching pennies and attending white elephant sales. Someday, she was going to take that Mexican cruise she always dreamed of; in Prudence's view, good things came to those who waited, and one always got what one deserved. Someday, a gleaming white ship would carry her off, bedecked in a sombrero, to where adventure and romance awaited. She would sip cocktails with umbrella garnishes and charm the mature, slightly balding widowed captain with her intellectual banter and curled eyelashes. But until then, she lived on Brontë Avenue with her tidiness and her dreams.

If Prudence enjoyed one indulgence, it was her bimonthly habit of purchasing a lottery ticket (she did this in the weeks which alternated with church). Each ticket cost her only one dollar, and she felt that since she played the same numbers each time, they were bound to come up at least once. After all, good things come to those who wait—and, goodness knows, Prudence was good at waiting.

Fate had decided that her patience deserved to be rewarded. One day, Prudence was enjoying her breakfast egg when she heard the news on the radio, and celebrated by eating the other half of her grapefruit (which she usually saved for the next morning). Her six customary numbers had been drawn, making her the winner of two million dollars. She luxuriated in the experience of being a millionairess, and made a mental note to stop by Clancy's Travel Agency on her way home from the library that night. She wanted to examine the latest glossy cruise brochures. And, feeling benevolent, she decided to take an armful of old clothes to Goodwill on the way to work. She would, of course, go shopping before the cruise, so her charity would not really put her out.

Had Prudence told anyone about her great good fortune, they would undoubtedly have been surprised to learn that she continued to follow her routine, frugal lifestyle, although now blessed with wealth. But she did not tell a soul, not even the lottery officials. In her desire to remain discreet and proper, she had decided to keep the ticket safely hidden in her bedroom closet until the one-year claim period had almost drawn to its close, and then quietly to claim her winnings. Besides runny oatmeal and cat hairs on the chesterfield, there was nothing she disliked more than those overexcited, hyperenthusiastic contest winners on television. She was determined not to disgrace herself in that way and, therefore, decided to put off her grand plans for now.

As the year progressed, Prudence spent more and more time planning what she would do with her winnings. She had always been a great planner; unfortunately, her plans occasionally tended to go awry, due to unforeseen circumstances—which, for some inexplicable reason, seemed to coincide with the mediaeval Icelandic feast days she had once read about. This time, however, she felt that Fortune was smiling on her, and so she planned to her heart's content. She would claim her prize on March 5th, and then leave on the 9th for two and a half fun-filled weeks on the Mexican Riviera cruise of her

dreams. Upon her return home (which, she was certain, would break the heart of the gentleman who would undoubtedly have fallen in love with her), Prudence would live the respected, comfortable life of an independently wealthy woman. She could purchase the lovely faux chinchilla car-coat in the window of Flynn's Furre Shoppe, and perhaps she could also travel to see her mother, a nun at St. Agnes' since the passing of Prudence's father. Oh, how wonderful life would be!

While she was in the midst of formulating her glorious plans, Prudence's life took a turn for the worse. Mary Fitzhenry, the travel agent at Clancy's, would often see Prudence glancing furtively, yet longingly, into the display window at the posters of sunny islands and laughing couples, and immediately imagined the worst. Mary, who was addicted to flavoured coffees and thrilling paperback romances, and who played bridge with the Church Ladies' League every Thursday, began to hint to her acquaintances that perhaps Prudence Prim was not all her name made her out to be. She believed the spinsterish librarian to be caught in the throes of a torrid romance with some mysterious foreigner who lived on a beach somewhere. No one knew that Mary was also addicted to children's aspirins, and perhaps that is why they were quick to believe her. In any case, the woman who so desperately wished to avoid scandal was soon the talk of the town.

Life at the library also began to lose some of its rosiness. Prudence was chastised several times by her supervisor, Mr. Grimley, for slacking off with the "Overdues"; since her mind was often preoccupied with *The Scandal*, she lost some of her former efficiency. As a punishment, she was assigned to the Kiddie Korner and, never having been able to tolerate youngsters, she constantly suffered headaches from attempting to shush their boisterous chatter. In addition, Prudence had a feeling that the number of seniors attending her Saturday afternoon movies increased because they had a lecherous desire to see the woman they believed to be the "Passionate Librarian." She was unaware that the improved attendance was due to the recent fire which had gutted the seniors' centre—the suspected cause of which involved two seniors, twelve martinis, the Lambada, and a ten-cent cigar. She found herself looking forward to the fifth of March more and more, but now she had an additional plan.

