



# Trinity University Review

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The  
Trinity University  
Review

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CARLO CLAUSIUS

## The Sea Shepherd

I wake up  
to find the dream still stumbling about the room  
confused  
in the shuttered darkness

| 5

In Japan  
beached whales  
lie under a white sun  
the sea so galled  
it leaves the sand untouched  
the executioners  
plunge and  
plunge

and I've heard of Sea Shepherds  
people of flesh with dreams  
as unholy as my own  
who sail that sea  
the hunters look up where the ship  
heaves on the horizon  
and run

cadavers glisten  
like scattered shells  
while the Shepherd  
guides survivors into the tide.

ROSE RICHARDS



## The Dali Portrait of Mae West

I have never seen it before when I find it on a postcard. The surface of her face is resolved into longitudinal flesh-coloured floorboards. Her chin becomes a low broad staircase, and above it, her lips are scarlet and striking. A mantel clock sits on her nostrils. The irises of her eyes are paintings in gold frames. Her hair serves as a gold frame for the entire face, squaring the image, giving way in the foreground to a blue and gold lacquered corridor of approach. I buy the card and take it home.

I keep it for a while, then one night I sit in my bedroom and write to my friend:

Hugh, Hugh, Hugh,

I am in my bedside chair. Fifteen feet (and an indeterminate emotional distance) away, Ethel is borrowing my typewriter to re-copy a long essay. I've fallen desperately in love with her, but she seems firm in the conviction that we are regular chums. What to do, Hugh? Shall I try fifty sit-ups a day and the masculine approach? Culture and intellect have got me nowhere.

Life is otherwise good. It's almost time for the air to warm and winter's accumulated turds to thaw and scent and disappear. What's a broken heart here or there? Write me.

Julius

When she has finished typing, Ethel stands up, stretches and approaches me. She is very white and slender, and she moves stiffly from tiredness. It feels good to be finished, she says. Then she sees the postcard on my lap, Mae West side up. What's this? she asks. Can I look at it?

I hand her the card. She sits on the bed and holds the picture up to scrutiny. I can see my own small blue handwriting, and the address in block letters on the square whiteness of the writing surface. She raises her eyes and asks, What is this?

It's a portrait of Mae West by Salvador Dali, I say.

She looks back down at the card, frowning. How weird, she says. Then, after a pause, she jumps slightly and cries, Oh, it's a stage.

I leave the chair and sit next to her on the bed. You see, she says, the hair is like curtains. She points to the chin. Her shoulder touches mine. These are the stairs leading up to it, she explains, and the whole face is a big stage. She laughs, I don't know why Mae West has to have a clock on her nose, though.

Dali likes clocks, I say.

Oh, yes?

Yes. Sometimes he makes them like melted cheese hanging from

trees in the desert. Ethel laughs. I can't bring myself to look at her face, so I stare at her hands, which are small and perfectly white, with tiny gold hairs on the fleshy parts of her fingers. Without turning the card over she asks, Who are you sending this to?

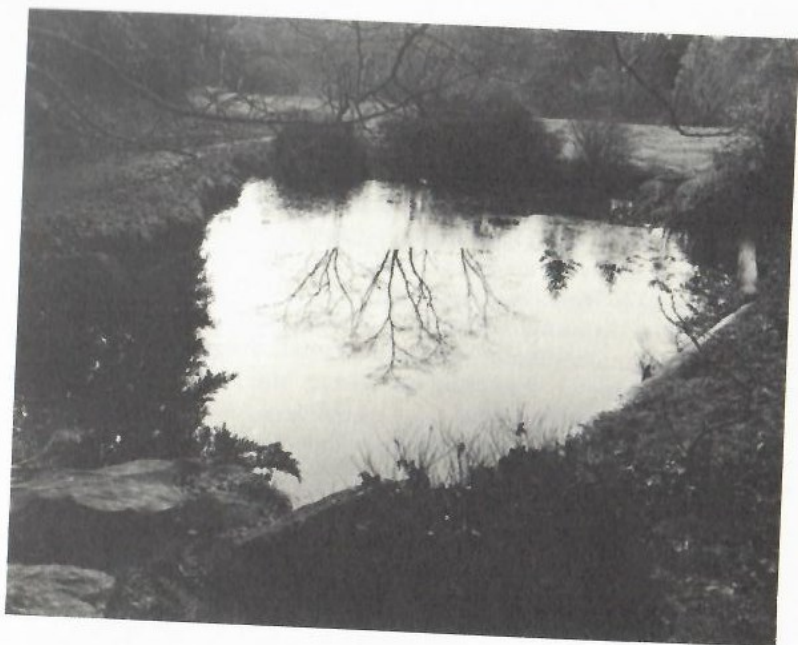
Hugh.

Oh, good old Hugh, she says. I can feel all the fluids draining out of my upper body, and I begin to suspect that I might pass out. So I lean forward, trying to be imperceptible. Ethel notices, however, and hands me the card, saying, Here, do you want to have a closer look?

I take the card in my hands and stare at it, but it makes no sense to me. So I drop it. It lands Mae West side up. There on the floor, it begins to be more meaningful, I start to understand it in perspective. Just then, Ethel puts her warm dry hand in mine. I suppose it's all a question of marching up that chin, as it were, and standing on that face to announce one's intentions.

I straighten up and look into her eyes, which are blue. Ethel, I say, do you mind if I lie down?

ARTHUR HOLDEN



DAVID SHARPE



## Who Needs Provisional Poetry

Cows are out in the field.  
Tons of them.  
Each one on its green acre.  
Some are on each other's acre.  
None has ever seen an acre.

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They are not clumped around  
Around the salt lick,  
If there is one.

They are not nose to rump, nose to rump nose to rumpf  
On a path.  
Though they are near paths.  
One is even sniffing a patty on a path.  
But most are sniffing neither patties on paths  
Nor bees in buttercups.

