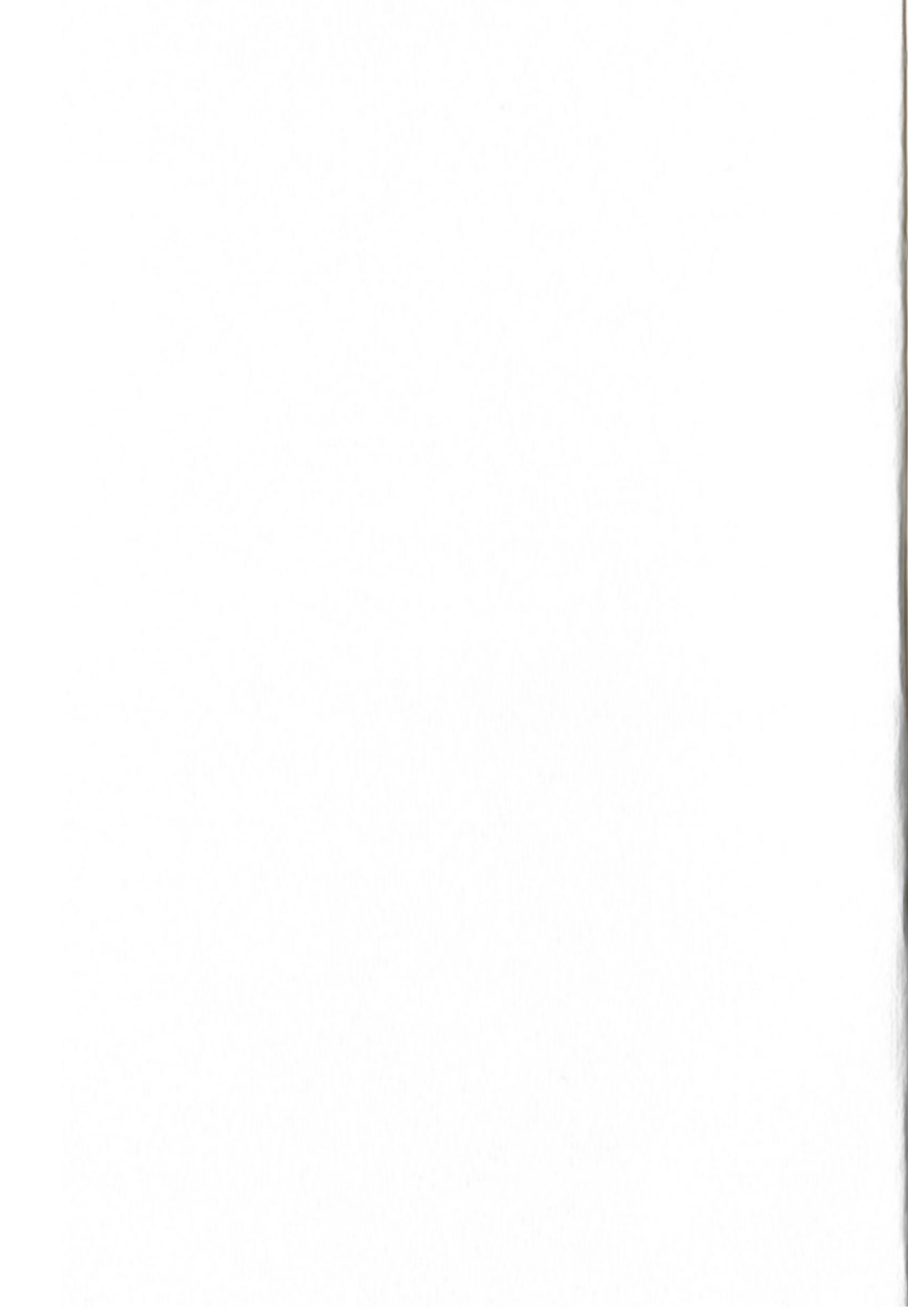


The Trinity Review

Volume CVI Number 1

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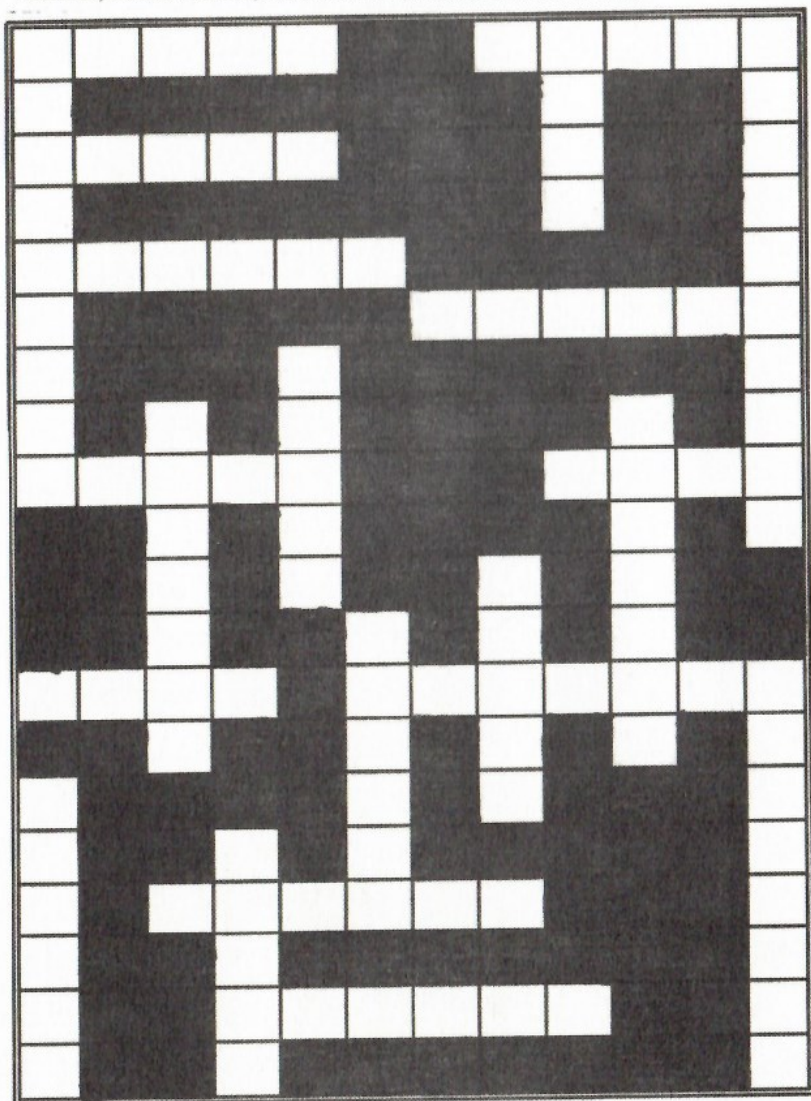


Sam Burgener

The Review Board Puzzle!

Treating first names and surnames as separate words, can you place the entire Review Board into this grid? (Well of course not, but why not try fitting their names into the grid? Use each name once only.)

The Board comprises Ursula Holland, Hugh Thomas, Alex Wiebe, Danielle Etches, Anita Kadikar, Talin Arzumanian, Brooke Clark, Quaid Morris, Sarah Wilson, Lara Jiminez, and Zhara Sachedina!



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Editorial

This is the space in which I am allowed to blather on at length about whatever it is I feel is important. I may even take on an editorial stance: watch for it.

What's important? Well, *The Trinity Review* is here at last, with apologies to those (I suppose especially the contributors) who were waiting for it with bated breath. It's a good one, chock-full of its usual colourful hodgepodge of voices and styles. Georgia Wilder's sestina, 'In Shadow', is especially noteworthy. In short, everything in here is remarkably cool.