Prudence had decided to punish the scandalmongers, and particularly Mary Fitzhenry, by writing a scathing letter to the local paper for publication on March fourth. She would expose Mary's love for trashy romances, Frank Martyn's fondness for Babar books (he was the local taxidermist), and the fact that Mrs. Princely, the mayor's wife, recently borrowed *101 Titillating New Positions* for the extended loan period. She would then write to Mr. Grimley, resign from her job, and call him a nasty name. Then on the fifth, the town would learn of her wonderful winnings, the people would beg for her forgiveness, and she'd be given the key to the town and an open-car parade. Yes, Prudence Prim would make them sorry!

When the fourth of March came around, Prudence purchased a copy of the newspaper. Sure enough, on the "Letters" page she found hers, which she had paid extra to have printed in bold, double-sized type. One could not overlook it. The extra fee was definitely worth it, she thought, and what did it matter if it cost more? Soon, she'd have enough money to own the entire newspaper company, if she really wanted to! Prudence smiled, sighed, and switched on the television. It was time for *The Love Boat*. She wanted to observe carefully the clothes of the female passengers in order to know what to buy during her upcoming shopping trip. She wanted to look perfect on her cruise holiday, which would begin in five days. She had paid for the trip with her little-used credit card, since it allowed her to buy now and pay later.

The opening credits had just cleared from the screen when the telecast was interrupted. The announcer of the local community news show came on the air and announced: "Yes, ladies and gentlemen, there indeed is a God. Just yesterday, Theodore Butters—a seventy-two-year-old retired candy maker who lost his life savings when his late wife Juliet was hospitalized, suffering from a mysterious chocolate-related illness—was standing in line at the Main Street soup kitchen asking for food. Today, he is a millionaire. Mr. Butters purchased a cardigan from Goodwill this morning, and found the winning ticket for last March fifth's lottery draw in the left-hand pocket. Since Goodwill does not keep track of who donated what, we will never know who the original purchaser was. But we do know that Theodore Butters is now two million dollars richer! When asked for his reaction, Mr. Butters merely smiled and said, 'I have suffered so much . . . I have gone through a lot of troubles without much

reward. I feel like Fortune has finally decided that I deserve a break. This really makes my day!' What a story! This is Barry Nekkless reporting for . . ."

Prudence switched off the television. She sat perfectly still on the couch for three hours. Finally, she stood up and went into the kitchen. She opened a drawer, picked up her little address book, and went to the phone.

"Hello? Mrs., I mean, Sister Prim, please . . . Yes? Mummy, it's Prue. I think I'm going to visit you for a bit, Mummy . . . No, I'm fine. Why? . . . Yes, and I was wondering if the library at St. Agnes' has an opening for . . ."

Prudence said a silent prayer of thanks to the gods of Intestinal Fortitude.

Tania Denesiuk



TELEKINETIC BABY IN FOR A SPANKING.

Wyndham Thiessen

Requiem

Or, Why the Hell Am I Studying?

The books unread, bereft of sense
In libraries cold as monuments
Lie lost in time, dark as the tomb—
O, ne cadant in obscurum.

The words unwritten, the thoughts untold
Fade into the past, grow faint, grow old,
And nine-to-five commands the day—
O sapientia, cura me.

The restless urge, desire to know,
The fight against the status quo:
Like youth they pass, with age decay—
O academia, salva me!

Complacency is our paradigm.
The best and brightest find in time
That lust for knowledge fades away—
O, timor mortis conturbat me!

Why should we strive? For we shall fall—
The darkness comes to claim us all.
The ignorant wait; we join with them—
O, dona nobis requiem.

Kelly Baxter

Jazz

I. The late Chet Baker sings for the aspiring poet

In times like this
I wished I smoked
or could play trumpet
and sing in a tenor rasp
slurring all of the words

menacing somber stalking
notes not stopping
but dying somewhere
in the middle of
Amsterdam

II. My jam with Mingus

I rewound *Epitaph*
determined to play along with you
suburban white fingers
Six years of Bach
scratched to hell copy of Aebersol
Patient through the interlude
cool like you
We kicked in together
jazz masters both
I lost you somewhere on a C sharp

III. The loneliest monk

You were a human pinwheel
a cocaine-fired ballerina
gracefully spinning and staggering
careening around the stage

deigning every few minutes
to pick up your smoke
from the edge of the piano
and play a few notes for us

The leather cap was a nice touch
as you mumbled incoherently for the cameras
wild-eyed tugging your beard
waiting for the next fix

IV. Buck Creek

I must confess my loathing for pre-Dixieland
with rigid tempos and bored-looking clarinetists swaying
like those bobbing birds that dip into the vinegar
and two-note banjo parts dying of ennui

I spent an evening once listening to a dozen or so of these
retro-twenties sleep-inducing groups
looking at my watch waiting for it to end
so that I could go home

