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Playground, Havana



TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW

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BEN PAYNE

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Review**

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With special thanks to the Trinity College Joint Board of Stewards and Coach House Press.



CAROLINE LI



CHRIS SCINTA

Repeat

I like to stay in bed

for seven extra minutes

First

i smell the funk in the pillow case

Second

i feel the cold wall against my hot calves

Third

i taste my warm stale breath

Fourth

i turn on my back

stare through the dust

floating random through my outstretched fingertips

Fifth

i trace the lines of light room cracks in the curtain

Sixth

i hear snips of sentence from the hall

Seventh

i feel the smooth plastic o-ness

of the sleep button-

i like to stay in bed for seven extra minutes.

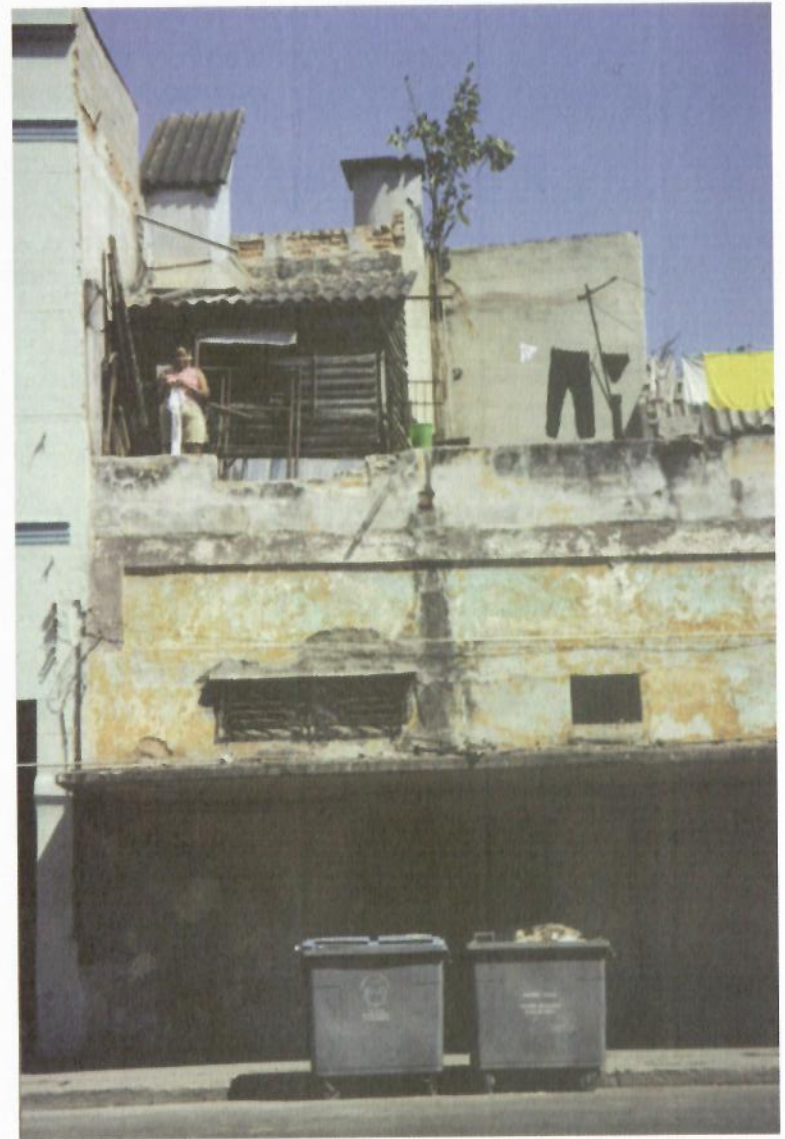
STUART LAIDLAW

Wow! Come again Nature,
picked up on a streetcar,
pulled along by water

Like a cat become tiger,
an apartment building on fire,
an innocent conversation
becomes sex

