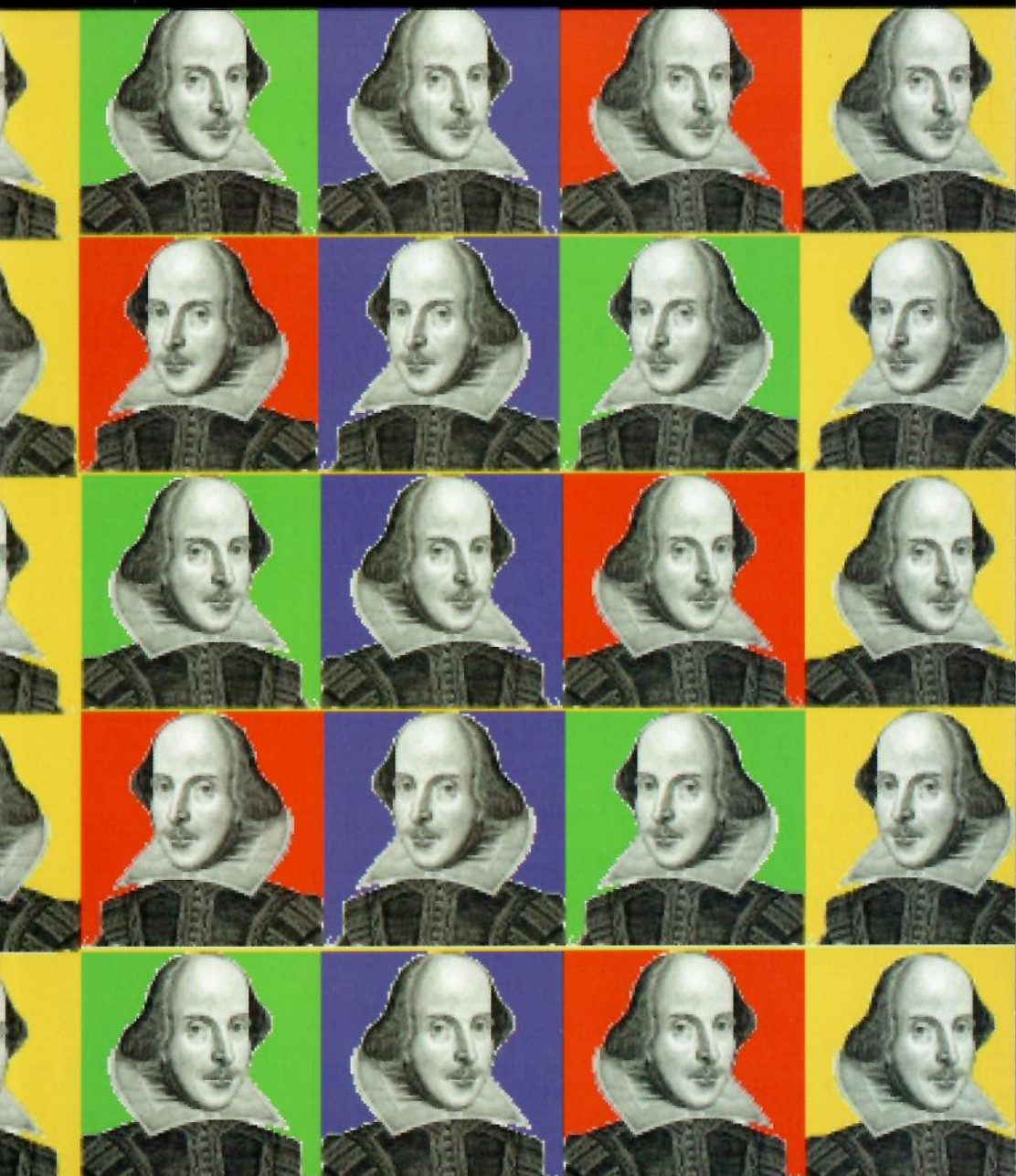


TRINITY REVIEW



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Kuthodaw Paya in Mandalay, Myanmar
Adelene Tan

TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW

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**A Page From the Journal
Of Miss. Rosa Seyon, age 47,
Member of the LTTE. ***

The same old story,
a rainy day, a shared umbrella...

I told him my secrets,
my dreams of love and life:
of marriage in moonlight,
of holding my first born,
of becoming a wily grandma.

He laughed listening to me,
his adam's apple dancing,
his eyes mocking...

6 With eagerness of youth, he talked
of equality and liberation;

He was pregnant –
with ideas of freedom,
of Eelam.

