

THE
TRINITY
UNIVERSITY
REVIEW



VOLUME CVIII NUMBER 1

Winter 1994-95





ALISON DUKOWSKI

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Trinity College, Toronto
WINTER 1994-95

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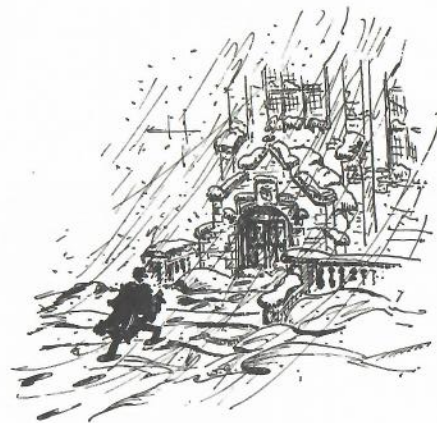
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Oh as I was young and easy in the mercy of his means,
Time held me green and dying
Though I sang in my chains like the sea.

—Dylan Thomas, *Fern Hill*



We are defined by our present but through our past.

These were the words that echoed in my mind when I first became editor of *The Trinity University Review* last spring. I remember feeling compelled to explore the history of this one-hundred-and-eight-year-old journal. Only then, I thought, would I have a better understanding of what it had been and what I wanted it to be. Working on *The Review* has made me appreciate that there *is* value in looking back and trying to understand the past, though the attempt to express that understanding may not always be easy or simple.

This experience has been a very personal one. Although I could not foresee it at the time, it has helped me to come to terms with the ambivalence of many of my feelings towards the College. I was frustrated earlier in the year by what I perceived as a general indifference towards *The Review*. Yet, the dedication and enthusiasm of the people around me — those who offered their thoughts and contributed to this issue — has been a constant source of encouragement. In attempting to reconcile these two conflicting realities I am reminded of the wisdom in my father's words: it is often the things and people we struggle with, and for, that end up meaning the most to us.

But there is more to it than that. Before me lies a bound edition of several old volumes of *The Trinity University Review* from the years 1945-47. As I leaf through its pages I realize, for the first time, that the present volume — our volume — will some day also be bound for posterity, like those that came before it. In this respect *The Review* will serve as a record of some of the literary and artistic abilities of the College in our time. I look forward to one day returning to Trinity and finding this volume somewhere, knowing that in my own way I have added to this College's history, which will then be its past.

JOEL ARIARATNAM



JOHN RICHARDSON

Out of Time

PHILLIP DANIELS

In the last second before eternity
when everything might at last make sense
while we all gaze skyward
standing like pointing Ezekiels
at our worst primordial instinct
amazingly engineered with only the latest hardware
sailing silently towards ground zero
on wings of shining steel
to reorganize our individual molecular compositions
before being blasted and blown into infinity
because of a final decision someone else made far away
I'll whisper in your ear
an apology.