SARAH GREENE

Hanging Laundry, Havana



BEN PAYNE



JEREMY HO

Three Haiku for One Unlucky Lady

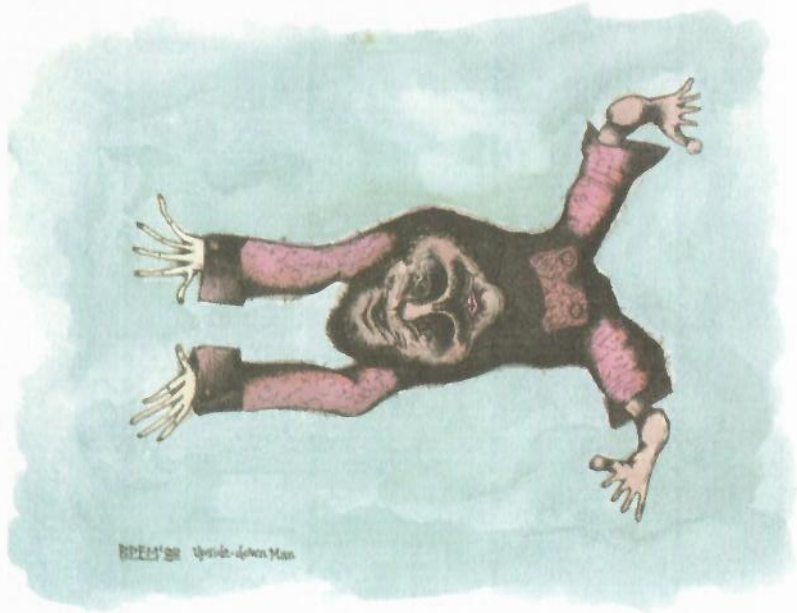
Two lonely mountains
wishing to be wreathed in mist
my aching hands wait.

These few things I need
to pass through this waste: Night-time,
'Trane record, you.

Having three minutes
alone in your room? I'd just
tidy up, leave a poem.

ANDREW BUTLER

Upside-Down Man



BRIAN MOHER

Catabasis

With Eurydice in his eyes
Orpheus reaches the cave mouth
Taenarus' gate
He crosses the Styx with Charon
He passes the Elysian Fields
In the audience of Ixion, spinning
Tantalus, reaching
Sisyphus, shifting
As Persephone turns to
Hades' stony brow
Orpheus plays on
(now read lines in reverse order)

RAY HSU

*Coffee Spill*

A man spills his coffee on the subway train
Not on himself, on the train.
The cup, a gaping mouth,
Lolls erratically on the floor
While its dribble migrates to new territory.

Thin rivulets caress the feet of the sleeping
Those who are awake and see oncoming moisture
Hesitate
To look stupid shifting for coffee
Double double, after all
Or to look stupid while bean sewage
Strains through their soles?

The man responsible naps on
When he awakes
Expecting warm coffee to fortify his intentions
He'll see wild designs on the floor
He'll look in wonderment at his dreams in motion
laid out before him.

CAROLINE LI

The Adventure of the Half-Witted Shopkeep, Sequel to "The Case of the Wayward Brougham"

I leaned back, savouring the faint creaking of the richly upholstered armchair as I shifted, positioning myself in a comfortable slouch ideally suited to receiving the latest digest of the daily happenings courtesy of the tall, handsome man who presently perched opposite me. Winston Price was tightly wrapped in a smoking jacket, his smooth, pampered face gleaming in the candlelight. The flat was eerily dark and moody, as Price disliked opening the curtains before the eleventh hour; several well-used paraffin candles flickered and smoked through the deeply hued gloom of our rooms on Butcher street. In one corner, Price's chemistry apparatus bubbled and fizzled patiently, waiting for the man to draw that all-important breath that endowed him with Neutral Buoyancy; in another, a heap of dailies - mainly the Saturn - seemed to totter on its own paper foundations. Price was leaning gently on the lip of a heavy mahogany table, monocle clenched with his brow, current Saturn in one hand, glistening and fuming pipe in the other.

"And so," the detective concluded, "goes the story".

I closed my eyes momentarily. While ordinarily, such efforts of mine to appear somewhat intellectual were motivated by sheer vanity, in this instance it was the sting of rancid smoke that drove me to shut my eyelids. Why must Price insist on stuffing his fat pipe with tea leaves? After a moment, I opened my eyes once again to the dense cloud of strangely aromatic yet irritating smoke. "And the moral, Price?"

"The moral, my dear Slims, appears to be this." Here, he took a deep and heady draw on what I prayed was the last of his smouldering tea leaves, and ejaculated a searing jet of smoke into the air through gently pursed lips. "Never, and I repeat never, leave one's horse unattended in a grotto."

I nodded slowly, turning this issue over in my mind, which as always, seemed painfully short of adequate.