I called him silly.

That year, he died...
labouring to give birth,

to a nation

Anonymous

* The LTTE is a force fighting for a separate Tamil nation, Eelam, in the North East of Sri Lanka.



Not drowning; waving
Adelene Tan

Canoe Trip

I dreamed two lives in summer's August days
And now, fragmented
I go to welcome winter.

One life I saw in the bend
Of your neck
And your easy strength.
Through the dream-river blue of your eyes
Trail-side flowers take a different hue.
And you laughed from trees at precipice's drop
As I slipped like pebbles beneath your feet.

This dream is brittle as bird-bones:
a long-dead heron by the water's edge.

The other dream;
A life more painful
And not entirely unconnected
With you.

Lights from the North
And the ice and crystal glory
Of late summer stars.
Wolf cry and bird song, filtered through
A night somehow more alive than any I have known.

it seemed the wonder of Creation
Condensed to a needle-fine shaft
Through my soul,
And all my questions answered
In a single trail of light across the years.

Such clarity does not come light.

Catriona E.K. James

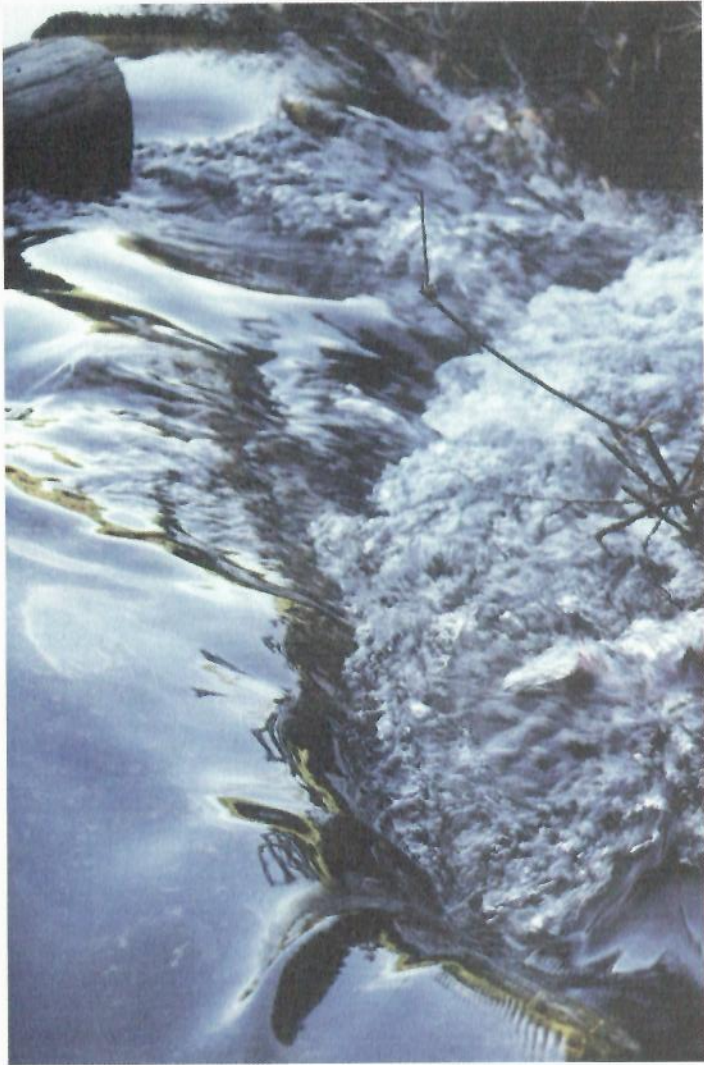
The Triumph of the Nutcracker

As his wooden molar grinds the walnut
carapace, the blank-dream soldier drools crumbs
between the painted boxes of his teeth.

He stands at attention like a rifle
while the curled brain of a foetus tumbles
with shredded shell shrapnel to buffet it.

The walnut heart shudders twice on its back
in smashed anaphylactic surrender
to a tune sung to a cedar salute.

Ray Hsu



Untitled
Solarina Ho

Est. 1876

sex on the dance floor
 pumping trances
 bruised egos and piss beer
 crystal girls
 paper boys
 cheap shots and cigarette burns
 lion of the loins
 roaring thunder clasps
 shatter the eardrums
 constant buzz to stay alive
 die again next thursday
 I always plan to never return
 but temptation lurks behind every corner
 it is too easy
 and life is too slow
 we come to dance
 to forget
 to run
 to regurgitate the sirens of lust
 they all melt into one

 i get in for free.