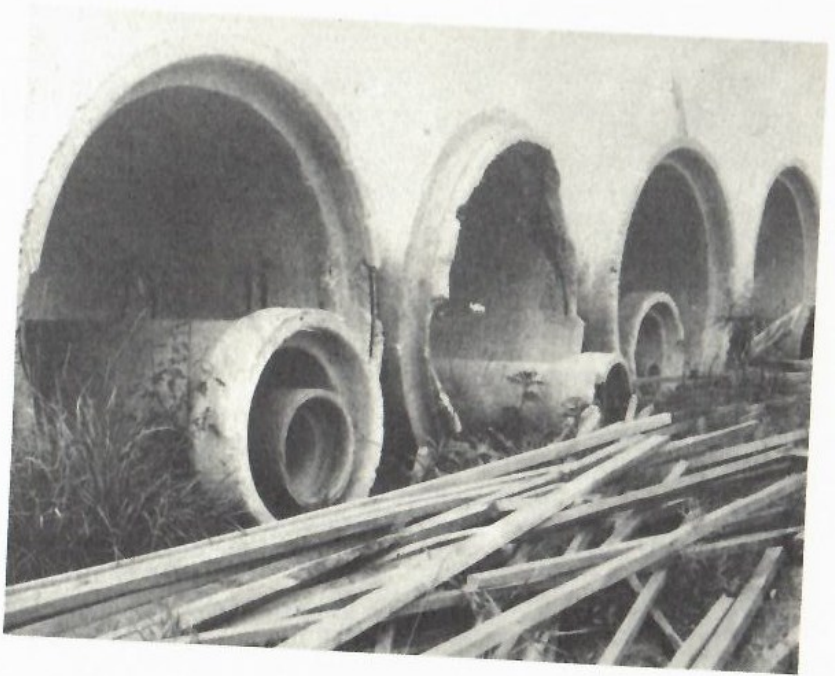
Cows are not bulls.

Nor are they hiding in the trees.  
There is only one broad tree  
And room on that tree  
For only one cow  
To chafe at the chafing spot.  
Or at most, two.

Cows are not magicians.  
They go where they go.  
They do what they do.  
And when they don't  
They do what steers would never do ...

But then, what steer could do it?

ANN KAEGI



CARLO CLAUDIUS

## Clara and the Hanging, 1753

fat old Lily Millicent the graceless,  
waddling wife of a waddling butcher  
there ahead of Jack and laughing  
till her flesh shook – he was afraid.  
He'd cheated her of fivepence yesterday,  
buying scraps: now she'd get him,  
claim him in her ample folds  
and press

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come on cried Clara,  
we'll miss the hanging  
(it was a pockmarked guard  
she wanted to see.

*He* knew.

How Ma would cuff her when she found out –  
barely thirteen and  
already at it, she'd shout)

vomit and drink in his nostrils,  
he clung to his sister's hand.  
Tyburn and the butcher's wife might  
keep him forever if he lost his grip.

Jack, you'll never walk fast enough!  
and the child up by the armpits into  
the familiar curve of her arm  
the familiar stench of Clara:  
from his high seat he saw  
the crowd like dogs in the street  
yapping at the gallows, twisting  
like dogs fighting for meat  
he saw them for oh – how long?  
he had no words for so many,  
being poor

hands jostled the boy  
hands reached for Clara's ass  
slapping and shoving  
Clara kicked backward, rammed forward

hard



fucking cunt – and duck, elbow, push,  
the kid crying – a little  
further, being small helps, don't drop  
the kid, bite the claws at your tits  
and there – almost – out and in the front.  
Now to wait.

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Jack roared  
Hush hush said Clara,  
it ain't *your* hanging yet

They waiting for hours.  
The crowd swelled, grew noisier,  
hawked drink and picked one another's pockets

until  
aaaaah the groan of expectation  
all at once  
the quiet magnificence of a wooden cart  
and a prisoner in his wedding clothes;  
three days ago he was a highwayman,  
now a young lord in torn silver coat  
who laughed through bad teeth  
as a girl threw daisies.  
On wooden boards, two thieves behind  
and a boy who had stolen ducks –  
the crowd watched instead the lover  
shouted for the robber they raised acclaimed  
the bridegroom with a quart of gin  
in his filthy hand  
as he rode to his black-limbed bride –

The guards pushed back the crowd  
(he didn't look said Clara)

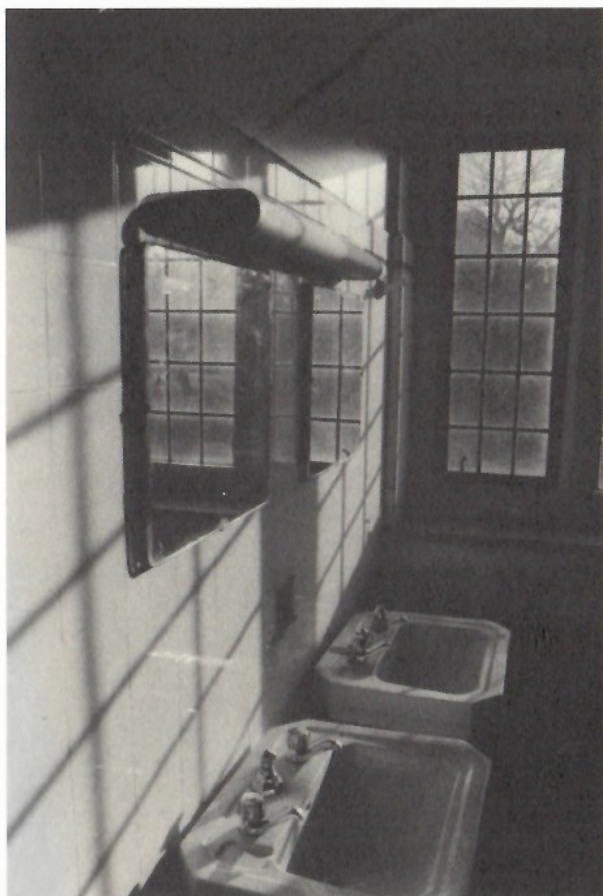
The young lord grinned and swore;  
now (unbearable) the marriage dance  
the way the steps creak  
(he wouldn't look at me)  
the surge of the crowd, the shouting and  
chanting, baying and crying –  
quick the climax, the exquisite sensation  
the moans from the crowd and their  
dirty dreams the way the gin bottle

falls from his hands the way the body twitches, ah  
cried old Lily,  
saw better last June

Clara put her hand on her curving belly  
He wouldn't look at me she said

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ELIZABETH ELBOURNE



HUGH BROWN

## Cairo

Cairo lies across the desert  
like a fat panting dog on a rug  
Ten million perhaps more swarm  
like fleas through its streets and alleys

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Khanal-Khalili is the marketplace  
of today and of a thousand years ago  
Narrow mud tracks  
choked with hawkers children and goats  
Men sit in smokehouses  
drinking tea and taking languid pulls of sweet tobacco from the houkah

In other parts of town  
a hot wind blows dust into your nose and eyes  
Carrying with it the smells of old life and new death  
The buildings here look as if they're made of sand  
As if a strong wind or a drop of rain  
could bring them toppling down  
Returning Cairo to the desert.