I admit I could see no connection whatsoever between the incident at Ramsay Circus and a horse unattended in a grotto. I half hoped my companion would continue and illuminate his indubitably brilliant train of thought; more pressing, however, was my ever-increasing desire that the detective extinguish his foul-smelling pipe. As the tall man seemed content with his pronouncement, and even more content puffing the malodorous gas, I decided action was required. I leaned forward.

"Oh Price, won't you put away that awful tea-pipe! What an aberration, man, it smells like death itself!" I settled back in the chair once more, partly pleased at my assertiveness and partly worried as to how Price would react to this unprecedented outburst.

"You don't enjoy a puff of tea, Slims?" He did not appear overly perturbed; it was anyone's guess whether he was extremely sensitive or completely indifferent to my complaint. "Ah, right then. 'Tis the penultimate puff, Slims, the penultimate I say." He took one, then two more draws on the pipe, and set it down, exhaling the rancid vapour gently.

As I was preparing to thank the man for his consideration, a sharp knocking came at the door. Price jumped to his feet like a lithe and smoothly brushed cat and padded over to the heavy door. Opening it, he stood back and we were faced with the unsightly form of Miss Bay, grimacing toothlessly from her five-foot vantage. Two dark figures towered behind her in the unlit hallway. "Mr. Price," she began, "There are two gentlemen here to see you, from the Detective Police!"

Price shot a mysterious glance in my direction, and with a wave of his hand, bade them enter. Miss Bay stood aside, nodded, and closed the door as two tall gentlemen entered and stood. Price assumed the Lotus on an upholstered stool, and scanned the men quickly.

As acquainted as I was with the ways of Price, it comes as no great surprise that I was deeply intrigued by the man's uncanny ability for deductive reasoning and instant assessments of an individual, based solely on their clothing and

other distinguishing features. In an attempt to better understand my companion, I had begun to attempt such characterizations myself; though nowhere near the supernatural abilities of my companion, I did fancy myself improving, and able to make some quite stunning deductions about these visitors before either had said a word.

They were clearly from the Detective Police, as Miss Bay had indicated; the Detective Police name tag on their coats indicated as much. One man had very close-clipped and neat hair, which indicated he had recently visited a barber, or possibly took exceptional care of his person. One wore a beard and a hat, and the coat of the other looked rather worn and grizzled, which suggested he had not purchased a new coat in some time, or if he had, he certainly was not wearing the new one now. Both men wore shoes, which suggested they had, at some time, visited a shoe store. Satisfied with my deductions, I turned to Price and awaited his pronouncement, which - if correct - should bear strong resemblance to my own, I thought.

"Gentlemen, the recent passing of your sergeant and appointment of an older gentleman to his position must trouble you greatly; I am sorry for your loss. Nevertheless, you have pressing matters to attend to, namely the strange events on Carlton Road, which, I agree, are too curious even for the Detective Police. So please, tell me, did the shopkeep offer you a drink, or simply bid you leave?"

The inspectors looked hard at Price, then each other. The men were obviously dumbfounded by the words of my friend.

"Yes Price, quite right, all of it," said the bearded one in an almost reluctant tone. His partner was not as successful in maintaining composure, and blurted;

"By the lord, Price, how did you know all that? Did Stanley call ahead? Is it a prank, Wilson?"

His partner shook his head. Another conclusion struck me like a two-ton weight: the bearded man's Christian name,

or family name, or perhaps nickname, was Wilson. I was beginning to feel almost giddy, and took a sip of whisky to clear my head.

"It's no prank, Woods, no prank," said Wilson glumly, "This is Winston Price."

This was too much for me. I sprang up from my chair in a frenzy, and levelled a finger directly in the bearded man's face. "You," I cried, "Your name is Wilson! And you, your name is Woods! And you have both made purchases at a shoe shop in the past! And you, sir," I went on, gesticulating wildly at the clean shaven man, "Either you recently visited a barber's shop, or you take exceptional care of yourself!"

I beamed heroically at the two men, then at Price, and sat down once again with all the grandiose pomp I could muster. I had never felt so vigorous, so proud, so alive; a whole career of investigative detective work seemed to unfold in front of my still-aching eyes.

The inspectors stared at me like as they would a lunatic, or a dangerous prisoner. Woods seemed to take issue with my display, as he took a threatening step towards me and, reaching for his truncheon, said, "Oy, you got a problem?"

Price sprang to his feet, spread his legs in a deep squat and extended both arms directly at the policeman, who stopped in his tracks. Price clenched his fingers into gnarled claws and gnashed his teeth viciously, before shouting "SIT!" in his powerful baritone.

