

THE  
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REVIEW



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UNIVERSITY  
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Theresa DiGangi, *Patrick and Starry Night*

Trinity College, Toronto  
SPRING 1997

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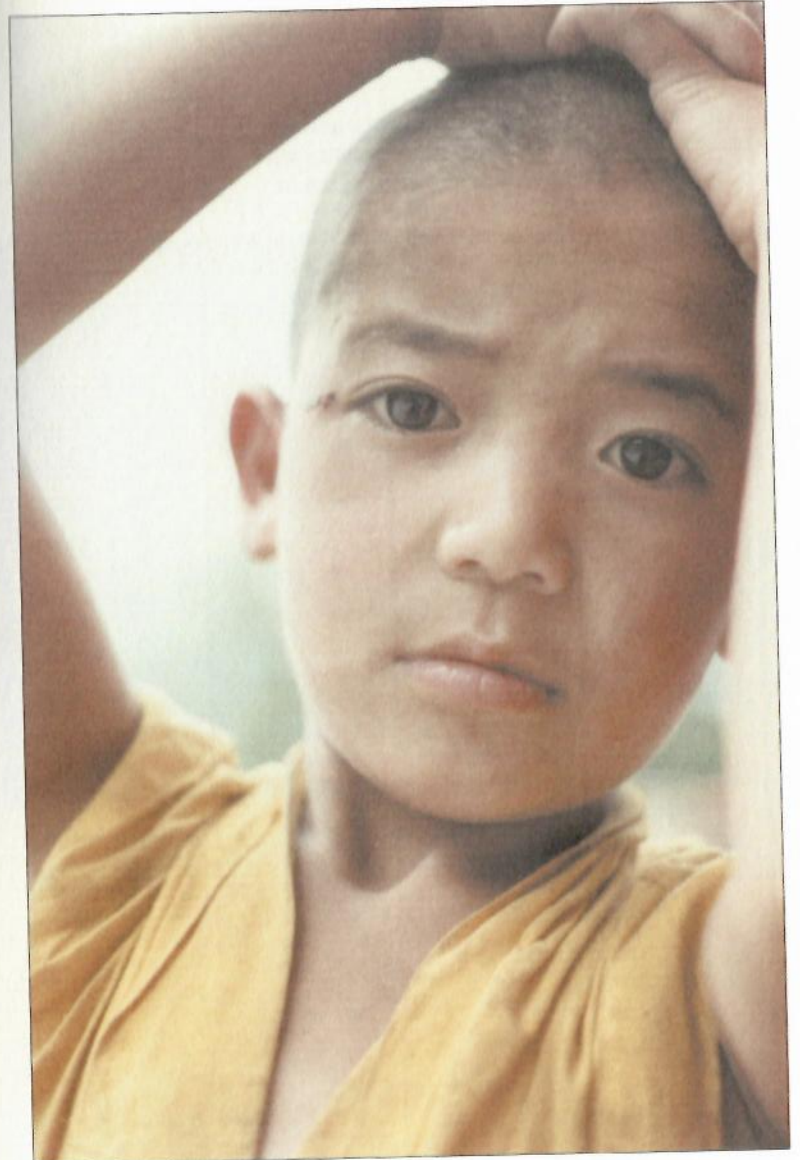
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## Mediation

By Andrew McFarlane

I would like to live under  
The Royal Conservatory  
With six layers of music  
Between me and the sky  
And then if it rained  
The drops would trickle  
Down through a honeycomb  
Of minuets and sonatas  
Picking up grace  
Notes as they fell  
To land sweetly upon  
My face.



TIMOTHY MAGEE

## Miles Davis is dead, but lives.

By Andrew Butler

God, who may not exist, washed a trumpet  
with heroin. Poured it full to erupting with  
Empty promises, pain and abuse. Then he  
allowed it to speak. lingering lovingly  
over windy phrases.

Slurring the tongues of black, oppressed Africa.  
Into a bitter sigh, that enchants and seizes my  
Pink-cream, blood & milk, ear, pins my  
Mind to the wall, ropes me down and  
Scrapes away, with tarry, black fingers,  
The ruins of self-conceit.

A sliver of dull gold; a bent, foreign man; a note:  
The Nile twisting through the sands of Egypt.  
Dulled eyes opened, gluttons eviscerated  
Debauchees emasculated, the wealthy bank-ruptured.  
The haughty degraded. This 'prince of darkness' moans.  
Miles, oh Miles, thou instrument of God.