DOMINIC GUALTIERI

## Ascension Tide

The sea pulls back into itself  
from a pebble beach  
where I've kept watch  
all week in a cold April  
tuning my ears into the wind  
towards the sucking rattle  
of a vast, deliberate withdrawal.

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The sky, soggy, intense  
is coming to meet  
in colours I could never see.

And this salty shell,  
whose home was it  
I drop into my pocket  
beside the car keys?

On the other side, St. David's,  
in my wild youth,  
I wrote the name of an enchantress  
on the sand of a little cove  
where the same sea devoured the letters  
and rolled them back at me,  
unpronounceable,  
speckled with foam.

VIVIAN LEWIN





JEAN-CHARLES BOURGEOIS

## Spellbound

I saw you standing there  
Framed by dusty glass  
Like frozen decor  
In a china room  
Razor fingers fluttering  
On tensile wrists  
Like schooners  
Dancing  
On a darkened ocean  
As frosted smoke rose gingerly  
Against the intrusion of light  
And sealed you  
in silence.

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THOMAS J. CZEGLEDY

## The Politics of Feminism: An Interview with Chaviva Hosěk

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Chaviva Hosěk is President of the National Action Committee on the Status of Women, an umbrella organization which brings together some 300 groups in order to lobby more effectively for political change on issues of concern to women. Some recent accomplishments include the organization of the leaders' debate on women's issues during the past election campaign; a key role in retaining anti-sexual discrimination clauses in the Charter of Rights and Freedoms, and a major influence on recent pension reform. Some of NAC's other concerns include pornography, divorce, abortion, and nuclear disarmament. Ms. Hosěk is also an Assistant Professor of Canadian and American literature at Victoria College in the University of Toronto. Last November, Erin O'Connor and Elizabeth Elbourne talked to her – between classes and a Governing Council meeting in a typically full day.

REVIEW: NAC is of course a feminist group. What does the word feminism mean to you? Is it a political ideology or a very basic statement of the equality of men and women?

HOSĚK: Well, it has a lot of ramifications; it has different ramifications for different people. The most basic thing I would say is that feminism believes that men and women are equally valuable and that the rules of the world should be changed to reflect that belief, because the world is now structured, whether deliberately or not, largely for the benefit of the male population. The rules of the game are written for their benefit. What has to happen is that the system has to be one wherein the [laws] governing this society reflect the fact that men and women are equally valuable ... so I think [the term feminism] *has* political ramifications. Not every feminist does political action just as not any “-ist” does political action, but I think anyone who believes that men and women are equally valuable and who is prepared to do something about that rather than to sit back and say “Gee, I suppose they're equally valuable, but I ain't doing nothing about it”, is a feminist.

REVIEW: So, for instance, one could be a feminist and be opposed to abortion?

HOSĚK: There are people in the women's movement who would say that you cannot be a feminist and be opposed to abortion. I think it is perhaps possible to be a feminist and to be – but it depends what you mean by “opposed to abortion”. In a way it's too crude a distinction. I don't know many people who think abortion is the greatest thing since sliced bread. People's attitudes to abortion have more to



MARTIN SOLDIUK



do with whether the situation in which a woman finds herself is complicated and difficult, who should be the one to decide whether she has an abortion or not? That's quite different from saying "Oh goody let's all go out and have abortions." There's this wonderful line in a play that some Newfoundland women put on two years ago, in which somebody says to her husband that she's a feminist and he replies "Oh no, they'll make you have an abortion," and she says "But I'm not pregnant," and he answers "It doesn't matter they'll make you have one anyway." That's not what it is. The feminist position on abortion, as I understand it, is that the question of reproduction is a profoundly complicated moral and personal one, and that they are not prepared to let the state decide those tough moral questions. It's not the same thing as being pro-abortion. Maybe there are such people, but I'm not one of them.

REVIEW: So abortion is not a morally neutral act?

HOSÉK: No, I don't think abortion is a morally neutral act. I think the question is – who decides? Is it the state? I do not believe it should be the state ... because there isn't any consensus in this society.

REVIEW: What role does the state have in censorship? NAC has recently been active in protesting the Penthouse issue. How would you formulate the laws of censorship?

HOSÉK: That is very tough. I don't really have an answer to that. The women's movement and NAC have said that there should be laws banning basically violent pornography, the kind of pornography that implicitly or explicitly says ... that sexuality and violence are intimately tied together – implicitly, that women want to be violated and should be violated. [One interesting strategy] is to include sex under the categories of prohibition in the hate literature of the [criminal] code.... If you can believe that there is such a category as hate literature which should be banned, and I do, then it certainly makes sense ... that just as one should not distribute and disseminate information that suggests interesting ways of killing Jews or Blacks, we should not be disseminating information that suggests interesting ways of trying to kill women. And then another position is control of the broadcast media. I have much less trouble with the control of broadcast media since in fact we own it ... collectively, as a people. I think we have every right to say that what goes on in those media should not denigrate a particular group of people.

I, like a lot of "liberals" and like a lot of academics, have a great deal of concern about censorship in particular because it's the state that decides and I don't have huge faith in the state. I'd be much happier if a group of feminists decided whether something was or was not violent, but that's not going to happen. When you ask the state to interfere, it's the state that will decide. I think that the struggle ideologically or philosophically is how much control over what people

say are you willing to trade against the right, and I think it is a human right, that people have not to be portrayed as less than fully human ... Think about the kinds of things that were said about the Vietnamese to American soldiers.... The first thing you do is to create in a person who you want to be violent some sense that their victim isn't fully human.... It seems to me there are two different rights struggling for prominence: one is the right to free speech, and the other is the right not to be portrayed in ways that are potentially dangerous.

REVIEW: The usual question – how do you determine what is violence against women and what is justifiable in the name of art, particularly in the broadcast media where distinctions are not as clear-cut as the pornography / literature distinction?

HOSÉK: One of the problems is that in literature when there are words you get an attitude controlling the image. When all you have are images and there is not necessarily any statement being made about them, except implicitly, that's much harder to make a judgement about. I think you have to decide on individual cases, right or wrong. There will not be perfect decisions. It depends on individual cases; judges and other people will decide case by case. And it will be a mess. We'll discover slowly what it is we are and are not prepared as a society and as a community to let go.... We might be right and we might be wrong, but there'd be a kind of evolving process of discovery....

REVIEW: My conception of feminism today is that there are definite strands, one strand that denies biological differences between men and women, and argues for an equal society on that basis, and another strand which seems to suggest that there are different innate capacities in women and that there is a feminine way of doing things, a feminine view of the world. Is that analysis accurate? How do you feel about it? And on what side of the nature / culture debate do you place yourself?