Hugh Thomas, our assistant editor, has vamoosed to Hungary for the remainder of the year, and will be much missed by all on the editorial board. (Hugh, here's your copy.)

Here is my editorial beef-of-the-issue: a quick comparison of the masthead and the table of contents reveals, as usual, a frequent correspondence of names. There is something inevitable about the resulting dilemma: as authors, we like to see ourselves in print; as editors, we like to see a large cross-section of Trinity voices.

When I first became involved with *The Trinity Review*, the publication had just changed hands. There had been, in a manner of speaking, a coup. The sense of excitement on the board translated itself to members of College who had never before considered being a part of, or submitting material to, the *Review*. That sense of excitement and newness would seem to have since worn off.

It is too easy for clubs to become cliques. Don't take *The Trinity Review* for granted; deluge us with submissions. Perhaps it is even time for a new revolution—but that's too easy for me to say; I graduate this year.

Ursula Holland

I am playing
in sunstretched days
and
the red hibiscus
drinks a light that is redder.
I play until
the sea wakes up
in brackish fire; I play until
dusk falls at the lake.
When in black the water dies and
becomes a night, when the frogs
sing greenish and when the reeds
aren't
red
my mother calls and warns
that if I play forever I will
talk only of changes in sky.
Still, unconcerned with the
leveled world,
I mix the airs and
the waters, and write words for a
winged boy.

Katya Halil

Haikus for Road and Saxophone
for Ken and Jack

The man across from me
sits crucified by his cane
and vacuum cleaner

His huge black-gloved hands
rest in innocent stillness on his knees
plotting revolution

Under bright sun
I watched the shimmering pigeons
kill old men with looks

Brooke Clark



Soomie Ahn

Imagine:

You and I
might have found ourselves together
in a single sentence,

I am with you.

Our only, suspect, chaperones:
with, a word burgeoning with
possibilities——
conflict (*withstand*, *withhold*)
or consonance (*chocolate-cheesecake-with-raspberry-sauce*); and
am, which, as everyone knows, is
a copula verb.

Both, not surprisingly,
are apt to neglect their duties:

With you, I am.

Divided by a single comma,
you and I
might have discovered a curious pressure to become
plural,
not even realizing when it had happened,
but all of a sudden finding that there

we were,

in a single word,
no uninvited guests.

(But of course this page is the only place we can meet,
where I can approach you:
if I dared to touch you at all,
it would only be with the word,
touch.)

Martha-Jo McGinnis

The Trinity Review

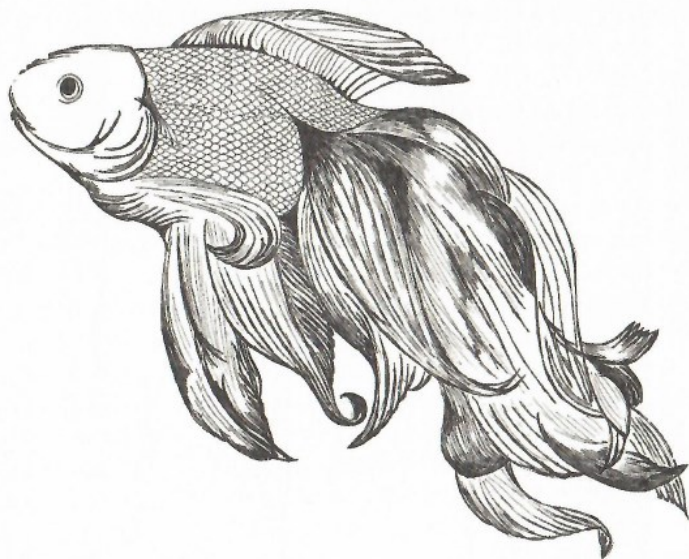
After you broke up with me
you found you'd locked yourself out.

Actually, I stole your key.
I'm going to play blue tunes on my stereo all afternoon long
off the emotional charge.

Hugh Thomas



Elaine Lee



Danielle Etches

Morning

Sunlight streams across the duvet,
quiet and extended. You, too,
are a picture of taut serenity
with warm and gentle, not-quite-touching thighs.
The shadows of maples, writhing against the walls,
have made a garden of this spare room.
We spread the air with tongues
as soft as butter; we think:
this is the confidence between us
yawning smug and strangely cat-like,
pounce-ready
and wakeful.

Ursula Holland

Guido and Fez visit the Action Planet

I must confess that this story's title is somewhat misleading. It is true that our two principal characters will be named Guido and Fez, but the term "Action Planet" is what I would call ridiculous hyperbole. Guido, anyway, was a lawyer, and Fez was a mysterious drifter. Both were very down-to-earth people (so to speak), but they shared a sweet tooth for adventure. So when their spaceship came to rest on Vrugoo VI, they were quite disappointed when the so-called "Action Planet" utterly failed to live up to expectations; the name was, as I mentioned, pure hype.

That was what the old storyteller said the last time I saw him. For five years I had come to the dark cafe at quarter past midnight to hear him spin his tales, and such twists and countertwists in plot were not unusual for him. So I was not surprised at this opening to his latest tale, nor was I later, when the storyteller excused himself to buy coffee. He did, however, fail to reappear after several minutes; and when I looked around the pillar towards the counter, I saw no sign of him. It's been one year since.

The strange disappearance of "the storyteller" was only one in a long and bizarre sequence of events. Most recently, the second-line centreman for the Toronto Maple Leafs had also gone suddenly missing with 10:33 remaining in the second period. A woman and a man, identifying themselves later only as 'Fez' and 'Guido', leapt onto the ice; and while officials were sorting out the confusion the centreman vanished. The two are currently being questioned by the police, but so far no leads (or Leafs) have surfaced.

Benjamin had been the second-line centre for the Leafs for almost three seasons now, and in all that time he had never frequented the Action Planet Dance Club. He wasn't sure, then, how he'd come to find himself entering that selfsame club as if he knew the place. He asked the waitron to bring his usual and was given his favourite drink, but his memory insisted that he'd never been there before. His memory also insisted that minutes ago he'd been playing hockey. Eventually, in confusion, he wandered out of the club and onto the surface of a barren planet.

Guido and Fez observed the "Action Planet" with distaste.

"Some action," Fez commented.

Guido nodded. The most interesting thing in sight was their own spaceship, which stood in stark contrast to the violent beige-ness of Vrugoo VI.

Suddenly there was another interesting thing to look at. Without any ceremony, a wizened man popped into existence a few feet from Guido and Fez. Even though Fez was facing the newcomer, she did a quarter-turn so as to whirl about dramatically.

"What are you doing here?" Guido asked.

"You've been traded," the man said. Without ceremony, Guido and Fez vanished.

Benjamin had wandered about aimlessly on the surface of Vrugoo VI for some time now. Just as disbelief was wearing off and panic had finished packing and could move in any time now, he found himself face-to-face with an imposing figure.

"Welcome," it said.

As he came close, Ben saw the figure was a wizened man. "Who are you?" Ben asked.

"You may call me the storyteller," the figure said. It gestured towards a large colourful metal thing. "There's your ship," it said before vanishing, "make the most of it."

Luckily, the ship contained a sanity restorer.

When the storyteller returned to the cafe, two years later, it was as if no time had elapsed. "Now, where was I?" he asked.

After I'd finished gaping in surprise, I fervently tried to remember what he'd last said. "Benjamin had just landed on the Action Planet..."

"Ah yes," the storyteller grinned and sat down. "Well, you can imagine Benjamin's disillusionment was rather painful."

