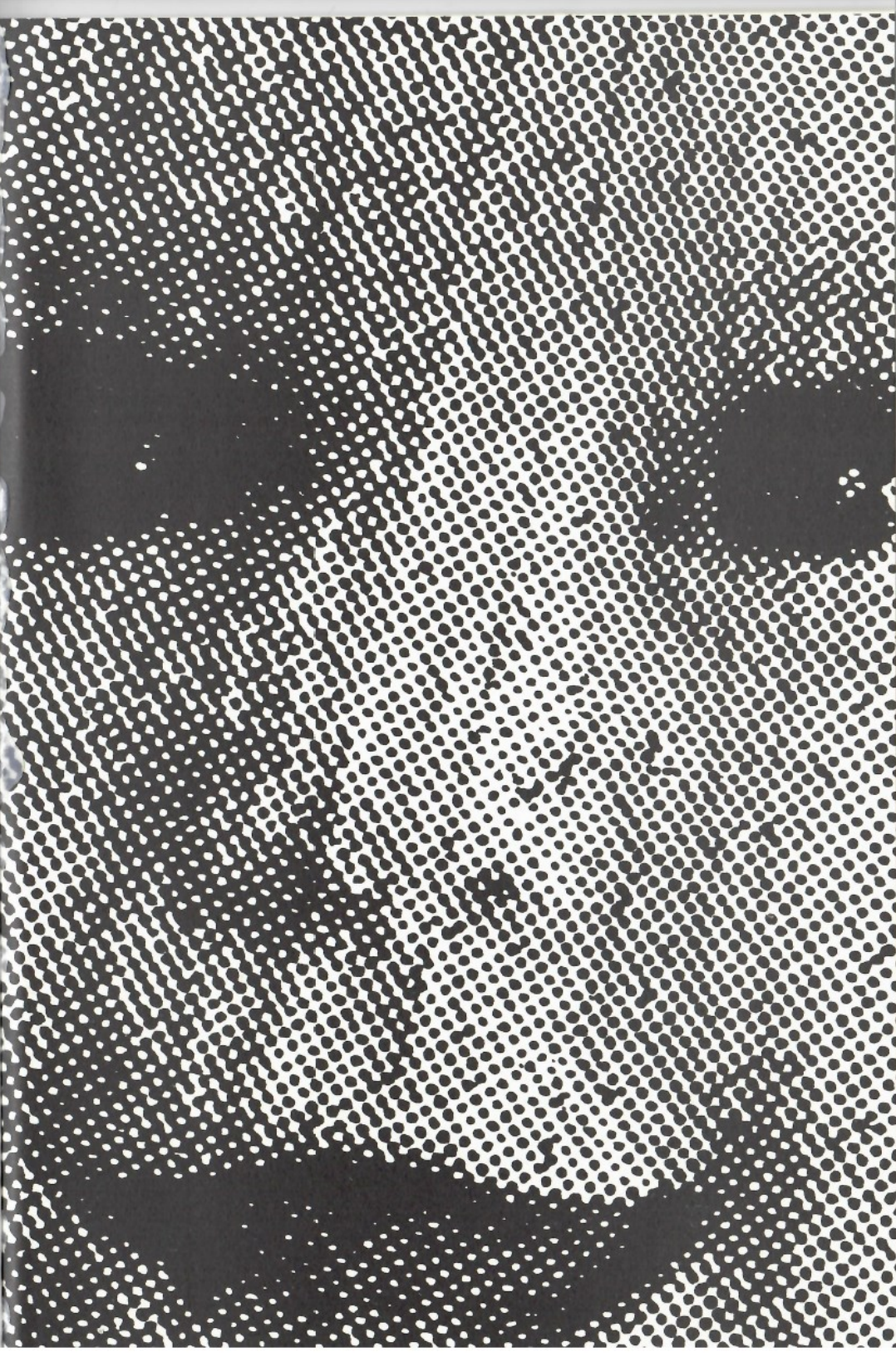




The Trinity University Review





The Trinity University Review

A Journal of Art,
Literature and Opinion

Volume xcviv Number 2
Spring 1986

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Virginia

Here, she passed through
all the dark lineaments
of language
dipping in the common pool
all twenty-six hooks
their curved gestures luring
phrases she arranged
in kaleidoscopic patterns.
Here, the cost of forgetting
words left no time to outwrite
despair. Here, unsyntactical
emotion came upon her
suddenly opening vistas
full of light or
the sullen writhings
of the human heart.
Here, it came down to
the empty page,
where art blooms brilliant
or blank as a perfect desert.

Would you recognize her
in this dress?
She is not what you remember:
the dead don't walk the land
eating light, gaunt as
scarecrows airborne
on other people's lives:
she was caught unaware,
waiting for a voice to tell her
sunlight; the river
meets the world, this chair,
this room ...

Here, keeping her best creation
to herself, viewing the river
and its senseless course;
gathering stories in light
she couldn't see,
her used-up heart
made her a collector of stones
and words that brought her
nearer drowning.

CATHLEEN WATSON-WHITE

Dreaming the River Ouse

This is no place to die:
in blue shadows
beneath grateful trees,
subject forever to the private
rhythms of the river.

Your new silence
is the silence of grey hair
loosened for the reeds.
Now the patterns of the river
are as familiar to you
as patterns of words.
There is much to write about
in this new world:
that refraction of light
as strange as your refractive
thoughts: how you could have
ordered this on paper! But
your white hands, reaching
for the pen, are full
of stones, and you cannot
repeat words with a tongue
unsuited to waves.

Now you will be tempted
to gather stones and drown them
again and again.
There will be other rivers
where the sun never comes.
Lost to the cycles
of spring and summer,
you have found a way
to put an end to seasons:
to all uncomfortable passions,
and you are doomed to silence.

