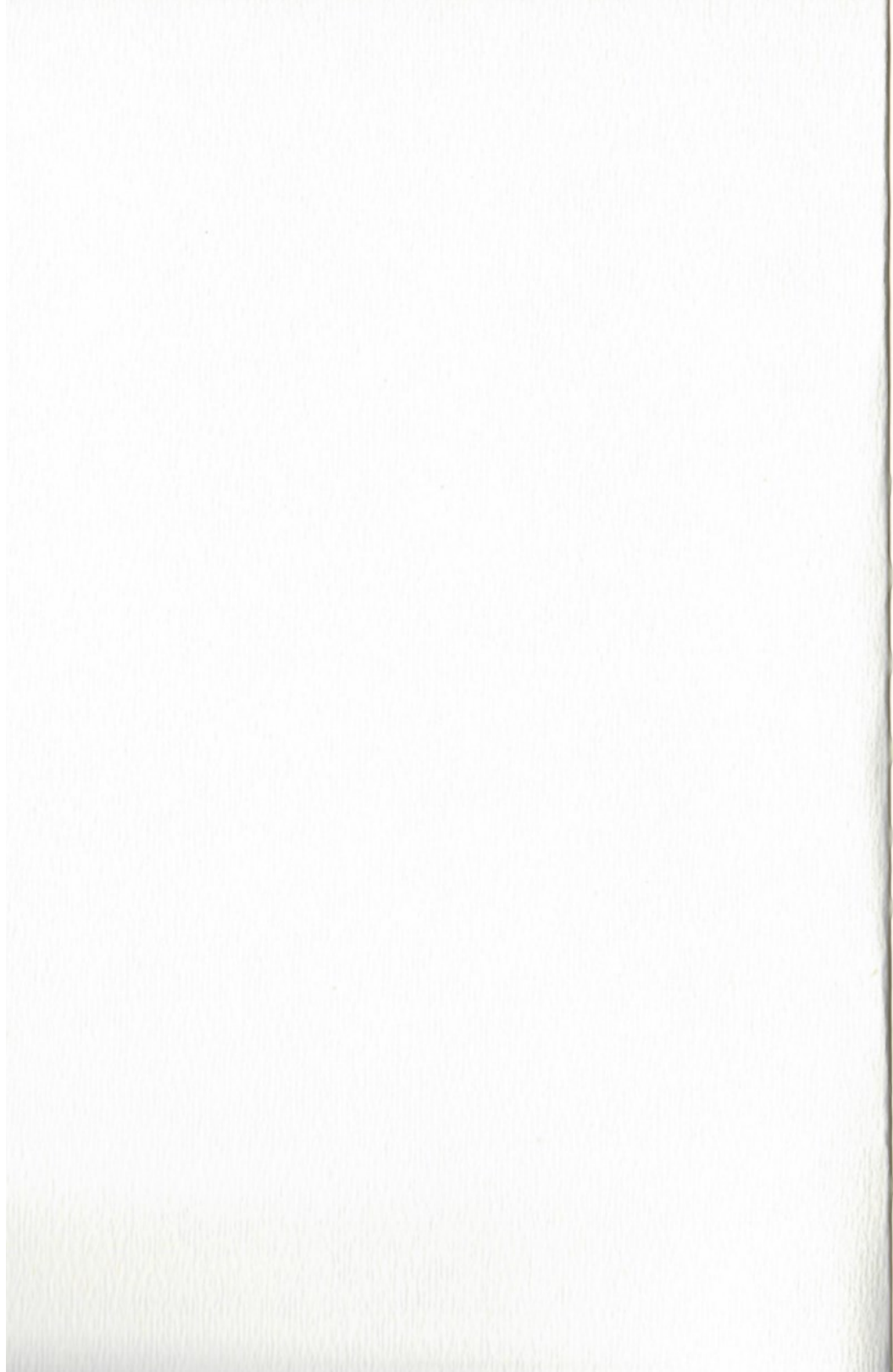




trinity university review



The
Trinity University
Review

A Journal of Art,
Literature and Opinion

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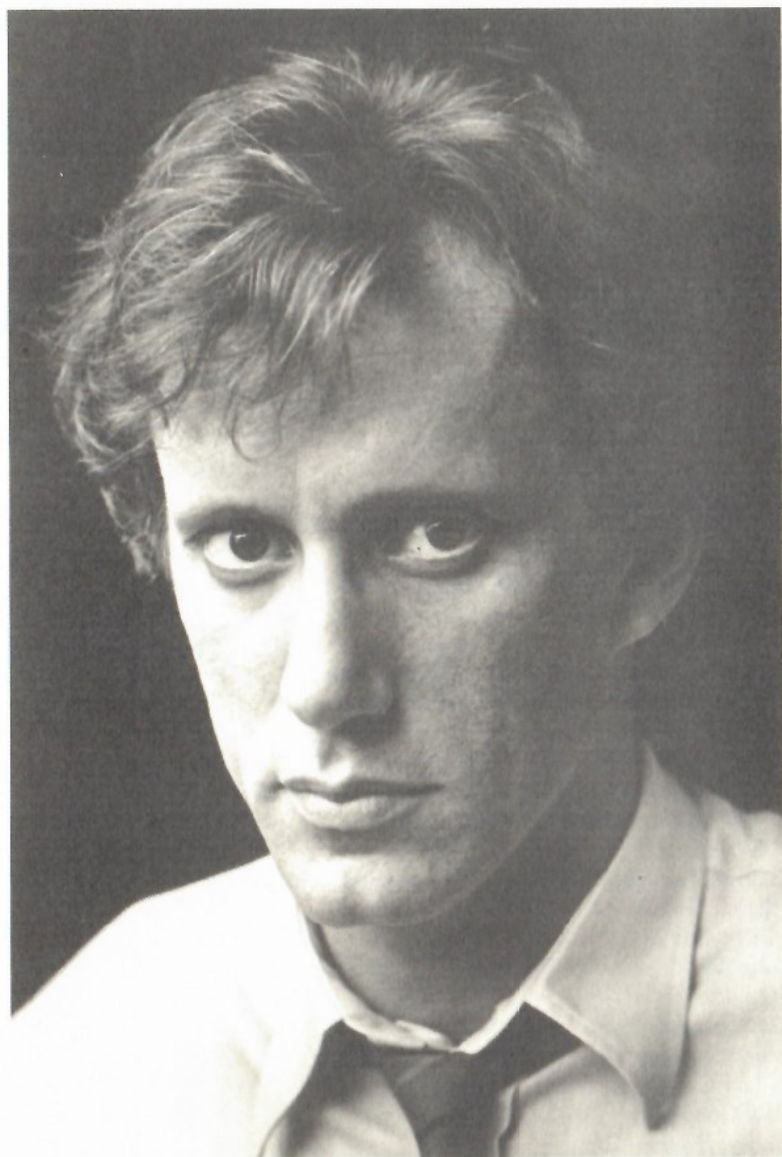
Contents