I listened, enraptured, deciding to forget totally the dreary newspaper article I'd been reading, about the Leafs re-signing one of their more mediocre players, Guido Something-or-other, at the request of coach Fez Whatshername.

Some hours later, the storyteller left the cafe, chuckling to himself; he rather thought he'd got the better of the deal.

Alex Wiebe

Sestina: In Shadow

To leave your body
you must have
two rooms.

Two rooms arose.
I walked from one
to the other.

The other
body, like my body,
is yours to have.

You had two rooms.
The night two moons rose
I said you were the only one.

I was the other one.
Entangled with one another
we seemed a single body.

This is all I have:
A double bed. A single room.
From this arose

yet another Eros.
Much like the one
other one, before the other.

This is a bawdy
jest! This body that you halve
and join in many rooms.

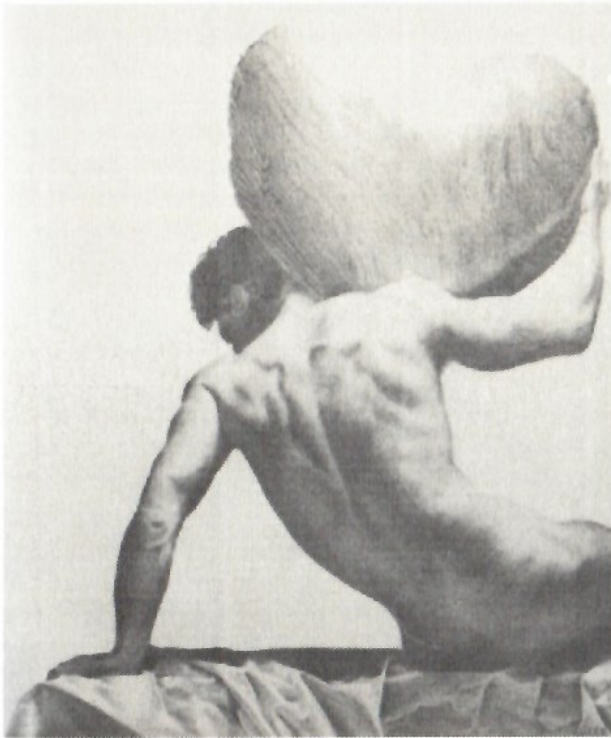
I saw this room
from a single moon. When the earth rose
I said you were the only one.

But you perceived the other
one. Saw through my body.
Saw all that I have

and could not have.
All I have ever had is this room
and you, and a night when a moon rose
beyond the one
penumbra shaped by shifted light. For other
dreams flesh out beyond this breathing body.

In Shadow, one body rose
and echoed to an empty room:
I have no other... no other... no other.

Georgia Wilder



Elaine Lee

Northern Vignette

Desolate and hungry
the ghosts of these rivers
moan for release
by the banks
their collective cries audible
a demented primal lullaby

On the docks three figures
enveloped in mist
black shadow puppets
sharing some secret
or a final cigarette

By firelight I feel what
makes you whole

Lisa Kovarik



Roger Wright

Hands

In the midst of winter, I finally learned that there was in me an invincible summer.

Albert Camus, in *L'Été*.

"Don't touch me!" she screams, running a few paces ahead of me along the sidewalk. People turn and stare. Her hair swings by her shoulder, her legs pump her body forward, her hands swing by her side. Oh God, her hands...

Jesus, is this girl a live wire. We've been friends for a couple of months now; both of us just transferred to this university. I fell in love with her almost from the beginning. It wasn't her, really, it was her hands. Long, pale and slender, they can do what all hands can, and more. She is a pianist, a concert pianist. Myself, I am a dancer, and when I hear her play I know that I love her.

But not now. No, not now. Not when she gets up from the piano. Seated behind the keys, her hands dance and flip from key to key, changing mood and speeds at a moment's notice. The faster I dance, the faster she plays, the more I twist and contort the more she twists and contorts until at one moment I feel that we are connected. For one short moment she and I are the same. With every flash and bang of the piano, with every arch of her neck, or her wrists, with every twist of her face, or her back, I bend and run. I stop and fly. I bend my ankles, swing my arms, and for one solid moment I am airborne. I am alive. I am a dancer.

At that scary moment the guard drops, the muscles relax, the attitude melts away. Stopping, I put my hand on the window sill, letting my face soak in the mild November rays; I think to myself

I love her.

But when she stands up, smiles, and declares: "Your timing is off again" or "Your arms flail," I know that it will never happen. I'll never confess myself to her; I'll always remain detached. Oh God, if I could only have her hands...

It is cold out. I have my hands pushed deep in my pockets, and I can feel them pressed against my thighs. The trees around us are nude and each branch holds a ridge of frozen snow. She still walks ahead, ignoring me. I watch the vapour curl behind her, eddy around her neck and disappear

above her head. She turns slightly to see if I am still following her, turns back, and I can tell she's smiling. She pulls her arms in front of her, folding them over her chest and out of sight. Damn. She makes me so happy. Even the crappy Canadian weather doesn't seem so bad. When I'm with her things don't seem so impossible.

"Hey," I say, grabbing her shoulder. "Hey there, don't—"

She turns in one quick motion and her hand, her beautiful hand, crosses from right to left, slapping me in the face. Hard.

"Oh my God, I'm so sorry," she says. Her hands flip and twist, hiding her smiling face.

"Christ almighty! What was that? Why do you always slap me?" My face stings in the cold air.

"You're so touchy; I hate it when you touch me."

"I—." Sigh.

In the name of God, I want to slap her back.

Today, she was typically Katarina: eccentric, violent, hypocritical, and introverted. Every emotion I see on her face she contradicts in her actions. Just when I'm ready to express my feelings, to talk of my desires, she silences me with a slap or a word. So sometimes I just turn my back.

We go to eat. I eat my stupid, special diet: she eats whatever she wants, laughing at my carrots, peas, and apple sauce. I inspect her hands as she crams her steak into her mouth. I watch the knuckles and the wrists, the delicate bends, the control, and I'm reminded of the blur of her fingers across the keys, the concentration on her face, the rigidity of her body, and the hair on her neck. I remember the one time, when we were both practising, that I approached her from behind. She smelt wonderful. I remember her hair in a tight bun, the look of the back of her neck, the twitch of her neck muscles. And the hands. Dancing faster than I ever will, dancing from left to right, striking and skipping, and then sliding their way across the board. In a dream I pressed my lips just behind her ears and ran my hands down her sides, touching her thighs, her breasts, covering her pants with dark sweat and white chalk. I could feel her breathe, her muscles contract and expand. But most of all I wanted her hands: I wanted her control, her talent, her expression.

I think of sleeping with her, of talking with her, of holding her, of marrying her. And when I look up from my apple sauce, I wonder what in the hell am I going to do. In the name of God, what am I going to do.

"Where's Katarina?" Alana asks, with an I-know-what-you-want smile. It makes me angry.

"Went home."

Her gruesome, furry eyebrows rise, furrowing her forehead. God is she repulsive. I—

"You let her go home alone, then?"

"Yeah."

"You should go catch her. It's dangerous at this time of night."

"It's not that far."

With a look and a shrug she turns away. I think of someone approaching Katarina, putting their hands on her, touching her, and getting slapped hard. I laugh. I feel Katarina's repulsion, and I realize that—

"She'll be fine. Take it from me." As I turn my back on her, I indirectly turn it on Katarina too, and I walk away.