intramuros

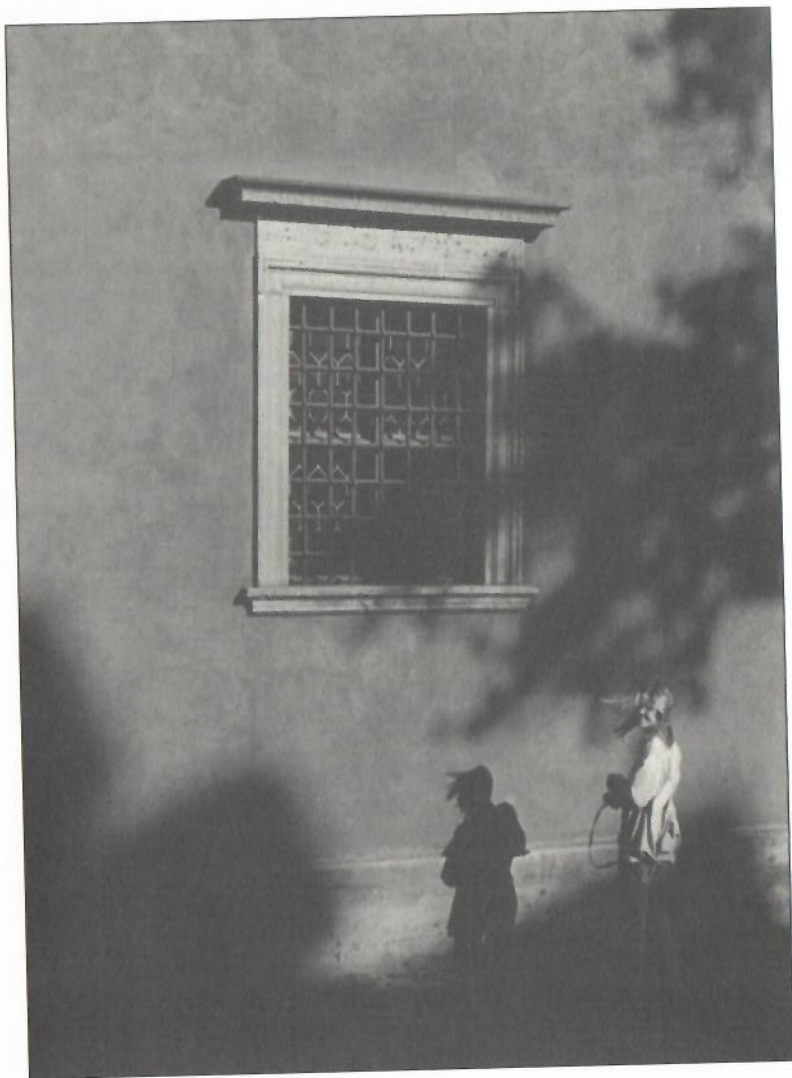
KAVITHA KARNAKER

History is the life of the mind itself, which is not the mind except insofar as it both lives in the historical process and knows itself as so living.

—R. G. Collingwood

the woman, as we can tell, is raving mad; the mad woman is raving, as we can tell; as we can tell, the raving woman is mad; as the raving woman can tell, we are mad; as the woman can tell, we are raving mad; we, as the woman can tell, are raving mad – but now let us return to the initial analysis; the woman as previously stated is raving mad, for encompassing her is a continuous upright structure; enclosing, protecting, and separating her from...from *what* she does not know; but she imagines it to be a garden, some fantastical image of Paradise; a city that reaches beyond the worldly, even at its most cultivated, and aspires to some spiritual summation; a city which symbolizes all human aspirations; the celestial city that Bunyan's Pilgrim laboured on his Progress; the Jerusalem of Blake built among the dark satanic mills; the metropolis of Saint Augustine of Hippo: the City of God; and beyond, as she imagines it has always been and will be, without minarets, domes, steeples, or even towers, skyscrapers, presidents, kings, tycoons, rabbis, priests, or saints, stands the beauty of the land in the matchless confidence of Earth itself – but let us not concern ourselves with what the woman believes to be beyond her, for we already know what lies on the other side of the continuous upright structure that is enclosing, protecting, and separating her from what she does not know; instead, let us concern ourselves with the enwalled mad woman, whose carnal nature binds her to the heretical Earthly City of Saint Augustine, where there is no soft sun to warm the scene, where a drizzle falls upon grey slate roofs and where all is stink, noise, and eyesore among relentless traffic, which makes her city – even at best – seem sufficiently profane; however, the woman does not know this either because she is blind; and so with no navigator to guide her, the mad woman hangs on in quiet desperation, groping at the Wall while unconsciously dragging behind her the silent reproach of a million tear-stained eyes; which in ages past stared at the erupting sheath of concrete that the blind woman, in her madness, is reading with sensitive fingers; fingers that are carefully deciphering the record of every human effort; this record which is not a production of her age alone, but a possession for all time and for all people; thus it is not just words which make up the Wall, for the power of words is limited to those who can read; accordingly the Wall is also made up of nonverbal, nonliteral monuments which have been built or sculptured in stone and are legible to everybody – young and old, literate and illiterate; so

that *you*, unlike the woman, who do not read Egyptian, Chinese, or Hindi, can grasp a message from the Pyramids, the Great Wall of China, or the Taj Mahal; and we suppose that you could say the Wall is not a record, but a monument that links the woman to the past, the present, and the future; but for the woman the monument is more than a spectacle, as it inspires awe; for she is uncertain as to *what* it memorializes, and that very mystery, that uncertainty, ironically inspires in her the dogmatism, the ideology, and the arrogance which strengthens the enclosing Wall; which in turn reveals her capacity for irreversible destruction; the vivid opposite of the creativity which makes her human; but also to this fact the woman is blind, because in her isolation the Wall is not simply a record or an awesome monument, but rather a creation – just as you and she – the Wall, from which her fingers flow, is to her a live ancestor, an ancient relation – it is her closest contact to you, as it is your closest contact to her – and by feeling the swell of history in her fluids and bones, as she rushes over the stones, she senses her own mortality stretching out until she believes that she, unlike you, will not die into a narrow grave, but finally into the folds of her lost paradise – but we can see that the thought of extinction saddens you; yet extinction is the norm, survival the exception; besides her death will make her spectacular to you, who is feeling her heartbeat; to you who is listening to her breathing, the susurrations sounding like small waves gently toppling on a beach, each one stroking the sandstone while sliding back into the darkness; but you know, as well as we do, that the stone will outlast both you and the woman no matter how we transform the world; so it matters not to us where you or the woman are along the Wall, or even that you are on opposite sides, for the spectrum of your lives is shrinking and fixed in our view as though in a vice; and neither you nor the woman can free yourselves from it, for your every effort will leave its mark on the Wall; and like all inscriptions yours will not only remind you of the evanescence of grandiose efforts of the past, which will give you solace for your own ineffectiveness and the triviality of your achievements, but will also warn you that you are placed in the same category as ancient ruins; and are, thus, subject to the same mortality as all past potentates; so the Wall is more than a monument, which you can look back on – it reaches out to you and the woman, and to generations unborn; for you, as all monument builders, are earnest to make your inscription become a byword, bringing others from afar to share your message; you seek not only conspicuousness but also permanence; so you build in stone, finding ways to defy the accidents of history, the malice of conquerors, and the whims of climate; consequently, the Wall projects its messages through space and time, awakening both you and the woman – who, as we can tell, are raving mad; your mad self is raving, as we can tell; as we can tell, your raving self is mad; as I can tell, you are raving mad; you, as I can tell, are raving mad – but now let us return to the initial analysis; I as previously stated am raving mad, for encompassing me is a continuous