Poetry and Prose

- Pier Bryden, *Richler Then and Now:
An Interview with Mordecai Richler* 5
- Lincoln Hobbs, *Dream House* 9
- Lincoln Hobbs, *There is nothing here* 10
- Nicolette Bethel, *February Poems III* 12
- David Kinnear, *Extracts from: Delilah and Other Violent Women* 13
- Gillian Kerr, *The Work of Georges Jeanclos* 14
- John Graham, *The Two Car Garage Poem* 17
- Thomas J. Czegledy, *Idaho Early* 18
- Paul Godin, *Autumn Visions* 20
- Review Short Story Sweatshop 22
- Steve Stockermans, *Poetry is Poetency* 23
- Jodie Lundgren, *Failure to Resist* 26
- Julia Wilkinson, *Mermaid I* 28
- Thomas J. Czegledy, *Visions of Grace
or Love Letters to Dead Girls* 30
- Elizabeth Langley, *The Plea* 33
- Diana Bryden, *Judge Rosalie Abella: A Feminist for Humanists* 34
- Paul Godin, *Ashes* 40

Photography and Graphic Art

- Cover: John Ide *We're also interested in computers.*
- Design: Thomas J. Czegledy
- James Woods as *Joshua Now*, RSL Entertainment Corporation 4
- Alan Arkin & Eric Kimmel as *Reuben & Joshua Then*
RSL Entertainment Corporation 7
- Bill Dimitroff 11
- Georges Jeanclos, *Hommage à Jean-moulin, terre-cuite (detail)* 14
- Marina Jiminez 16
- Hilary Cook 19
- John Ide 21
- John Ide 27
- Dr. Vlastimil Jindra 29
- Marina Jiminez 31
- Hilary Cook 32
- Paul Cooper 37
- Emily, *Dumbo* 38
- Alison 39



James Woods as Joshua Now

Richler Then and Now: An Interview with Mordecai Richler

In Toronto for the International Festival of Authors, Mordecai Richler, arguably Canada's most cosmopolitan writer, talked with *the Review* about his role and his work. Richler grew up in Montreal, in the Jewish ghetto of St. Urbain Street. Educated at Baron Byng High School and Sir George Williams University, he worked after graduation as a news editor at the CBC. Richler sailed for England in 1951, where he published some early works, including *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*, and wrote screenplays to supplement his income. After gaining recognition both in Europe and Canada, Richler returned to Montreal with his wife and five children. Richler is the author of nine novels, most notably *Cocksure*, *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*, *St. Urbain's Horseman*, and *Joshua Then and Now*. He has also published three collections of essays, and is widely known as a critic and humorist who contributes to many eminent British and North American publications. Richler's most recent venture has been a screenplay of his novel, *Joshua Then and Now*, for a film directed by friend Ted Kotcheff, which opened the Toronto International Film Festival this autumn.

THE REVIEW: I'd like to get the 'Can. Lit.' questions out of the way. I think they are necessary less because I find your work heavily burdened with such infamous Canadian themes as survival, but rather because you have become known both in Canada and internationally as the explainer of Canada to the outside world. Is this a valid interpretation of your role? Do you see yourself as an interpreter of the Canadian psyche?

RICHLER: Well, it never occurred to me that I was a spokesman of any kind for the country. Whenever I write those pieces I am speaking for myself only. I am just being a witness to what I see, interpreting it to some extent. Very often they are unpopular interpretations, here anyway. I am not running for office.

THE REVIEW: Do you believe that a national literature is necessary to a country's development?

RICHLER: It's part of any society's development. Because it's really a society's memory. Without it, there is no record of how earlier generations felt and what the culture was. There is some very good writing being done here now. You have people like Alice Munro, Mavis Gallant, Atwood, and Robertson Davies. Also Margaret Laurence and a new young writer, Vanderhaeghe. So I think that there is a lot of good writing being done here where there was none thirty or forty years ago. Writing that is a pleasure to read, rather than to be taken like health food.

THE REVIEW: Why did you come back to Canada, after having left to live in London?

RICHLER: We lived in England, abroad, for just about twenty years. I always thought I would come home at one point. I had never really lived on this continent as an adult. Suddenly there we were with five children, I was about forty-one or forty-two, and I decided it was time! I also felt that I would

THE REVIEW: What about politics? Do Canadian politics interest you?

RICHLER: Sure – I live here and I'm a voter. Sure, I'm interested. I don't write political novels; I am not passionately committed. But I live here and whatever laws and strictures are brought in affect me as they do anyone else. Of course I am interested – more amused than anything else.

And in England, the same. One year I actually worked for the Labour party there.

THE REVIEW: What now? Is film another direction for you? Or theatre?

RICHLER: I do film very seldom. I only do it if it is my own work. I used to write films in England when I could not live off my own work. It was very useful because I would do a film maybe once every eighteen months, and it would take me three months to write, and it would then set me up for another eighteen months to get on with my own work. Fortunately I am no longer in that position, but it is a craft I have learned, and if times ever became difficult, sure I'd do a film. But I'm not crazy about film, never was.

It is much less satisfying because you are just another cog in a very big machine if you are writing a film. Other writers can be brought in. You are redundant once the film's begun shooting and it is a very accident-prone medium. There are so many factors beyond the writer's control. The compensation is that you are paid very well and that is not to be ridiculed.

Theatre? When I was in England Peter Hall asked me to do a play, and offered to commission one. But I haven't got that many ideas and when I do have one I really like to turn it into a novel.



Alan Akin as Reuben. Eric Kimmel as Joshua Then.

A Dream House

'Frischt weht der Wind
Der Heimat zu
Mein Irisch Kind,
Wo weilest du?'

Clattering white shutters,
And empty, but for sand
Settled against the baseboards,
Covering the stairs,
Rotting everything;
Sun filling the spaces,
Patching the floors aimlessly.
I linger a moment for
Here our memories mingle,
Sometimes, touch and recoil,
So much being equal,
If a little older.