Around nine the plaid emcee announced "The Buck Creek Jazz
Band"
to tea-biscuit blue-haired applause as the trombonist bowed
and the tuba player started flying like
he would never play again

All of the musicians, about a dozen in all, started a thunderstorm
I mean it was LOUD and raw and you knew they meant business
when the solos started coming out
like sparks from a fireworks factory fire

The old ladies politely coughed and sat up straight
nervously pushing their spectacles up—
here's your musical metamucil granny,
listen to how it's supposed to be done

Richard Berman



Wyndham Thiessen

Presenting the Zack Winston Quintet: *a jazz poem in 6/8 time*

This is the troupe—mostly
Jazz musicians tied in
Knots by harsh contracts, hence
Forced to go in hiding—
Trashing some tunes in a
Jam on self-disguising, and
Jeffries, and Jeffries, and
Jeffries plays the cymbals.

Terence; Matt Elstin; Chick
Thomas form the basis;
(two) Sax and piano can
Really take you places.
Drums: my forte, in
All my different faces, and
Jeffries, and Jeffries, and
Jeffries plays the cymbals.

The touring is tiring; in
Tattered trucks we trek: our
Sets, intense, with
Parker, Basie, Brubeck:

(but) Often, in concert, we
Rest/take five/kick back, while
Jeffries, while Jeffries, while
Jeffries plays the cymbals.

We've tripped from Tibet to To-
ronto's trendy Onion;
Seen all the sights of Bra-
zil, and two big oceans;
Met lots of folks that have
Sold us potent potions, but
Jeffries, but Jeffries, but
Jeffries just sticks
 to those
 cymbals.

Yeah.

Alex Wiebe

The Colour of Sound

Rose-tinted prism
Of my kaleidoscopic images
Of you.

Carry me through your
Long, carved-out blackness
Towards the infernal
Light of a thousand
Summer moments.

Prism of broken images.
United in colour.
I awake to the sound:
Your voice, your voice.

Gabrielle McIntire

Hui Tzu's Useless Tree

from *The Complete Works of Chuang Tzu*

(translated by *Burton Watson*)

1: Hui Tzu said to Chuang Tzu, "I have a big tree of the kind men call shu. Its trunk is too gnarled and bumpy to apply a measuring line to, its branches too bent and twisty to match up to a compass or square. You could stand it by the road and no carpenter would look at it twice. Your words, too, are big and useless, and so everyone alike spurns them!"



3: Now you have this big tree and you're distressed because it's useless. Why don't you plant it in Not-Even-Anything Village, or the field of Broad-and-Boundless, relax and do nothing by its side, or lie down for a free and easy sleep under it? Axes will never shorten its life, nothing can ever harm it. If there's no use for it, how can it come to grief or pain?"



2: Chuang Tzu said, "Maybe you've never seen a wildcat or a weasel. It crouches down and hides, watching for something to come along. It leaps and races east and west, not hesitating to go high or low—until it falls into the trap and dies in the net. Then again there's the yak, big as a cloud covering the sky. It certainly knows how to be big, though it doesn't know how to catch rats."



Illustrated by Judd Palmer

The Tale of Brave Sir Squawk

Al here the Tale of brave Sir Squawk
Whose hert was stronge and trewe,
The Tale of how he soughte and foughte
The Dragon of Fondue.

The Beest of Emmental did crouch
Within its iren lere
Its yë was keene, its scales blazed brighte,
Its teeth were sharpe and bere.

This foule beest in slogardye
Had laine ful thousand yeare
Thikke of flessh of gentil Dames
Whose cries reached not man's ear.

Within its den so danke and dark
It holds a trésor faire,
The Lady Semantha veiled in teres
Beneath her aumbre heer.

But Lo! oon daye the Sonne arose
Upon the Lond it shoon
With corage came Sir Squawk so brave
Defyen the Dragon's raume.

Sir Squawk did raise his stedefast swerd
Of Beest he knew no fere
His double-prongèd launce prepared
He called that al may here:

"Great Wyrn of Moltèd Cheese here me,
And tremble in thine hole!
For this day I reclaime of thee
The faire Maide whom thou stole."

The Dragon, cloaked in furious flame
Quook ful in al its rage
And spewed forth flame upon Sir Squawk
Who could not disengage.

Yet purveyance had helpen men
Maugree despitous pow'r
Whan they from evil's las soughte 'scape
In their most desprate hour.

So Squawk held fast; he covered not
Bifore the Dragon's hete
And thraste his two-pronged launce again
Where blak hert it did meet.

The Wyrm let forth a mighty rore
That shook the hills down deep,
And echoed thurgh the dank dark hole
Which was the Dragon's keepe.