CATHLEEN WATSON-WHITE



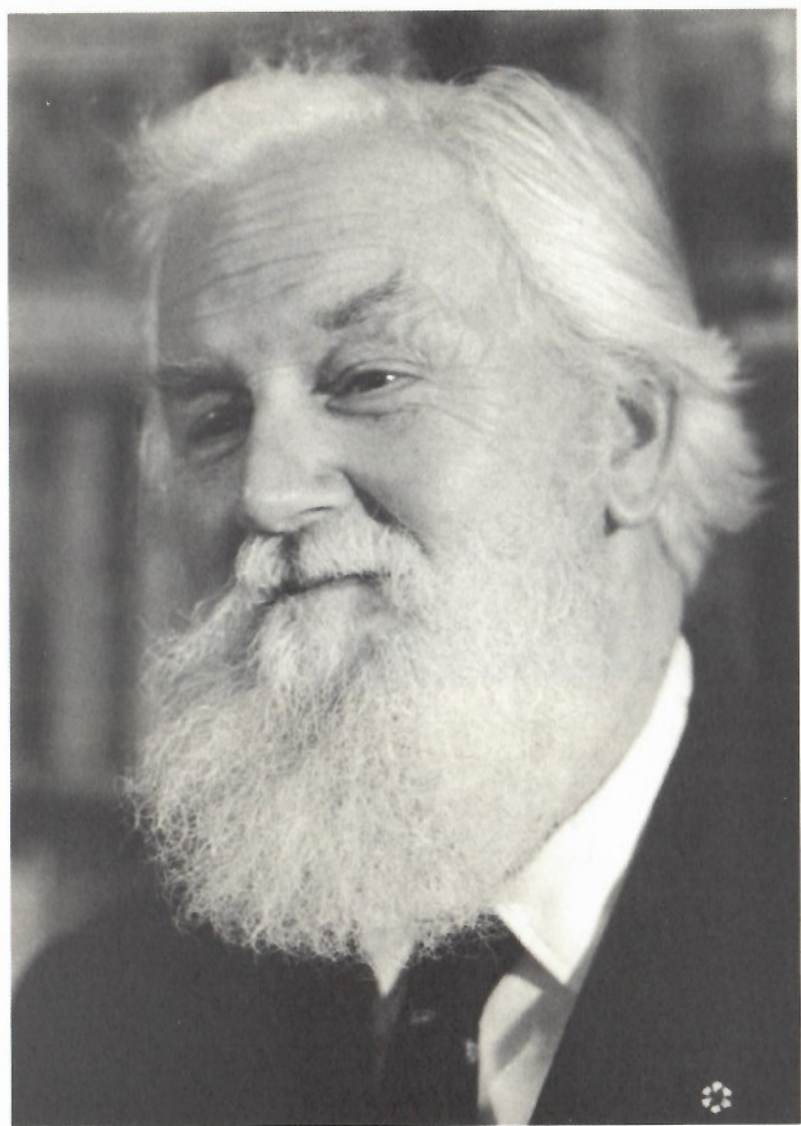
JOHNNIE EISEN

Slow Motion

Nothing will protect you against the cold throbbing
of sea water after your boat has tipped and you have
watched it tipping in slow motion watching your companion's
expressionless eyes watching slow slow slow and you knew
it was going to happen and that you should have worn life
jackets with the canoe so old and tippy and the water so
pale and cold and this is just like the time you were
racing down the hill fast with the wind pounding in your
ears and the brakes on your bike clamped and you were
thrown over the handlebars and you thought the earth
would never pull you back down and now you are watching
her eyes and she's looking back at you and the boat is
tipping and

Christ, the water's cold.
You're back and it's normal time again.
Your thoughts are now very simple.
You are willing to sacrifice everything.
The paddles. Your shoes. The boat. Her.
Everything.
Anything.
For the safe return to the shore, the momentary sanctuary
of the rocks.

KEN OPPEL



Toward a New and Improved Canlit

For some weeks past my thoughts have turned again and again to the concept of Canadian Literature, and what might be done to bring it to the attention of a world which is still largely indifferent to it. Of course there are more than sixty universities in Europe that have centres for Canadian studies – history, politics and literature – but academic attention is not all we need. We want the whole literate world to be aware of Canada and to glory in – well, perhaps not the actuality, but certainly the legend of – its literature.

The reason for my preoccupation is because I was present, in the early days of January, at the huge PEN conference in New York, at which rather more than six hundred authors of all sorts, from most of the literate countries of the world – Russia and its dependencies were not represented – gathered to discuss a subject which had its origin in the imagination of Mr. Norman Mailer: The Imagination of the Writer and the Imagination of the State. After six days of debate which was often angry and sometimes incoherent, it was more or less decided that if the State had any imagination it was not concerned with writing, and that if writers had any imagination they were unwilling to harness it to the plough of the State. This outcome might have been foreseen, and I did not worry much about it. What interested me was the astonishing political energy of a majority of the writers present. The politics of the Black community, the Feminist community, the Bash South Africa community, and the Hate Russia community were given voice by all sorts of people with varying degrees of eloquence, but with unremitting fury.

What, I wondered, has Canada to offer to a literary community of this sort? If we give them works of superior literary art, they will not notice: no, we must stun them with something totally new, some hitherto undreamed of literary concept.

It was then that the great thought struck me. When people talk about a national literature they always mean a written literature. Why should Canada not excel in a wholly new realm of Unwritten Literature? In a world where everybody acknowledges that too many books are written and published, why should we not triumph by refusing to write thousands of books yearly?

Think of the forests we would save! Think of the countless happy hours we would enable the world to spend in *not* reading books!

I do not propose the banishment of books. No, I suggest that we impress ourselves on the world with the books we *could* write, but which we self-denyingly decline to write.

The authors of these Renounced Books (for so I suggest we call them) would naturally expect credit and recognition for what they have not done. The Canada Council would have to establish a scale of royalties on the non-sales of such books, and pay them regularly. The Renounced Books would have to be advertised, so that the grateful reading public would know what it was not getting. The Renounced Books would have to be given the widest publicity by our

embassies and consulates abroad so that the world at large would know what we were sparing them. And certainly there would have to be prizes, and good ones.

I propose, therefore, the Governor General's Awards for the best books *not* written every year. To make clear my great plan, I suggest that the announcement of the 1987 awards might run something like this:

FICTION: to ***** for her novel *Bedrock and Rockbed*, describing, thinly disguised as fiction (but not so as to deceive anybody) her recent failed marriage, with explicit scenes of sex, cruelty and human rottenness. Not written, and not published by Macmillan of Canada.