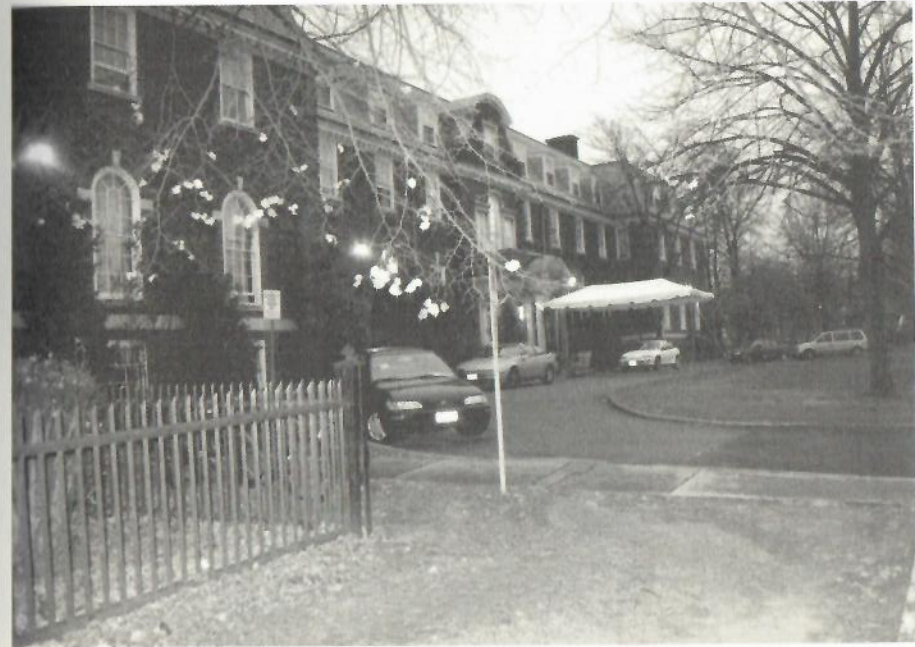
Ali Lam

Guilt: a lesson in lessening.

Guilt is something best forgot,
it causes only sighs,
Unless, red-handed, you are caught,
And have no alibis
For 'true' repentance is so rare,
that many times the law,
seeing tears and woe and care,
will seal its flaming maw.

So stow your sighs of sad regret,
And make your spirit blithe,
For guilt is only useful when
It makes another writhe.

Andrew Butler



St. Hilda's
Sofia Galadza

November

One night
I dreamed my mother
Walking past tumbled pillars
On a rock-strewn, thorn-twisted path
That passed through water
And up steep climbs.
The sun was in the trees,
And she walked with the same
determined step as ever.
Only

She never once looked back
To where my father and I stumbled
Behind.

An Orpheus perhaps
But vowing not to make that mistake
Of one who cares so much.

At the time
I did not understand
Why she might leave us
To struggle alone.

Catriona E.K. James



Children from the Russell Island
Diana Juricevic

The Case of the Barthoff Diamond

by Michael Seringhaus

It is with great fondness that I turn now, in the twilight of my forty-seventh year, to the subject of my great and dear friend, Mr. Winston Price; for though his memory resounds in my skull like the tolling of many a great and hearty bell, I fear that the great Mr. Price, while nearly a household name of late, was intimately known by precious few men. And I hold myself eternally thankful that I, my dear reader, am one.

I first met Winston Price at a cattle show in the spring of 18—, as I and the surviving members of my family were searching for a buyer, some philanthropic and kind-hearted soul to relieve us of the few maimed, diseased head of cattle that were, at that point, our only worldly possessions. Too poor to assemble even the meagre admission price, I was squatting in a pile of my own refuse and filth just outside the cattle show grounds, with my wife unconscious to my left, and my darling niece Winnie relieving herself in a small, burbling brook not four feet behind us. So we were, begging and panhandling, steeped in squalor and filth, searching in vain for that imagined philanthropist to buy our pox-ridden mutant cattle, or indeed to spare a farthing so that I might feed poor Winnie. I had given up on feeding the remainder of my family years ago, but like a vicious itch they persisted, clinging to life though emaciated. Little Winnie, however, enjoyed her activities in the brook immensely, and did so with verve and zeal rarely found in one so young; a dear shame would it have been, then, had the wench been deprived the food, the raw grist for her metabolic mill. Myself, I subsisted on gruel and the odd dead rodent — indeed, I was in a sad and sore state that spring of 18— when, as I said, I encountered the greatest detective that has ever lived, Mister Winston Price.

