

TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW

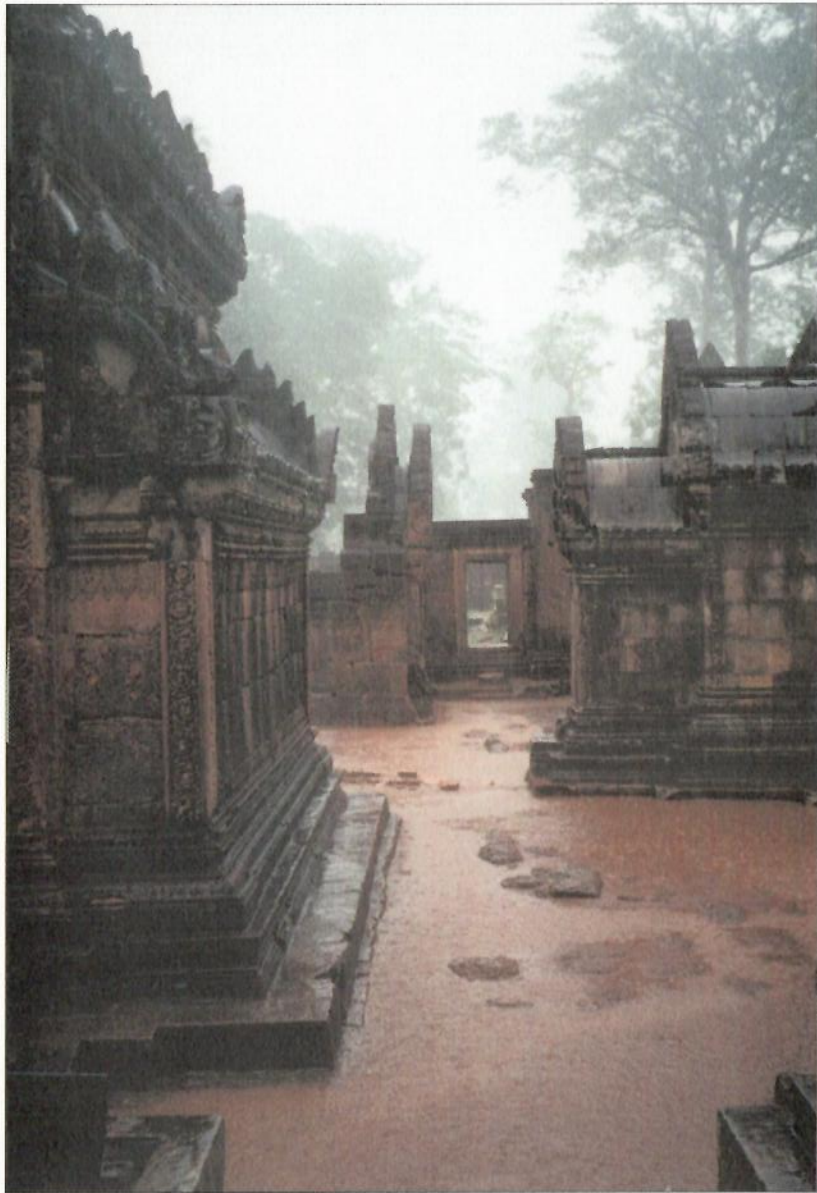


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Monsoon Rain at Banteay Srai, Cambodia



CATRIONA E.K. JAMES

TRINITY
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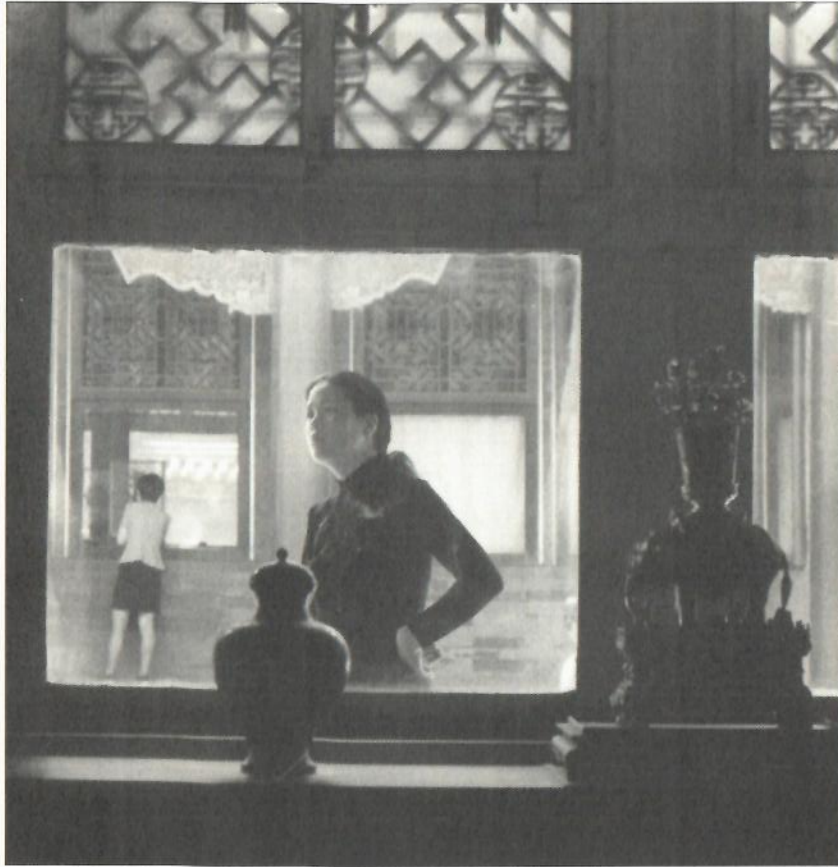
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ELSPETH TORY

Reclamation



The Concubine Residence in The Forbidden City, China

ALI LAM

-e- Editorial comment I (*From Birches*).