NON-FICTION: to ***** for his four volumes of political reminiscences, *Lallygagging*, describing in sickening detail how he brown-nosed his way into the seats of power. Non-publisher, U. of T. Press.

POETRY: to ***** for his powerful book of unwritten poems, in which his assertion that he is a greater stud than Casanova and that all his critics are impotent is repeated in tedious detail. Not published by U-Haul Vanity Publ. Corp. of Chapleau. (Special Collectors' Edition hand-written on the skin of Circassian maidens also not available at \$1,000 a copy.)

JUVENILE: to ***** for her tale of three cuddly bears who firmly refuse to eat a child they find snooping around their house. Illustrated by the Homebound Handicapped. Not published by Weewee Books for Tots, sturdily not bound in washable vinyl.

INSPIRATIONAL: to *** for *Senility Can Be Fun*, a manual of Rocking-Chair Sex for Senior Citizens. Diagrams. Not published on reprocessed paper by Geezerfun Publ. Corp.

You see how it works? Such recognition and such awards would attract hundreds of authors. The few who were still so wanting in a sense of what is contemporaneous as to go on writing books as works of literary art could pursue the job undisturbed.

I expect no recognition for this stroke of genius. Oh well – a posthumous monument, or non-monument, if you absolutely insist.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

Rites of Passage

Slim pallid sax man
blows 3:00 a.m. blues
He seems the anomaly:
born in innocence
baptized in confusion
and confirmed in experience
We live, we die
and death not ends the resolution
Even now, the smoky hazy
sacred beat coffee houses continue to resonate
That snow white emaciate blows
Sweet hipster saint man:
the envy of Kerouac
the ecstasy of Charlie Parker
That hipster Dionysus
lives $\frac{3}{4}$ time blues
Surely he laments
the passage of jazz
and the callous transparency,
the dreck and teflon
of a different era

JOHN GRAHAM



ROBERT KENNEDY

Famine from a Shrill Violin

To break the monotony of the fog
we waltzed slowly in the snow
whispering of whiskey and soda
and other things most peculiar.
Just a small bordeaux moment
disturbing the absence all around
a singular adventure
a serious echo
of a flawed and forgotten recital
of days when men wore hats
and women could remark upon
a fine emerald tie pin.

THOMAS J. CZEGLÉDY

Hogtown

Big-biscuit pignee newton
rolled from the mire
with a pig iron grunt
and a stockyard snort of
tickertape blood that
spilled on York and her
porcine assonance.

We all know what happened next –
old pignee newton was hoisted
with his own petard.

JULIA WILKINSON

In the Whittling Time

In the whittling time,
When the windows no longer show the trees
If the lamp is lit,
And when the oilsmoke haunts the high wooden rafters,
This cabin dreams,
Of the many folds in a woman's dress

And of the smell of her breathing as she lingers, moist
And intimate.
There are no sounds here at night,
On the mountain,
Except for the continuous rush of impatient air
In the wood-burning stove, and the rustle of the dog
As she turns in her sleep by the warmth of the fire.
Still,
It's hard to hear a voice
In the simple hours, even,
When the words have been gone so long,
When the face is dim
And no amount of wanting works the shadows into flesh,
So hard to reconcile the silence
With the laughter I remember.
The reality of rough-hewn cedar walls
Just isn't enough to quell the ghosts
Or to close the darkness where she runs, my love.
Her ring still echoes the languid movement
Of the small brass lamp that burns unhurried
On the cluttered desk.
Blunted by the years, it floats on my own finger now,
Where its glow reprehends sentimentality,
Slaps my face in the darkness,
Asserting the implacability of the hour hand,
Reminding me well that her hour is done
And that my own grows late.
Many long years dead. Many long nights done.
I remember too much.
But I am her last echo here, where even the wind has failed her.
When the sun goes down, and the wood shavings fall
From my carving to the floor,
The simple sweetness of her voice returns.
She would have liked this flute.
I'll never learn to play it.
By day I tend to my traps and the wood,
The dirt and the sweat that give me strength,
But by night, my friend,
This cabin dreams
And I can hear my wife's laughter
For a moment it seems,
In the warm rush of air and the crackling flames
Of a fire in a coal black stove.

PAUL GODIN



11:00

PARA SU ENTREGA COMPLETA
PIDA QUINCE
MINUTOS MAS QUE UNA CERVEZA

My Trip to Miami Beach – Much More Than a Beer LINDA SMYK

Theory Clouds

We want to say: "When we mean something, it's like going up to someone, it's not like having a dead picture (of any kind)." We go up to the thing we mean. LUDWIG WITTGENSTEIN

I will admit, at the outset, that this is an essay of a purely intuitive nature. I do this only to warn you that I am not concerned, by and large, with structures; I am pulling them down too fast to build them. There is no use to the asking of questions unless they are placed deep enough.¹

Of concern here is not "the New Criticism," or, "Hermeneutics," but all of literary theory. Theory is an attempt to "ground" the interpretation of a text "objectively," and "from without." The question here is, what would such a thing look like?

Literary theory gives us a reply and a method. It separates "authorial intention" and "the meaning of the text," attempts to "ground objectively" the intention, and to give a rule, or a series of them, for arriving at meaning.² So what is to be found "outside" of texts, and how would one find evidence for such a thing? Well, I suppose one would look for some universal characteristic (if that is not itself an oxymoron) of either man, the psychology of man, or man's creations. But to say such a thing is merely to say, this is where we find ourselves (ontologically, politically, wherever), or this is what we mean by writing (not, this is what writing means).

To clarify the nature of literary theory it would be useful to differentiate between two types of explanation. The first type is exemplified by the proof of a mathematical theorem. In setting out to prove that an angle can be trisected, the first question is not, "how?" but, "is it possible?" Thus the question of the possibility of solving the problem is resolved by asking, "given certain mathematical assumptions, can one continue a mathematical series towards a solution?" In this case, the explanation is the proof. The other sort of proof is exemplified by a theorem of physics. When one billiard ball strikes another, it imparts motion. Any explanation of this (for example, one involving velocity, mass and energy) gives a rule for deriving what is already evident. In other words, how you explain the phenomenon may change, but the phenomenon doesn't. This distinction is crucial to an analysis of meaning, intention, and the use of rules.