Why did you blow yourself out? The desert wind  
Has blown, shifting the sand, erasing.

Remember the mortality of your hands  
And actions. people remain silent.

As the horn of the apocalyptic angel, sounds:  
Breath into the dry bones, water for the desert.

Wind for the sails, death and rest eternal.  
Miles Davis is dead. But lives on.



VICTOR GORDILLO

## The Anesthesiologist

By Tim Jancelewicz

I am the soporific magician

he said when I asked his occupation

I provide a bomb shelter for the consciousness  
while the terrain of the body is being ravaged  
while there is the rearrangement of internal parts

he talked slowly and stared directly into my eyes

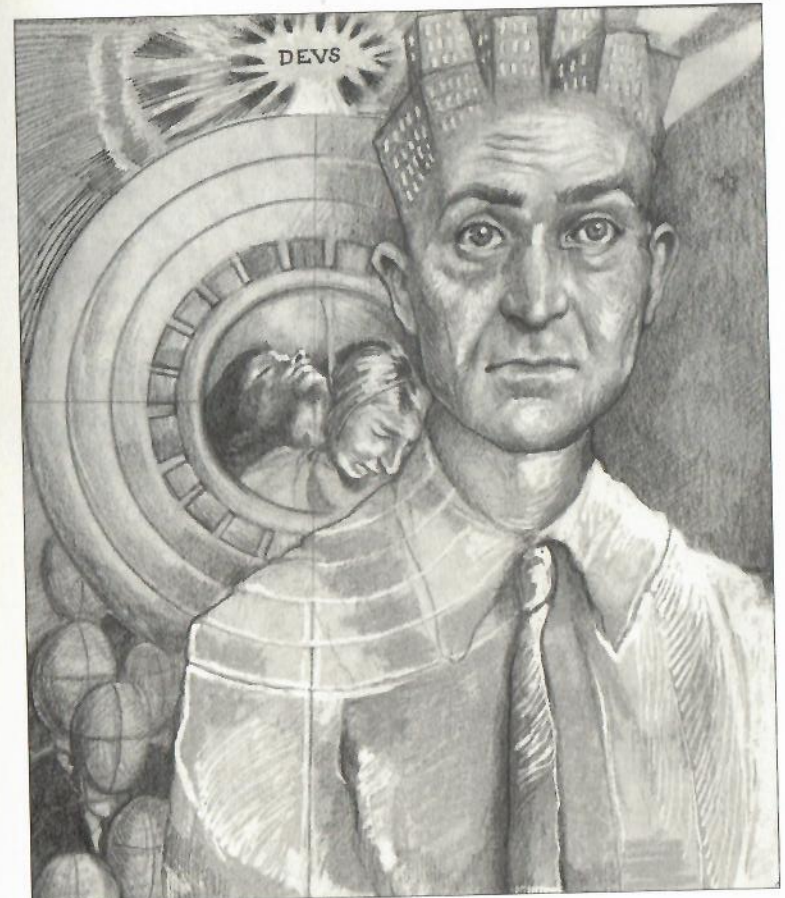
as if the body has become no more than  
a basement full of garden hoses and throw pillows

he coughed he appeared to have a cold  
I thought it odd, his purpose, this intentional darkening of the mind

that is how they think of it, they are commandos  
invaders who talk about it afterwards  
as if they had been dropped from a plane into a foreign country  
*I went in*

his gestures were hypnotic

I perform and step back  
my audience is always amazed into silence

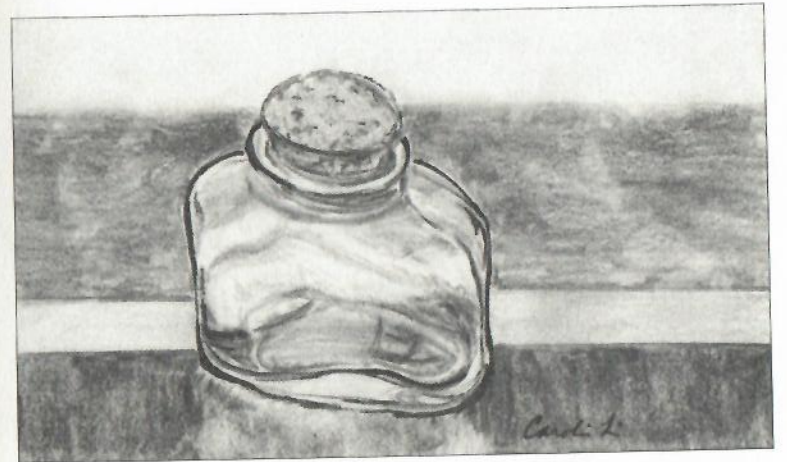


THERESA DIGANGI

## Sixteen Below at Soldiers' Tower

By Andrew McFarlane

The step was silent  
And did not challenge the air  
Nor did it attract  
The notice of the stones  
Upon whose face  
The chiseled names  
Kept their watch.