Little betrayed the rotund gentleman's approach — for though ample in girth and grin, the man trotted along almost noiselessly, seeming to draw near without actually touching the ground. Gliding on air, my dear reader, was merely one of Price's astounding abilities. As he later told me, the coefficient of buoyancy in air was hardly a difficult thing to ascertain, was one even slightly scientifically inclined; and once discovered, it was an act of child's play to adjust the gaseous concentrations in one's own four humours, using as a reagent the mystical gas of

Helium, until one's frame was of, as he called it, Neutral Buoyancy. Such scientific arguments are beyond me even now, my dear reader, so my surprise (as a mere vagrant) at seeing this jolly man's ever-so-smooth approach was redoubled. Wearing a stiff black coat and tails, with impeccably polished boots and a crisp hat, the man's smooth, pampered cheeks seemed to glow with joy and self-satisfaction as he stopped in front of my miserable display, and as noiselessly as he had come, settled softly to the ground. Only the soft creaking of leather as his boots adjusted to the earth interrupted the pale hiss of the wind in the long grass. I was dumb-founded by this apparition and, quite unable to speak, rose from my pit of foul-smelling excrement; I brushed the majority of hay and mucus from my pants and stretched, savouring the stench of freshly liberated gas from the myriad festering pits that dotted my unkempt body. Taking the threadbare halter of the best of my cattle, a three legged cow with one functioning eye, I addressed the gentleman.

"Sir, care for a cow? She's got a working eye, we're a smidgen short on the old din-din right now, so you'll get her for a steal."

"It seems she's been stolen several times already," said the man, his thick baritone climbing into my ears like an active and curious kitten, the glimmer in his dark eyes betraying an intelligence that seemed greater even than my own. "For here, as you can see," he continued, "she has a collar on."

Indeed, the cow did. The collar bore a little brass circle, in which were inscribed the words

**This cow is the property of
Viscount Barthoff
4 Ludlum Lanes
Hartfordshire**

Now this was puzzling, since I certainly had not stolen this filthy beast from Hartfordshire; rather, I stole her from a dirty old pawnbroker specializing in watches and cattle, on The Strand. Mister Price had evidently deduced this, from the receipt fastened not far from the collar, which said as much. Already, I was impressed by the man's deductive abilities.

"Here," the gentleman said, handing me a shimmering new shilling. "This is my body, which I brake for thee, and this is my blood, which you should try some of too." Curious religious posturing and blasphemous attempts to portray himself as the messiah were, as I would shortly learn, not only one of Price's most characteristic features, but also of great use in such cases as The Adventure of the

Incontinent Monk; a tale which, given time, 500 a year and a room of my own, I would be glad, O dear reader, to relate.

"Well the Price is right, guv'nah!" I exclaimed, snatching the shilling and rubbing it gleefully in my palms, "thanks ever so much guv! Here, here you go, take her!"

I handed the cow's bridle to the man. He made no motion to take it.

"No, no my dear sir, I have no use for an animal such as this. However," he said, looking me up and down slowly, and nodding in slow approval, "I do have a use for one such as yourself."

"Oh," I said, only half paying attention. This sounded suspiciously like work, and while work was fine for the proletariat, the sub-proletariat panhandler class, of which I was securely a member in good standing, had grown to prefer the concept of getting a little free than working for a lot.

"Indeed," he continued. "My name is Winston Price, and I have taken rooms on Butcher street in London, and am presently searching for a room-mate with whom to split the rent. They are a fine set of rooms, to be sure, but slightly too rich for my purse, I'm afraid."

"Too rich for your purse," I repeated incredulously, "why, least you got a purse, guv'nah! I can't even feed my niece or my poor wife! What makes you think I can afford to split rooms wi' the likes o' you?"

"Nothing, my good man, nothing makes me think it." Here he grinned broadly, and leaned somewhat closer, "yet a good deal makes me know."

"Ah, bleedin' hell, you're crazy!" I was beginning to feel mocked and offended.

"Far from it, far indeed," he said, smiling all the wider now. "For you are a vagrant, but underneath your second skin of dirt and faeces, I see the makings of a loyal and good-natured helpmate, a companion for my adventures. I am a consulting detective, you see, and as all good consulting detectives, I require a helpmate. And you, I think, shall do admirably."