I walked away I walked away I walked I I I I I

Slap

Entering my room, I throw myself on my bed. I lie on my back and watch the empty hallway. My raspy respiration fills my ears, even the room, pressing on the windows, on the panes, rushing out the door. Thinking about Katarina makes me smile. Her person subsumes me: literally, it is being with her that is beginning to give me some meaning. The life of a mediocre dancer doesn't seem so hopeless after all.

I decide to call her to make sure she reached her dormitory. I reach for the phone, knocking the receiver off the desk. I pull at the cord, flipping the receiver, and start dialling. Like a disc popped out of a vertebra, something inside of me is jarring and jostling out of place. I wait for the other end to answer, and when it doesn't I don't bother to hang up, nor to lock my door, and I run down the stairs, out of the dorm and into the night.

(cont.)



Rosalind Yang

I feel like an animal; my sneakers crunch through the snow; it is a perfect time to think and dream except for the fact that something inside me is screaming that something has happened. Something has happened.

And indirectly I turned my back on Katarina too.

My heart starts to pound as I trace her way back to her dormitory. My legs shudder with each step, and I can feel muscles pulling and my feet slipping as I jump up stairs, and slide down hills. I cross parking lots, looking between cars, running through backyards, checking alleys. I go to all the practice rooms, circling the dormitory. And when from the outside I see the light of her room flick on and then off and then on again, and a large shadow pass by her window, I know that I have been a fool.

A fool. A fucking fool. Such an obvious display of emotion screams for a slap from her. I should have assumed that she was fine. She doesn't need me, she'll never need me. As I turn back to face the wind, my legs ache and my hand bleeds but it's not my body that hurts me the most, nor my ears that sting the worst in the lifeless night air. It's my—

A thin sob comes from behind me.

a thin sob came from the garbage stacked behind me, officer. I barely heard it. I shouldn't have heard it. I should have walked her home. It should have been me, sir. Yes, me sir. Yes sir. Yes sir. No sir, I won't shriek again sir, no sir, no sir, sir. No I won't cry again. Yes sir! Strong? Yes you're right. God almighty are you right sir. I am sorry officer, but I have to scream, yes sir, I can't stop sir...

I'm screaming. I'm screaming so hard my throat is sore. Something is killing me sir. It is in me, it's trying to tear me apart sir. Is it her sir? Or is it Katarina? I can't stop vomiting sir. Vomiting is screaming sir, only no sound comes out. Yes sir, I know sir but I simply can't stop screaming. The more I scream sir the more it didn't happen...

The blood sir. It's the blood. Can't you get it off my hands?

You see, sir, sometimes, there are things you can take away from me.

A thin sob comes from behind me.

I listen, and I hear it again. I hear it again and again, and I hear it so many times that I know that I have to go and look; I don't want to. I know that if I look everything will spin back out of control. And when I walk over to the crates and look behind them, I hear it again. I walk around some

barrels where it is all dark. I can hear whimpering. I can smell something, something rotten, something putrid; it smells like urine. If it wasn't for . . . something, I would have left it alone. But I thrust the barrels aside allowing the unsympathetic streetlight to shine on Katarina's curled body.

I can't explain how I feel as I lower myself to my knees. Her clothes are torn, her face bleeds profusely, her shirt is ripped open, her hands are bloody. But her appearance takes second place to the sickening realization that she has been raped. She has been raped.

It's not her that concerns me now, it is me. My emotions, from shock to fear, twist and turn like a tornado; each registers one after another in my brain. I am losing it. I'm losing it.

My mind clicks into forward gear, putting everything in a certain rational order. I check her pulse. I try to talk to her, but inside I can feel myself cracking. Inside me is a large, black animal, out of control, alive, confused, enraged, terrified, without any sense of direction clawing at my throat, at my head, at my stomach. It sits in me and it pants and panics, it paces and pleads; it looks for a way out, and when I pull her bloody body close to mine, and feel her nails dig into my back, into my neck I realize that it may be much stronger than me. It is more than emotion, it is larger than emotion. It is out of my control, it is too powerful, it is beyond me, it is me.

I hear her sob, feel her twist in my arms, and hear her whimper my name. Our bodies tremble and quiver together; I start to match her sobs with mine. Pulling her closer, I feel her body shift, and her arms circle around my back.

The thumping of feet and voices are followed by the police. As they pull me off her, her nails tear my sweater: I see them recoil from the body that I cover. Those long, strong, blue arms release me to stand on my own two feet.

When my arms pull away from her I see the blood that is smeared against us dripping from my sweater, pressed into my knees, running down the inside of my arms. I look down, then at her, at her open mouth, and I see that she is screaming. Stuffing my hands into my pockets I push through the crowd. Some cop grabs me by the shoulder and starts shaking me. I am on the verge of talking, of expressing and confessing, but I jerk away, and walk. I am going.

I am gone. Long gone. By the time I reach the growling ambulance with the flashing lights I am gone beyond recall. My head rumbles with a

hot, exhausted numbness. I had something going there, but I lost it.

The crunch of wheels and the grunts of men come from behind me. She screams as the men tighten the straps on the stretcher. She is more alive and active than I have ever seen her. She writhes like a snake, pulling at the shirts of the paramedics, tearing at the orange blanket. Her hands dust her face pulling at the skin, tugging at her eyes, drawing blood. The men pull her arms down revealing her face to the cold air. Through the blood and the long slits I can see that she thinks she is being raped again. She arches her back, and drops her shoulders, pulling her legs together and tightening them, trying to move her hands over her genitals. I can see her muscles jerk intensely, the lines in her face, the blood running down the deep wrinkles in her closed eyelids. She convulses; her body dances with one spasm after another. She thinks she's all alone again. The straps are re-tightened and she starts to shriek with such ferocity that I have to turn away. The men insert her into the back of the ambulance, and when they shut the doors, I can still hear her screech. Through the windows in the back I can see two paramedics hold her still as another fixes some sort of a syringe. When he bends under the line of the window, I turn my head letting my long bangs cover my ashen and sallow features. . .

I start to walk down the street, watching my feet get lighter and darker with every streetlight. I am followed by the steady whine of the ambulance. It skids past me in a flurry of noise, smoke, and anxiety. The driver is slit-eyed, squinting, scared. Through the back window I can see the two men inside. They are holding onto supports, they are holding on to her. She is still screaming.

One man in the back of the ambulance looks out at me. His face is pale and full of terror. I don't think he knows what to do. Help me, his face says, help me stop her. I pull my eyelids shut; I turn my back just as I turned my back on Katarina

And indirectly I turned my back on Katarina too.

because I know that there is nobody to help him. Nobody will help him. He has to deal with his animal all alone. As his face shrinks into the distance, slowly blurring in my bad vision, I pray that he realizes that he too is all alone.

I stand there in the middle of the street, my toe digging out from under the broken sole of my shoe, digging at the cold snow beneath my feet. I watch the ambulance turn the corner pulling the screams and the siren along behind it. I watch the reflection of the red and blue lights in the

windows, the midnight traffic stops and for an instant all is silent. Even the unrelenting winter wind seems to pause mid-breath. But slowly, ever so slowly, the cars start up, the reflection in the windows fades and the street comes to life again. The wind exhales once more throwing my hair over my face in one cold gasp.

I keep walking in the other direction, not really thinking about anything. The snow and the air are cold, and I feel the frost sneak under my damp sweater, chilling my chest. I tuck in my sweater and warm my hands in my pockets. The wind still manages to open my clothes and freeze my body. I hunch my shoulders, take a deep breath and press on. I turn a corner looking up for a sense of direction, and quicken my pace. Soon I am lost in a stiff pace of thought, a stiff pace of screams, a stiff pace of life.

my feet crunch the snow beneath my feet. it sounds warm, it sounds warm

Throughout the night I want to cry, to go home, to turn to somebody, but every time I almost turn around I turn a corner instead. I keep walking and walking and walking and walking.