Literary "theory" (from the Greek, "a speculation, a hypothesis"), is clearly of the first sort of explanation. It involves positing a thing that is somehow "universal" or not present in the text – for example, a psychological consideration that writing is the expression of the *anima* or *animus*.³ Since these things must be hypothesized, thought up, we have theorists. This separation takes the general form of "authorial intention" where the "meaning of the text" requires the uncovering of the writer's intention. There are also, of course, theories that involve "universal" intention, notably those of Marxist, psychological or mythological sympathies. Theories are an attempt to attain a systematic and comprehensive knowledge of all literature (including characterization, symbolism, genres, plot, etc.), in all of its diversities and complexities. And while it is clear that explanations and relations exist, what is this to say?

Theories are built to show the nature of literature, but they are built *in abstracto*. These structures are then applied to literature, and evidence for their truth is accumulated. If, say, one were a writer, would one necessarily write according to a theory? If a theorist pointed out, "but such-and-such does not conform to this theory," would not the writer simply appeal to another theory? It is worth noting that understanding a theory, even "unconsciously," does not compel one to use that theory – or even to negate it, since one may simply refer to another theory (even one of one's own making!).

For example, a mythological theorist (say, our own Northrop Frye) sees his task as a theorist as "reforging the broken links between creation and knowledge." Isn't that link arbitrary, if it exists at all? In response to the question, "Why did you write such-and-such?" the writer may appeal to any number of reasons: "It was in character," or, "The cadence demanded it," or, "It shows the relation between...." It simply doesn't seem right in every case to ask for *the* reason; there may be many or none to which the author would appeal. Any rule that theory gives for going from meaning to intention seems illegitimate. To explain: If I say, "It is sunny outside," and you say, "What do you mean?" you are either inept with the English language or you are asking me to verify what I have said. In such a case, I may verify it by pointing out the window, or by saying, "I just asked my roommate, and she told me so," etc., and you may ask, "But how do you know that?" and I may say, "She was outside just now," or, "She is honest," etc. It becomes obvious that one can insert an infinite number of rules between the intention and the meaning, but do any of these rules change the meaning? And where does the need for rules end? Simply, they end when one understands, and this is often at the beginning. Literary theories which are created outside of literature are possible, hypothetical descriptions of literature. They are not actual ones.

The need for rules arises from the separation of meaning and intention, and from the assumption that such words stand for some object (this is the intention, a theorist might say, but that is the meaning). What this essay asserts is that sometimes there is no mysterious thing called "intention," "meaning" or even "understanding" which accompanies either a text, or the activities of reading or writing a text. We do not always do something in order to mean something, other than to say or write something. We do not always do something in order to understand (like look a word up), sometimes we just listen or read. And sometimes what we intend to say is what we do say, and we don't have to correct ourselves by saying, "What I meant [intended] to say is...." We simply say, "I said what I meant [intended] to say," which means roughly, you must take what I said, whether contradictory or problematic, at face value.

In deference to trends, the so-called "negative" theory of deconstructionism is as interesting as it is wilfully obscure. The theory subtracts authorial intention, shows that textual elements conflict, and that therefore, *texts make no sense*. This is an accusation that has been levelled at the "Hermeneutical mafia" themselves, perhaps correctly noting that their scepticism is so extreme as to be self-refuting. The main contention of this argument, by my reading, is that

portions of texts have arbitrary references. That the divergence between meaning and intention is arbitrary, says little though. Looking for meaning just is looking for intention, and vice versa. If this is the case, deconstructionism is not wrong but merely trivial. Such a theory denies riddle, the notion of catharsis, oxymoron, self-refutation in order to provoke thought, etc., as devices of writing. Albeit these devices can be confusing, it is nonetheless wrong to think that a writer is writing in order to deliver the reader from thinking. Such "textual" lapses serve to test the mettle of the critic.

What is wrong with placing a structure over literature? This is to ask, what would it mean for a work to be entirely explicable by a theory? Is it to say that the theory is extraneous to the meaning, or that the theory is the meaning? Could such a thing be possible, or do the possibilities of literature escape these theoretical boundaries? This doesn't seem right either, so perhaps literature does not have clear boundaries and is, so to speak, a creative act which exhibits its own bounds. I am indulging in irony only slightly here as any definition of the word literature is bound to be so vague as to be useless. It is this sort of definition this essay calls into question. It may be simpler to say that every time we use the word literature we are showing one of its meanings.

Theories, on the other hand, often seem useful. They show us the prominence and importance of some issues of critical interest. Sometimes they show us aspects of a text in an illuminating way. This however does not show that such insights could only occur in a theoretical setting, but merely that they have. It is perhaps because many creative critical minds have sought refuge here of late; they infest our academic circles attempting to "institutionalize theory as a sub-discipline within the critical profession."⁴ These creative critical minds have created their profession: theory. But such creation has neutered literature in order to exalt criticism.

This is not to say that criticism is not, or should not be creative; it is merely to say that in evaluating a text there are many rules or "theories" to which to appeal. The acceptance of one over another shows the depth (or lack thereof) of understanding of a text. The critic takes risks, and this is why criticism is creative. Nor does this thesis suggest that the community now involved in theoretical discourse is utterly superfluous. The history of theory will have two uses. It will show in many cases both useful methods of criticism, and some concepts that we do use in the reading and writing of literature. It will also, as this essay readily admits, show that man must often create fictions in order to understand. And that therefore, authors often have something to say.

And while criticism is admittedly creative, it would be well to note that so too is writing. Theory, with its monolithic structures, seems to imply that this is not so: it rules out possibilities. They often do not seem to be necessarily incorrect (see how they muster facts in their defense), but nor are they complete. It is right to say that Eliot is concerned with myth in *The Wasteland*, just as one can see that *Macbeth* is concerned with the transition of political power, but in either case, to say such a thing is to deny the diversity, character and vitality of the work.

Thus far, many words have been devoted to other words that refer to theory, a desolate abstraction; not texts, the chatter of man. Criticism is really a simple matter, though it requires some taste. So the question is how to practice criticism. Here it may be best to begin with the obvious, the status of the text. The text has an ontological place, for reading and writing are something human lives do, and thus assume a moral value.