- "By a philosopher who snuck in and struck out."

Everyone is different, and their
souls and skins have differences.
And each in their own way clings to a stony crag,
and feels their roots going
down, and
down,
into the past of themselves.

Everyone has their share
(give or take) of wind and water, and would die
without that share -

but the method of
administration
of that share varies.

Everyone was a seed,
is in part a seed,
shall spawn seeds anew.

Everyone is a flourishing tree,
at least in part,
and in that part
there is growth.

But.

But there is a flaw in the metaphor -
thankfully that is, or else it would not be
A metaphor, but the truth
(and I have no right to truth).
But this flaw can be left
out

of the picture, it can be edited
out

of the frame.

This flaw is blatant,

but so is the sky,
and how often do
you notice the sky?

ANDREW BUTLER

rm 244

all i ever see is the Four Seasons
and somehow i live through it
but all they are
are lights
neon Venice signs
techni-porn colour
funk beat
base feed
snake grind
rain-pound-my-brain
and life rolls on...
somehow they shine through the trees
these haunting portraits
as history that blew off with the angels
so all i can do now
is write of my previous lives
the passion, the thrill
and some version of it now in this height
but the Seasons change but somehow remains the same
the electricity in the air
the voltage underground
the Four Seasons hold the sky
through my window pain.

ALI LAM

Run



BEN PAYNE

In the tiredness that blizzard creates
so overly excited
emotionally anorexic
cat eating grass, and yes
warmth,
 in snow flakes

This kind of living
is so true and honest and unwillingly tired
being lulled to sleep by a passing blizzard

That I stay awake all night and remember how to communicate
while the cat, instinctually
watches cigarettes and snowflakes
indiscriminately

Words
are traps
that don't describe things for the first time
and don't describe them anyway

Tomorrow, back to Biology,
which seems to make more sense

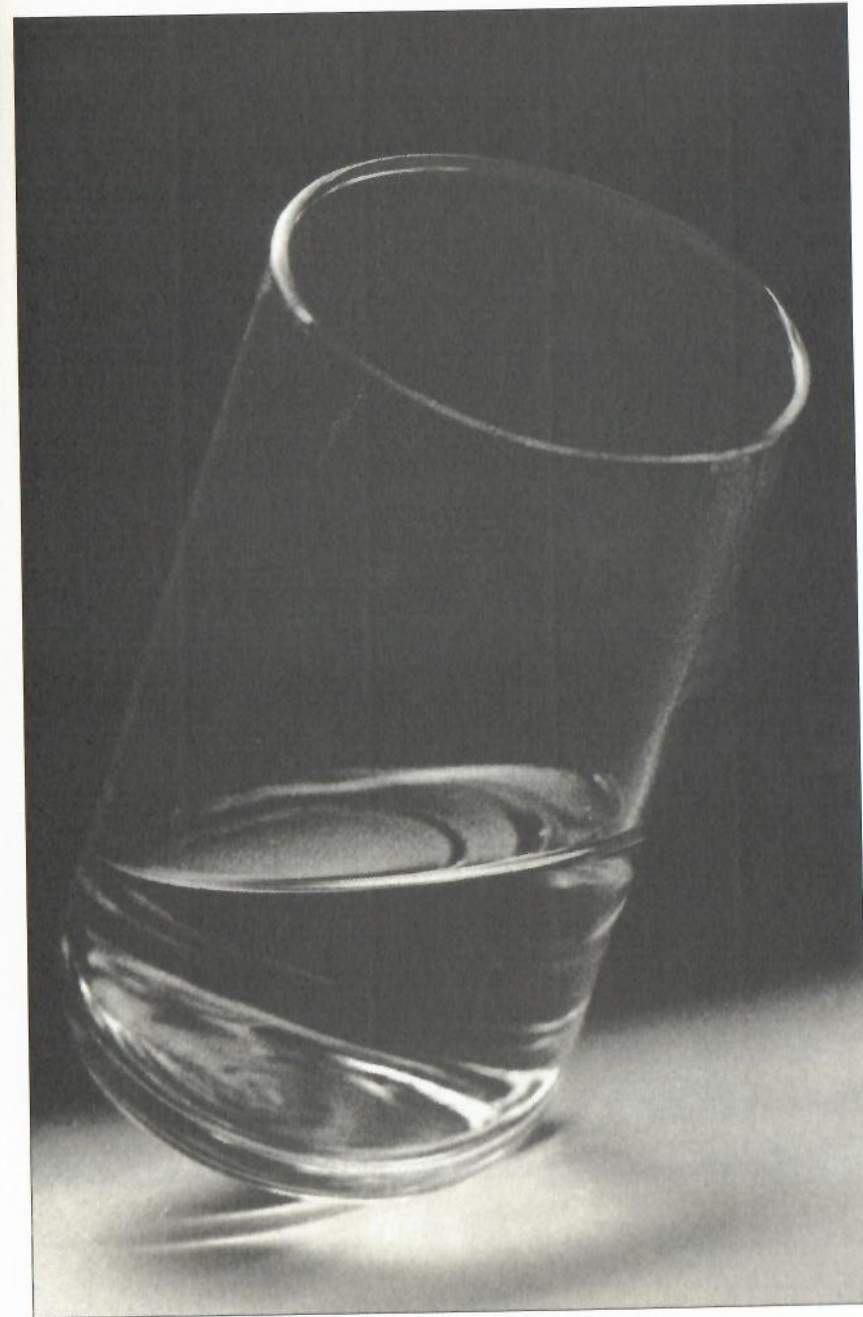
than love
than life
than communication Biology?