At one corner I stand with my feet in a cold puddle; slush slips in the cracks of my shoe. I can feel it slide under my toenails. Occasionally a car passes; men sheltered in iron and glass peer at me for long enough that I can make out their features, and then vanish in a fury of exhaust and taillights.

Like a long, thick, black, and musty trenchcoat, I pull myself in deep rich folds around my angular and meagre body, covering it under layers of smooth and rotten material. Within the dark security of my coat I can disguise how I feel. No one will touch me that way again. The intense feeling that I had experienced crouched with Katarina finally breaks the shock and numbness. I am gone.

Pulling my hair over my face I turn into the wind and start to work my way up the street. The senseless winter wind tugs at my face, hair, and ears. Even at my coat. As I fasten the buttons and fix the collar, I turn my back on Katarina too.

After some time I reach an empty parking lot covered in patches of black ice illuminated by the light of the moon. Examining the smooth expanse I suddenly feel inspired to run. I start to run faster than I ever have, breaking my stride for the patches of ice. Turning and twisting I jump higher and farther than ever before, bending deeper, and arching

gracefully, artistically, perfectly. Instead of Katarina and her hands, I am the source, I am the cause, I am responsible. Not just for this dance, but for all dances. And at one solid, crystalline moment I arch my back, tighten my legs and I am gone. All the stress, the constraint, the pressure melts away, running down my back, down my arms and dripping off my fingers like wax. My long coat is light and no longer restrains me as I twist and pull, twirl and spin on the tiniest of axes.

I am free. I am alive.

I am a dancer.

Manning Doherty



The Helmsman

by Franz Kafka



"Am I not the helmsman here?" I called out. "You?" asked a tall, dark man and passed his hands over his eyes as though to banish a dream. I had been standing at the helm in the dark night, a feeble lantern burning over my head, and now this man had come and tried to push me aside. And, as I would not yield, he put his foot on my chest and slowly crushed me as I still clung to the hub of the helm, wrenching it around in falling. But the man seized it,

polled it back in place, and pushed me away. I soon collected myself, however, ran to the hatchway which gave on to the mess quarters, and cried out: "Men! Comrades! Come here quick! A stranger has driven me away from the helm!" Slowly they came up climbing the companion ladder, tired, swaying, powerful figures. "Am I the helmsman?" I asked. They



nodded, but they had eyes only for the stranger, stood around him in a semi-circle, and when, in a commanding voice, he said: "Don't disturb me!" they gathered together, nodded at me, and withdrew down the companion ladder. What kind of people are these? Do they ever think, or do they only shuffle pointlessly over the Earth?



Illustrated by Judd Palmer

Of Vicars and Homunculi

“Homunculus?” queried the vicar,
And the sergeant just nodded his head.
“Gone missing?” then queried the vicar,
But the sergeant had gone home to bed.

“My dinner?” inquired the vicar;
The wife told him flat, it was gone.
“Homunculus?” queried the vicar;
Yes indeed, and he’d left but the bone.

“Infested?” Thus queried the vicar,
When he heard of his home’s sorry state.
“With the small ones?” inquired the vicar:
Yes indeed, and their numbers were great.

“Exterminate?” queried the vicar.
The wife shook her head; they would live.
“But why?” And she gave him her answer:
They had more than just queries to give.

“But, appearances?” queried the vicar
(For you see, he was terribly vain).
“Get out of here!” cried the homunculi;
And the vicar was not seen again.

Alex Wiebe

Love

my love for the world
is like a flower
growing strange and fast
inside a pond
beside an infallible
nuclear power plant
in russia.

Kenneth Windrim

Found Poem

From: Learn Hungarian (Budapest, 1965)

We are students.
You are students.
They are not students, but rather soldiers.

Hugh Thomas



Fugue

Kyle Milne

Dinosaur

any of a group of extinct chiefly terrestrial carnivorous or herbivorous reptiles any of various large extinct reptiles other than the true dinosaurs one that is impractically large, out-of-date, or obsolete.

In the grocery store I choose T-bone steak sealed behind plastic, contained neatly within the fluted edges of its styrofoam square: to keep it flat and fresh and appetizing, unmutilated in the refrigerator case

to evoke images of the juicy delicious well-cooked well-seasoned steak it
could become
airtight to keep it freshly
tenderly red

juicy eating ritual
ritually eaten terrestrial carnivorous
herbivorous carnivorous
large
reptiles
impractically well-cooked
large true dinosaurs

I sometimes forget that perfect steaks come from perfect cows

often make the common mistake of assuming Earth was populated
exclusively by dinosaurs. Though dinosaurs were the largest animals, a
great array of organisms of all sizes thrived in this ancient tropical
environment

terrible lizard
terrible
terrible
terrible

true real authentic

dinosaur dinosaur dinosaur dinosaurI sometimes forget

dinosaurs when they are retailed for one-third of the cost it took to
manufacture them the one I have, for instance, has now been replaced by
any number of smaller, more efficient models that perform the same tasks
multitudes of other features with simpler commands for real people I
could have waited and purchased mine at a third of its original cost
manufacture large

impractical terrestrial carnivorous
perfect steaks come from perfect cows

Charlotte Gill

Glass And Ice

Footprints trail behind my open
feet and draw
pictures first red then black;
lines will sometimes swell
when infants' brushes spill;
on this hard canvas touch
bold and delicate lines quickly,
their shiny bodies seep away.

I should hear the soft rumbling freeing
itself when flowing bitterness massages into
languid flesh because I would
believe there is only
transfer and silence loses to life.

Peter Cheng



Gabrielle McIntire

Sterile Untruths

Calling the hospital
Makes me feel so little
Inconsequential
And I know they've lost you
Somewhere under those silencing
White shrouds
Or some liquid dream wavering
The painless dance of morphine
Across a vacant expression

"No Dear—no need for alarm."
But the sugar-coated voice
Tells me that they cannot find you
Nor what tears you away
"Routine procedure"
Another white-cloak pacifies
That smug tear-away grin
Another hour, a flawless act
A role rehearsed and executed
For the dignity of the layman.

Lisa Kovarik

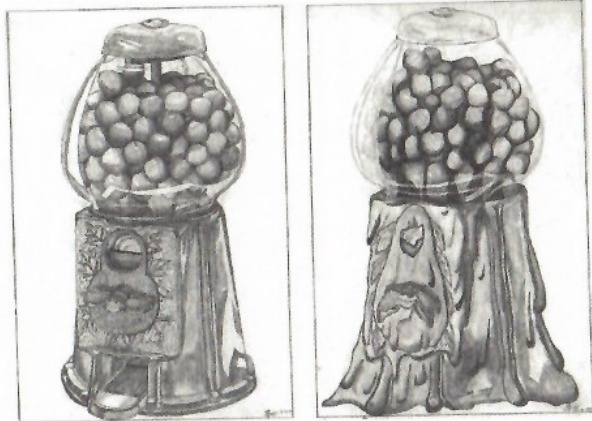
Early Autumn, Early Evening

Everything glowing: cheeks, love,
the roundness of grapes pressing
against the porch rails,
and us.

I moved on to dinner; you insisted
on helping. Perhaps we were playing
at being sisters.

Later, you played the sunshine through
your Chardonnay, laughing over the rim
at me. You balanced the burnishing globe
against the raised glass lip
until it tumbled in. I expected it
to dissolve everything
cascading in bubbles, glad you could
kidnap the sun and not get burned,
your smile already the promise of fresh mail.