The inspectors obeyed briskly; Woods even nodded politely and gave me a meek smile. Price remained in his odd position for several seconds, clearly agitated, before returning to his usual languid self all at once. It was as if nothing had happened.

"Gentlemen," he began, pacing slowly, "This is my associate, Mister Franklin Slims. His deductions may seem simplistic to your untrained minds, but I assure you, you would have more respect had I told you, he had arrived at every one of those conclusions before seeing you!"

Now this was not entirely true; in fact, this was entirely untrue. I considered interrupting Price, but decided I had conclusively proven my deductive abilities this morning, and to state something so obvious would be to detract from the high standing I now undoubtedly held in the minds of these men. The inspectors appeared suitably impressed at Price's comment, however, and now seemed more at ease in the small, smoky flat.

"So tell me Wilson, Woods," Price intoned heartily, "Did the shopkeep offer you a drink?"

"Um, yessir," Wilson replied. "He produced a fine decanter of whisky, which we declined seeing as we were on duty and all."

"Excellent," Price mused. "Well, that about concludes it. Shall we go and recover the documents?"

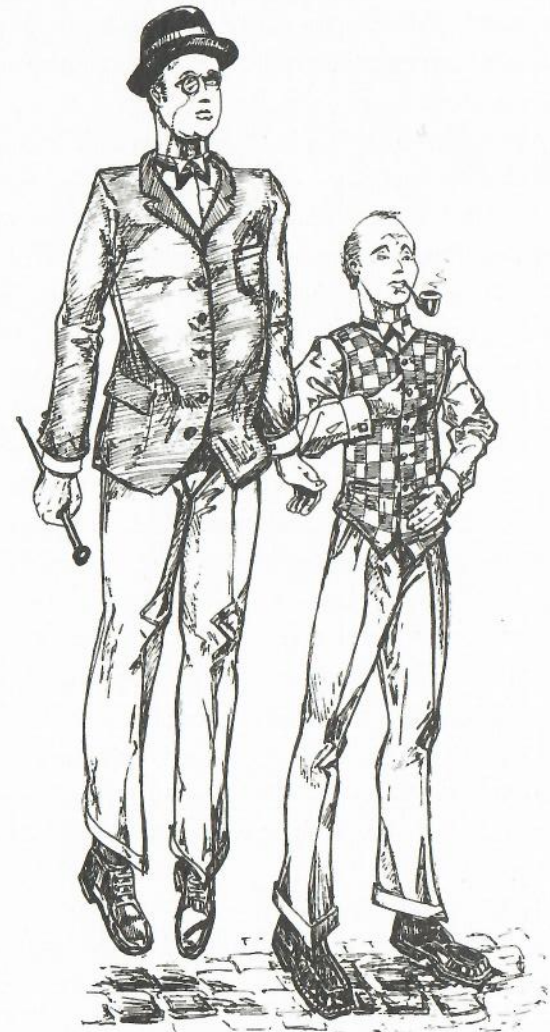
I almost need not mention the looks on Wilson and Woods' faces; suffice to say, they were surprised and slightly disbelieving of my most intimate companion, and the sweetly resonating words that escaped his lips on the lightly perfumed breath of a cherub. After a brief pause, Wilson agreed that recovering the documents would be an excellent way to conclude the investigation.

We all rose, and Price hurried off to change. In a moment he returned, with coat and hat; I donned my outdoor apparel also, but as I reached for the door, Price called out to wait. I turned to him.

"My sons, I am your shepherd on this momentous day. Stay thee thine course, and worship me. Fear me, my sons, and I shall guide thee well; for these words, as all others, are none other than the holy and hallowed pronouncements from the one and only true son of the Lord on high, and my Father in heaven! Heed me well, my lambs, and I shall guide thee to a land of milk and honey!"

The inspectors laughed cheerily, as did I, and we ventured out into Butcher Street.