HOSÉK: It may be right that there are strands in feminism having to do with the strategies people take and the beliefs out of which these strategies come. I think those views are reconcilable; it seems to me that the people who say that men and women are alike and need to be treated the same or similarly are saying men and women are much more alike than the socialized forms in which we see them appear, that in fact we do not know how alike or dissimilar to each other men and women are because we haven't seen men and women in anything like a "natural state" nor will we ever. Men and women are already a product of a social system. The social system corrects or focuses, if you wish, women into roles of nurture and altruism, gentleness and whatever. It punishes them for not being like that, and punishes men *for* being like that; therefore you have men who are



one way and women who are another way or at least a tendency in that direction.... That's one argument and I sort of agree with it. The other argument says that there probably are some differences between men and women – I'm sure that there are; I just don't know what they are and I don't know that anyone else knows what they are either. However, people leap very quickly from perceived social differences that are a product of a particular social system to assuming that those are based on innate differences ... We have no way of knowing that.

If you enter the nature / culture debate on other issues as well, the person I find most interesting on this topic is Peter Medawar, a Nobel Laureate on biological topics, who says it's a meaningless debate because at this point we are almost unable to make the distinction between where nature leaves off and culture begins. And so we can't make public policy decisions on the basis of an [unresolved] philosophical and biological question.

There is, however, another aspect of feminism that flows out of your question. The first strategy a lot of feminists took was to say men and women are more alike than we know, and we should treat them the same. I think that is in fact a limited perception. Men and women don't have to be alike for us to treat them alike. If we say that men and women are equally valuable persons in the world, even if there are differences between them, that doesn't mean we ought to treat them in a way that penalizes one of these groups.... What if we discovered that there are extreme differences between men and women? Does that justify us in saying that one kind of person rather than the other is a preferable kind of person, and therefore structuring our society to make it easier for that kind of person versus the other kind of person?...

There are people who are prepared to treat men and women exactly the same who are not prepared to treat women differently in those situations in which women's lives are different. For example, you can treat men and women exactly the same – nobody gets maternity leave. On the other hand the only people who have babies are women ... and we presumably *want* women to have children. Then we're saying, "We're going to make you pay the price for it, if you are so foolish as to fulfill your biological imperative ... We won't give you maternity leave; we won't give you a healthy pension." We'll say, "You chose to do it freely and now you pay the price." Yes, every individual woman chooses freely whether she's going to have a child or not – or at least my position on abortion would allow every woman individually to choose. But women as parts of the species cannot all of them choose not to have children without us paying a very heavy price.... As soon as you give yourself that example you realize that individual choices by individual women go together to

make up the conservation of the human race in which everyone has a stake. Just because one particular brand of human being is able to carry this child to term and give birth to it, is she going to be the only one to pay the price when the benefit of children goes to everybody? Maybe you should make public policy that acknowledges that fact.... You don't give maternity leave to men because they don't give birth to babies. Maybe you should.

REVIEW: Paternity leave?

HOSEK: I think you should give leave to both. You should give child-birth leave to the person who is birthing the child ... support leave to whoever is supporting her whether it is her husband, her lover, or her female friend, and parental leave to both men and women off and on to help care for a child.

REVIEW: Is that economically feasible?

HOSEK: Well, they do it in Sweden, where they give about a year's worth of leave which can be shared by the man and the woman any way they like. The costs of maternity are not that high. It's a small proportion of the cost of the payroll. Partly it's because we have so few children ... as a society.

REVIEW: I'm particularly interested in the new sexual assault laws which list three categories of sexual assault and eliminate the need to prove penetration. How does NAC feel about that?

HOSEK: We had a lot to do with bringing that law onto the books. One of our members who was a professor here ... had a lot to do with figuring out that particular way of dealing with sexual assault – not the three tiers, but the notion of going from talking about rape as a kind of sex to assuming that it is a form of violence with sexual focus.... There is a debate in the feminist movement about what we lost when we did that. One of the things we lost was the specificity of rape as a violation. All women who are raped feel violated.... Most people who are beaten don't feel violated, don't assume their integrity has been in some way taken from them. So what we did when we did that was lose that dimension, which was a loss. The question was it an [overall] gain. We don't know that yet. We knew it would make more likely convictions for things that in the past didn't get convictions. I think the point was to try and insist on this being a crime having to do with violence and bodily harm, rather than dealing with sex and therefore bringing in that sort of childish "did she like it, didn't she like it" – all that junk that happens in rape [trials].

We just did an article on that in the last issue of our magazine *Status of Women News*. We looked at this whole question and gave an update on various things that had happened to the rape convictions in each province. It's a mixed bag; it's not clear that we've actually got enough convictions.... I understand why we did it, but I think it's a little too soon to know whether we lost or we gained. The



major message was: "This is a form of assault; it is a form of assault to grab someone and do things to her body that she doesn't want done to her."

REVIEW: The debate that NAC organized did bring women's issues into the public eye as political concerns. All the candidates made promises. Brian Mulroney got elected. Do you think he's going to make good on what he said in that debate?

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HOSÉK: Yes. I don't think he's going to do it right away, but he's already begun to make good. There are six women in the Cabinet; I think there will be lots of women who will be appointed to boards and commissions and will be more publicly visible. Several of the things he promised to do were already put in the Throne Speech so presumably he's going to do them in this legislative session. The questions that I have are questions a lot of other groups have, which is - what will happen to the budget in April, which groups are going to be most hurt by it and will his promise to work on economic equality for women remain with him as the decisions are made about who is going to be suffering as a result of the budget cuts. Will he make sure that no one will suffer disproportionately or that this particular time is not used as an excuse to set women further back? And that remains to be seen.... There are several things which we wished them to promise which they didn't promise.

REVIEW: Such as?

HOSÉK: Such as doing something on affirmative action, such as doing some work with the private sector ... such as work on job creation and training programs. It looks as if, with Mr. Wilson's speech last week, the strategy is to use the tax system as an encouragement to the private sector to make jobs.... How can you get from that strategy to making sure the benefit of it goes to women equally? We don't know the answer to that yet....

REVIEW: What was your post mortem of the debate? Did things get accomplished that wouldn't have otherwise been accomplished?