LINCOLN HOBBS

■

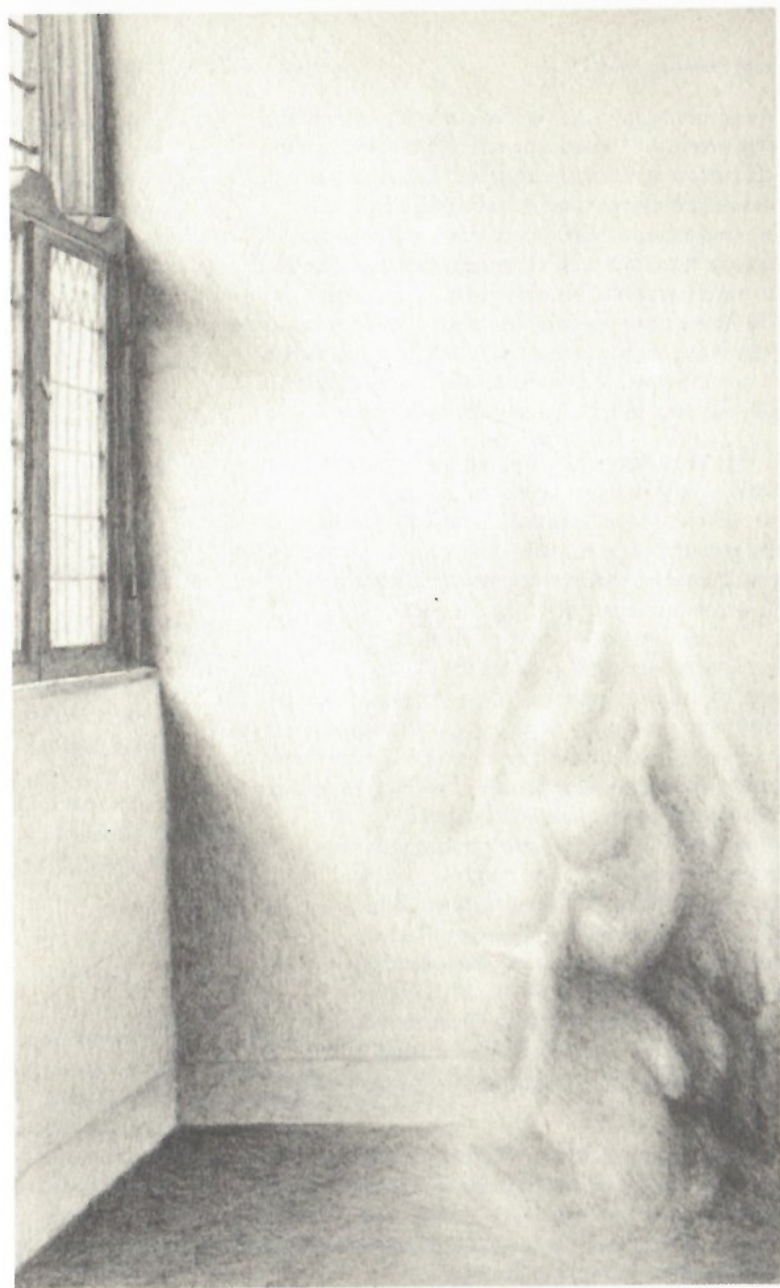
There is nothing here, or rather, the swirling sarongs and silk, the old men, opium tied in tiny vials to their waist, the dust, the mountains with fields shored up against their sides, fall into my sense. Not exactly disturbing the stillness, but resting within it: all disappearing into the centre.

I have seen my face, in reflections, in pools; I have touched it and it has been touched; this too ebbs into my sense, washes among my consciousness, is lost. I wonder about this face, for other faces, when I bring myself very close, disappear into vast plains of colour, lack definition, lack substance. And the missionaries who carry their crosses among the people, bringing an alien faith to palliate our wonder, tell us of devices where, to look between the thing, or rather, to look at it very closely, is to see the rock, the water, the man, disappear within rising piles of dust and obscurity.

To look closely, they say. But all is direct, all is one with my sense; all that is is part of what I am, I reply. They shake their heads, and call us heathen, for we embrace not their crosses, their incense, their wine. I know not this martyr, I know only men, and I can only understand this man in that he was only of that which encompassed him, and moved when he moved. As are all men. I see his agony, and I wonder, what is there in air and sea, wind and water, for wind cannot be seen nor water grasped, that can cause such agony. I see not a face, twisted in agony, the agony of man, but a being who will not embrace wonder, whose life does not touch that which falls into his sense.

I remember, in the dry season, children among the leaves, laughing as they dried, swirling. They had lost their heads, so to speak.

LINCOLN HOBBS



BILL DIMITROFF

not write many more novels if I stayed on in England. I saw other people in my position writing novels set in biblical times, or in imaginary countries, or in the future, and that sent a shiver down my spine. I thought it was time to go home. I could not really write any more novels set in England because I was not an Englishman. I never thought I was. Naipaul once put it very well. He said, 'I don't know what an Englishman does when he goes home at night.' And that is true if you are a foreigner in any society.

THE REVIEW: Were there any other reasons? A sense that Canada would be a better place for children?

RICHLER: Yes, I think that is true. I think that people your age have a much better chance in this society than in England. There are some losses; we felt after we had been here for a while that the children had been getting a better education in England, without a doubt. And London was such a wonderful city. I can't pretend that Montreal or Toronto comes anywhere near London in the measure of its delights. On the other hand, there are many more possibilities here for young people.

THE REVIEW: Does your work now reflect more of what you see around you, or does it reflect more upon your past and background?

RICHLER: It's a little bit of both. You draw on your past and you draw on your more recent experiences and they should be transmogrified by the time you get them down on the page.

THE REVIEW: Whatever your status as a Can. Lit. star, undoubtedly you are a writer with an audience worldwide. My impression is that you and writers such as Philip Roth, John Irving, and Kingsley Amis, to name the most distinguished of the group, are developing a humour that is particularly relevant to our age. You walk a fine line between broad comedy and great seriousness. Do you think of your humour as something timeless, or as something characteristic of a specific culture and age?

RICHLER: It's very difficult for me to say because I never bothered to examine it too closely. It is the style I write in. It took me some time. Really for my first two or three novels I was casting about in a haphazard way looking for a style. I guess that I found that when I wrote Duddy Kravitz. First and second novels are really very derivative of other people's stuff. It took me longer than it takes most people to find my own voice. But then I didn't bother to examine it too closely. My feeling is always that if you take the machine apart you might never be able to put it together again. So it is better not to.

THE REVIEW: How then do you respond to in-depth critical analysis of your work?

RICHLER: It varies. Some criticism tends to be very reasonable and some tends to be awfully silly. More necessary to the critic than to anyone else. But I think a genuine critic's relationship is with the reader, not the writer. By the time he gets around to writing a thoughtful and provocative piece about your work, you are well into something else. Then I am always amazed with what you can get away with.

THE REVIEW: How long does it take for you to develop an idea into a novel?

RICHLER: There's no saying; it takes me longer and longer. I am working on a novel now that I started about six or seven years ago and then put aside because I could not get anywhere with it, and I expect it will take me at least two years before I am finished. As you get older you become more critical of your own work. It is no longer an event to publish. It has to be somewhat special in your own mind. You could be wrong, but if I am wrong I'll find out soon enough. A lot of people are eager to tell me. I have become more fastidious and also it just takes me longer.

THE REVIEW: How do you approach your writing? Is it a matter of daily routine, or is it more sporadic?