Ursula Holland



Jeb Gaudet

Syllogisms Of Loss

Please open your Douglas texts to p. 67.

:Definition of Terms

In these troubled times, We understand that many people simply do not have the time to keep up to date on the names of rhetorical devices and elements of logical reasoning. However, without a rudimentary understanding of these concepts, what follows will be completely incomprehensible. Therefore, We offer the following definitions (courtesy of the Oxford English Dictionary).

Syllogism: form of reasoning in which from two given or assumed propositions called the premises and having a common or middle term a third is deduced called the conclusion, from which the middle term is absent.

Enthymeme: syllogism in which one premise is not explicitly stated.

:We Quote the Rhetorician

Vague-thinking Romantics will rail against the syllogism, will say that it is a logical, deductive device, nothing more, and therefore irrelevant to mankind because it is incapable of conveying emotion. There can be no hatred or longing in a syllogism, no rage or love. Two premises and a conclusion—a form with no meaning, no resonance. So they will say. But a haiku, a ballad, a sonnet, all these have a strict form into which words (and, therefore, thoughts) are forced by the mind of the author. And yet, does anyone dismiss the sonnet because it is incapable of expressing love?

:Copulative Verbs

There are many different types of verbs, and to attempt to distinguish them all here would be ridiculous. For that reason, We offer a list of the main types of verbs, before proceeding with Our discussion of the Copulative Verbs, which are most significant with regards to Our purposes here.

1. Verbs that begin with the letter 'b'.
2. Verbs which sound forest green.
3. Verbs that one would associate with fishermen.
4. Verbs having a putrid odour to a Marxist.
5. Verbs containing three or more vowels.
6. Verbs one might expect to find chatting in tea rooms.
7. Copulative verbs.

In order to understand the fundamental processes of logic, a basic understanding of copulative verbs is essential.

Copulative Verbs: (1) connecting words or clauses that are joined in sense, (2) connecting subject or predicate;

As is certainly clear to Our readers by now, copulative verbs are extremely common, and trying to track down all of them would require a vast Network of tireless scholars—as well as being completely unnecessary. Therefore, We offer a list of the most essential copulative verbs.

to be
to lay
to bang
to nail
to fuck
to screw
to gain carnal knowledge of

:Meet Enthymeme No. 15

My girl doesn't love me any more. The last three times I called her for a date, she said she had to stay in and catch up on her schoolwork.

:Enthymeme No. 15 Becomes a Syllogism

¹Any time my girl refuses to go out with me, offering any excuse except severe illness, she no longer loves me.

²The last three times I 'phoned my girl, she refused to go out with me on the grounds that she had to catch up on her schoolwork.

³Therefore, my girl no longer loves me.

:Moore Argues his Allegation to Friend Simon and Others

Friend Simon, and Others comprising this august Audience, let me begin by explaining that going out is something that is very important to my girl. Our love affair was a mess, a twitching, living mass of thoughts and feelings all violently knotted together, but at the heart of it, the twisted centre of the knot, was her belief that we needed to collect as much shared experience as possible in order to be in love. (And I sincerely believed us to be in love. Not the best kind of love, perhaps, but love. We orbited one another in shrinking circles, destined, finally, to spiral into one another and be obliterated.) According to my girl, only by spending time together can lovers form a solid relationship which is based on a common understanding of the world. For this reason, my girl and I tried steadily, throughout our relationship, to go out together at least twice every week.

Of course, this was not always possible—the world being cruel, the times being indifferent to lovers—but we tried, and I submit that it was largely on her initiative that we tried. My girl voiced her theory to me many times, always as a way of insisting that we needed more time together for the relationship to succeed. It was, for her, a part of love. I'm sure there are those here who have heard her voice these opinions, and who will support me in this claim.

(Selected Others nod firmly and mumble general assent, a fact which is duly noted by Friend Simon. The Rhetorician, lurking in a back corner, also nods.)

I do, however, freely confess that there was, during the course of our relationship, one factor which would overcome the needs of love and prevent my (ex-)girl from spending time with me, and that was severe illness. One time, I 'phoned to ask her to attend the ballet with me that evening, and she said she was unable to make it because, only one hour and seventeen minutes before, she had had all four of her wisdom teeth removed. This reason I graciously accepted, and attended the ballet with another female escort—but that is beside the point. The point is that the removal of all four wisdom teeth is a very serious operation, and only a medical problem of that magnitude could prevent her from going out with me. Once, at a party, she remarked to me, "Only a major operation could keep me from your arms, dear Moore." She was sitting on a rather ugly cushion of orange and brown, her long, dark hair veiling half of her face, and in her voice I could hear the slightest catch of emotion. It was a very moving, personal experience. Fortunately, Friend Gary was present at that moment and, being here in the Audience, will gladly confirm that what I say is the truth.

(Friend Gary looks up from his copy of *GQ* as all eyes turn on him. He appears vaguely puzzled, but nods his agreement. Agreement is duly noted by Friend Simon. The Rhetorician leers on, and drifts towards invisibility.)

On one occasion, when my (ex-)girl had the flu, she consented to go out and see Woody Allen's *Shadows and Fog* with me despite her illness, because, as she said, "Spending time with you is too



Soomie Ahn

important to miss at this stage in my life." Unfortunately, those words were uttered during a private 'phone conversation, and therefore it is impossible to gain outside confirmation of them. I hope that you, Friend Simon, will accept my oath upon this fact. On another occasion, my (ex-)girl and I went out just two days after she had had her broken arm put in a cast, and was still not feeling quite herself due to the pain-killers and antibiotics she was taking. What with the cast and all, making love that night was a somewhat difficult proposition, though a bit of a novelty, and I am pleased to report that we managed it quite well. Though I have no one present who will testify to our being together that night, I humbly submit to you, Friend Simon, this videotape of the two of us, filmed through my bedroom window, and this sworn affidavit by the woman who took the video, Mrs. Enid, who lives across the street from me, a fact which you may verify at your leisure.

(Friend Simon accepts the proffered material with a slight bow. The Rhetorician stifles a low chuckle, the empty chuckle of a fading shadow.)

Further, not only was illness the sole thing which could possibly tear my ex-girl away from me, but, in terms of a list of the top five things which might prevent her from seeing me, schoolwork was not even an outside, dark-horse contender. She found schoolwork a terrible bore, and even took pleasure in being behind in it. As she reasoned, the farther she was behind in school, the more time we were spending together. I have watched her work the whole thing out mathematically—it is a simple equation. On numerous occasions she gladly went out with me on the evening preceding tests for which she had not studied, or instead of writing an essay which was due the next day. In fact, I recall she once made a remark to the effect that "Schoolwork shall never come between us"—though, I admit, I am paraphrasing here. We were in a park, her hands were in her pockets, and her body seemed a tall, dark triangle in the sun. I hope those present who knew us will concur that she said, many times, that as long as she loved me, schoolwork would never interfere with our time together.

(The Others present all concur vocally, some more loudly than others, though, over all, a convincing clamour of agreement is raised. Friend Simon duly notes this concordance. The aged Rhetorician seems, overall, rather uninterested.)

And yet, on the last three occasions when I have 'phoned her, offering, in every case, my time (which she has said is the best thing I could

ever spend on her), she has refused on the grounds of having to do schoolwork. Schoolwork, which, until now, had held absolutely no dominion over the time of my ex-girl. And it is not as though she is using time when she is ill anyway to catch up on schoolwork (and would thus be refusing, really, on the grounds of illness), for my Spies inform me that she is enjoying perfect health, save for a slight dietary anaemia, nothing serious, and is taking part in a rich, vibrant social life. Is that not so?