So what sort of relation does a writer have with his literature? How does a writer use the common denominator of language to say something? For example, writing may simply exercise the meanings of a word within a work; and insofar as a work is complete within itself, it completes everything else. But is this to assert that a writer makes a language, or merely makes use of one? This may merely be a matter of extent, depending on the author. Of this Stanley Cavell says, "That is, the writer's powers of definition, to divide, will be death to some, to others life."⁵

These are heady words. Perhaps it is better to look again, somewhere simple, say a light drama. Laughter: there is a practical prescription for an ailing sensibility. The word practical is, as B. W. Powe points out, from the French "apprendre," meaning "to seize, to take hold of."⁶ It means, when you are reading you may also be doing all sorts of things: sympathizing, laughing, questioning, learning, etc. Seeing a thing for what it is has many risks though.

For example, poetry contains risks. If one reads enough, one begins to hear voices. One becomes aware of that which separates—cadence, imagery, wit, etc.—one presence from another. One becomes aware of the quirks, lapses, personalities that compose human creations. One becomes aware that even writing poetry is a risk, not the least of which is, depending on the circumstances, imprisonment.

This simple observation implies that "words are deeds." Wittgenstein said, "Every sign [word] *by itself* seems dead."⁷ Which is surely a basis and result of theory, in which literature must be rendered valueless, lifeless, objective, in order to produce knowledge, a science of literature.

Finally, what is at stake, besides our ability to feel, in the debate surrounding theory? In practice nothing is at stake. In theory everything is at stake, but probably not tenure.

1 L. Wittgenstein, *Culture and Value*.

2 Stephen Knapp and Benn Walter Micheals, "Against Theory."

3 Daniel T. O'Hara, "Revisionary Madness: The Prospects of American Literary Theory at the Present Time."

4 Carl Jung, *Man and His Symbols*.

5 Stanley Cavell, *The Senses of Walden*.

6 B. W. Powe, *A Climate Charged*.

7 L. Wittgenstein, *Philosophical Investigations*, S 432. Roughly: If a man does not utter it, it is not language.

Economy Class

The tawny little woman from Puerto Rico
dismembered her bicycle for flight,
packed it in baggies and boxes
intent on her suitcase.
She did not wish to pay.
Why should she?

At the border she was arrested,
stopped that is.
- baggage searched
- body frisked
- brain tapped
A suspect chainwheel on the X-ray screen.

The woman next door tried the same thing
with her husband.
Filet de la flamme on the kitchen floor.
Sent the bones packing to his mother
(she always did make good soup),
Wrapped the rest in butcher's paper
and took off to Mexico
(their meat was so highly spiced anyway).

Got through Customs without a hitch.
The lumps of fetid flesh
cloaked in silk underwear,
a matrix on the screen.
Death of woman borne.

She did not wish to pay.

JAYLENE BUTCHART

Translator's Note

De Boisredon's works are as difficult to locate as they are to comprehend. The expatriate Parisian published his writings in limited, privately printed editions which he would send to his various friends on the Continent. Such editions were indeed limited, rarely exceeding twenty copies. Today they are virtually impossible to come by.

I was fortunate enough to see, in a second-hand bookshop in Greenwich Village, a volume of the untitled collection in which the accompanying piece appears. Because the price was far beyond my means, and because I doubted that I would be able to find it again in a more solvent period, I contented myself with memorizing "The Inconstant Friend," which seemed to me to be the finest selection. It is thus that I am able to present it.

"L'Ami inconstant n'est pas remercié" is a superb example of de Boisredon's later work, in which he sought to develop his concept of the "paradigm d'imagination" or fictional paradigm. This form consists of a brief, epigrammatic narrative sequence expository of some aspect of the human condition. It is intended to be, as de Boisredon himself referred to it, "a jewel with but one facet."

There is little which may be explained in "The Inconstant Friend"; the reader must discern its resonances as best he can. Rather than impose my own reactions I will simply pose this question: assuming that the Duchess and Mme. LaFleury are acquaintances of long standing – and in the context of Elise's rejected tenderness – what will happen to Mme. LaFleury at the Duchess' funeral?

The Inconstant Friend Is Not Thanked

The bee buzzed, and Elise watched it.

In the gazebo sat the Duchess and Madame LaFleury. The Duchess was peering dimly at the book in her hands. Although she had long ago ceased to be able to read even the plainest text, she was unwilling to acknowledge it.

The bee continued to buzz, and Elise continued to watch it.

The Duchess lifted her head and directed her unfocused gaze toward her companion, whom she had yet to recognize, and had so far perceived only as an huddled mass in the chair opposite.

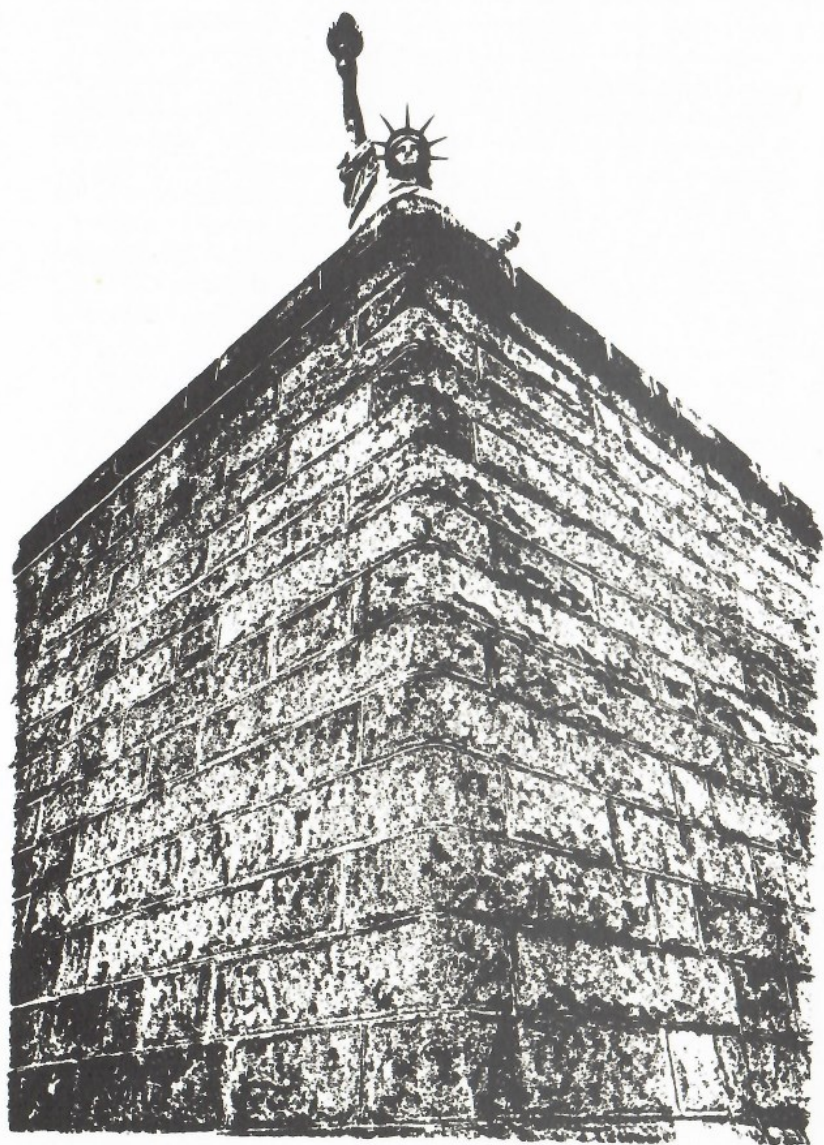
The buzzing of the bee abated somewhat, as did Elise's interest.