RICHLER: I tend to work every day. I work for about four hours; two in the morning and two in the afternoon. Sometimes I'm fortunate and other times I'm not. But I do go in every day and work. Except when I am on a ridiculous trip like this one.

THE REVIEW: You are on the Judges' panel of the Book of the Month Club. What is your opinion of the contemporary literature you are exposed to?

RICHLER: We read some very good things and some very ordinary things. We recently did a dual of *Lake Woebegone Days* by Garrison Keillor and *The Accidental Tourist* by Anne Tyler and I think that was absolutely splendid, both books. But we are at the mercy of what is available, and sometimes it's a delight and other times it's a chore.

THE REVIEW: Who do you read, according to preference?

RICHLER: Who do I read? I do a lot of reading. One of the best novels I think I have read in the last four or five years is Toni Morrison's *Song of Solomon*. I read Cheever with enormous pleasure. I think Walker Percy is one of the most elegant novelists in America today. I look forward to any book he brings out. But I am a reader as well as a writer so there are lots of people that I read.

THE REVIEW: There has been for a long time in our society a cult of the author as somehow special, somehow distant from the insensitive mass of humanity.

RICHLER: I absolutely resist that. There is a lot of special pleading writers are prone to. I don't hold with those kind of notions at all. I am very fortunate. I am doing what I want to do and I am getting paid for it. So I am much luckier than most men who have to go off to dreary jobs to support their families. All this self-pitying chatter about the blank page and how horrific it is, well none of us were drafted; we volunteered. That's one of the hazards of writing. You know I am a man who works four hours a day and that's not a bad life.

THE REVIEW: What do you do with the remaining hours?

RICHLER: I read and I drink ...

THE REVIEW: Do you have a philosophy of your own, a way of organizing the way you see the world?

RICHLER: I'd rather not go into that. It's a difficult one. You know - there are certain received truths. The collapse of religion has also been a collapse of almost universally accepted values. So most serious writers are looking for a way to live with honour, or for a set of values to help one live with honour. But that sounds a bit pompous.

III

from *February Poems*

My grandmother's house was old before she came.
They made it of wood, the sure old-fashioned way,
and built it square and strong and balanced well
on solid limestone blocks, to ride high in floods.
In summer, one threw doors and windows open
to draw the cross-winds through, then fell asleep
on the fresh porch, lulled by a salt-laced breeze.
The house grew big with Grammy's children, expanding,
extending, adding to itself, till the kitchen stretched
to join the front and the bathroom moved inside.
Her husband was a carpenter. So was her God.

My grandfather died there, long before my birth.
None of his sons succeeded him, though one
carved wood in private, before he, too, passed on.
My grandmother treasured all her husband's craftwork –
a desk, a table, chairs, a bookshelf, the upright
on which my father first began to play.

I loved that house, despite its hot-box nights,
for there were chinks between the planks, which gleamed
with the hope of other worlds, and the yard behind
grew touch-me-nots, small weeds which pushed up thick
among the roses, and folded their leaves when brushed.
Inside, the rooms were crammed with aging pictures
of aunts and uncles long ago matured,
while fleshy infant faces stared through frames,
froglike, chortling with private childish glee.
The shelves below collected dust and Bibles,
a Bible each for eight, and one for Grammy,
her favorite, a fragile, gilded, bound affair,
a prize bestowed upon her eldest daughter
for playing the gospel organ. We never knew
our oldest aunt. She, like her father, died young.
When evening fell, we'd gather to read the Bibles.

*

But now, Toronto. Here, where the building shakes
in winter winds; it's old, it leans, it's made
(like too much else) of smoky orange brick.
There's no sea here. These buildings house no carpenters.
I left my Bible home; I'm losing touch.

NICOLETTE BETHEL

Extracts

from *Delilah & Other Violent Women*

Do not resent
 the eyes
I cast toward
the lovely woman
on your arm.

I do not
covet her or
begrudge you her,
or wish to lay
my hands upon her.

Only that,

and you will
understand this,

I observe your beauty
as she holds your arm
to appreciate the uniqueness
of eyes, lashes
 mouth, breasts
 and all the rest
of the beauty
that embraces me when
I reach home after this.

He sat down beside me on the bus
and had me trapped. The stench
of alcohol and the street should have
stopped me from observing his
filthy garments and grizzled face,
yet his still proud bearing and the way
his grey hair swept back told me:
He must once have had a girl like you.

DAVID KINNEAR



Hommage à Jean-moulin, terre-cuite (detail)

The Work of Georges Jeanclos

'I am a Jew', says Georges Jeanclos. With this, he explains the common theme that unites his works of clay. The holocaust is a sorrow that beats within Jeanclos as strongly today as when he began expressing it in these tragic figures, shortly after WWII. He creates images of suffering: human forms struggling in entangling decay. Some figures are blind and wincing in pain, 'unable to see the reasons and limits of this terrible misery'. Other figures are alone, others reach out trying to 'chercher l'autre', desperately seeking human contact amidst human depravity. Others are asleep or dreaming, in states where they might experience visions that begin to help them understand their people's plight. Jeanclos is in all of them. Mourning is part of the artist. 'I wish I could make happy figures,' he says, 'I would like to tell happy stories but I cannot, it is impossible.' He talks as if the subjects of his works chose him, rather than him choosing the subjects.