The difference lies in the name:

If I call it a science,
I am automatically impartial

If I call it an art,
I am part of it

SARAH GREENE



ANDRE DAHLMAN

Pamela Under Construction



Berlin, Germany

BEN PAYNE

Sartreday

To wake up on the carpet
Seeing the blank plaster above me

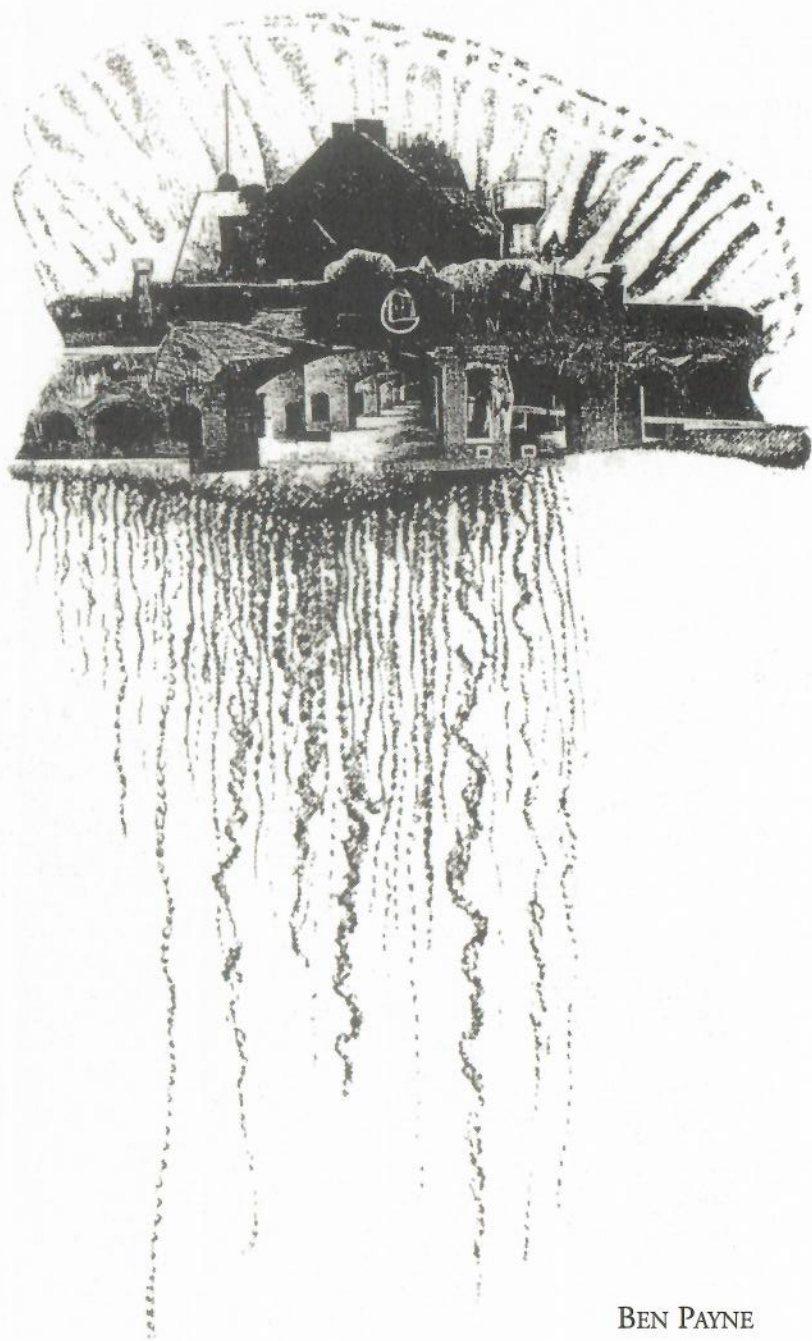
My arms, my legs, numb
My head washed up on a Teflon shore

No yesterday
Never today

This world, my room
Wherever it rotates

Saturday is a terrible way
To spend 1/7 of your life

RAY HSU



BEN PAYNE

The Case of the Wayward Brougham, Sequel to “The Case of the Barthoff Diamond”