HOSÉK: I think that what we won from the debate was enormous visibility for women's issues and a lot of excitement about them. We won three party leaders all of whom know a great deal more about women's issues now than they ever did before, and who when approached are easier to work with because they know more. I think there was an enormous increase in self-esteem on the part of the women's movement.... I think we won a lot more centrality and are seen as part of the political mainstream.... I think those are major victories. There are parts of the country where the political relationships between women's groups and their provincial governments have been totally transformed by the debate.

REVIEW: How would you describe your political evolution as a femin-

ist! Was it a direct path or do you see a fairly circuitous route in your life towards feminism?

HOSÉK: In retrospect it all makes sense.... It felt like I just did what I did, what I wanted to do, and now it seems quite coherent.... You just find out you believe in things and find out that other people believe the same things and you decide what you're going to do about it. In the process you learn things from other people, change your mind about certain things ... it's really a very interactive process. I wouldn't say it was a straight line, but it makes sense to me; it seems "natural". It seemed almost inevitable after a while. Nothing about feminism is "fixed". I change when new facts, new realities, new ideas come to me. Feminism isn't a credo that states fourteen permanent beliefs. The only thing that's permanent about feminism is a concern about women and a belief in their equality and a wish to do something about it.

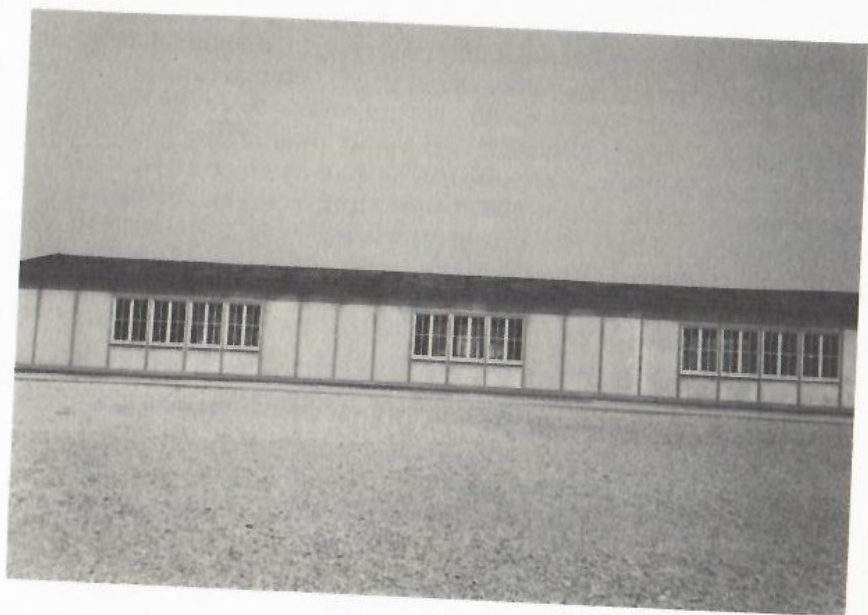
REVIEW: Do you think that ideally feminism will be like the State in the ideal Communist society and wither away?

HOSÉK: Wither away? Sure. Of course. In a world where gender is not a category for discrimination and human beings can become their full selves because of their abilities and not because of their gender, then you won't have feminism. There will also be no misogyny, no patriarchy – none of those things; they'll all be gone.

REVIEW: What are NAC's immediate concrete goals for the future?

HOSÉK: As much as possible as soon as possible ... It's wanting us to increase our effectiveness, to be more and more responsive to the women whose concerns we're trying to address with the government, to increase our effectiveness in public education and to help government to understand the needs we have to make life better for women. So it's really more of the same. I think we use whatever opportunities we have ... We don't have the power to make our own opportunities. We *do* have the power to use the space that is given us by the political and social system.

# Dachau



GREG VAN ALSTYNE



## On Millet's 'The Sower'

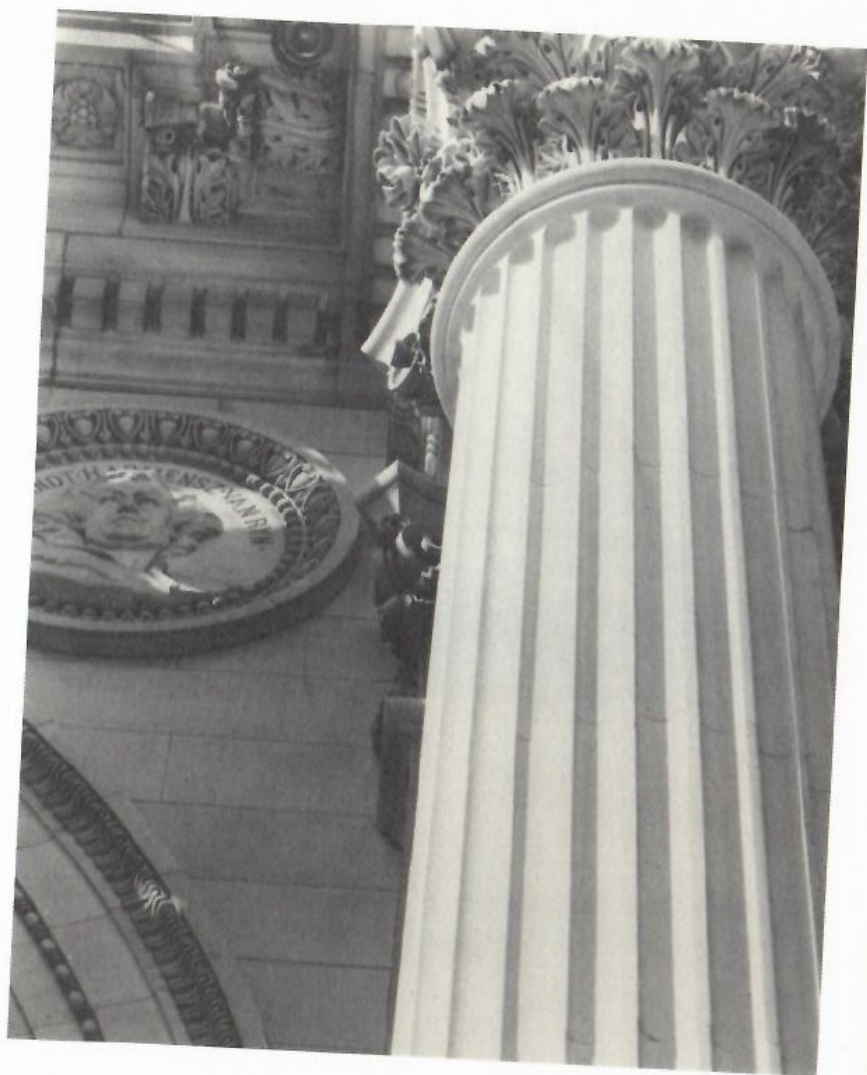
Feet rooted in the furrowed earth's palette,  
the sower spreads his seed.  
He is suspended in the upbeat of motion:  
clutching fingers and drawn arm pulling taut  
the brown baked skin beneath the brown coarse smock,  
left arm cradling the offering of the last harvest  
and the offer of the next. To the sower's left,  
a ploughman and his team balance the composition.  
They stand in an aureate glow, the horizon's tender,  
that yields to the sky's potent blue. To the sower's right,  
birds on hastily-blushed wings flee a colourless scene.