"But why? I've nothing, guv'nah, really I don't, all I got is my family and these cattle, which you yourself told me not two minutes ago were stolen! I don't know nothing 'bout detectives or consulting or any o' that!"

"Now that is where you are wrong," he said, the smile never faltering. "You, as a vagrant, understand full well the inner workings of the thieving mind, and are in a position, should you accept my offer of subsidised living, sexual encounters and prosperity, to assist me greatly in my cases."

"Why, I never! Are you serious guv'?" This all sounded very unlikely. Why should a gentleman wish to take under his wing so dirty a protégé as myself? Why here, why now on this dusty road outside a cattle show?

"There is but one condition," he said, the frown evaporating like yesterday's dew from his face. "I have a question regarding the acquisition of this animal."

"What, this old thing?" I asked, gesturing at the cow.

"Yes, she's the one."

"Well, go ahead guv, I don't know uch 'bout cows but I'll see what I can tell ya. You know," I went on, reconsidering, "with this bein' a cattle show, you'd probably be best asking some bloke inside. I bets me my new shilling they know a thing or two 'bout cattle!"

Price was unswayed. His steely eyes penetrated to the very depths of my mind as he said "When you acquired this cow, the pawnbroker in The Strand was in process of changing the collar, correct?"

How on earth had he known that? Flabbergasted, I was unable to do anything but nod in agreement.

"And did you happen to see which animal the collar was taken from, before being placed on this creature here?"

"Indeed, indeed sir, from this sorry beast right here!" I gestured frantically at the poorest specimen in my small herd, a tripod cow with an obvious gangrenous infestation in its snout.

"Thank you kindly, sir. How much for that animal?"

Again, I was awestruck. "Why, just take her, sir, she's mere moments from death anyhow!"

"Indeed she is, my good man, indeed she is." Price reached both hands into his coat pockets and produced in one, a fistful of coins, and in the other, a gleaming seven-inch blade. My eyes widened in terror.

"Oh God sir, please spare me, please spare me!"

"I know not thy quarrel, my son, for that which plagues thee shall be washed away as sand from a stone when I, in my second coming, arrive to judge the quick and the dead."

This second coming of blasphemous tripe from the fat man's mouth went all but unnoticed; all my attention was fixed on the shining blade. Price extended the coins, and dropped them into my pocket. 'Oh great,' I thought to myself, 'he's trying

to make it seem like a robbery so he can say he killed me in defence.' That's how all those bourgeois scum got their fun, wasn't it?

With a flicker and a flash, the blade darted forward, but as I closed my eyes I felt nothing but a wave of warmth pass over me. I opened my eyes to find myself covered in the cow's blood, and the gentleman on all fours, rummaging in the cow's sliced stomach. With a sudden shriek of joy, he emerged into the daylight, clutching a small, bloody sack of flesh in his hand.

"This is it, my good man, the end of a long quest!"

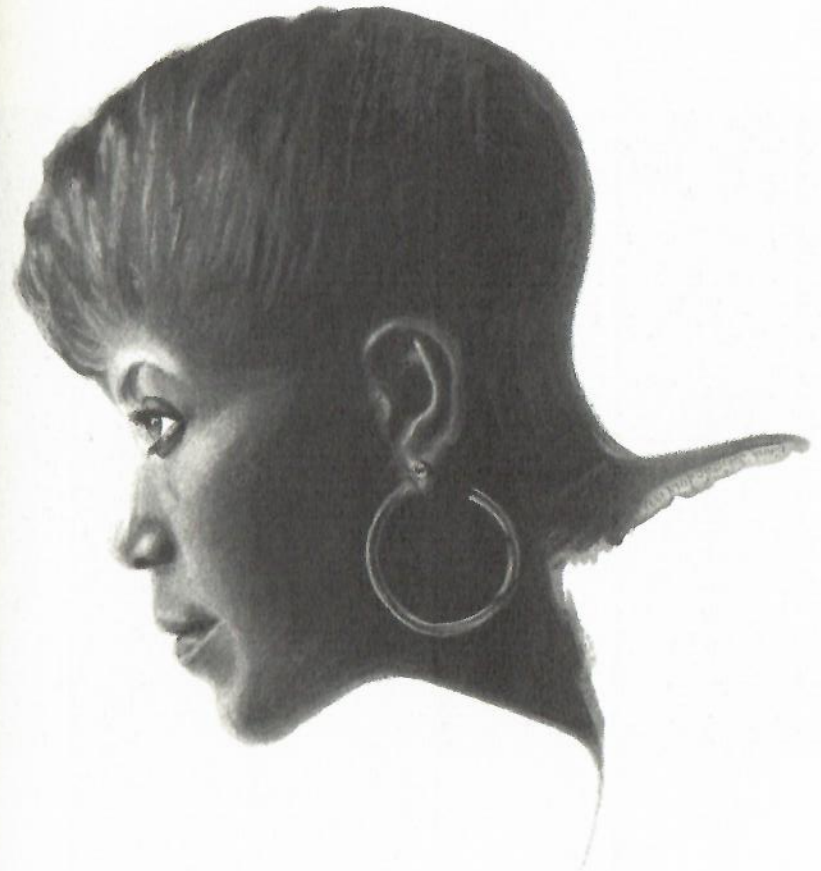
This man was crazy. Totally insane. Or so I thought.