The Duchess opened her mouth to speak, producing no more than a croaking rasp. Madame LaFleury, her patience at an end, arose and departed swiftly. The Duchess's lips quivered.

The bee stopped buzzing and came to rest. Elise leaned forward, kissed it gently, and was promptly stung.

Esmé de Boisredon
Haiti, 1923

Translated and presented
by Nicholas Brownlow
February, 1986



GREG VAN ALSTYNE

First Betrayal

Down to the underground, where the restless heels
of secretaries play counterpoint to a flute player
with a battered grey hat before him

Through a wilderness of billboard signs, the traveller
rides the escalator and considers himself Orpheus,
come without a lyre to hell

By grey cigarette machines he mourns
the sleet against the window at Cambridge,
the passage from desire to infliction of pain

He fingers the blunted razor edge of lust.
He rides the London underground for hours
in search of a station named Eurydice

ELIZABETH ELBOURNE

The Cat *(write a story like Kurt Vonnegut)*

This story is about a cat. It doesn't trace the cat's life so much as it shows how one particular cat affected the life of one particular human being. I suppose that really makes it a human story, but it wouldn't be very much without the cat. But then cats wouldn't be very much without us.

This story begins like any other story – with a word. And it ends the only way a story like this can end – with another word.



John Warren hated it when his cat woke him up in the morning. He hated the way it walked on his head, and the way that it got hair in his mouth when he snored. Like most others of his race, he had a much better way of being awakened. The device he used to wake up was called an alarm clock and it looked like this:



The time on the alarm clock was an indication that the cat had awakened him seventeen minutes before the alarm clock would have, and if there was one thing that John Warren really hated, it was being awakened seventeen minutes before he should have been. He had had enough of his cat and its ways. He grabbed it by the neck and began to squeeze. John Warren liked the way it struggled. A cat looked like this when it was being strangled:



John Warren was happy when the cat finally stopped struggling because that meant that he could sleep for another sixteen and a half minutes.

When he got up, John Warren did what he always did, which involved going to the bathroom. Humanity was, as far as anyone knew, the only race that consistently went to the washroom after waking up. John Warren's father, the novelist Kilgore Trout, wrote about a race of extra-terrestrial humans from the

planet Tralfamadore who also did this. The only difference between them and us was that they lived on a planet of giant yaks who always ate beds when they woke up in the mornings. Consequently, the Tralfamadoreans usually stayed in their washrooms all day, and they only left them to go back to bed. Like many of Kilgore's novels, this one dealt with the meaningless nature of our existence.

When John Warren had finished getting ready he left his house to go to work. Going to work involved standing beside a post until he was picked up and later dropped off outside his office. The post he stood beside looked like this:

There was a man standing by the post when John Warren arrived. The man said good morning. John Warren hated that. What right did that man have to ruin John Warren's day? Kilgore Trout had once written a book about a planet whose inhabitants continually insulted each other. A normal conversation consisted of several remarks about each other's mothers and various parts of the anatomy. Like many of Kilgore's novels this one dealt with man's tragic inability to communicate. John Warren wished that he lived on that planet. He also wished that he could hit the man on the head with the pieces of dead wood that he was holding. The pieces of dead wood that he was holding looked like this:



Eventually, John Warren was picked up and deposited outside his office. On the way inside he bumped into a man. That man was me. I said I was sorry, but I was really there to make sure that my favorite character did what he had to do. You see, I felt guilty about the cat, and I wanted John Warren to feel guilty too. I was here to redeem us. I would give John Warren the greatest gift a novelist could give one of his characters – I would give him a cat.

As I watched John Warren get into the elevator I made his father's latest book a best-seller. The book was about a novelist who kills people by writing about their deaths. In the end he accidentally commits suicide while typing his resumé. Like all novels it was about the senseless waste of life.

John Warren got in the elevator and pressed the button that would take him to his office. Humans liked to do things by pressing buttons, and the one that John Warren now pressed looked like this:



John Warren entered his office and walked past his secretary. She ignored him and continued to type. John Warren liked that. He went into his private office and sat down behind his desk. He looked at the walls of his office, felt a strange longing that he could not identify. He reached for a pen and wrote a message to himself in a childish hand. This is what he wrote:

GET A CAT

(800 Words)

JUSTIN MACGREGOR

Emily Anorexic Poetry

remember the past and it expands
hope I haven't disturbed you
eating up the emptiness

censors bearing down on control
oh dear damn secret
let me out say the little pigs
she repeats my words and he erases them twice

LESLEY TURNER



JOHN CONFORZI

Sophia

And it was then that Hemingway had sat down and bought her a drink.

Years earlier that evening the thick pane of glass in the café front had been shot through with dusty orange streaks, as her sun had set so suddenly into a cloud of mixed emotion. Now she watched the blunderingly fluid crowd on the Boulevard, and with her intrudingly bright fingernails drummed a Glenn Miller rhythm on the small ceramic tabletop.