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The sower is braced with oils and glancing strokes  
against his receding plot.  
He cannot turn from the arcs of scattered seed  
fallen in the tangled ruts, rinse the clotted earth  
from his veins, wash the dusk from his eyes,  
and look upon a brighter palette,  
held high above the rude slope: a spectral bow  
promising that his land, at least, will be safe.

BRUCE HEADLAM





DAVID SHARPE

## Wheat

The body turned  
In soft white hands;  
Held high – to muffled, grumbled  
song, the clink of cash. | 29  
Automatic response. Unthinking gesture.  
White food on white cloth,  
soiled edges, golden wine.  
Clasping hands before, now open mouths.  
MAN-made flesh for man? or bread for God?

Half sleeping while another weeps –  
Water to wine or wine to blood  
Dripping, still vinegar.  
Huddled in one place,  
Still hoping, yet fearful,  
Lest the wing-like fingers turn careless  
And the blessing never enter us  
But dispel in the sweetish cloud above.

MAY KARLING

I have never had an enjoyable conversation with my grandmother. Enjoyed by either of us. We meet formally in restaurants and are served food drowning in rich cream. Opposite me, she keeps her back righteously straight. She is very beautiful. Beautiful, that is, in the formal manner. Her hair is a pale golden wreath knotting immaculately at her nape; her skin is the crushed, dull rose of nostalgia and expensive powder; her body is contained in a suit cut for an ideal of femininity. I feel very unpolished.

My grandmother does not converse. She is an ornament whose worth is her appearance: the perfection of a standard. She has never found words inside herself and has never thought to look there. Her words belong to men who have provided her with them as an act of beneficence. She repeated the witticisms of Pierre Trudeau; she echoes Brian Mulroney. Their politics do not matter; men with power will raise her and endow her with their own confidence.

She was always beautiful. She had won and lost from the beginning. "Bubbles" marked her as her father's, a childish term of endearment that distanced her from the sharp, practical profiles of her mother and sisters. She had no need of them; she had won the race already, and sat on the arm of her father's chair. She left him at nineteen to be married to a brilliant lawyer of forty. He had been a Jew who had understood that the life of an English gentleman was only his as a member of the Church of England. Bubbles forgot her father's faith when she became her husband's wife. Her husband was a homosexual, which made perfect sense. Bubbles could continue to be an ornament, the emptiness of her womb cheating her womanhood. She danced for her husband's friends and repeated his words. They had two children who did not belong to her; they had appeared, fully grown from his forehead.

After my grandfather's death, Bubbles married an Orthodox lawyer from Calgary whose adoration transformed her into an exquisite, tragic heroine to be rescued from the world's villains who would sully her. She allowed herself to be taken to a city she never understood, received her husband with consummate grace and began puzzling over the rights of Indians at cocktail parties.

My grandmother is alone now: sometimes when the men on television have stopped informing her thoughts, she groans with bewilderment at her own emptiness. Her hair is netted to preserve its elegance; her face is wiped and smoothed; and her body is released from the stiff corsets she still wears. Her room is dark; there is no one to animate her. Her trophies fill the room: wardrobes of clothes; boxes of jewellery; her husbands' books.

I slide the food with my fork and look up at my competitor. She

inclines her head and talks of her hair and my sister's lover. I want suddenly to shatter the mold as my sister, my mother and my friends have done. I want to tell her about my studies, my restlessness and the words inside me. The smile of victory forms as her eyes focus on a blemish on my cheek and I remark how lovely her new hairstyle is.

HAREN JOHANSON



CARLO CLAUSIUS





DR. VLASTIMIL JINDRA

## Wither

Stream thaws over bank  
towards an old sky.  
Waiting with nothing to do.  
Wind screeches through splintered shutters of a mind  
As the birds scream in unison  
Song weaving wild between dropping snow  
Across the field.  
Until she hears it.  
At the other end.  
And falls.  
Into the blackened ground around her.  
Watch the life feather out of her  
and sink  
like a dried leaf creature of the wind  
blown quietly away  
until she is lost in the snow.

| 33

THOMAS J. CZEGLÉDY

## Lily Gin

give me a touch  
of the white  
flowers on the  
top shelf  
that fizz and burst  
bubbles  
when we stir  
with our  
little fingers  
and suck off the  
sweet tonic  
in the lazy summertime.

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NANCY EVANS



JOANNA POCOCK

## The Motion of Flowers

The soft red pulse of petals  
repels  
these geraniums have  
a sweet and rotten smell

| 35

At night she waters flowers  
in an old sweater and a battered hat  
She rubs her skin against the yielding dark  
She smiles and thinks  
of the curve of a back  
and of how she will write a poem  
now that she is wise

The heavy air gentle  
(sweet as the hollow of a throat)  
the night holding its breath  
(sweet as the turn of an arm)  
and immortality at hand  
lying, here, between breathes

Inside her mother sets her lips  
in unease  
turning flowers in an old jam jar —  
the irises there are browning,  
will be dead soon:  
surely this is cause for worry

The night moves;  
the wind stirs the geraniums  
A breath of air on the girl's face.  
She waits.

The geranium night shivers  
and moves and moves

ELIZABETH ELBOURNE



## Dans le GO-Train

Je crois que j'aime la ville  
même icitte  
parmi les usines, ces cathédrales  
aux flèches fumantes  
et les voies ferrées  
que ne me conduisent que dans  
les autres villes  
lesquelles ne sont non plus les miennes  
Les fourgons sales du chemin de fer  
CN  
Canadian National  
Canadien National  
et moé, tout seul, embrouillé  
dans ce noeud de métal  
de gravier, de fumée  
et des vies  
j'suis encore chez nous, il me semble  
voilà nos deux langues  
là-haut  
sur les côtés des fourgons  
Je sors mon numéro de *l'Express*  
en souriant; la femme  
en face de moi, celle  
avec les accents de Manchester  
elle me regarde en plissant

les yeux  
et je souris encore  
mon grand-père était orangiste

G. JOHN MOFFATT



PAUL COOPER



CAM WALKER

There is a man.