(The Spies in the Audience, until now cleverly concealed as Others, rise and tip their fedoras in a universally acknowledged signal of agreement. This is duly noted by Friend Simon. The tired Rhetorician makes pale notes in pale ink. Last words are so important.)

Thus, I contend that my ex-girl no longer loves me, and feel that this fact has been sufficiently proven by the facts I have offered regarding her attitude towards time spent together, distinctions that she herself made regarding what excuses I ought to accept from her and what excuses I ought not to accept, and her refusal, three times, to see me on what she herself had deemed totally insufficient grounds. I think that I have clearly proven, to Friend Simon and to all assembled here, that my ex-girl no longer loves me. Thank you.

(The Others rise from their seats and slowly file out, sensing that the excitement has finished. Friend Simon nods, turning the facts over in his mind. The ghostly Rhetorician ceases.)

:An Argument too Painful to be Made

Only Moore and Friend Simon know that the whole discussion has been a farce, mere theatre to please the Audience. The Spies had other information, information that Moore chose not to share, information that would have supported his syllogism beyond any doubt. The Spies had informed him that, over the course of the last few months, Friend Simon and Moore's ex-girl had embarked on a torrid sexual affair, proving beyond any question that she no longer loved him, and, further, suggesting the reasons behind her dissembling about schoolwork. "As long as I love you," she told him once, "I could never be involved with another person. I couldn't even be seduced." He raised an eyebrow at her, a little doubtful, truth be told. "Well, I guess I might be seduced," she confessed. "But he would have to be really good." Moore tries to look at what happened with Friend Simon as a seduction, but cannot. However, this is another matter entirely, and We simply wished that the reader be fully informed.

:Reversal

A wave emerges from the water and rolls in, licks lacy up the dark sand, then slides back into the sea and is gone. We follow the mould of Nature, begin with an argument, distil it down to a syllogism, and from the syllogism extract the bare essentials of an enthymeme. In this way We frame, We balance, We ensure that questions always have answers, and that premises always lead to conclusions.

:Syllogism

¹All girls who have sexual affairs with men other than their boyfriends no longer love their boyfriends.

²My (ex-)girl is having a sexual affair with Friend Simon.

³Therefore, my ex-girl no longer loves me.

:Enthymeme

My girl no longer loves me. She is having an affair with Friend Simon.

This demonstration is now concluded. As they are no longer needed, We are pleased to dispense with such clunky inconveniences as the characters Moore, the (ex-)girl, Friend Simon, and all the Others as well. We leave you to construct arguments to either support or destroy the final syllogism or enthymeme. Perhaps you could test the logic of these statements by applying them to your own life.

Brooke Clark

10 Things To Do Today

- feed cat
- purchase additional kleenex
- reprimand mailman
- throw out VCR
- purchase extra ammunition
- collect tuxedo from cleaner's
- write letter(s) to Marion
- feed cat
- clean gun
- take careful aim

Alex Wiebe



Soomie Ahn

Troy

"It gets so that, as long as you're no higher than thirty stories, you figure you could survive the fall."

Troy was a half-Indian whose father had hung himself in the woods when he was eleven and who had often made me smile when I looked at the yearbook picture of him winning the four-hundred metre sprint in a pair of cut-offs and a beer shirt and looking back with a smirk at the other sprinters in their fancy track gear. He had been washing skyscrapers.

"I need to buy some brill-cream. I'm so broke I have to wash my hair with soap."

I looked away to where I was going, thinking about what to say.

"So, what've you been up to?"

"School."

"Yeah, you had a smart family, eh? Not like mine."

Laughter.

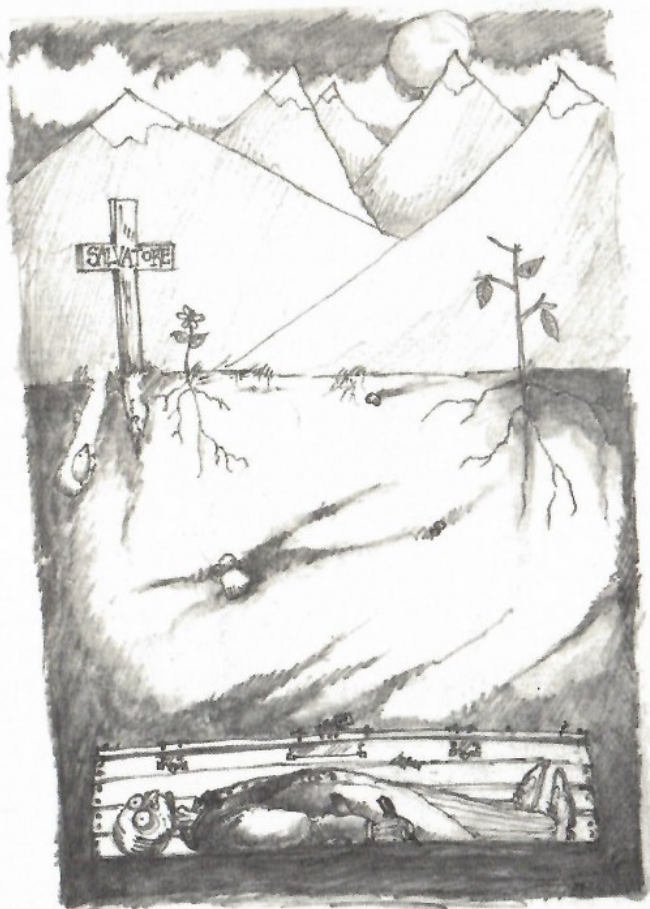
"I've got three hundred bucks on me."

His eyes are without life, like his hair, and his teeth look old. Thinking what to say.

"I'd better not go to the Coulson, or I'll blow it all. Typical Indian, eh?"

I say that is bullshit. My God, he is really dying. He turns away as he speaks and his profile is sharp and sleek like an Indian's and in it is the speed he once had, which he used to win the race against those by whom he had already been defeated.

Steve Walker



Once there was a poet named Salvatore. He was dead. He found it made his work much easier. "A poet's work is work for a dead man," he would say. "Lying in my coffin, I dream of life above, in the sunlight." In the spring, my thoughts diffuse up with the groundwater, until they reach the surface, where they may come upon a young boy or girl, walking alone, in what suddenly seems an immensely wide world."

*Text by Hugh Thomas
Illustration by Judd Palmer*

The Supernatural Physics

This third solution [of the electromagnetic wave equation] therefore does not represent a physical wave. The third solution is a “ghost”; it carries no energy, no momentum, and never exerts any force on any charged particle. We can ignore it.

—from *Classical Electrodynamics*, Hans
C. Ohanian, 1988.

When Hans C. Ohanian wrote this passage, he undoubtedly had no inkling of how accurately he had predicted the intimate kinship between electromagnetic radiation and what were then called ghosts. At the time, the former was cold fact and the latter was bad speculative fiction.

It's been close to forty years now since that way of thinking dominated the scientific world, before Nima Arkani-Hamed finally established the fully developed theory that linked the mythology of ghosts and spirits with the verified physical laws of the universe. But most of us still haven't quite accepted it on a subconscious level, in keeping with the trend that each new breakthrough in physics seems less and less intuitive. Classical mechanics made sense since it dealt with things you could see, moving at speeds that you could imagine. Then came general relativity and quantum mechanics, which showed us that at ridiculously high speeds or microscopic scales of measure, things just ceased to operate as we might expect. We were still working on implanting that into the collective intuition when out came the supernatural physics (as the media irrevocably christened it).

Still, for the greater part of everyday life, people can comfortably continue to ignore the latest discoveries concerning this branch of EM-radiation research. Or at least they could, until now.