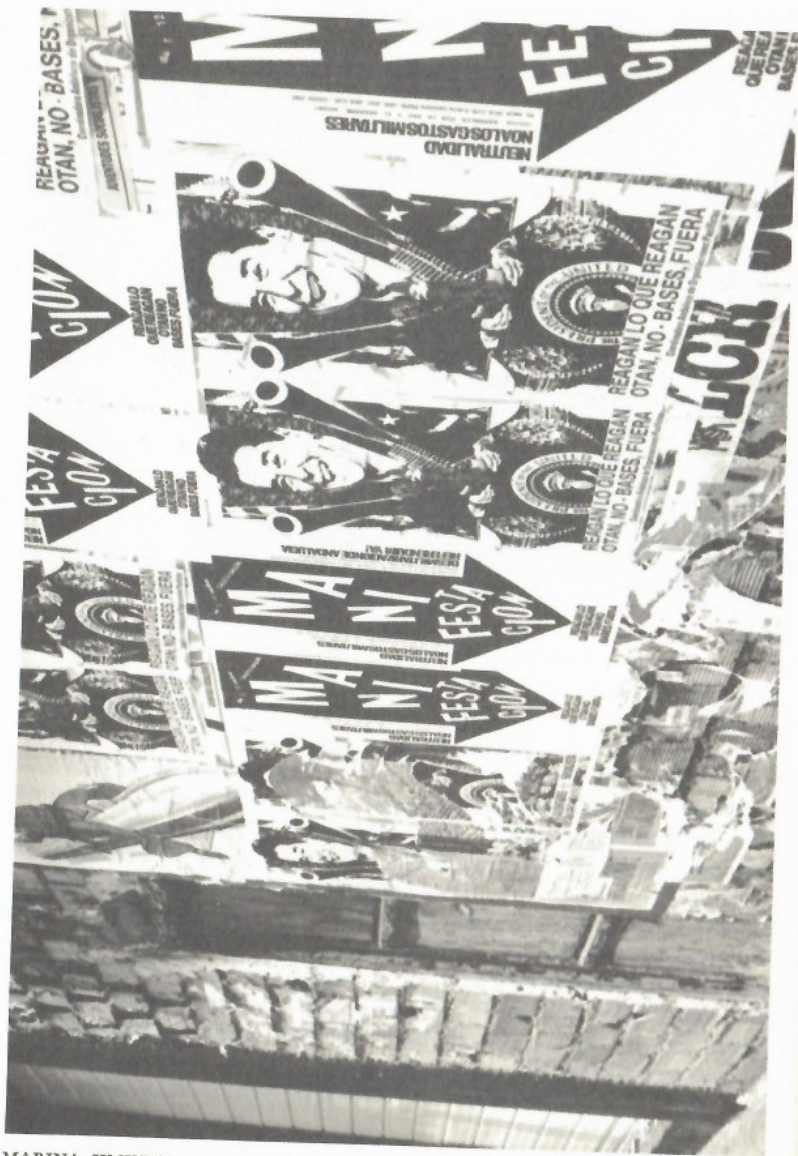
Today, while the issues of the holocaust have been popularized and trivialized, Jeanclos' art brings a freshness to the theme. Divorced from their inspiration, the works stand on their own as 'good art'. As well, the subject of human suffering and degradation has taken on a universality for all religions, in the face of a potential holocaust for the whole planet. The sculptures also take on another dimension if the viewer can understand how closely linked are

the artist's life and thoughts with his theme, and the relationship of his theme to his choice of medium.

Jeanclos has the same allegiance to clay as to his subject matter. The two are inter-connected. Only clay can adequately express the contrasts inherent in his work. The bases of the sculptures are raw clay, or earth itself. From these raw crusts emerge beautiful weightless figures. The development from the unrefined clay to Jeanclos' beautiful faces analogizes human life emerging from weighty decay; cracked but still intact. The contrast of the bare unshaped clay with the human forms would be lost in bronze or marble, traditional mediums of sculpture. Raw earth would appear too polished, less like itself. The faces would be without the traces of mud and filth that describe their relationship within the encompassing mound of earth. The heavier materials of bronze and marble would destroy the qualities of weightlessness and fragility that Jeanclos has achieved in his faces, and would lend an air of glorification which is the reverse of what the artist seeks. Jeanclos' attempts to work in bronze on a larger scale also proved unsatisfying. The French government commissioned some outdoor bronze versions of the Jean Moulin series (pictured opposite). The bronze works that paid homage to the French Resistance fighter were, according to the artist, less successful and much more difficult, but they did bring a larger patriotic audience.

Clay also achieves other unique effects: clay loses its moisture to create wrinkles and cracks to otherwise smooth faces, giving deeper meaning to the misery. Jeanclos speaks of his work as if he were impelled by the medium; 'I would like to be like other artists in clay. I would like to use bright colours and glazes. I would like to be less serious.' These unglazed works look unfired; he has maintained their power as images of raw earth, while they are containers for fragile heads. Paradoxically, it is because of acknowledging clay's unrefined form that he is most successful. Many contemporary artists, conscious of clay's tradition as the stuff of functional 'pottery', occupy themselves with creating works which transcend the labelling of clay works as 'craft'. Often, their intentions are crystal clear and their works can be read as self-conscious attempts to define new perimeters of the medium, to create 'real art'. With the work of Georges Jeanclos in mind, the clay artists' debate of 'Is it craft or is it art?' seems laughable. For them, he teaches an important lesson. His unpainted clay works have more power than many glazed clay works whose designs can be called 'painterly'. Jeanclos' pieces would be less expressive in any other medium, thus, his use of clay as 'art' needs no justification. Equally, what otherwise might be hackneyed subject matter needs no more. Quality speaks for itself.

George Jeanclos was a lecturer and exhibiting artist at The Fourth International Ceramics Symposium, Toronto, October 17-20, 1985. He lives and works in Paris, France.



MARINA JIMINEZ

The Two Car Garage Poem

Post-modern man
returns home for dinner.
Numb and tired he reads his newspaper
and quietly buries himself in delusions of grandeur.
Yes, the American wet dream
is alive and moribund in Newark, New Jersey.
It wakes him up at 7:45 each morning,
and prods him back to the city
to talk and strike deals with other carnage.
The life-blood of America
is fucked on nine-to-five
and is resigned to 40 hour boredom.
Some of the best minds of America have sold out to mediocrity.

Post-modern man
returns home for dinner.
Numb and tired,
he lies down,
and wonders if his wife
will forget to shut the garage door again.

JOHN GRAHAM



HILARY COOK

Idaho Early

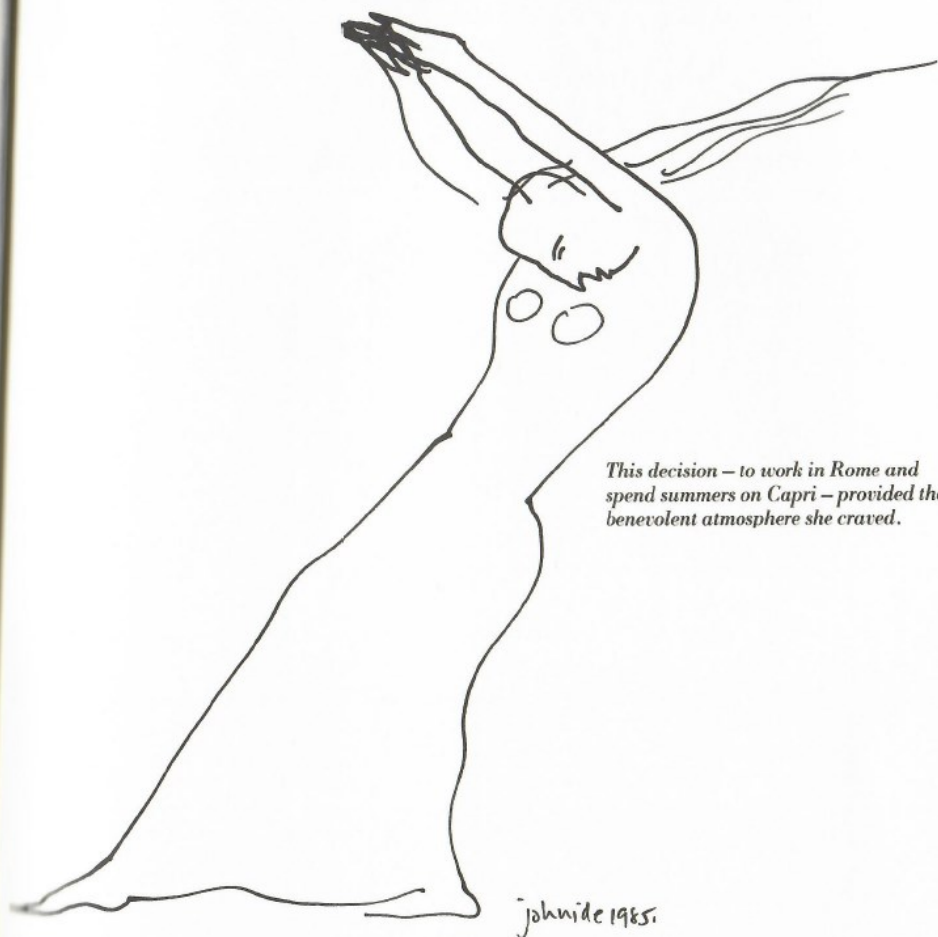
little red haired girl sits on her father's porch and stares out across the yard towards the big chestnut tree and watches the wind blow on her brother's lazy red swing. noise of the ropes crawls right through the sound of the interstate until a truck hums by and captures her eyes with its little red lights.