Actually, there are many men.

Not all of them, however, have shared a fate similar to that of a frog with a firecracker up his ass who survives. This is not to say that our hero ever played with fire, but all the same he's had a pretty rough time of it. He looks like a post-experiment lab rat.

Dennis – our protagonist can only recall one of his names, and he usually answers to this one – lives in a single room dwelling on Queen Street West that faces the street. It has generous picture windows that, in my opinion, give too much and take away too much privacy. Dennis, however, likes people, and his door is always open. He frequently has people in, especially when it's raining and they're waiting for the bus. Denny's good that way.

I went one day with Denny on his way to work. As we walked he confided in me some of the finer details of his plan to overthrow the entirety of the Toronto Transit Commission in a revolution in the spirit and glory of his mentor, Marx. I hadn't the effrontery to ask which one. As we walked, I noticed his attention turn to a young man walking in our direction. As the youth neared, Dennis plucked the toque from his head with the grace of a practiced prince and said, "Say, bud. Got any change?" to which the youth promptly replied, "For what, a twenty?" Dennis took it in stride, cussing gently as we continued on, commenting on the youth's whereabouts the night that a stray poodle was raped and beaten.

We ended up that night quite drunk. I bought us a case of Denny's favorite: Nero's Toast, a wine that, as a promotional gimmick, put a slice of toast in each bottle. I spent much of the night pondering how they put a slice of toast in the bottle without breaking it. I wondered if a mouse ever got into a bottle, ate the toast and found itself too fat to get out again. I wondered if bums had sex with bag ladies, and if so, why? I wondered who loved him, and if he loved anyone. I wondered how he got there. I wondered why he turned to me in his sleep, in a face he did not show by day, cried, "Michael".

SHANE TAKAKI



## Violette Noziere

Paris  
in my parent's flat

| 40

I lie still in bed                      inside me things

tip and turn

a breath                                  the curtain  
that divides the room                      moves

I see him struggling                      while my mother  
lies quiet  
as trapped air

Life is not fair                              she told me  
when the snow falls  
it is winter

I burn my finger  
in a candle flame

I will not have winter.

In the afternoon I see a man in the hotel lobby  
Sylvie says he's not our type  
He likes wealthy women  
He needs money  
I watch her squinting over a cigarette  
a pimple on her upper lip  
in the mirror  
my skin is pink and white  
I can get money anytime I want  
Sylvie laughs  
glances at a group of men  
who watch us talking  
Can't we all?

a door opens  
a candle trembles

and he's gone  
left with a jewelled companion.

I lure him in a cab

I tell him                      my mother is dead  
   my wealthy father rapes me

that intrigues him

| 41

he looks out the window  
   rain thuds helpless  
against the glass

he swells in my hand      hard as ice.

a strongbox  
rots under my parents' bed  
from behind the curtain  
I watch them counting the money  
slipping the key under the dirty carpet  
my mother stamps it down  
with her bare foot

tossing his cigarette to the floor  
he removes everything  
but my only satin blouse  
tells me I can have whatever I want

beneath me he dies  
   again and again  
I ride him skillfully  
   many other lovers  
slip paperthin  
into his pocketbook

he wears their leather hearts  
and still complains of the cold.

we found a dead pigeon  
angry that he should care for a bird  
I kicked it aside  
You're only half human      he said  
   half woman half bitch  
won't even buy your lover a drink

I finger my empty pockets.

I have no fear of burning  
the odour of gas

assaults my flame

my mother

dead

her husband

stiffening

| 42

I turn off the oven  
and count the money carefully.

The last time

I felt  
his eyes on me

I turned up

my palms  
my wrists in chains

I told them

he is innocent.

The warden's son  
kisses my still pulsing throat  
five children now  
and the peace

that comes with pauses.

ROSE RICHARDS



JOANNA POCOCK



## Obituary for the University?

"It is a very sad thing that nowadays there is so little useless information" (Oscar Wilde). To understand and affirm this proposition is – well, unlikely to happen to most of us who have the benefit of a university education. Yet were we to do so, we would recognize that almost every post-secondary institution in our society is a university in name only; that for our society the words "university", "liberal arts", "academic freedom", even "education" have been emptied of real content; and that the current debate on universities in Ontario is remarkable on all sides for its intellectual bankruptcy. It is to recognize that the university as we know it is a chief enemy of culture.

"Culture" is one of those words which now can be used to mean almost anything at all, except what it really means. In "counter-culture", "subculture" or "corporate culture", it replaces the perfectly serviceable word "society". This is a good example of the modern tendency to play Humpty Dumpty with words, and make them mean what it is our whim for them to mean, regardless of the damage to communication. To use "culture" more sensitively is to understand that it is a metaphor drawn from farming. Just as the soil is tilled, sowed with seeds, and encouraged to bring forth ample harvest; so the raw spirit and mind of a man or woman is "cultivated" to realise the best potential of his or her humanity. We call this culture.

The cultivation of the mind must involve understanding in both its modes, the discursive (*ratio*) and the intuitive (*intellectus*). We are familiar with the first of these, for it is the analytical, utilitarian reasoning of our schools, factories, and bureaucracies. It is the reason of problem-solving. It is active and concerned with means. On the other hand intuitive understanding is receptive, and concerned with ends. Its nature is to grasp the character of a whole. We might experience it at a scenic lookout in a park. The landscape offers itself to the eye, and we do not seize upon details and analyse them. We do not start counting trees, for instance. If our hearts are not sour and old before their time, we are struck with wonder. Both modes of understanding are required for true culture. Discursive reason is needed to make use of musical notation, or the laws of perspective, or the rules of prosody. Rules and principles alone can neither make nor enjoy a song, a painting, or a poem. The sense of wonder possible only in intuitive reasoning, the capacity to grasp the character of the whole, can alone do these things.

This is where a university once came in, as the very word indicates (from the Latin *universitas* meaning the whole). Certainly, at a university one learned the rules of grammar or the laws of logic, but never as ends in themselves. Such learning existed only to ensure an unimpeded understanding of the object contemplated (that is, intuited) – whether it be a poem, a history, a philosophical teaching,

or the nature of the universe itself. In fact, the apprehension of the character of any whole inexorably leads to the last matter, which, expressed another way, is the question of the best, or noblest, life for humans. That is why philosophy (understood as a contemplative activity) occupied the central, magisterial role in the academies of the ancients and the medieval universities.