The Beest fel ful, the Lady swounde,
Sir Squawk was weak and herte;
His bloud bled quick from his greet wound,
His swerd-arm sorely brente.

Biside the Dragon's corse he lay
His woundes grevous to see,
The Lady woke and saw him near
To deeth as he coulde be.

With greet affeccion she did tend
Sir Squawk's tormenting pine,
And by her touch so sweete he knew
He hadde not foughte in vain.

So endeth the Tale of Brave Sir Squawk
In soothe, each word be trewe,
The Tale of how he dide defeate
The Dragon of Fondue.

David Pauwels

Apartment Building

Melodramatic factory, this
building is a miracle
like the pyramids or
Hanging
Gardens of Babylon, only not.

Only commonplace, with a
long grey face, rows of
heavy eyebrows and
plucked in appropriate
spaces.

We all know just enough
about each other, scavenging
for data in the elevator.
Peering into bags, gasping
in isolated words, making
collages of faces and
groceries. Your face,
like Archimbaldo, is a mask
of cabbage, your smile as stupid
and benign as a zucchini.

I think I know enough
about you that disinterest
is safe. That you are
predatory, beetling home
each night with bags of
meat, is only natural.

Somewhere down the hall
water is running
running in a mania of absolution.
A phantom phoneme punctures
the wall. You learn to dodge

what lunges through the plaster
and window.

(We wait for someone's life
to catch fire:
no policy will cover that.)
There is a danger in peeling
up rugs and peering through cracks
since an individual eye
might be looking back.

What you will find:
my soul, reversible as a pocket,
and us, huddled together—
this is a bomb shelter
not a home—
rubbing hands over
the fire of our bodies.

Erin O'Brien

a penny
for all the times
you kissed me
and I did not see

for the others
I
have only your
sidewalk ghosts
tattered shreds
of fading colours
tuneless song.

Sarah Wilson



Frances

Lise van Boxel

Language Courses

Six hundred German verbs
beat desperately against my skull
like moths at night
in a Parks Canada public washroom
and then flicker out
one by one
as the brain cells succumb to the beer.

Gordon Coleman

Translation

I am a translator. There was a time when I wrote. There was a girl I was in love with, then. I wrote for her. Rachel had an accent from the south of France. She sounded so foreign, she enchanted me. I couldn't find the right thing to say to let her speak the important thing she had to tell me. The times when I felt closest to her were when she played the piano for me. I would listen and try not to breathe. Because it was her language, I started learning French. Perhaps then we would be able to communicate. When I knew enough, I spoke to her in French and found that nothing changed. There was still nothing to be said. (Her accent remains beautiful.)

So that was why I began studying foreign languages. Following that disappointment, I studied more and more. Not to construct one super-language like a hideously complex spiderweb in which to catch Rachel and all she represented, but rather to experience again and again that gap where language isn't, that absence through which the translator moves, that emptiness full of the promise of Rachel's voice.

Or consider a related story: there's a friend of mine, a writer. My last memory of him is seen through falling snow. Snow makes the world clearer, distinguishes warm inside from white outside. I see him behind the large windows of his fashionable house, seated at his desk, his back to me. Full bookshelves line the room. His pen is in his hand, he is writing. In my memory, I turn from the window and walk away through the snow. In the end, snow isn't something you like or dislike. You just have to learn to deal with it, one way or another. Some people live in mansions, some people live in shacks. I keep on the move. Between my different languages, I translate.

Hugh Thomas

Sonnet 14

I cannot have dreamt 1 night
 of many
 :all or none are
 dream real

cannot have imagined valentine
augurs the distant
nocturnal stars, perched like
,similitudes of the gnostic brain,
tin birds' eyes, the corner points
 of grids
 mapping the heart

counting is the domain of
our position, here
under stars:
nowhere a ladder
that, with desire, we might
 climb

to the mirroring of
our 4 eyes
 (heaven's pinpoint
 prognostications)
 where, in
1 second—space of time beneath perception—
4 eyes might flicker and
 be gone

Brooke Clark



Warm Milk

Adam Marshall

Final Score: Shelley 7, Poet 4

I met a poet from a foreign land
Who said: "I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: 'Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert . . .
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"I met Ozymandius in a distant land
Who said: 'My name is Ozymandius, King of Kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!
None of that land remains."
Nothing beside remains."
No other memory remains.