CAROLINE LI



## Narrative of Pure Reason

By Shekhar Aiyar

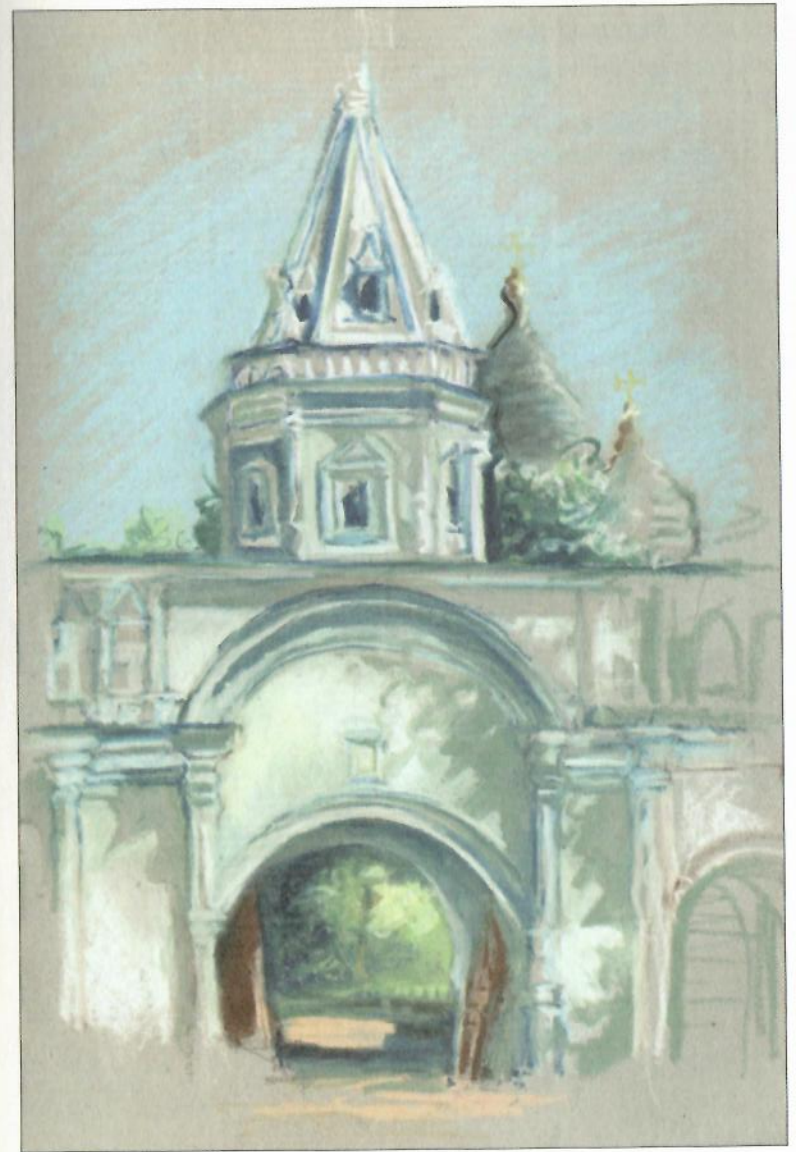
I remember well that sombre sand  
Between the red cliffs and the windless sea  
The wet imprint of a slender hand  
A child's hand, beside the place I lay  
And the broken bars of some TV jingle  
Barring my mind from the empty day

No bird in the arc of a clammy sky  
No created castles, no throb of life;  
A long horizon, open space and my  
Troubled imagination gnawing the mystery,  
Past the groove of a breakfast food,  
Of my companion's invisibility.

William Paley saw design  
In watches and in human eyes.  
I cannot make myself resign  
The anodyne of proven lies.

The Watchmaker does not exist  
What of the record of the sand?  
Or did the elements resist  
The feet but not the vanished hand?