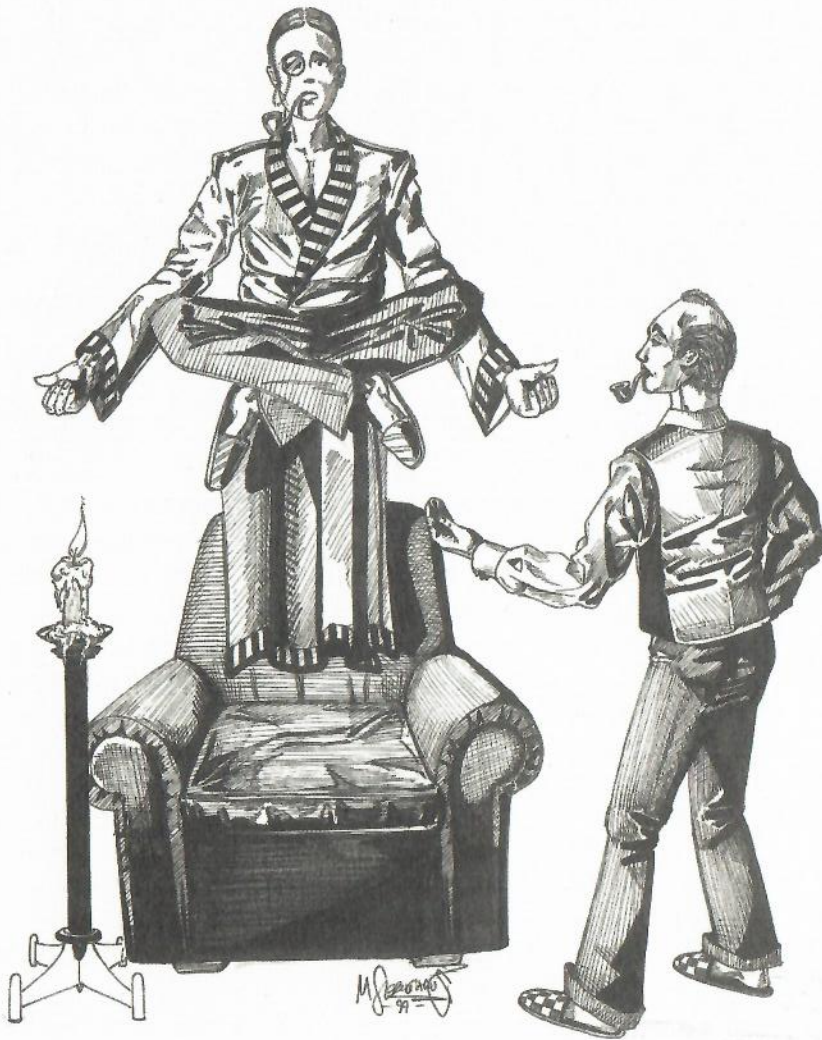
“But really Price, I still fail to see the relevance --”

“My dear Slims,” the detective interjected forcefully, “the specifics of alchemy are unimportant when compared to the final result, that most enviable outcome which allows me, and me alone, to soar above the constraints of Earth.” This said, Price turned a stopcock on the mass of glass and tubing constituting his chemistry set, and put his mouth to a nozzle. The detective inhaled deeply, gave a slight shudder, and closed the stopcock. “See, Slims?” As he said this, Price began - slowly at first, then more definitely - to rise from the ground, ultimately floating an inch clear of the thick, deeply-hued carpets that littered our flat.

“Incredible, Price!” The detective’s habit of floating in air still impressed me considerably, despite his myriad attempts to demonstrate his exact formula and method for adjusting the composition of his four humours to achieve neutral buoyancy. My background in chemistry (as, indeed, in near every other intellectual pursuit) was negligible, and Price was so advanced a student that even his most basic attempts at explanation were over my head, so to speak. I resigned myself, in this case as in those before, to merely accept Price’s flight as a divine gift. After a moment, and with a look of intense concentration on his otherwise smooth face, the detective settled back to the ground as noiselessly as he had left it. Striding slowly to his favorite leather chair, the tall man sat and reclined gently, stretching himself out as might a weary cat following a challenging day of languishing in the sun. I joined the man, seating myself in a small chair richly upholstered in that deep brown, oily brand of leather that exudes so thick and heavy a wafting aroma.

Our rooms in Butcher Street, where we presently enjoyed the afternoon siesta, had come as a pleasant surprise to me, given my impoverished past. In the previous weeks, I had abandoned the remnants of my family and taken rooms with the detective, who had vowed to provide for me indefinitely. Such tales of kindness and philanthropy had, I thought, been reserved for the most optimistic of fiction, the moist harvest of kind-hearted authors and playwrights whose minds overflowed with joyous sentiment and good cheer; never had I, nor have I since, heard mention made of another treated half so well, and elevated half so high, as Price did me.

My eyelids became progressively heavier, as sleep gnawed persistently at the already frayed ends of my consciousness, dragging me home to the land of slumber as an alley cat drags its latest rodent prey. My vision blurring, I settled on the peaceful image of Price lounging in his chair, pipe to his lips. Motionless, the mind of the great detective was doubtless ensconced in some high pursuit or



“Here Price lifted gently into the air, remaining in his seated position, and floated over to his bookshelf..”

MICHAEL R. SERINGHAUS

another, a clever problem whose solution had evaded countless bright young schoolboys and students of the sciences, yet a trifle which Price, given a moment of thought, found no difficulty in solving.

Suddenly, I was jerked from my drowsy limbo by a sharp knocking at our door. I looked at Price, who glanced towards the door, then to me. I rose, but before I took hold of the handle, the door burst open and a middle-aged gentleman stormed in, looking harried and scared. Miss Bay strode in after him, apologizing to Price.

“Oooh Mister Price, I’m sorry sir, I tried to detain him, but he was very insistent --”

“Thank you, Miss Bay, ‘tis not a problem, no problem at all.”

“Oh thank you, Mister Price,” the elderly woman bleated, bowing out with whatever grace still clung to her flaky frame, closing the heavy door behind her with a heavy, satisfying thud.

Price had not risen, but now sat in his recliner surveying the recent arrival. The man stood slightly under six feet in height, and was dressed in the standard garb of a brougham driver; his clothes of a lesser quality, but fitted to resemble something better than the cheap cotton they were. On his lapel, the middle-aged man bore the mark of his company, a small brass badge in which were engraved the words “Timmins Broughams.” Removing his cap, the man ran his right hand through his greasy black locks, and over his stubbly chin. His left hand wore a glove, a worn and raggedy affair bearing the distinctive pattern of wear so familiar to a carriage driver. Price jumped to his feet, managing to keep them on the ground for the time being, and addressed the newcomer in his resonating baritone.