"Une autre?" inquired the bustling white figure.

"Une autre" she purred, without noticing. "Damn him anyway."

At the next table, a large-nosed fellow mumbled cats and fog and children and was complaining about the wind when Yeats spun the chair around.

"Eliot, have you seen Jane? And say, did you know that Hamlet and Lear were gay?"

With a careless toss of her dark hair, she casually crossed her legs. Three days it had been, and she should love him still, but outside the faces shone and she forgot to remember him. She turned all the way around to watch Fitzgerald swirl his Pernod, and she shouted quietly as he watched the Breakers crash into the sides of his tumbler.

"Tant qu'on n'est rien, on n'a pas de problèmes!"

He ignored her.

Inside her the furnace roared, as she purred once more at the hapless garçon. No man had any right to do this to her, but she supposed it was partly her fault anyhow, so she lit a cigarette and let the whispering night tingle up and down her spine.

"Romance," she blurted to no one in particular. "Ha!"

She ignored herself.

It all flooded back; a tide of times that were, and a host of happinesses almost found. That glorious night on the boat off Madeira, when the stars fell and disappeared into the brown stone of the Ponta de San Lourenço. Endless dinners in Biarritz, and all those drifting months on the Cape. Had she known all along that she would leave him now? Of course she had, but there had been posterity to maintain. She allowed a rare sensuousness to sweep across her face as she cast her eyes about the room.

It was then that I knew. As I breezed toward her I knew that she was the most beautiful girl I had ever known, and it was then that Hemingway had sat down and bought her a drink.

"J'entends le rythme lent des vagues," I heard him say as he slipped his hand into hers.

"Take me away, Ernest," she whispered. "We'll have such a damned good time."

I caught a cab on the Escherstrasse, and tried not to break my own heart.

"Where'll it be, mate?" asked Joyce, as he set the meter running and headed for the river.

"Anywhere but there," I replied, as dawn broke through an easy tranquil haze of pastel infatuation. "I suppose we've all got our private ghosts to deal with."

SHAWN LITTLE

Green Dragon Blues

The sign swings
beneath the window:
a great green dragon
bucking the wind.

Steel grates on steel
and the high wail
of a Chinese singer
holds sleep back
with sharp, cruel claws.

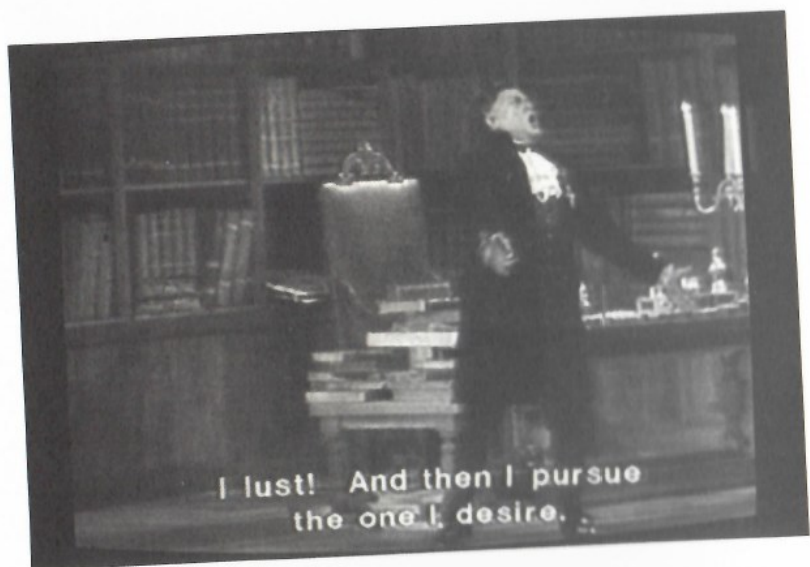
I share unwanted hours
with yellow-suited men
luminous in neon.
They feed a sofa
to a huge machine ...
shove a mattress in
aware of crawling things.

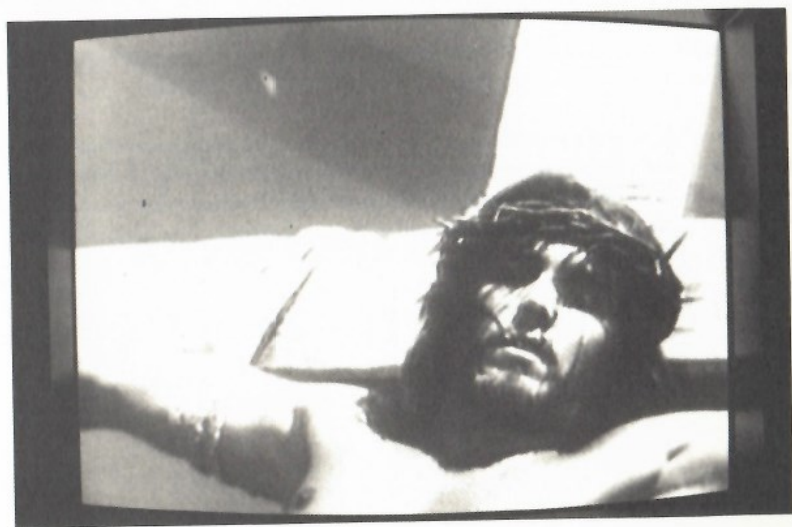
A Chinese curse
and the death-rattle
of thin, white cups
spilling green tea.

They bang about the kitchen
the enemy of bowls:

I am waiting
for the dishwashers
to go home,
taking their midnight with them.

CATHLEEN WATSON-WHITE





JOHNNIE EISEN

Hamlet by William Shakespeare

"Could I Interject Here?"

If you dream about yourself the night before, the next day you're a different person.

Reaching the door, one has her back to you and the other faces you. The latter's face lights up. Seeing this, the former turns with an expectation....

"Hospitals are calling for blood."

"There was plenty of time to practise the almost forgotten art of doing absolutely nothing. We spent long hours gazing at the scene spread out beyond...."

Modern abstract paintings decorate walls that shelter us. Art today, from the predominantly decorative to the predominantly instructive, tends to abstract itself in degrees from its content and its social use. And while it may abstract and alienate itself from previously acceptable usage, it has not abolished content or social usage.