I dream the most elusive plan  
That butterfly did ever dream  
I dream I am a sleeping man  
Wrapped in a winged and weightless dream.



THERESA DIGANGI

## Black & Blue

By Camille Gooderham

Powder pale  
Every edge, every line  
    harshly defined  
In the cinema lights  
Celluloid Bette fakes a pout  
    basking in their flood like adoration

*You've pulled it off, Ms. Davis  
Standing on the line between virgin and vamp  
Modest clothes made sexy by pose  
Passionate blush of an innocent rose*

Are you  
Ever lonely, Bette? Do you ever  
    have those days  
The way I do  
Not in the mood for  
    bows on your shoes

*Do you ever have bad days, Ms. Davis?*

Wanting someone to hold you  
    kiss you  
Afraid of what winning the game might do  
Do you ever feel  
    black & blue?



CARISSA WONG

## Cloudberry Asylum

By Sylvia Przewdziecki

The road had been flat and particularly uneventful. It pierced no more than six small towns and a couple of reindeer farms in the two hour stretch from Rovaniemi. Magdalena was thankful for this. Akseli, who'd been silent the whole way now ran around to help her with the suitcase she was trying to wrestle out of the cab of the pickup.

"Okay," he said, indicating for her to move out of the way. His English was as broken as hers. She stepped aside to let him nonchalantly struggle with the awkward luggage, and took in her surroundings. The house was rooted at the edge of a plantation, and creeping ribbons of orange-yellow berried shrubs were flung out into the horizon. The house itself was a very prim wood-paneled cube with a perfunctory flowerbed at each window. More of the orangy-yellow berries spilled from these flowerbeds. A bushy hedge sectioned off the property. Magdalena moved to close the gate they'd driven through, and noticed that the hedge had a baseboard of cranberries.

Finally managing to extract Magdalena's luggage, Akseli didn't deposit it into her outstretched arms, but proceeded to lug it up to the front door. She trotted alongside. They walked inside to a welcoming gust of warm air. At the sound of their entry, a woman ran down the stairs to greet them, nearly tripping over her bathrobe. She kissed Akseli on the cheek, then extended her right hand to Magdalena, while raising her left index finger to her lips indicating quiet.

"The others are asleep." Akseli introduced the woman as Jutta.

Once she'd made sure that Magdalena was neither hungry nor thirsty, Jutta showed Magdalena to her room. It was on the second floor and had its own key. Magdalena unlocked the door. The room was clean and square, and had absolutely no scent. The floor was tiled in glazed terra cotta, with a brightly coloured rag-rug beneath the sink along the right wall. There was a simple, unframed mirror above the sink, the rest was furnished sparsely in white pine. There was a window on the opposite wall, and Magdalena walked over to it, to examine the drapery. There were two tiers of pull-down window shade: an opaque black and a white, hiding beneath plain blue curtains. Magdalena fingered the shades for thickness. They seemed quite sturdy. She pulled them both down, and the room all but disappeared in blackness. There was a tear in the black shade, making the midnight sun a dogged presence.

She unzipped her bulky suitcase by lamplight, and hurriedly unpacked some of her things to mark the room, to ensure that it would still be hers in the morning. It could have been morning already, for all she knew, but she still wanted insurance for the afternoon. Her two most precious items were at the very bottom of her bag. The first was an aging and worn newspaper arti-

cle: NEGLIGENCE AT THE TOWER: LOT FLIGHT 244 CRASH. The second: her beautiful journal with parchment pages. She shut her suitcase, kicked it under the bed, and put the journal on the pillow. After she'd changed into a nightgown and brushed her teeth, she folded herself into the covers and turned on the lamp, although her body ached for sleep. She'd been traveling all day, was stopped over in Helsinki for hours, and with the time change had no idea what time it was. Somehow the need for a new journal entry was stronger.

There had been a period, not too long ago, when she had been unable to write. She had simply left blank pages—out of respect for days of tragedy. There were 13 blank pages. She looked at the fourteenth page.