“Mister Timmins, my deepest regrets at your loss. I trust I shall be able to locate your wayward brougham and thus resolve your heinous plight; and if I may, I should like to lay to rest directly any concerns you harbour regarding my retainer or fee, for I shall take on this problem free of charge.”

The brougham driver was speechless, his jaw dropping slightly, eyes fixed on the smooth, pampered face of my partner. “Why, yes, yes Mister Price, those are precisely my issues! But I do have a small amount of money I was hoping would suffice until I can pay you in full --”

“Nonsense, nonsense my good Timmins!” Price intoned heartily, “you have caught us at a good time, for I was just finishing up solving every pressing problem known to man. For that is what I do, my son, fulfilling my duty as the sole descendant and immortal voice of our father, the Lord our God.”

For those not already acquainted with the ways of Price, it bears mention that the man often entertained the somewhat blasphemous habit of portraying himself as the messiah, or making otherwise unnecessary biblical references and claims of his religious standing. This case was, in fact a surprisingly restrained

emission from that overnourished quadrant of Price's brain concerned with fostering and encouraging his swollen God complex; evidently, the detective had not wished to scare away the God-fearing brougham driver with too realistic a portrayal of his thoughts.

Timmins had started at Price's pronouncement, but presently shook his head violently to rid himself of the blasphemy, and returned to the matter at hand. "So Mister Price, you'll help me recover my brougham? Oh sir, 'tis all I have in the world, 'tis all that keeps my wife and darling baby with bread every other day!"

With a decisive wave of his manicured, oiled hand, Price silenced the man's moaning. "Of course, Timmins, we shall be delighted to assist you. Allow me to introduce my assistant and helpmate, Mister Franklin Slims, a gracious and benevolent gentleman with whom I trust my deepest and most secret matters; I assure you, the most intimate details of your situation will be as safe with he as with I. So pray tell," Price continued, gesturing Timmins to sit on the sofa, "the specifics of your plight, from beginning to end."

"Well sir," he began, nodding to me and addressing Price, "I was on my way 'ome just this last night, driving down Berrysworth when out o' the darkness this thug in a hood jumps on my cab, and knocks me clear o' it! I fell on the road, got myself a right nasty knock on my leg, I did." Here, he began to roll up his pants, evidently to demonstrate just how nasty a knock he had sustained. Price intervened.

"I am quite sure you were hurt, Mister Timmins, quite sure. Now you say Berrysworth Lane; were you, perchance, near the Red Tartan theatre?"

At this, Timmins squinted momentarily before replying "Yea, yea surely I was, sir. Why do you ask?"

Price ignored the man's question. "And the figure who struck you, was it a man?"

"Well I dont' know sir, like I said, 'e had a hood on! But aye, I figure anyone with a firm left hook like that bloke, might surely as well 'ave been a male, and a strong one to boot."

"And one final point to assist in the investigation, if you will," continued Price. "Were you helped off the ground? Assisted after your fall?"

"Why yes sir, now that you mention it, a bleedin' mob showed up near directly, helped me up an' all, and some were chasin' me brougham and shoutin'! Good samaritans, them theatre goers!"

"Indeed," mused the detective. Suddenly, his face became serious, as he bade Timmins farewell. "Thank you Timmins, I believe I have heard enough to solve the mystery; I have a good idea who stole your brougham and why, but I shall require a day to make the required arrangements and recover your cab."

Timmins was left speechless for the second time, as I rose and showed him

out the door. The man regained his senses to shout over his shoulder before he was expelled from the flat, "Right, thank you sirs, I shall return at this time tomorrow!" The door shut behind the man, and the cryptic Mr. Timmins was gone, leaving in his wake this most puzzling and apparently insoluble mystery.

"Price, you say you've solved it already?!" I asked incredulously.

"Indeed, my dear Slims, indeed."

Price glanced at my face, a countenance that, if reflecting my feelings, must surely have been contorted in the most vicious writhings of confusion that ever crab-walked over a gentleman's visage. He raised a hand to stop the torrents of questions about to be released by that flood-gate of confusion, my mouth. I relented, sitting silent.

"The Red Tartan theatre was host to a unique and secret performance last night, my dear Slims," Price began. He rummaged in a pile beside his chair, and produced this morning's Saturn, tossing the already dog-eared rag across the room and into my quivering lap. "Page seventeen," he said in a detached manner, taking a deep and heady draw on his glistening burl pipe. I turned the pages, my eyes alighting on a circled passage, which read: RED TARTAN TO HOST JEWEL.

Skimming the passage with my newly acquired skill of reading, I gleaned as much as I felt pertinent and tossed the paper back to Price. The great consulting detective took the pipe gently from his inviting lips and spoke to me in that relaxed but authoritative tone so characteristic of the man. "Last night's performance of the Scottish Play at the Tartan, Slims, was a private show, with admittance reserved for peers and those in high government positions. The reason?" Here Price lifted gently into the air, remaining in his seated position, and floated over to his bookshelf, retrieving a dusty and oft-forgotten leather-clad tome in which were embossed the words "Jewels of Myth and Magic: What the King Has That You Never Will." He leafed the yellowed pages, alighting on a passage that pleased him, and flew across to my seat.

He narrated: "The Ruby of Narvonne was originally shaped for the at-home crown of Henry V, but after the battle of Agincourt on St. Crispin's Day, was lost, presumably to the remnants of the French forces. This jewel has never been recovered." Here Price closed the book, extended his legs downward and lowered himself to the ground, settling with nary a shudder into a firmly-footed standing position. "The book is wrong, you know."