THOMAS J. CZEGLÉDY

Autumn Visions

In the whirling cry, when the swallows fly
Stirs another dream, as yet unseen,
A memory still that dims and flashes in lean-winged flight,
Reeling pursuit in the fading light,
Of nocturnal words and ill-seen faces,
That hiss and ride above the wind,
The leaf-borne visions of other places,
When autumns fell in the swallow's spin.
Eyes of darkness, almond deep,
Caught whispering in the tinge of a sun-burned cheek,
Reach through the rustling of the coloured leaves,
Bring visions in the scarlet, wanderings in the wood-brown.
And the touch of hands in a warm fall breeze,
And the harmony of steps through a leaf-covered town
Echo like the notes of an enchanted flute,
Lost in the beauty of the words that I've heard,
In the warmth of your smile, and the cries of those birds.

PAUL GODIN



*This decision – to work in Rome and
spend summers on Capri – provided the
benevolent atmosphere she craved.*

Johnide 1985.

JOHN IDE

Trinity Review Sweatshop

Participants in the *Review's* Short Story sweatshop:

Paul Babiak
Phil Einstoss
Francesca Fazzari
Lincoln Hobbs
John Hopkins
Eva Janssen
Meg Ready
Steve Stockermans
Aidan Tierney
Julia Wilkinson

Poetry is Poetency

Disclaimer: This story is the product of several bottles of Schooner, the back of a two dollar bill, and an imagination fired up by the *Review's* two-hour short story competition. As such, I admit to the judges now that this story was not in fact written in two hours, nor by me. It was a draft copy of Herman Melville's *Moby Duck*, an unpublished work by the controversial homosexual, which was suppressed by his publisher/boyfriend because their private games were described in grotesque detail. I took liberties with the draft copy, and changed it entirely. The setting is the same. The plot is not, nor is the theme, characters, mood, and opening line.

'Dark!' he chirped to no one except the darkness. The echo of his characteristically innocent and stupid tone harmonized throughout the hull of the ship.

'Hark,' he chirped to no one except the harkness. But this time, the word fell with a drunken thud on the steel floor. He knew why.

'Rhyme. Oh God. "Where there is rhyme, there must certainly follow death".'

The wisdom of ages had said that. His accidental sequential utterance of the words 'dark' and 'hark' had sealed his doom. Jeremy knew he was going to die.

'Where there is rhyme, there must certainly follow death.' Jeremy moaned. 'What a bummer!' –

the anguished word stretched across the frigid waters of the Davis Strait. He emphasized out the tortured word, 'BUMMER'. Why does 'hark' rhyme with 'dark'? Why did it matter? Here he was – Jeremy the Sailor – a zero in the eyes of the Great Collective Mind.¹ Did the G.C.M. actually care if he accidentally said 'dark' and 'hark' in succession? The sailors in the Halifax YMCA where Jeremy hung out said that the G.C.M. was infinitely clever and a bit of a poet to boot. That's why He forbade poetry, and especially rhyme. Rhyme, if let loose, would destroy the creative stability of the Maritimes, and undoubtedly, the world.

But poor Jeremy? Could 'dark' and 'hark' said only to himself in the cargo hold of a ship cruising the Greenland coast be a threat to the creative stability of the Maritimes and the world? Could those words resurrect the last poet to ever use rhyme?²

Hank the Eskimo, the guy you see on the back of a two dollar bill on the far left, is the Great Collective Mind. He does not know it, and neither do the other Eski-buddies on the back of a two dollar bill. Labatt's knows. Hank was their bestest and smartest friend, and he said it would be a good day for them to paddle long and hard. They didn't know where they were going, and they didn't ask. They liked Hank. They trusted Hank. They paddled for Hank.

From Gjoa Haven (pronounced 'Joe') they paddled around the Big Peninsula With The White Man's Name,³ then across the Strait to Baffin Island. There they stopped for a burger and beer.

'Hank,' Oooooojiooooo asked meekly, 'why are we here?'

One of the Eski-buds hit him across the face with his paddle. They were always embarrassed by Oooooojiooooo's stupid questions for which there are no answers.

Hank answered: Because, beyond your feeble minds,
and the toil that pains our behinds,
is a man whose innocence we seek,
to find if he clever-be, or merely a freak.

'Good answer, good answer,' the Eski-buds said.

Hank finished his Schooner, then hopped into his trusty kayak Sal and sped for Greenland. The others downed the case and followed. They paddled hard, as only Eskimos tanked up on Schooner know how, and soon they reached Greenland.

'Hank, why are we here?'

This time Hank good naturedly cracked him on the forehead with his harpoon for no reason. 'Listen to the ice,' Hank commanded them.

Six ears hit the iceflow they were on, which is much like french kissing a railway track in winter. They listened hard, as only Eskimos tanked up on Schooner and with their ears frozen to an iceflow know how. Then they all heard it.

'dark'

'hark'

After a pause, 'BUMMER.'

Hank ripped his ear from the ice, quickly chugged a flask of Jack Daniel's insta-warmth, hopped into trusty Sal, and paddled like no Eskimo has ever paddled before. The others followed Hank's good example.

Jeremy saw the Great Collective Mind coming over the horizon as he made faces at the calm water around the ship. He knew death was coming, so he went back to the ship's hold where the fateful words were uttered. Hank and the Eski-buds boarded the ship. As the others traded hockey cards with the sailors, Hank followed the path of the horrible words. The rhyme had cut through time and space like a chainsaw – the wound to creativity was deep, and it was Hank's mission to cure it.