Suddenly, four policemen burst through the show gates and panted to a stop at the gentleman's side, just as Price rose up from the cow's corpse, shaking the red treasure triumphantly. "I've got it," he told the sergeant, "I have recovered the diamond."

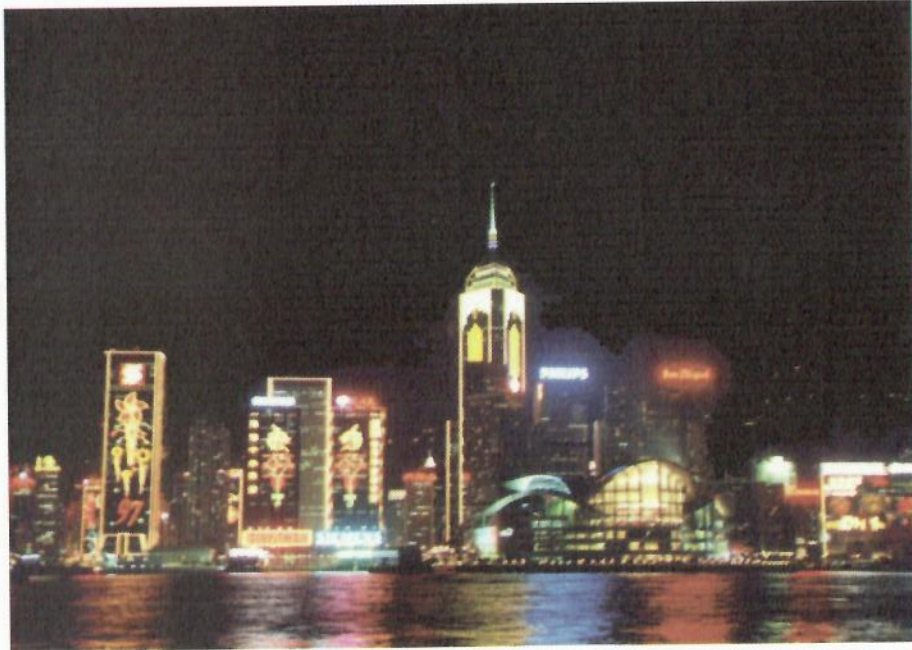
"Incredible, Price," said the sergeant, scratching his head in obvious awe.

"Indeed," Price said, "yet indeed are all my works incredible, for I am the only son of the Lord our God."

The policemen, obviously quite familiar with Price's routine, laughed heartily, and after a moment, I joined in, as did Price. Another mystery solved, another lost jewel recovered. And to think that I, in my own way, had played a part in the brilliance of Price's solution made me happy, and bold to boot. I graciously accepted the man's offer to live in his flat, cleaned myself up, learned to read and write, and in the months and years to come went on to observe the closures and final solutions to many incomprehensible and astounding mysteries. As with this first exposure to the ways of Price, I could rarely follow his logic, was absent for most or all of the investigation, and failed to see the relevance of any of his deductions; but I was always present for the grand finale, the stunning conclusion to the mystery, the solution to the case. Sometimes, as with this inaugural case, the solution illuminated part of the preceding detective work; often, though, the final deductive miracle left me just as confused as ever. However, in the long tradition of great biographers, I shall endeavour to continue what I have begun, and lay down with my pen a first-hand account of some of the more stunning of Winston Price's cases.



Wilma Rudolph: A Portrait of Determination
Diana Juricevic



Victoria Harbour, Hong Kong 1997
Solarina Ho

Red Light at the Intersection

Here, we huddle apart
bricks congealed into rocks
and wait the passing
knights in shining Hondas
that part the slush like Moses.