"Wrong?" I asked.

"Indeed, flawed, my dear Slims, fundamentally flawed! As are all works flawed that form merely the vessel for the incoherent musings of unknowing mortal men! For thus spake it I, that my works and my works alone shall be taken as the absolute and unmoving truth, for I am the direct descendant of our Father in Heaven!" I nodded in agreement. It was difficult to argue with so well-

researched a position. "But," I continued, my mind returning to the theft of the brougham, "how does this influence poor Timmins?"

"The Tartan, Slims, was host not only to the Scottish Play, but also to the Ruby of Narvonne. The theft thereof sparked a chain of events that culminated last night with the unfortunate, but doubtless unintended, theft of our friend Timmins' brougham." Before I could offer a comment, Price leapt towards the door and, snatching his coat and hat, prepared to face the bracing winter wind. "Come now Slims, the time has come to visit the Red Tartan Theatre."

After a moment of preparation, we ventured outside into the frigid bustle of midday Butcher Street.

The Red Tartan was a small, unassuming stone building, part of a continuous front of stone that offered the passerby a myriad of options, including the Priest and Porpoise pub, several pawn shops and a small grocer's, packed with the harvest of this admittedly bleak season. Berrysworth Lane was quiet for a downtown thoroughfare, though the Tartan itself was brimming with activity, as countless constables and detectives mulled about. As Price and I made our way towards the Red Tartan - Price gliding about an inch above the stained cobble - I gestured at the pub. "Here, Price, I think while you examine the crime scene, I'll grab a bite and a pint in the Priest and Porpoise."

"Of course, Slims, by all means take your time. You know where to find me."

As Price glided off towards the theatre and the surrounding crowd, I turned with glee to the pub, licking my eager chops. As I entered, I found the temperature most agreeable, with a roaring fire and numerous lanterns dotting the inviting tables. Also to my delight, I discovered not a few nubile young maidens tottering hither and thither among the guests. I sat down to a rewarding meal and some somewhat less rewarding conversation with an aged and cynical banker whose name I never caught. Nonetheless, the venison was ruddy and exciting, leaving me plumped up and one belt notch looser as I lumbered outdoors once again, in search of Price, and a good price on pawned goods. Whichever I found first, I decided, I would investigate.

The street looked the same as before, though now the commotion outside the Tartan had subsided somewhat, as everyone had presumably taken their investigations indoors. Price was nowhere to be seen. The pawn shops loomed, inviting, tempting me, poor Franklin Slims, over to their clustered windows. I peered inside, admiring the myriad timepieces and sundry effects of the affluent stocking the dusty shelves. Suddenly, a thought came to me and I began to scour the display in search of a particular item, as I recalled the grave purpose of our mission; we were desperately in need of a Christmas gift for the venerable Miss Bay. Nothing in the window immediately caught my eye as a fitting gift for the old lady, however; so I turned to objects of interest to myself. Cigar hold-

ers, antiquarian pipes, classic flasks, lightly used cufflinks; all sang to a secret portion of my heart that adored such things. My eyes finally came to rest on a specific, ornate pipe, exquisitely tooled from the finest burl walnut, with many gold accents and detailed carvings. The bowl of the pipe was cleverly fashioned into a cauldron, surrounding which danced carved witches and their familiars; a tremendously detailed and hideously grinning gargoyle grimaced on the front of the cauldron, and a pentagram symbol had been painstakingly engraved in the pipe along with the words "Mephistopheles and Baal Cometh." What a quaint and upbeat pipe, I thought to myself, fingering my purse through my coat. After a moment of hesitation and mild self-chiding I decided to reward myself with an early Christmas gift this year, and acquire this adorable pipe.

I turned to enter the shop, but was stopped short by a heavy hand on my shoulder. I whirled to find Price facing me. "Come, Slims, I have solved the crime."

"Ah, excellent Price!" I exclaimed, breaking into a trot as I followed the tall detective towards the entrance to the Tartan. The crowd of detectives had returned and were waiting with ruddy faces and eager eyes, to hear Price's indubitably accurate assessment of the situation. Scanning the crowd, I was able to discern the familiar faces of several detectives from Scotland Yard, and indeed the good Mr. Timmins, bundled up in a blanket and shivering, whom Price must have summoned to the scene. As I joined the crowd and faced Price, the detective reached into his coat pocket and produced a glistening silver crucifix on a chain of white pearls, which he brandished menacingly in our direction.

"Now heed me and heed me well," he said, holding the cross steady before us, "for that which shall follow is nothing more, nor less, than a pronouncement from the Holy and anointed mouth of the Son of God." The detectives all laughed cheerily, evidently accustomed to Price's distinctive routine as I. Price never smiled, but tolerated their laughter for a few seconds before continuing. "My sons and daughters, the case under investigation is one of colossal proportions; a scheme so clever, so intricate, that these events - the theft of Mister Timmins' brougham, the concurrent theft of the Ruby of Narvonne - are merely slices of the whole! But never fear," Price went on, "for I have the criminal in my sight!" The crowd gasped at the sheer magnitude of this pronouncement. "Here, you!"

Price grabbed a young barmaid from the crowd and dragged her to his side. "I give you the thief, detectives, Mr. Timmins."

The barmaid shrieked.

"Whatever are you talking about, sir? I work in the Priest and Porpoise, sir, and -"

"SILENCE!" roared Price. I could see many of the detectives nodding to each other, as if assembling the pieces of the puzzle in their heads.

"It all makes sense, Price," said one.