Alex Wiebe

Triangle

Perry peered pensively out the window of the school bus. His gaze remained steady, unwavering, as the trees, lawns, and houses blurred before him. He shifted the focus of his little hazel eyes slightly and caught his own reflection staring back at him. The years had been kind to Perry: all seven of them. His straight, shiny head of dirty blond hair covered his eyebrows completely, and the summer months had increased the number and darkness of the freckles that dotted his face. Perry gave himself a tentative half-grin and began to rummage through his Roger Rabbit[™] lunch box in the futile hope that his father might have actually packed him something palatable.

With a rough grunt, the driver guided the bus to a stop before a large birch tree. In a gesture of territorial instinct, Perry sat up with his back to the window and stretched his legs across the entire length of the two-person seat. The front doors hissed open and *she* stomped on: Bertie O'Donnell—oversized turtleneck, gap teeth and all. Perry had heard of terrible people—people like Attila the Hound, Rudolf Hitler, Lex Luthor; but the concept utterly eluded him that any living being could be more vile than this creature.

Perry lowered his head so that his chin touched his chest, and listened to the noisy, deliberate progress of the girl-thing up the aisle of the bus. Perry didn't know why he expected her to walk past him towards the back of the bus: every morning was the same. Perhaps some invisible force from the heavens would have mercy on him just once this morning, or perhaps Bertie's mother would suddenly scurry onto the bus like Lewis Carroll's White Rabbit and call her daughter back for a dental appointment. Perry smiled at the thought of Bertie O'Donnell strapped down in a dentist's chair, surrounded by sounds of drilling and the aspiration of the spit-vacuum.

"Get your crappy feet off this seat, you bum! I wanna sit here!" bellowed Bertie decisively.

"Go sit somewhere else," answered Perry, in staunch defense of his territory.

With a resounding whap, Bertie swept Perry's feet off the seat in a single blow and plopped herself down next to him. Bertie pointed

out the worthlessness of Perry's pathetic attempt at self-defence by wrinkling her nose and sticking out her tongue.

"The way you remember the difference between the less-than and greater-than signs is simple: the greedy alligator eats the bigger number like this," explained Mrs. Keene as Perry watched, captivated. With calculated strokes of chalk, Mrs. Keene proceeded with her visually aided pedagogy.

3 > 2

"What does this say?"

A half-dozen hands went up, some tentatively, some with pretentious enthusiasm. The teacher cast a cursory glance over her class and dictated a name.

"Perry?"

Perry, of course, had not raised his hand. Nor was he paying any attention to the course material; his blank expression was unadulterated by the slightest sign of comprehension. All eyes in the class drifted in Perry's direction. Bertie, captivated, watched with unquestionable pleasure and flashed a sardonic smirk.

"Ummm . . . three . . . alligator two?"

While Mrs. Keene fought back the urge to break out in laughter, Perry's classmates were not capable of such a complex act of self-control. Although Perry would have normally felt embarrassed, on this occasion he found himself fascinated by the reaction. Pointing out the positive ridiculousness of Perry's attempt at cognitive competence, and indeed of his entire existence, Bertie wrinkled her nose and stuck out her tongue. Perry's vacant demeanour was unwavering, a phenomenon which Mrs. Keene mistook for an unwholesome state of mortification.

Effecting a typical mob-control procedure she had picked up from teachers college, Mrs. Keene quieted down the class and gently suggested to Perry that he remain after the lesson. A sombre tenor prevailed briefly afterwards, as attention was slowly redirected from the dazed Perry to Mrs. Keene's chalk-waving.

As the other pupils filed out for recess, Perry counted holes in the fibrous ceiling boards overhead. Looking down again, he could see his teacher move her lips, but what words came out seemed to

dissipate into a mass of incoherent sound patterns. Perry could make out some admonitions about paying attention and being more motivated, and at times, he would even muster enough energy to achieve a slight, distant nod. He could not explain what distracted him so much, but that did not change its compelling reality.

How could he make her understand, when he himself didn't quite comprehend the immensely intricate dilemma he faced every day? Who was this woman who stood before him and professed to lead him towards a brighter future? Did she have a family? Why did she always wear the same thing to school? What did she look like when she was seven? To Perry, it was not at all surprising that his interest in arithmetic and reading paled in the wake of his contemplation of this mysterious being: alive, sophisticated, *real*.

"Perry, why do I get the feeling that this is leading nowhere?" Mrs. Keene asked. "Maybe it would be more useful if I talked this over with your parents. I think your lack of attention in class is turning into a serious problem." She could see no point in detaining the boy any longer, and scooted him outside to join his friends.

As Perry left, sulking, Mrs. Keene rolled her eyes and wondered why she had ever decided to take this job. She stared into space for a moment. Coming to the conclusion that there was something decidedly unusual about Perry, she made a note reminding herself to call Perry's parents, and stalked off to the staff lounge.