The wind
winds taut my scarf
daring a tug-of-war
against my neck.

My throat hunches
behind my teeth
a shield
against nails of sleet.

Our boots, gnarled into the ground
draw icy blankness into our feet
sins, and fingers, biting like
mint toothpaste

as we wait for the green torch
that give us our turn.
Waiting to be written

Ray Hsu



Jewel
Brian Yung

Snapshot

White porcelain skin

cast in

faded

amber

street light

set against a black Spike Lee background

no smile

no shimmer

Shadow

cleaves her face

in two,

the dark slice smaller

Drained mauve lips

frost-bitten

thin

fixed in expressionless...

something

She opens the car door

and steps outside

dart part shivering in the cool April air

she leaves tiny shards

like glass crumbs

on my car seat

Stuart Laidlaw



Samba the Hunter
Diana Juricevic

The Invitation

by Urmi Desai

The rickshaw pulled up behind the bungalow, a small structure of cow dung, barely holding itself together, seeming to melt under the sun's attention. The rickshaw-wallah looked at me with large expectant eyes; the effect of two full moons on a midnight sky was not lost on me. I struggled to find from my purse rupees but encountered only shillings. The young boy's eyes followed the rustling of my hidden hand suspiciously. Beads of sweat ran down us both; down his oiled hair, shiny face and bare back, merely marking a faint line along my hairline. Mother had always said that perspiration was a matter of mental control. My moist hands felt around the bottom of my bag as my eyes frantically attempted to avoid the gritty air that demanded contact. He was now intently studying the ground lest he look up and let me catch sight of the impatience in his eyes. Impatience -that is the word my husband would use - I am more inclined to say anxiety; yes, the anxiety spoke of a missed rush hour at Brahmpur University, while this English memsahib fumbled around. I had better make the wait worthwhile. A peacock wandered by spreading its beautiful tail, giving Ajit -the boy, I had asked him- another familiar object to attach his eyes onto. My mind lost its focus, detection of my drenched back almost drove me to fling the contents of my purse out into the dirt path.

Andrew, my husband, had told me to pack my things carefully before I left. And in my usual fashion I had ignored his pedantic advice as it slowed my flights of fancy, all the while murmuring, "yes, yes" -I did not want him to believe that he was not appreciated. The luminescent invitation had come only one month ago - bright gold foil etched with a fine red ink. Andrew's mother had announced the arrival of the garish package as she continued to knit a tasteful scarf of muted gray and rose. I felt my heart jump a bit at the mention of a bold red envelope; the last time I had held such paper, I was saying goodbye to my dear friend Shanti as my

father gave the servants piles upon piles of our belongings. The belongings were coming with us on the voyage to England -back home, my father had said heartily.

Mother had just died and I was devastated about leaving my beautiful home on 2nd road in Bighbar Gardens, Maypore District. My father was then a district superintendent, a member of her majesty,s most treasured servants in British India; a part of the British Raj. I had grown up in the greenery of large mango trees and shorter, fuller trees bearing the papal fruit. The pomegranate was a vibrant red; the pear a violent green. The fruits dripped with colour, and of course, sweetness. Animals, cows, bullocks, peacocks, swallows and even lizards wandered freely adding splotches of pattern on the green backdrop. I would often miss colour in England.

28 My father was a liberal man, determined to show the natives the way to succeed, and he allowed me to explore as I wished -within reason- after all, as I was an English girl with societal responsibilities. My responsibilities to European society were as it turned out, not extensive, as my father,s post lay hundreds of miles from Maypore, the more populated British centre. Instead, I enjoyed the company of the two children of the area's chief health administrator and the daughter of my father's right-hand man. My father greatly admired Dr. Ahmed and Pandit Chatterjee. As a political trio they worked together admirably, often seeking the others, opinions, rarely acting on them and quarreling often but with respectful tone. Their social association was also model; no unnecessary talk of religion or politics but only gems of tales and clever episodes from remembered childhood days and pranks. While our fathers chatted on the venderah and our mothers took tea in the kitchen after bringing the hot pot outside- the four of us ran about the vast gardens that surrounded my ome. We were a motley crew -fair-haired and blue-eyed Rowena, milky-tea complexioned and coal-black haired Shanti, and the two Ahmed boys, one sandy-toned with deep brown eyes called Firoz, the other darker with hazel eyes, Sayed. Had we been closer to town, the disapproving glares of society -