Winston Price grabbed the girl's hair and with a short yell tore it off. The crowd gasped once more, then looked more closely at the barmaid. A mask lay on the frozen cobbles, and staring at the crowd was a man in his sixties, whom the detectives in the crowd instantly seemed to recognize. I was able to gather from their yelling that this man was the owner of The Red Tartan.

"And on the strength of the case as we already know it," said Price, "I am sure we have sufficient evidence to recover the jewel, the brougham and see that Mister Delbridge, here, hangs by morning!"

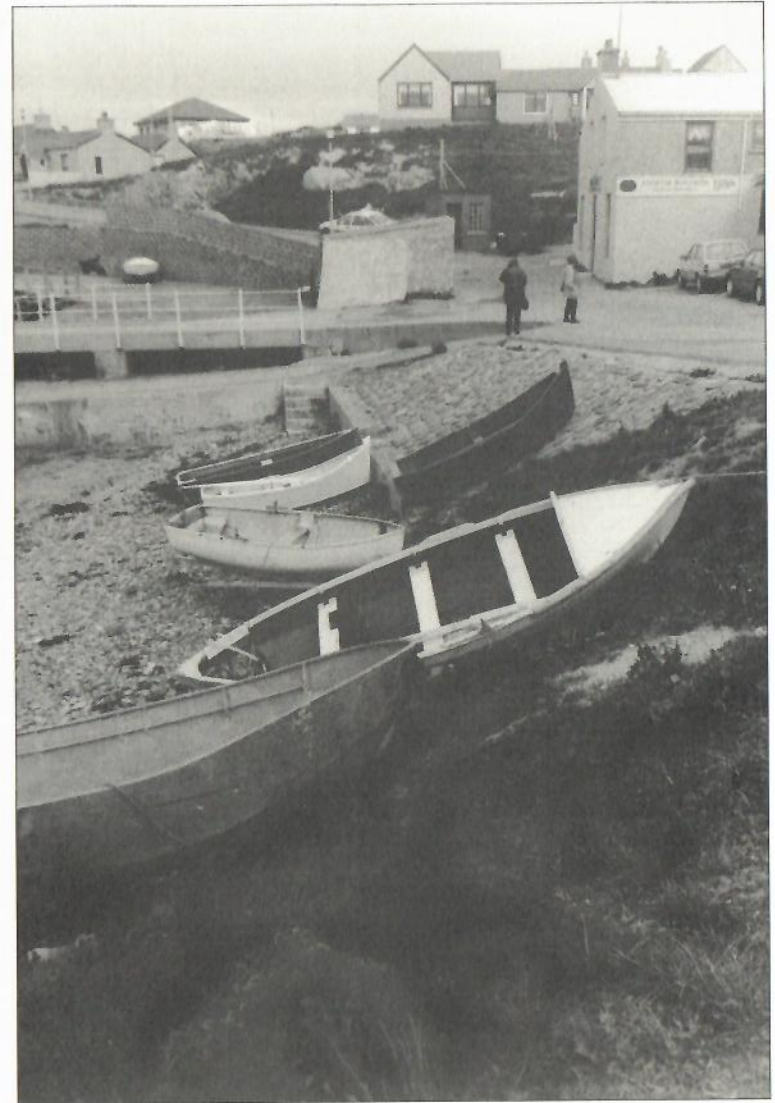
The head police detective stepped forward. "Indeed we do, Price. Your short investigation illuminated every aspect of this crime. There can be no doubt whatsoever that Mister Delbridge is the culprit, nor any confusion as to the exact methods he used in perpetrating every step of the crime. A stunning piece of investigation, Price, simply stunning."

Price's mouth turned up slightly with a ghost of a smile, before he quickly regained his regal composure and addressed Timmins. "And you sir, I trust you can locate your brougham in good order?"

"Why of course Mr. Price, your explanations left no other place it could be!" The man was clearly pleased. I was beginning to feel that perhaps Price had made some earlier pronouncements to which I had not been privy, due either to my venison dinner or my boyish vigil at the pawn shop window. Nevertheless, the crime appeared to be solved, and quite satisfactorily too. The crowd gave a hip-hip-hoorah for Price, and began to disperse. The suspect was chained on the spot and walked off to Scotland Yard for interrogation, while Timmins and the remainder of the detectives set off to recover the brougham, and the jewel. After a few short minutes, Berrysworth Lane was again quiet, leaving only Price and myself in the encroaching darkness and bitter cold. As Price lit his pipe, I thought again of the stunningly beautiful pipe I had seen earlier, and convinced my friend to view it. So impressed was he, that he offered to purchase the pipe for me, calling it a 'quaint little Voo Doo pipe' and presenting it to me as an early gift. I thanked him profusely, packed the bowl and lit it on the spot, savouring the murky taste of an old pipe long forgotten. Price hailed a hansom, and the two of us climbed aboard, bound for the warm and intimate confines of Butcher street. Another mystery solved, another culprit sent in deserving shame to the gallows on the whim of one man. But what a man; the greatest detective that ever lived, Mr. Winston Price.