*London, April 15, 1992*

*Moved into Aunt Wanda's attic last Monday. Flew in right after the funeral—it was all over the Warsaw papers. I didn't even have a chance to cry until I got here. I sat in the attic room for about a week, refusing to turn on the lights—getting around by smell. I finally stopped having the in-flight meal dream, I guess that's why I'm writing again. Went to the Spaghetti House yesterday and got my old job back—at Aunt Wanda's insistence. She's so strong, keeps telling me to be strong and DO something to occupy my time. Tony seemed happy enough to see me. He called me bella, and wouldn't let me leave without trying his new marinara sauce. I worked today—mixed up every other order. It seems like such a stupid problem—to get Veal Parmigiana instead of Chicken Cordon Bleu. I don't think I'm ready for such trifles, but Tony didn't even comment. Maybe Wanda told him to look out for me. He's a good man.*

*London, April 17, 1992*

*Worked again. A very pleasant blonde man sat at one of my tables at lunch. He left me an indecently huge tip and wrote his phone number on the bill. He winked when he said that was the best Alfredo sauce he'd ever tried, and I realized I'd served him Gorgonzola...*

Magdalena stopped reading. Was it only two months ago that she'd met Haiki? He'd shown up every day for two weeks since she'd written that, sat at the same table, and ordered a different dish each time. He'd finally won her over with an invitation to the Elton John concert. Aunt Wanda didn't think it was smart of Magdalena to go out with a man she didn't know, but didn't push the issue too much. Magdalena had learned to fear little. She certainly wasn't looking for a man, but she needed friends, someone besides Tony and Aunt Wanda to remind her that she still had a life. She read a little further.

*London, May 31, 1992*

*My visa expires in six weeks. I haven't told Aunt Wanda yet, but I don't want to go back to Warsaw. The apartment is full of ghosts, and there isn't enough room for me anymore. Haiki says he knows how to help me, and will get back to me soon...*

Magdalena put down her journal and snuggled into her blanket, realizing that it was probably the most comfortable blanket that she'd ever snuggled under. Bless Haiki's beautiful heart, she thought. For putting her on a plane, and for the sterile little room that awaited her. She opened her journal to a fresh page.

*Kolari, July 2 or 3, 1992*

*Akseli picked me up from the airport just as Haiki had arranged. Nothing is as I'd imagined it.*

Then she slept. A single ray of sunlight bore into her temple. She was on a plane, sitting between Tad and Mariusz. Her brother was editing a script, her husband perusing a medical journal. She herself was uncomfortably bored. The flight attendant was coming down the aisles. "Chicken or beef?" Tad took the beef, Mariusz the chicken, and there was none left for her. Just then the seatbelt sign flicked on, and the plane took a nosedive and started to fall. She screamed and screamed, and her husband and brother couldn't scream because they had their mouths full...

Then the fall was broken by a soft knock. Magdalena stumbled out of bed, shocked at the coldness of the floor. Her room was still veiled in shade. She opened the door onto Jutta's face.

"You will come for breakfast?" the woman asked.

"Yes, thank you."

"In the kitchen. All the way to the bottom of the stairs, and on the right." She turned around and left.

Magdalena got dressed as quickly as possible and went downstairs.

The kitchen was spacious and clean, with the same tile floor as her bedroom and two oblong pine tables arranged in parallel to one another. Food and place settings were spread out on the tables, and she noticed Akseli sitting at the head of the middle table, reading a newspaper. She joined him, and he poured her a cup of coffee.

"You slept well?" he inquired.

"Yes, thank you," she replied. "And thank you for coming to get me last night."

"You are welcome. Haiki explained that you needed some time away. You may stay here as long as you like. Your work permit and visa are conditionally renewable."

Magdalena nodded as she scooped a white yogurt-like substance onto her plate. "What is this?" she asked.

"Viili."

"Ah."

After breakfast, Akseli offered to show Magdalena the cloudberry plantations where she would be working. They strolled into the fields where the four exchange students were busily picking. He showed her the shed where she would pick up large wire baskets to fill.

"What do you do with the berries?" she asked.

"Every Wednesday they are picked up by one of the distilleries. They make excellent schnapps. They're good in cakes, too but are sour on their own. Here." He picked a handful and offered them to her. The berries were indeed sour, and, Magdalena noticed too late, were quick to stain her fingers.

*Kolari, July 5, 1992*

*Today was my first day in the fields. Akseli assigned me a row and I picked cloudberry from morning 'til afternoon. I talked to the other kids while working. They're all around 20, and are here on university work exchanges. I picked half a basket. My hands are fluorescent and my back hurts. I don't think I'll ever want to leave.*

By the end of the week, Magdalena had a system. She followed a cloudberry row to the far end of the plantation, and another row back. She soon figured out how to pull the berries off in multiples without breaking the skin. The work was monotonous and never ending, and she relished it. At night, the solitary sunbeam pulled out her dream. She was on the plane sitting between Tad and Mariusz. The flight attendant came by with the meal cart. Tad took the beef, Mariusz the chicken, and there was none left for her. But when the plane took a nosedive and started to fall, her mouth was full of *viili* and she couldn't scream either.