My purpose in writing this paper is quite straightforward: to alert people to the fact that they must no longer turn a blind eye to our discoveries. There is serious information that everyone must be made familiar with, if for no other reason than to significantly bring down the fatality rate.

We have long known that matter and energy are two sides of the same coin, and that the decomposition of a human body results in the release of

its imbued energy. One of Arkani-Hamed's most striking results was the proof that a significant portion of this energy is dissipated in the form of "ghost"-electromagnetic radiation (or GER, as he abbreviated it). This GER was essentially equivalent to the mathematical entity mentioned by Ohanian above, but it did indeed carry energy (although not in the traditional sense) and could interact with charged particles. A supplementary paper by Arkani-Hamed and Schippers hinted that this radiation could occasionally find itself focussed inside a small, contained physical space, such as a house. The final version of Arkani-Hamed's revolutionary equations confirmed this. In this way was explained such things as 'hauntings'.

But this energy was never thought to have consciousness. When focussed, it could occasionally create a facsimile of the person from which it had left, and even more rarely emit sound waves. But there was no sound scientific reason to believe that this GER possessed true consciousness, since it was now radiation energy and essentially no different from light or microwaves.

The time has come for the next step. There is now every reason to believe in a conscious afterlife.

For I am a ghost.

Before I explain how I have managed to write this paper, let me first describe the events of my death. It is ironic, really, that I became a ghost during the process of conducting research on this very subject. I was alone in my laboratory, dealing with some delicate substances borrowed from a chemist friend of mine. It was one o'clock in the morning; at ten, this selfsame friend was due to come round to the lab to assist me. I could not wait, however, since I was certain that I was onto something and was fearful of losing my train of thought over the next nine hours. So I went ahead, assembled some truly marvellous concoctions, and promptly scattered myself all over the room.

The explosion was truly wondersome, and yet I did not reflect on it much; the fact that I could think at all was far more interesting. My view of the room was blurred and somewhat distorted, as if seen through a prism.

What I then came to realize was that I was indeed viewing the room through a prism, or rather from *inside* a prism. Evidently the bulk of my GER was trapped inside a large prism that had been resting on the corner table. And there I was, proof that GER contained consciousness, without

any way to contact the rest of the world about my discovery.¹

I remained there until 10:13 a.m.

It was at that time that my friend, a Professor Krohll, arrived at the lab. Due to my adverse viewing conditions, I could not see him clearly, but he was surely most distraught at the appearance of the room. After all, for all my GER to be released would require that most of my physical body was destroyed. Krohll shuffled into the room, not speaking a word. I wished fervently that I could somehow contact him. And perhaps I managed it, for something led him to gaze into the prism. He did so for quite some time, and finally crossed to where I lay on the floor and picked me up.

It is these next events that are the most crucial to this paper. When the prism was lifted, it seemed to me that I could actually feel the pressure of his fingers. I came to realize, however, that what I sensed was my GER escaping through the conduit of the electric current provided by Krohll's body. This, I reflected, was in perfect accordance with theory since the human form is a natural container for GER energy.

But as more and more of me left my prison, my perspective did not shift into Krohll's; rather, I experienced a growing sense of being present as myself—albeit some otherworldly, photo-negative version of myself—located roughly a half-metre in front of him. I do not know exactly what Krohll saw, but it was enough to render him speechless.

I felt as though my whole body had gone numb and was slowly reawakening. I looked beneath me and saw empty air. Gradually, however, I could feel my feet, my ears, my hands—

My hands were around Krohll's throat.

I had never meant to place them there, and neither could I remove them. This point I must stress to the reader: *I could not remove my hands from Krohll's throat.* I could only watch with a curiously detached horror as I felt my invisible hands tighten. But there were no marks on my unfortunate friend's neck—I suspect that adverse electric signals were being sent to his brain more and more frequently as I squeezed—

¹Evidently, however, the GER does not account for the entirety of the 'soul', since I felt quite faint while in the prism. Due to the lab's enclosed nature, I calculated that a high degree of my GER should have been trapped, and yet I felt like only one-third of my usual self (even given my highly unusual circumstances).

Ultimately Krohll was dead, and I lost all sensation in my hands.

I wondered why I did not merely dissipate. I theorized that my eight hours confined in the prism had somehow cohered me into a genuine disembodied entity. I next wondered how many others there might be, to whom similar things had happened.

Since then I have mastered the art of entering a computer mainframe and encoding data onto magnetic tape reels. I hope that someone will find this paper and print it out, without thinking it a mere jest. I will not wait around to find out. I do not know why Krohll had to die, but I am concerned that I may be compelled to kill again. To this end I will attempt to enter a radio beacon in the hope of being completely dissipated across the city. Perhaps other ghosts have committed suicide in this fashion.

But do take note: I strongly recommend that all corpses in future be burned in the open air, which should prevent the creation of any further ghosts. GER would not have any chance to form coherent entities, since the energy particles should escape Earth's gravity about as frequently as new ones are released, and the current GER density does not allow open-air condensation effects.

I am sorry that Krohll, and indeed I, myself, had to die in order to prove this beyond doubt, but hopefully many more lives shall be saved. For I repeat, *I could not remove my hands from Krohll's throat*. I could not. GER can no longer, as Ohanian suggested, be ignored.

Before I finish writing this paper, it occurs to me that I should perhaps include a final piece of evidence that it was, in fact, I who wrote it. Analysis of the computer files I currently inhabit, Krohll's autopsy, and a detailed examination of the laboratory will confirm much of what I have said; but in order to help confirm that I am indeed the author of this paper, one final piece of proof shall be given.

Mrs. Krohll will confirm that my secret pet name for her was 'Babette'.

Alex Wiebe



Before Decadence

Sam Burgener

About the Contributors

Soomie Ahn is a graduating senior specializing in Cinema and English studies.

Sam Burgener loves Lops, Germany and all things artsy, but mostly sleep: "Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,... great Nature's second course, chief nourisher in Life's feast."

Peter Cheng doesn't seem to be able to get past aspiring.

Brooke Clark spends a lot of time.

Manning Doherty is a second year philosophy specialist. Camus's epigram reflects precisely Manning's own philosophy: inside of the 'us' is the juggernaut named 'I'. He lives and writes in Toronto.

Jeb Gaudet only submitted to the Review in the hope of getting on this page.

Charlotte Gill is a fourth-year English/Humanities/Psychoanalytic Thought major.

Ursula Holland not only reads the Review, but she also edits the damned thing.

Joe Jaouni is an obsessive Guns N' Roses fan. Joe identifies mentally and in physical form with Winnie the Pooh and Rolly Polly Pudding but doesn't mind because pudgy is cute.

Lisa Kovarik: "Them's my sentiments."—Thackery

Elaine Lee is in first year Arts & Science, and was an assistant teacher of the Swallow Art School in 1991. She would like to find a career in designing in the future.

Martha Jo McGinnis likes to get a word in edgewise.

Gabrielle McIntire is currently searching for believable theories about how to make it through another winter with optimism.

Kyle Milne is still shocked that Mama Cass died from eating a ham sandwich.

Hugh Thomas left for Hungary without giving us his author bio.

Steve Walker lives in Torotno (sic), Ontario.

Alex Wiebe hates thinking up author bios and so didn't bother.

Georgia Wilder maintains a serendipitous lifestyle, keeping one step ahead of her creditors, and two steps behind the laundry and dishes.

Kenneth Windrim is a fourth-year English and Philosophy student at Trinity. In his spare time he writes poems and short stories as a means of dealing with essay overload.

We were unable to contact **Katya Halil, Judd Palmer, Roger Wright, or Rosalind Yang**.