Outside, Perry was joined by his friends Chung and Mikey. With natural curiosity, they inquired into the nature of Perry's detention, hoping that they would garner some information to prepare them for the possibility that they too, in the near future, would have to face such an inconvenience. To their disappointment, Perry could only deliver a few grunts that might have been deciphered as "nothing" or "never mind." After establishing that Perry did not have a chocolate bar or any other kind of unhealthy edible substance, the two chums skipped off to some more productive venture, leaving Perry alone. Perry checked his beaten but operational digital watch and noted that he had just enough time . . .

The bell rang out to the students in the playground, signalling the end of recess. Perry wandered into the line and found himself, quite unluckily, behind Bertie O'Donnell. Bertie shot a derisory glance backward and snickered, jabbing him in the arm with her fist for good measure. Perry was perplexed as to the girl's motivation; in his

living memory, there was not a single instance when he'd done anything to provoke her wrath. Forlorn, he accepted the violence as yet another hardship among many that plagued his young existence. Perry reached into the pocket of his windbreaker and found a small cardboard box. Reassured, he smiled and returned to his class, following at a safer distance behind Bertie.

The rest of the day passed uneventfully, much to Perry's surprise and relief. After slipping the cardboard box furtively into a hidden niche among the papers of Mrs. Keene's desk, he boarded the school bus which was already waiting for him outside. Perry looked away as Bertie gave him a final nose-wrinkle and tongue-display, this time indicating an unspoken, "You just wait till tomorrow. Then I'll *really* get you!" Staring out the window, partly at his reflection, partly at his surroundings, Perry sighed deeply and unwrapped the chocolate bar which he had been saving up for the bus ride.

Bertie O'Donnell leaned on the great birch tree and watched the school bus speed away. She reviewed the day in her scheming mind and decided that she had made genuine progress. She particularly remembered the weary gaze that Perry had given her when she punched him in the arm. Skipping back to her house, Bertie had already begun to hatch new plans for the remainder of the week. Nothing was too cruel or vindictive for her; besides, all is fair in love and war. And Bertie was in love.

Perry greeted his mother at the door and wandered into the living room, where he deposited himself on the couch and stared at the ceiling. The cardboard box crossed his mind, and he tried to ponder the consequences of what he had done. During recess, he had gone to a lot of trouble finding the biggest, greenest grasshoppers he could find. He must have found at least four big suckers, almost two inches long—bigger even than the ones he kept in a jar in his room, much to his mother's chagrin. But to Perry, it was all worth it; for he was in love.

Martin Chang



Andrew MacFarlane

Like Bridges

Tonight I am thinking about—
the wet-black collage of my room
on the cityscape outside.
My half-mirror, half-window:
like all collages caused by the trick
of reflection
and hung in its frame to dry.
Buildings, lonely for business,
glint with the promise of empty rooms.
I could float, a ghost under that harsh
fluorescence. I could whisper my hand
through the desks. I
could fit in a computer.

If I were to suspend you
like a bridge, outside, beside
my bed, above the parking lot,
quite near to the light, you
could turn off this room.
Switch off the divide.
I, too, will disappear
into the hissing of rain.

Ursula Holland



Gabrielle McIntire

Fear and Want

Fear and Want, always in conflict.
The infant body held you both
Captive twins at odds in a world
Deprived of sanity and safety,
Fuelled by perversity.
Fear and Want, together crying
One out of pain, the other of need.

For you these things are inextricably linked:
Mother's milk and molestation
Diaper changes and anal penetration
Being held and being strangled
Bathing and drowning
Laughter and witchcraft
Family and cult.

So you became intimate enemies, estranged cell-mates,
And then you shattered.

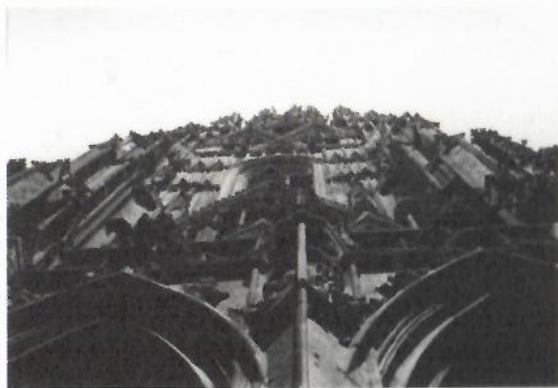
Fear, you became a maze of rigid walls
Dark alleyways, screaming streets
Hard cubicles of concrete, steel, and loneliness
Smoky brothels housing starved corpses with mouthful of cum.
A city of terror.

Want, you withered to a poisoned desert
Bleached deadwood, silent riverbeds
Crumbly plains of locusts, weeds, and desperation
Dusty parishes shading sunburned skeletons with handful of pyrite.
A countryside of poverty.