After a short cab ride, we came to a dingy little back



Winston Price and Franklin Slims

MICHAEL R. SERINGHAUS

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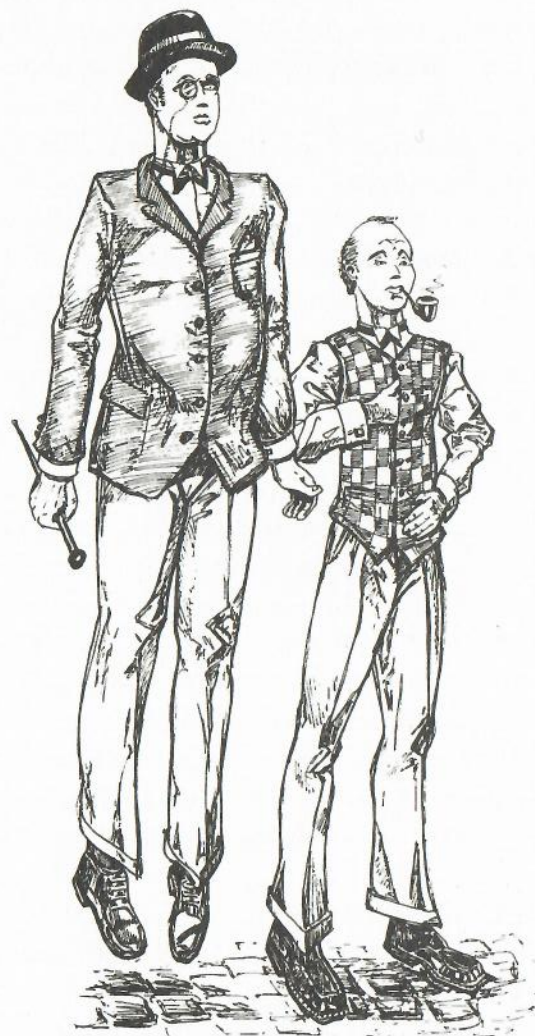
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Winston Price and Franklin Slims

MICHAEL R. SERINGHAUS

road of London, the name of which eludes me. Price, having sipped a hip flask of helium, now floated several inches above the cobbles, lead the way towards a line of shops. "Is this the place?" I asked no one in particular, hoping one of the three would share some knowledge with me, so I might properly record these happenings.

"Aye, 'tis it," said Wilson, gesturing at a small pawn shop bearing the name

PAWN SHOP

"Ah," I nodded. Surveying the street, I saw several other businesses of interest, including a tobacconist. I longed to explore the shelves of that fine tobacco shop, but elected to establish the basic details of the case first. "Price," I inquired, "Do be so kind as to elucidate the case as we now know it."

"Certainly Slims." The consulting detective stopped, hovering over the cobbles. I stood beside him, listening intently, as the two inspectors discussed some police matter or another, a short distance away. "An important set of plans, and a crucial government document have been misplaced; the Marshall Declaration, and all copies thereof, were evidently mistakenly switched with a serialized publication destined for circulation. Thus, while a pawn shop owner lamented the absence of this month's Government Political Review, the Prime Minister was forced to consider the ramifications of the fact that his top secret document is in public circulation somewhere in London."

"My Lord," I whispered.

"Yes, a troubling situation if I ever have heard one, Slims. Now, we have traced the document to this pawn shop, although it remains a mystery whether the owner realizes, or has even noticed, what he received in place of his usual political digest."

"I see. So, you intend to interview the shopkeep?"

"Indeed, Slims, indeed."

"Right. I thought I might do a bit of investigation of my own, Price."

"Really?" The man seemed mildly interested.

"Indeed, I had hoped to investigate the specials at that tobacconist down the way."

My companion stared off into space contentedly. "Ah, yes Slims. Feel free. And do pick up some more tea-leaf blend for me, while you are investigating."

I nodded complacently. "Certainly will, Price."

My companion nodded and floated off to join the detectives and interview the pawn shop owner, as I turned my attention to the tobacconist. With a quick step, I closed the distance eagerly, savouring the increased detail I could discern in the display window with every step. The storefront was sparsely covered in flaking green paint, and the window was dirty; nonetheless, the display case contained several very fine pipes, and a very ornate humidior. I entered the shop.

The interior was musty and dank; a short old fellow slouched on a stool behind a chipped wooden counter, and nodded as I entered. I returned the gesture, and turned my attention to a display of pipes. Several caught my eye, specifically a fine burl walnut specimen with a deep bowl, and an unusual teak pipe, with a distinct nautical flavour to it. The man's tobacco collection was extensive and current, despite the decrepit appearance of the shop, and I purchased four bags. The first, I mixed Cherry Blend and Evening Classic, which the shopkeep assured me was a refreshing and mellow smoke; the second, a straight dose of my favourite, Royal Victoria Blend; the third, an eclectic and slightly fruity mix of Walnut Haven, Nutting and Plum Royale; the fourth and final sachet was the dreaded and ill-smelling Tea Blend that Price enjoyed so. Satisfied with my purchases, I left the shop in good spirits and strolled back towards the pawn shop. As I neared the spot where we had parted, I again ran into Price and the two inspectors.