'What rhymes with dark!!!!' Hank screamed at the cowering sailor.

Jeremy opened his eyes and gasped. There's no sight like the sight of an Eskimo possessed with an angry G.C.M. 'You are ...'

'I am he and he is I and he is good and I is good and you are dead meat, buddy,' Hank snarled as he picked the shivering little man up by the collar. 'He and me see the great wound you have given literature. Rhyme is dead! e.e. cummings killed rhyme and capitalization. We need capitalization, but we DON'T NEED RHYME! Now you have let rhyme out again. The *New Yorker* will never be the same. Gordon Lightfoot will be back on the radio. Robert Service ballads are going to become trendy! Now you see the damage you have done, fool!'

The G.C.M. began choking Jeremy slowly.

'Now you will die, Jeremy the Sailor,' Hank spoke.

A guitar came smashing down on Hank's head. It was Gordon Lightfoot.

'Get back, you,' Hank threatened Gordon. 'I'm going to kill him, and not you or the Edmund Fitzgerald can help.'

Lightfoot approached him with the shattered remains of the guitar, his moustache trailing on the ground. Hank grabbed Jeremy who was picking his nose and ran to the deck of the ship. There, a pack of sled dogs were just climbing over the railing of the ship.

'Oh. Not you too!' Hank threw a harpoon at Robert Service as the dogs pulled the sled onto the deck.

'We're back, Hank,' Service snarled. 'All of us balladeers of years gone by heard that rhyme! "Dark", "Hark". It was glorious. And its author, the great Jeremy the Sailor, will replace you as the G.C.M. after we're finished with you, Hank.'

'Never.' Hank backed into a corner. Service's snarling dogs approached. Lightfoot gave a piece of his guitar to Service. Jeremy became a Goose.

'That's Right - a Goose,' said the writer to his incredulous readers.

Hank's eyes bulged. His tongue hit the floor. He took another drink. 'Mother Goose! It can't be!'

'You bet your little blue booties it is, babe,' the Goose said as she beat at Hank with her wings.

Hank couldn't take it. It was too much. He ran for Sal and took off. Oooooojiooooo and the other Eski-buds polished off the case of Schooner and followed him. Lightfoot began playing with the dogs and Service was about to play with the Goose, but Oooooojiooooo got to her first, shot her and later made soup. The ship sailed on. Hank remained the G.C.M. Lightfoot and Service stayed on the ship forever just off the coast of Greenland, and rhyme was never heard again. Ahmen.

STEVE STOCKERMANS

¹ 'Great Collective Mind'. A Maritime religion promoting the doctrine that all human minds are linked together, forming an omnipotent mind. This allows the believers to stop thinking for themselves and sponge off the G.C.M. much like tax evasion.

² The last known poet to use rhyme was Robert Service, in the Yukon Territory in 1898. Bob Dylan and Gordon Lightfoot sometimes rhymed, but they could not sing. Service was a scuz-bag because he worked in a bank.

³ The peninsula actually has a name, but it is unpronounceable because it was named by Gjoa. Locals shortened it to 'Big White Penis'.

Failure to Resist

You have crushed me in your naked fist
Like an eggshell china cup
And thrown the pieces to the floor
I'm utterly destroyed
Grieving for my former shape
Its unity of design
The curve of handle, deliberate but smooth
Its purity of line.
The figure was complete and whole
Dignified – chaste, alone
A challenge to the change-demanding
Merciless winds of time.

You grabbed me off my shelf
Took me against my will
Overwhelmed me, spun me around
Threw me up, thrilled me, then
Smash! Hurlled me down.

Now I – or what is left of me –
Lie collapsed in a heap
On the bare wooden planks.

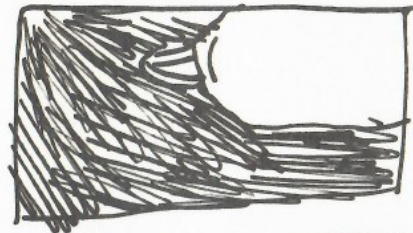
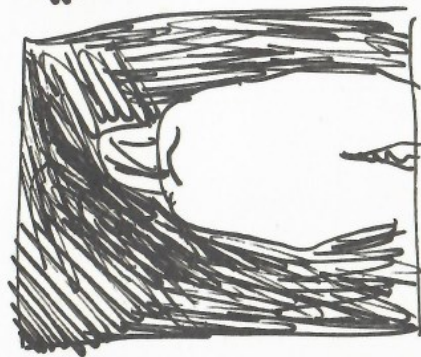
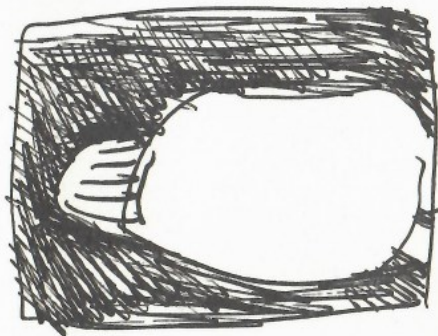
Perhaps they can serve as a model for me
(Once I overcome my grief)
I'll reforge myself, less vulnerable
Less idealistic, less naive.
Perhaps I can be
Stronger ...

Do you think if I bought the proper glue
I could put myself together again? Do you?
Please say yes.
Please ... say ...

* * *

There now descends upon the room
A surly man who has a broom
Bristles strike the bits of cup
A dustpan quickly eats them up.

JODIE LUNDGREN



John Ide 1962.

Walking home after seeing Brooke Shields in a bikini in Life Mag. at a bookstore.

Mermaid I

The sorrow in her eyes
aeons deep,
a chasm comprised of prisms.

She dives
into the fjord,
the light refracted
shines
like gold,
burning cold,
impossible to fathom.

A smile slowly comes
in splattered spasms
Biting enamel, bright light.
Everything invincible,
a chuckle eructs
and the sadness drifts
upwards
to add weight
to the cumulus clouds.
When it rains, it will pour.
Yes, if it snows,
how everything will shine –
and she will be mine.

JULIA WILKINSON



DR. VLASTIMIL JINDRA

Visions of Grace or Love Letters to Dead Girls

Through the blur of braided glass they move
The ladies with the big hats and the babies with the large faces
Navigating about the sweetening lilies in the twisting outdoor garden
Dipping themselves towards one another as to special points of local interest
Loitering indolently only to make some indistinct gestures in the eastern wind
Breaking chrome circles in the air with baubled hands
As carefully as they had once plucked cherries at midnight
Talking about dried flowers in exquisite vases and places called Hazard
The initiates like loose characters from the theatre running for late trains
Still soft and savaged by fleshy illusions fevered with dreams of their neighbour's gardener
Naive melodies learning to become absorbed in their supreme spirits
Until their lips become acceptable shades of green like the embittered monkeys at the zoo
And they think in vogue and rapture of the resurrection in a rocking chair.