So you became two altered mindscapes, many personalities,
The holders of my memory.

Fear and Want, disparate identities.
The woman's body feels you both
Revived emotions in a survivor
Recovering awareness and sanctity,
Strengthened by understanding.
Fear and Want, together healing
One from pain, the other from need.

Paris Elizabeth Sea



Gabrielle McIntire

Stoned

One day, Sisyphus stopped.

The boulder, having reached the summit of the mountain, stayed in place.

At first, he just stood beside it, looking on in confusion. It was, after all, an unexpected turn of events. Like waking up in the morning and having the sun absolutely refuse to rise.

The boulder sat there giving no indication of its intent.

"Perhaps," Sisyphus mused, "it is tired, and has decided to rest for a moment."

So he waited, but the boulder did not move.

Sisyphus pondered this for a moment and walked around the base of the boulder. He knew every crack, every fissure, every cold surface of its form. He knew the sight of it, the feel of it against his sweating skin. Only now, it was unmoving. He pressed his body against it momentarily, but nothing happened. The rock would not budge.

The mountain top was smooth enough and level enough that the boulder was in no danger of suddenly rolling back down the slope. This disturbed Sisyphus greatly.

He turned his back on it and began to descend the mountain, but stopped partway and returned to the peak. He paced. He fretted. He worried. He wondered for a fleeting moment if Tantalus was gorging himself down below on fruit and water.

Sisyphus was puzzled and not just a little concerned.

It had started out ordinarily enough. He had begun, with the same purposelessness of mind and heart as always, to push the boulder up the mountain. He had heaved and strained and forced himself to carry on even when it felt as though every fibre of his body was ready to tear apart. And then suddenly, he stopped. And the boulder did not roll back down.

It was a bit agitating.

"What game are they playing now?" Sisyphus wondered to himself. It was not a trusting thought and had a rather suspicious tone to it, but when one is punished with eternal torment one is likely to be a little mistrustful.

No answer came, but his suspicions left and were replaced by confusion.

All day and all night he stood there, unable to comprehend this turn of events. He stared at the boulder, occasionally trying to move it along again, waiting for it to roll to the bottom again.

And still it did not move. He strained against its weight but he still had no effect. Sisyphus mourned briefly, wondering why the boulder had suddenly stopped contributing to their love-hate relationship. He began to feel a little afraid, too.

He thought again of Tantalus, who by this time would be vomiting to make room for more.

Sisyphus scratched his head, shrugged his shoulders, and descended the mountain. He did not go to find Tantalus. He did not even go to find Persephone, who at times had wiped his brow and said kind words to him.

Rather, he did what any sane person would do in the same position.

He went to look for another boulder.

Jeb Gaudet

Bus Haiku

Fat guy beside me,
I can't sleep; I remember
(your small foot pokes me).

The roadside rock is
majestic, old, quite content.
(You're irrelevant.)

Looking back once more
the sun makes light of the clouds
over where you are.

Hugh Thomas

A Solemn Man

You rose to the occasion
but said you couldn't come
when standing up.
"Of course,"
I answered laughing,
"gravity."

Ursula Holland

How I Spent 6 Weeks Wondering in Amazement How You Manage to Do That Thing So Subtly with Your Lips

realistic to recline
only to catch
that flurrying moment
between emission of
chortle
inviting this ritual of a gaze
into that abyss of beauty
through an unchartered lower mandible protrusion
unto that sparse space of
dallying tongue in its
second of stasis
while you change your guard
i capture yet another chasm of curvature
to add to my uncontrollable growth
of them secretly slid neath the closest lawn chair,
the final pursed formation
of a sound inevitably ending in awe.

Aub Chazer



Gabrielle McIntire

Meanwhile, at Muck Mansion

From his window he can see, on the street below, a bigwoman leading a faceless smallchild behind her. They have matching coats and look like tangerine stars in a graygreen sky.

He turns, now, from the window and begins his day properly by putting on the medal Lady Muck had given him. It reads:

LOKAN:

Trusted Manservant of MUCK MANSION

1968 - ?

Later, downstairs, he runs into Miss Evelyn, and tells her of the tangerine stars. She happyfaces and leaves to look for herself. He then goes to get instructions from Lord Muck, whom he finds in the study, resplendent as ever.

You can always tell when you're approaching Muck Mansion, Joe Barney thinks. Even if it didn't tower over its surroundings, you could probably triangulate the vague uneasiness at any two random points.

As he approaches today, a small child led by a woman nearly runs into his mailbag. The child's head is completely engulfed by a tuque.