"Ah, good to find you Slims," Price said. "I was just about to hail a cab back to Butcher Street."

"Excellent, Price. Ah, here; I secured you a bag of your

Tea Blend.”

“Thank you kindly, Slims,” Price intoned. Hailing a cab, we returned to our rooms, after bidding good-day to the inspectors.

The following day, I had all but forgotten about the investigation; not only was my Cherry Blend and Evening Classic mixture very relaxing, but I had naturally assumed the case solved and had not mentioned it to Price at all. Thus, it came as something of a shock to me when a knock at the door brought the Prime Minister, Wilson and Woods, and four policemen into our humble rooms.

“Are you Winston Price, consulting detective?” a policeman asked me.

“No, sir, no - I am Franklin Slims, and that-” here I gestured at the top corner of the bookcase, where Price was hovering, reading a book near the ceiling, “Is Price.”

The detective lowered himself gently to the ground, and greeted the newcomers. “Mister Prime Minister, you are in search of a particular document, are you not?”

“Do you have it, sir?” the Prime Minister asked, looking somewhat harried. The man seemed as though he could use a puff of my special Cherry Blend / Evening Classic mix.

Price walked over to the desk, opened a drawer and retrieved a bundle of papers. The Prime Minister dashed over, and Price handed them to him. The head of state hastily untied the string and unraveled the sheets. As he did so, however, the look of excitement turned to one of confusion, then anger. He whirled, brandishing the pages towards the policemen, and myself. They were clearly completely blank.

“What is the meaning of this?” the Prime Minister asked, evidently getting angrier. “Is this some sort of joke? Where is the Marshall Declaration and its copies?”

The policemen looked at the Prime Minister with steely eyes. Price began to pace, and puff on his Tea pipe. I squinted automatically, dreading the evil cloud that, soon, would engulf us all.

“Where, indeed, Mister Prime Minister,” said Price. “For that “ he said in a rising tone, gesturing at the blank sheets, “that is what was mailed in place of the serial! The real Marshall Declaration was not lost, or misplaced, but destroyed by none other than you yourself, in an attempt to dodge political destruction! And this, this foolish facsimile was switched and mailed, trusting that its final destination could never be traced. But,” Price went on, slightly more thoughtful now, “You failed to consider the shopkeep who received this item, the gentle, half-witted pawn shop owner whose simple comments completely illuminated the few missing segments to this puzzle!”

The policemen continued to gaze with disdain at the Prime Minister. “These gentlemen,” Price went on, “Are inspectors Wilson and Woods of Scotland Yard, and they were present during my interview with the half-witted shopkeep. They were privy to all that was said, and I now turn this matter over to them, to conclude as they see fit.”

Woods, Wilson and two policemen strode over to the Minister, and the bobbies took him firmly by the arm. “Come on Prime Minister, your days at Ten Downing are pretty sure as over,” Woods said somewhat gruffly, as they walked him towards the door. Wilson thanked Price quickly, mentioning something about payment, and as quickly as they had come, all were gone. Price settled into his favourite chair as the heavy door clicked shut, and puffed contentedly on his pipe.

“Incredible, Price, what brilliant solution. A stunning piece of investigation, to be sure.”

“Indeed, Slims, indeed. Though I might not have done it so readily without the help of your investigation.”

“Oh?” I asked, surprised.

“Yes,” the man said calmly, settling deeper into the chair and closing his eyes, “You sniffed out and found me an excellent sachet of Tea Blend, which clears my mind so effectively, Slims.”

I nodded happily to myself. How true that was, I had indeed been instrumental in solving the case, solving the

mystery and shaking the British government to her very foundations. And all through a simple tobacco purchase. I closed my eyes slowly as well, partly from a contented mood and partly to shut out the rancid smoke billowing from Price's Tea pipe.

"But it does smell so awful, Price," I said quietly, only half paying attention.

My companion began to laugh, and I joined him, welcoming another lazy afternoon in our cloistered rooms on Butcher Street.

Love in Secular Gardens

There must have been a time
when Adam
looked over his shoulder and said,
How do You like them apples?

RAY HSU