THOMAS J. CZEGLÉDY



MARINA JIMINEZ



HILARY COOK

The Plea

Widow me gently.
When your splendent eyes
Become darkened and glazed
With my vapid everyday's
Sight,
When your shaper's hands
Become calloused and bruised
With my stagnant heart's
Beat,
When your noble passion
Becomes stifled and bored
With my earthen mind's
Love,
Then
Widow me gently.

ELIZABETH LANGLEY

Judge Rosalie Abella: A Feminist for Humanists

Judge Rosalie Abella was recently invited by York University to speak on employment equity and to represent, in an inspirational capacity, the kind of success that women today can achieve in their careers. Judge Abella is frequently asked to appear as a kind of role model, yet she is herself mistrustful of the use of icons to inspire women; as she explains, it's too easy to ignore the fact that these are the exceptions and not the rule. It is not enough to magnify the considerable personal and professional achievements of women such as Judge Abella when this may obscure the fact that many Canadians still find insurmountable barriers to the advancement of their careers for no other reason than their sex.

As a role model for women, however, one could hardly find better than Rosalie Abella who is, at 39 years old, chairperson of the Ontario Labour Relations Board, judge, wife, mother of two sons and the sole commissioner of the Royal Commission on Equality in Employment. She was born in Germany and raised and educated in Toronto. She graduated from U of T Law School in 1970, and was called to the Bar in '72. She had a private practice until 1976 and was Commissioner of the Ontario Human Rights Commission from 1975-80. Among other things, she has been the Director of the Canadian section of the International Commission on Jurists, a member of the Premier's Advisory Committee on Confederation, and Chairperson of a Study on Access to Legal Services by the Disabled. Her work on the Royal Commission on Equality in Employment has resulted in a fat report and over one hundred recommendations for the establishment of an enforcement body to ensure equity for women and minorities.

The argument is often put forward now, in a climate of increasing conservatism, that women have gained so much in recent years that they should just shut up and get on with it. As Judge Abella's speech at York indicated, this is a fallacy. Women's 'victories' are not significant enough that they can afford to shut up, or to let complacency jeopardise their economic and political future. Judge Abella quoted many statistics that prove the need to persist rather than sit back, and many members of her audience seemed surprised at how recent and sometimes tenuous the changes are that Canadians take for granted.

For example, it was not until 1932 that a woman could acquire and maintain property in her own name, and this development itself represented a conflict, since many women, being propertyless, had to make a difficult choice between dependency and possible destitution. The laws of property did not change radically, in fact, until the late 70s, and the laws of support not until '68; before this time, the laws in these areas perpetuated the dependency of women on their husbands in such a way that they were often trapped economically. When a marriage occurred, in terms of property the man and woman became one - 'the man!', Judge Abella said, laughing. She regards this 'union' as being symbolic of a phenomenon she describes as the 'nineteenth century cult of domesticity', a cult that defined rigidly the male and female family roles.

The way in which we perceive a woman's familial obligations has a profound effect on her potential for employment and advancement. If we see the woman as the parent with the sole responsibility for child-raising as well as bearing, we tend to ignore facts such as those recounted by Judge Abella that 52% of Canadian women are in the labour force and that 42% of our workforce is female, or that in 1911 women earned on average 53% of the male wage and that now this figure has only risen to between 55 and 64% (varying between professions). As well, our perceptions of the woman's family role have an effect on the way employers deal with maternity leave. Judge Abella gave her opinion that many employers are resentful even of the prospect of absence for child bearing, but not of other kinds of leave from work. She discussed the fact that young men are often transitory employees in the first years of their career, since they are constantly seeking for promotions and better employment opportunities, but that this is seldom considered as a reason for not hiring promising young men. A young woman, on the other hand, is very likely to be questioned by prospective employers about her domestic situation as an indication of whether she is likely to want maternity leave, and this may be a serious barrier to her employment. The area of childcare is another in which it must be acknowledged that the responsibility is parental, not maternal, since the number of working mothers is now over 52% as opposed to 19% in 1967, Judge Abella stated.

When asked about the role of public education, through the media and official reports such as her own, in improving women's employment situation, Judge Abella expressed her frustration. She believes that the potential for change through these means is limited, and that in the past education has been used as 'the classic crutch', creating the illusion that the developments it has suggested are actually being implemented. Endless discussion and analysis can be used as a substitute for action, and the cynicism produced in women by repeatedly failed expectations can cause them to become less effective activists on their own behalf.

Where employment equity is concerned, Judge Abella is convinced that women must no longer be content to wait for change. She sees some differences between equity and affirmative action, and does not necessarily agree with the use of quotas. This is partly because, in her opinion, when quotas are set they tend to be low, and also because they can be seen as the actual reason for employment, by both employer and employees. This can be very damaging to a woman's perception of her own job. When asked about the use of 'separate files' as an employment practice (one file each for male and female applicants, a qualified female being hired automatically if one applies), Judge Abella said firmly, 'I have no problem with that.' She discussed this as a possible temporary measure to establish a higher proportion of qualified women in professions and companies where their presence is negligible; as a way of redressing the balance and accustoming both men and women to the female presence in a previously masculine domain.

In response to a question about the creation of hostile responses in men to

such practices, Judge Abella told us, smiling, 'Stephen Lewis once said a funny thing – that men have had affirmative action for about 20,000 years, and now that women want it, they call it reverse discrimination!' She is herself adamant about the need to avoid reverse discrimination, believing that a systemic remedy is needed to resolve what has been an exclusion of women from the system, but that this does not mean permanently skewing the odds in favour of women.

Judge Abella seems to be calling for revaluation of our approach to familiar problems, and for a stance that is forceful yet not combative. She is an ideal spokeswoman for this stance; intelligent, warm, funny and committed to both her professional and her familial roles. She is an ardent feminist without being hostile or condescending to men, and communicates a sympathy for human beings that is palpable. She does not stand on her dignity, often hugging friends and supporters in public, and remains a formidable example of professionalism. If she succeeds in her goals for women, the need for brilliant spokeswomen like herself will be lessened and gradually eradicated.

DIANA BRYDEN



PAUL COOPER



Emily

Dumbo

ALLISON



ALLISON

Ashes

Placed in the fireplace, the photograph stirs
And feels the warmth of each flame wave
Like a trawler making peace with the sea.
Tendrils of smoke rise like gulls from the edges,
Curling slowly round the image of a once-smiling face,
And in a growing pool of darkness,
 Eyes and a smile
Mark the lowering of a weary flag,
 before,
Easy in flame, the face crumples and falls
Through the fire's whispering depths,
The ashes one with the earth again,
The waters growing still,
And the metaphor broken, once and for all.

PAUL GODIN