SOLARINA HO

## Lake

By Andrew Butler

The ribs of cedar strip, the paddle under my knees  
A requisite discomfort to keep me tied to the hooks of my mind,  
To keep me from drifting out into the quiet loops of water  
described in ringlets, around about me.

The wind and water conspire in alien tongues to teach me,  
The overhanging sun reaches me through the  
Dry wisps of cloud.  
To tie my self again to some fixed place, nail me down  
pin me down, while I would have the floating increase.

The sky is a sheen of pearl, and gentle blue,  
I know the waters beneath me would swallow  
this rigidity without hesitation,  
But the closed circuit of the false horizon,  
The canoe's gunnels and braces, is punctured.

A branch from a pine, bent low to the lake  
crosses the brink to caress me home.  
A reminder of things forgot, a loving reminder.  
A reminder of things.  
A reminder.



CHRISTOPHER SILVA

## Ode to a Hot T.A.

By Jonathan Tracy

Stretched out before me in quavering lines, curves, curls of your thin black  
Ink, each comment you wrote still writhes on the page like the deer's track  
Which, through the damp earth winding, betrays her; thus can I seize on  
You in the fresh riverbed knifed deep by your rain-swollen reason.



VICTOR GORDILLO

## Untitled

By Robin Leighton

Come join the fun  
Like everyone  
Most anyone  
Of the ones who came before.

Take a walk down our street  
Meet and greet  
Have a seat  
There's always room for one more.

Never certain of whom  
Will next enter the room  
Throw light on the gloom  
And join in our parlour game.

With the pretty young thugs  
Bugs and drugs  
'Neath the rugs  
That swear never to kill, only maim.

We'll keep you enchanted  
Stories planted  
Favours granted  
You will never think to turn away.

All but one, and I shouldn't say...

He fell like a stone  
Barely grown  
David Cohen  
The boy with the hologram eyes.

I only pray that G-d blesses  
His inky tresses  
Though no-one confesses  
And only the walls heard his cries.



EMMY LEE

## Ode to an Econometrician

By Shekhar Aiyar

I know he seems to like Chopin  
And plays the oboe too  
He's moved to pity by the plight  
Of tigers in a zoo.

He takes in all the latest plays  
And knows his Eliot well  
And quotes the ancients frequently,  
Says "Inferno" for "hell".

His morals are a subtle blend  
Of Kant and Oscar Wilde  
He does not like the guillotine  
He likes his cigarettes mild.

And yet I fear he cannot be  
Spiritually whole;  
Some things may never coexist  
Like statistics and soul.





TIMOTHY MAGEE

## The Philosopher's Tale

By Tim Jancelewicz

*"All that is personal soon rots;  
it must be packed in ice or salt."*

a pilgrimage  
in the salt-packed winter of the city  
for invention utterly without history  
and utterly without inspiration

glistening in the dull metal costume of my car  
frozen at a very red light  
I am the muse freshly banished from the poetic womb  
by Philosophy

and from the partial isolation of my car I can hear  
the crunch of salt like diamonds under feet  
and the sound of old snow rotting

on the southwest corner  
someone slides coins  
into one of the metal boxes huddled there  
scabbed with hardened street slush  
colours obscured by salty cold grime  
the Sun, the Globe, the Star  
a miniature cosmos  
boxes of words chained to a post

on the northwest corner  
a bum pisses into a plastic bottle  
and flings it in steaming lines at the glass door  
of the Toronto Dominion Bank

salt is everywhere:  
stuck in the treads of boots  
lines and white auras on dry concrete  
stuck between teeth  
bullet holes in the ice  
packed into the space between the skull and the brain

made visible by the cold, exhaust swirls  
around my idle car

I can hear the stars coming out  
they were scattered in handfuls across the night  
but now they begin to surround me  
like squeegee boys braving the elements  
insistent and easily ignored

the bum crosses the street to my car  
and with a brown finger taps on my window  
I roll it down and he says  
'every ancient or modern work  
is nothing more than intersections  
disguised as inspiration'

perhaps a new language would help  
in which each word is born and dies in its own vacuum  
each word is all words

I long for the silent red heat of the womb

I am on