whether English, Hindu intellectual, or Moslem professional - would have planted a seed of doubt in our minds. As it was, our parents were busy dancing their intricate dance of civility and so there was no time to give us doubts about each other. We ran and played tops or rings or mango thief with abandon, saddened when our mothers would come to fetch us saying that our fathers had decided to end the evening visit in time for dinner, which was always curious to us - we never ate together. We played together until we grew up, 11 or 12 years of age, and suddenly the boys were not brought around anymore. We missed their bright smiles and polite ways; we missed the freedom of childhood that once made us all equals. But we were older, awakening to new responsibilities and there grew the possibly of misunderstanding them. Shanti would often meditate on Sayed's mystical eyes for hours on end while I secretly wondered about Firoz's dark ones. Shanti and I took many long walks in the gardens in the cooler evenings when the humid air would be chased away by afternoon downpours. I could never see enough of Shanti's thick, black braid -I suppose I envied its untamed length- and she admired the flexibility my sturdy trousers offered. We sat forever on those slippery rocks, relishing our shared silences and ecstatic outbursts. Shanti meant peace in ancient Sanskrit and her serene brown eyes always reminded me of it.

I cried everyday for months once back in England -silently of course. My father was sadder now and I did not want to disappoint Mother in heaven by losing my composure and adding to his misery. Soon I recovered and quickly enjoyed the company of the many young women and men who wanted to hear of my jungle birthland. I never told them of Shanti, Firoz and Sayed, and I fear that their visions of Bighbar may have lacked the vibrant calm that I associated it with. I simply did not have the words to paint in those tones. When I looked down at the red-gold of Shanti's wedding invitation, I recalled her going away present to me. Shanti had labouriously copied it in red freehand onto a piece of gold leaf paper, she always used red ink; it was a poem on colour and darkness by the Bengali poet

Tagore. I left India in 1914, when I was a fifteen year old girl. I was 25 now, a married woman; it had been ten years since I had last been home.

The dung shack I had the rickshaw stop in front of, was not Shanti's. Her father had continued to advance positions and now found himself district superintendent under the direction of the British commander in distant Maypore. His daughter's marriage to the son of another top-ranking Hindu, a judge, had been a three-day festival attracting hundreds of relatives from all parts of India. His was a long-time influential family of West Bengalis; his family name Bannarjee, his given name, Anil. Shanti had informed me of all this after I had responded that regretfully I could not attend the ceremony as my mother-in-law had become inexplicably sick on the fortnight of my departure. Shanti quickly assured me that she understood in-laws as she lived with hers and urged me to come when I could. I arranged to visit her six months after her wedding. Her careful directions had brought me to the shack that she had described as servants, quarters located on the far edge of her husband's large property. I had wanted to disembark the rickshaw and walk along the breath-taking pathway to the main complex; the post monsoon evening cool had quickly brushed aside the midday heat. A loud palate of colour promised to serenade me as I walked -provided that I could leave the rickshaw. I was having no luck in locating my rupees. "Memsahib," I heard the accented voice say and as I looked up I saw her coming towards me with a bright teal sari and dancing eyes. My chest both contracted with joy and relaxed in relief -I had always feared what years could do to a person. We embraced and over her shoulder I saw Anil paying the rickshaw-walla two rupees -a small fortune for the boy. I attempted to intervene to offer my own payment but was prevented by Shanti's excited questions. Yes, I had traveled well. No, my husband could not come. "Oh, it is too bad. I had really want to meet William or Billy as you say," she giggled in her musical English. I thought of William, a fun-loving solider with a boy's spirit and a man's sense of right. I could not marry a solider and he understood; I suddenly

felt the pang of a 12-year-old girl with denied opportunity. Our correspondence had been too spotty; I quickly corrected Shanti's mistake and brought her up-to-date. The pang persists and moves me to blurt out, "How are the Ahmed boys?"

"Firoz is doing exceedingly well as a lawyer and Sayed as a doctor...and..." her voice hesitated. Her far-away eyes tell me what I do not need to be told but am, Sayed too had just married -his bride is a lovely girl from a prominent Muslim family. "Wait," I say as my hands finally grasp the loot I had resumed searching for. I add two rupees to Ajit's existing treasure. He is profuse in thanking me and quick in departure. A cool breeze runs by, Shanti shivers. Anil scolds her for not bringing a shawl and mutters something about impetuous women. He walks ahead after we are introduced and I am greeted warmly. Shanti walks two steps behind him and I walk into colour with my raven-haired friend. She says, "I know Anil, you are right," while winking at me; she does not want him to believe he is not appreciated.