"You haven't got any stinking vices."

Probably ambivalence concerning the apportioning of attention produces greater anxiety in its reception than not receiving any attention at all.

"The book paints female success as a vision of hell. The authoress believes she is talking about things most women are afraid to talk about because their bosses will punish them. She feels the women's movement has betrayed women. She thinks happiness is a baby and a man and a choice of careers. She blames herself; she blames other women."

TELL HIM TO LIE DOWN; THE FEELING WILL EVENTUALLY PASS.

"I Was Sewing My Shoes When ..."

"That's a curved ding-dong!"

An evangelist stood outside the bank dressed in baggy trousers and wide-brim hat. He avoided the glare of the sun by positioning his face in the shade of a young tree.

UBANGITRIBUTARY

"The Beauty Of It Is That She Can Be All Things To You."

A New Jersey Police Chief is being investigated on suspicion he asked a funeral director to open a grave so he could retrieve his hat, authorities said yesterday.

Prosecutor Napoleon Feather said Centertown Police Chief Gene Tierney may have ordered the grave of Deputy Chief Philip "Pee Wee" Schenck opened because Schenck was buried wearing Tierney's hat. "[The charges] could be misconduct in office" and could mean dismissal if true, Feather said.

Authorities said Tierney loaned his chief's hat to Schenck's family for the viewing at the funeral home last April and apparently did not get it back. Schenck was buried April 21. Tierney later ordered a police officer to go with a funeral home attendant to retrieve the hat, a police official said.

"He did get it back," Feather said.

The two ideas are so closely entwined that they should be given a new, unique name.

What Is This? What's That For?

Great contrast polarizes attention. The dominant factor contrasted draws the greater attention.

Nurturing an intimate friendship from casual association.

“Some actions are called malicious because they’re done by ugly people.”

LICHTENBERG

IT'S TOO LATE

ARMED ROBBERY, PROSTITUTION, PHILOSOPHY

In a story told me by a distant cousin, three people meet at a family reunion. The sick girl is languishing on her antique sofa in the middle of the room pampered by a father who looks in on her before making his afternoon rounds. The boy arrives.

"She has a stubborn cold," the father says after effusive greetings. The girl is overjoyed at seeing the visitor and thanks him for his gifts. The doctor invites him to lunch at a place along his route.

"Where are you staying?"

"I have a room at the Hotel."

"Oh good, you won't be seeing her this afternoon will you?"

"No. I won't."

"Tonight then...."

After the meal, they say their farewells but the boy immediately sets out to see the girl. He enters the house shortly before her father returns home.

Pope Poles Staff

Visit Austrian Villages In The Summer At Dusk And See Their Inhabitants Methodically Walking Up And Down Their Only Streets.

We can live like other people without being interested in business.

It's very advantageous to be artless when the police are on your side.

Indivisibility.

It might even be unintentional.

Curiosity: interior motivation.

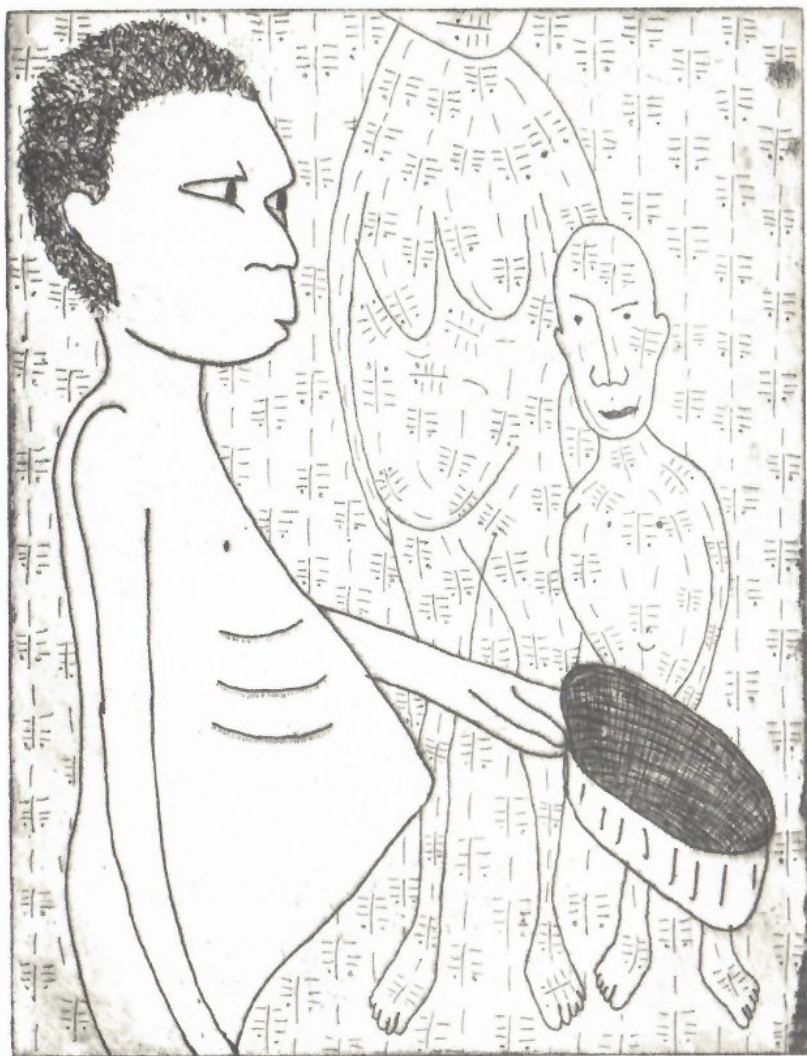
Involuntary volunteer work.

One of the ironies of legislation, of course, is that its effects are also undemocratic. "Vigilance is the price of liberty."

We befriended the salesman who sold us our car and told him to drop by if he was ever in the area. One Saturday afternoon he showed up unexpectedly and we gave him a taste of our European hospitality, setting a hearty lunch and beer in front of him. He became nostalgic and weak. The capable salesman was almost crying in his beer, dredging up his pitiful past. We felt sorry for him and decided he was probably drunk.

You Smell Like Sex To Someone Interested In Your Sex For Its Quality Of Smell

JOSEF TIMAR



LINDA SMYK Linear Hunger