Joe moves aside and sorts the envelopes. Of those destined for Muck Mansion, most are junk, but one is addressed to Miss Evelyn, S.W.A.K. Joe has carried many of these.

At the door he is met by Lord Muck, looking fatigued as ever.

Before she was Lady Muck she was Kathleen Glass, and although she may sometimes mourn the fact, she has always loved Philip.

She has spent some time now sitting at one end of the living-room window. She notices the young woman on the street, sees her harried expression, sees a youthful spark made to run a turbine.

She notices that Evelyn is now also at the window.

She thinks of a conversation she'd had with Philip before they were married: "With you by my side I could face death without fear," he'd said. Sincere but melodramatic, and melodrama does not sustain.

"Good morning, Miss Evelyn," are the only words Lokan ever really speaks, and as usual she hears them not long after ten o'clock. She smiles at Lokan's unintelligible mumblings and wanders off to the living room.

She finds her mother there, looking out the window. Following her gaze, Evelyn sees a child being suffocated, both literally by its tuque and metaphorically by the bustling mother.

She thinks of her most recent conversation with Gareth: "Through you I lose all fear of death," he'd said. Melodramatic but sincere, and sincerity sustains.

She wonders, however, why he has not written as promised.

In the living room, Lord Muck watches Kathleen and Evelyn seated at opposite ends of the window. He sees the tableau outdoors, and immediately knows what they both are thinking.

After receiving the mail from Joe, Lord Muck goes to his study to think. Although he loves Kathleen, he worries he has turned her energy into restlessness. Evelyn reminds him greatly of the young Miss Glass, but Evelyn and Lady Muck are markedly different.

Lokan arrives, awaiting orders. As is becoming habit, Muck places Gareth's envelope amongst the others and says, "Just junk mail today. Burn it."

Outside, the mother of the overtiqued child is becoming increasingly uneasy: it seems as though more and more unseen eyes are coming to rest on her.

Alex Wiebe

About the Contributors

Kelly Baxter's cat feels she spends far too much time singing and doesn't feed him half often enough. He's glad she's finally graduating.

Richard Berman is the reincarnation of 16th century Danish astronomer Tycho Brahe, a man who wore a cloak and a gold nose. He also owned a pet dwarf.

Hugh Birch: YOUR LAST BLADE. Put this card in your pocket to remind you to buy a pack of EATON BIRKDALE razor blades.

Martin Chang's pastimes include feeding squirrels, squeezing stuffed bunnies named Phil, and answering-machine silliness.

We were unable to contact **Aub Chazer**.

Brooke Clark can best be recognized on streets or in stores by his resemblance to Michelangelo's 'David.'

Gordon Coleman is NOT a poet. It's just a temporary aberration in his character.

Rosalind Coulthard . . . Is.

Tania Denesiuk is thrilled that her hyperactive imagination has finally emerged from the dark side (heh heh heh).

Jeb Gaudet worships the double helix and thinks life should have a soundtrack.

Kerstin Gustafson: "I'm good enough, I'm smart enough, and gosh darn it, people like me."

Ursula Holland couldn't decide whether to be witty and not quite truthful or truthful and not quite witty.

Joe Jaouni is a devout—no, obsessive Guns N' Roses fan who may or may not survive his road trip to Detroit, MI (April 13 and 14, '92) to see G N' R LIVE!!

Adam Marshall is leaving for Turkey forever, as soon as possible.

Andrew MacFarlane cannot draw, sing, or dance (well, not much, anyway). He can, however, use a camera.

Gabrielle McIntire enjoys expressing herself and challenging the intense zoids of life.

We were unable to contact **Erin O'Brien**.

(**Judd Palmer**): "Therefore I say, the perfect man has no self; the holy man has no merit; the sage has no fame."

David Pauwels likes to fondue with friends. He likes his new room; it has wall-to-wall padding.

Sophia Petrovich can't fit in this space.

We were unable to contact **Paris Elizabeth Sea**.

Wyndham Thiessen is Foolish and Deluded and a Bear of No Brain at All.

Hugh Thomas is having an identity crisis and THIS ISN'T HELPING.

Ravi Vakil is a card-carrying member of the NRA and especially enjoys unregistered semi-automatic weapons. Next year he will be attending the Institute of Architectural Design and Fine Arts in Paris.

Alex Wiebe thinks you should work out your OWN life first before you start prying into his!

Sarah Wilson wonders if you can go all the way around on a playground swing.

When **Lise van Boxel** was asked if she liked being on the bottom, she had no idea that this was what we meant!

Nike Kleinberg did not submit anything to this issue of the Review, and is not entitled to an author bio.

That's the Review, and we are . . . outta here!