We are now on the verge of understanding the term "liberal arts". We all know what it denotes – philosophy, history, literature, languages, mathematics, and the pure sciences. But why "liberal" arts? Insofar as the word "liberal" has any meaning in our time, it is "generous", "open to new ideas", "reformist", or "pertaining to liberty". Yet there is nothing obviously generous, reformist, or free about the liberal arts. An investigation of the history of the idea of liberty can clear up the puzzle. We take the basic definition of liberty, "exemption from constraint", to mean "lack of self-restraint", "the capacity to do one's will".

Once however, liberty was more correctly understood to imply a capacity for excellence, or nobility. Since the path to nobility is intuitive understanding, which cannot be used to solve problems, therefore, one must clearly have leisure, that is, freedom from external and internal constraints, in order to be noble. Clearly then, that which is free is virtually that which is excellent, or noble. A liberal art did not serve some other higher purpose, nor was its activity constrained. Its study was an end in itself; therefore it was inherently noble. It cultivated the mind and spirit through discursive and intuitive reason, and by the exercise of intuitive reason was subject to ennobling influences. The liberal arts go in tandem with the servile arts, which we might sensibly call the useful arts, for they are studied with some other end in view. By contrast, the liberal arts are useless, and this is their great glory.

Similarly, the word "freedom" in the term "academic freedom" has the same sense, "serving no useful purpose". Hence academic freedom in its prime sense is the right and duty of philosophy (and the liberal arts which used to acknowledge philosophy's mastery<sup>1</sup>) to be useless. It is not the capacity to publish or speak what one wants to say, nor as it is so often devalued to mean, "tenure".

But we have agreed with Oscar Wilde that "nowadays there is so little useless information". What passes for "liberal" arts now is more than enough to make a free man flinch. Our universities have been converted into multiversities, that is, important organs in the complex structure of modern technological society; the liberal arts have been denatured and distorted into parodies of servile arts. Not only do such courses as commerce, computer science, and statistics find favoured places in the curriculum, but also the traditional liberal arts, even philosophy, have been detached from intuitive reason and restructured under the tutelage of science and technology – particu-



larly the latter. Increasing specialisms have fragmented culture into an infinite number of closed shops, rendering amateurs the objects of contempt – outsiders who have not been initiated into the scholarly mysteries. No longer is the aim of the study of history or philosophy the apprehension of the character of the whole and thus ennoblement, but rather the reduction of the unquantifiable to rational principles. As Oscar Wilde pointed out, "When a truth becomes a fact it loses all its intellectual value". Few contemporary scholars are likely to admit that. Fewer still would admit that the pure desire to know, i.e. the joy of mastery over a subject, has rendered these studies sterile, by destroying their power to judge what are the highest possibilities for humans. As George Grant states:

Scholars have gained their unassailable status of mastery and self-justification by surrendering their power to speak about questions of immediate and ultimate meaning – indeed generally by asserting that such questions only arise through confusion of mind.

Specialization has consequences other than creating outsiders: it also fragments culture. As Jacques Barzun writes,

The expert specialist takes a little subject for his province – and remains a provincial all his life ... By this delegation of culture (to experts) the importance of art and the humanities is shifted to a new ground. These good things are no longer valuable for their direct effect on the head and the heart; they become valuable as professions, as means of livelihood, as badges of honor, as goods to be marketed, as components of the culture industry.

Moreover, the tide of scholarly literature resulting from the specialisms engulfs even the most vigorous experts, leaving them little leisure. When leisure is a mere interval in work, it loses its true essence. It is no longer suitable for intuitive reason, or contemplation. Instead leisure becomes vacant time, indulged in purely so that we may work again, and it is frittered away with "Leisure time activities". The "fun culture" of "leisure time activities" affects more than university elites, however. For the working class, the "fun culture" is a prime source of meaning for their lives; prudent governments go to great lengths to see that they are provided with it.

The end result of this process, the exclusion of intuitive understanding from culture, the specialization of scholarship, the emphasis on the discursive, analytical mode of thought, is that almost no one becomes cultivated. The desire for meaning in art and philosophy rises in many, but it is usually diverted into the barren sands of specialism. The discouragement of intuitive understanding destroys thought about man's highest ends, to the point that our

society is monolithic in its acquiescence despite its superficial pluralism. Pluralism is restricted to the question of means. Many are misled to believe that the quarrels over means between the "liberal" and "conservative" camps are evidence of some fundamental philosophical split – hence the teapot tempests of our politics. More importantly, this facade of pluralism engenders tyranny in the most democratic of states.

In truth there are a great many useful things not worth knowing. It is not that the facts themselves are dangerous, but that the act of knowing them is a dangerous waste of time and energy. It is valuable to have an accurate text, and to have the background information essential to clear understanding. The rest of it is crap. How can we rid ourselves of it?

As a start, one is tempted to advocate the immediate destruction of 99% of all learned journals and theses, and a ban on future scholarly publications. Others with more patience, such as Jacques Barzun, have suggested that the culture industry will in time collapse under its own weight. No doubt this is true, but he is naïve in his expectation, for he ignores the degree to which the culture industry is integral to the functioning of our society. After all, the culture industry is necessary to those who train in discursive, utilitarian modes of thought – the vast numbers of personnel required by the private and public bureaucracies of our technologically-driven society. It is doubtful that culture can be freed from the constraint of the culture industry, without a painful restructuring of this society.

All this is no doubt rather gloomy, and gloom soon leads to the vice of self-pity. Against this gloom we must assert the virtue of living with courage, with hope – and in the faith that the changes in time, whether for good or bad, cannot affect that which is without time. Or, as Wilde said, "nothing that actually occurs is of the smallest importance."

<sup>1</sup> By the mastery of philosophy over the other disciplines I refer to its central role as a model for them as the highest activity for humans. The historical process by which philosophy has been dethroned was a complex one, but in our time it has become almost complete. Now the mastery over all disciplines is held by science-as-power, i.e. by technology.

Suggestions for continued inquiry:

Barzun, Jacques: "Scholarship versus culture", *Atlantic Monthly*, November 1984.

Pieper, Josef: *Leisure, the basis of culture* (Pantheon).

Wilde, Oscar: *Complete Works* (Collins).





And the girl who lived across the hall  
was pretty  
and fun  
and we hated her

| 48

So we were mean to her  
And told her we liked her  
And she did dumb things like select poetry  
for dumb Reviews

So we went for tea without her  
and she kept choosing her dumb poems  
And she read Gertrude Stein and Bernard Shaw  
But she hated Economic History

So we left without her ...

MARY AINSLIE