MICHEAL R. SERINGHAUS

Scallaway, Shetland Islands

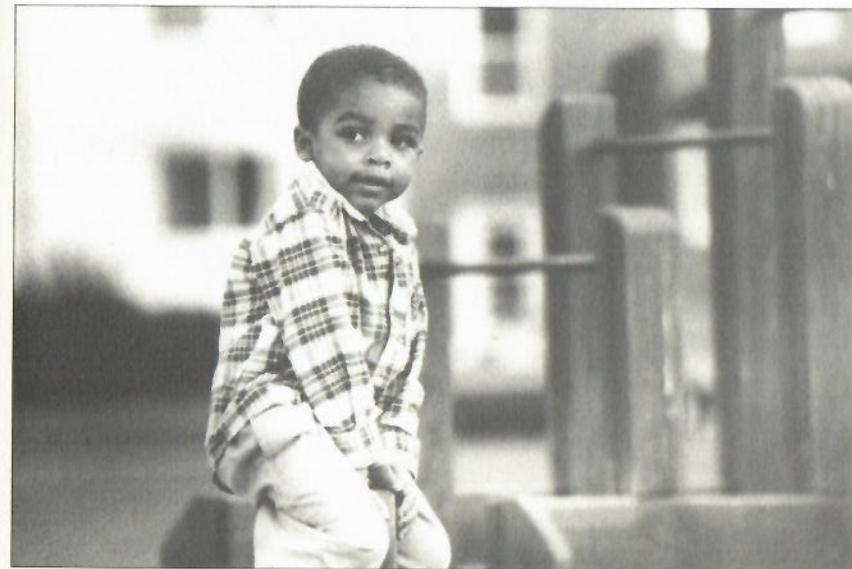


IAN ROBERTSON

Levi-Seuss

One tribe
Two tribes
Red tribe
Blue tribe

RAY HSU



CHRISTOPHER SCINTA

Quad Rima.

In the weal-light of the black-orange sky,
Her shadowed face became a tear.
And as that image skittered by,
I felt my sureness disappear.

- September 8, 1999.

Quad Rima II

As I touched her on the wrist,
The chosen girl suppressed a yawn.
Then darkening, I clenched my fist
And beat apart that glowing dawn.

- September 22, 1999.

Quad Rima III

In class we shared a secret smile,
But she wouldn't share her name.
I watch the sky - And all the while,
The curled leaves share my shame.

- October 2, 1999.

ANDREW BUTLER



MIN-GOO LEE

In Media Res

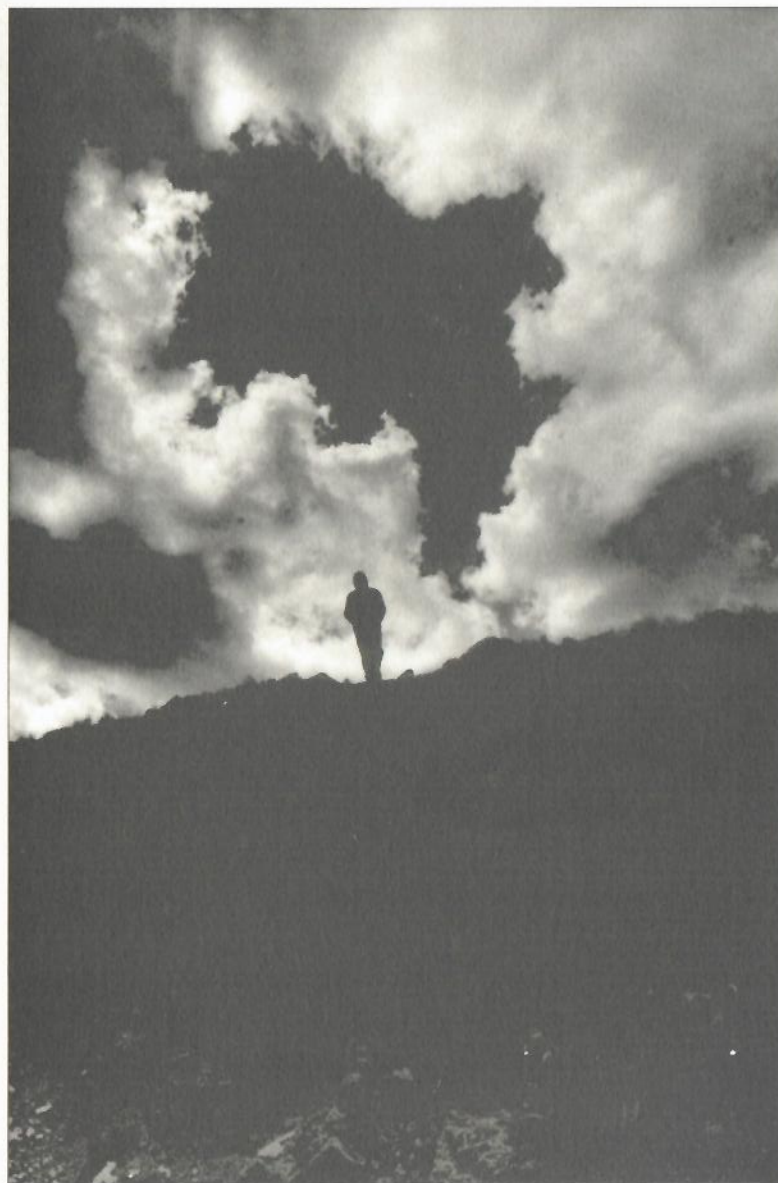
And then he fell. Dust rose to blanket him
Free and dancing, mingling with the hot breath
Expelled in a cloud from a crushed feather

The spear stood, a pillar thrust down through bone
And sinew, swift as a stone through a pond
That closes darkly around, descending

Flecked lips parted surprise, with wet words his
Eyes rose to meet the sky, clouds swirling round
The shining helm that caught the sun to look

Down with bolts. Achilles, composed divine,
Could perhaps be touched with earnest prayer
And thus, himself the altar, Hector prayed:

RAY HSU



ANDRE DAHLMAN