TOM WEINACHT

Today

TIM JANCALEWICZ

I

There is sound in the morning
just as the curtains begin to glow
and the city has managed to open its eyes

the breath of her fingertips,
light on his neck
and the whisper of her toes
as they trace dreamy arcs between the sheets

she watches the sunlight brighten and move
silently along the wall
until it reaches the corner, carefully bends
and flows in a wave onto the floor

the secret greyness of night is chased into corners
as she fills her slippers with quiet feet.

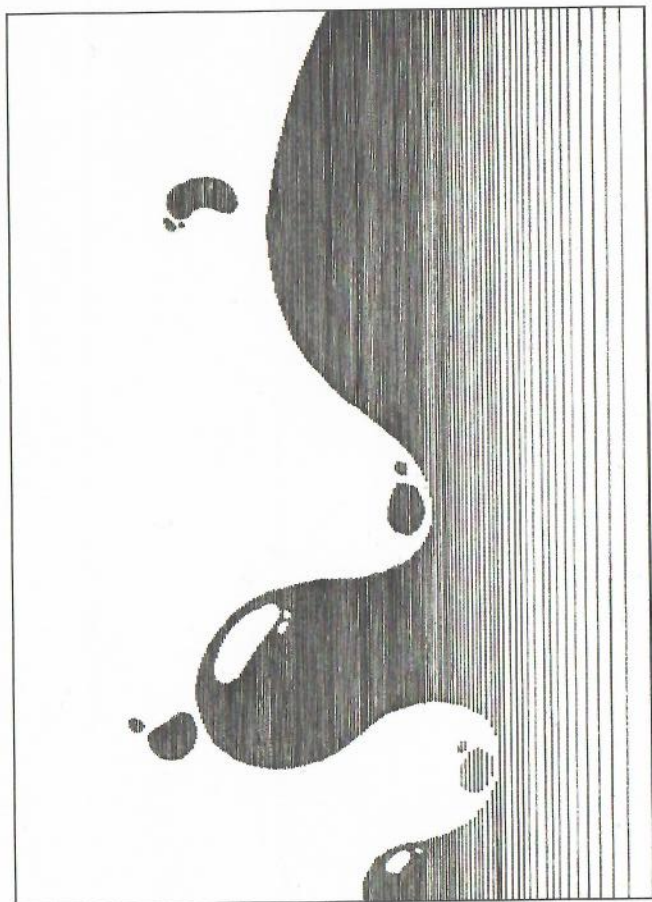
II

She sits alone in the kitchen
as the green kettle stirs cautiously on the stove

here, the sun is sliding its hands across the table towards hers
and she turns up her palms to catch its warmth

but she finds she is not cold
because behind closed eyes the fire of memory burns

and in the kitchen a new woman smiles.



NAOKI SATO

Blinda or, Tender Age In Bloom

BROOKE CLARK

BLINDA threw her head back and laughed, a light sound set free, and I felt something squirm in my stomach.

Blinda was the girl we all lost our virginity with, somewhere in the sagging middle of high school. It was one of those rites of passage; first kiss, first dance, driver's licence, one date with Blinda. Giggling through hamburgers, groping in the back row of the movie theatre, the apparently aimless driving that always led to the end of the unfinished expressway, headlights stabbing out into the empty darkness past the steep embankment, the river far below. On the other side, the abandoned bridge, a torment of concrete and delicate reaching metal twisted out gripping nothing, a shadow cast by the invisible. A hurried scramble into the back seat of Dad's sturdy, American-built car, overcome the bit of whining twisting resistance girls always feel they ought to put up, and then the act itself (over very quickly), a few minutes of gasping and muttering lies learned from movies, and then on with the clothes (shirt crooked? hair messed up?), drop her off and home just inside curfew.

Blinda was still laughing. I looked around the table at the faces; Rita, Tom, Betty-Jo, Dave, Sam, Christine, and Frank. Had Frank been the first to go out with her, or Tom? The story was that she wasn't a virgin anyway – her father, or an uncle or something, I don't think any of us really listened, or understood, or cared.

"This is so nice," Blinda said, smiling around the table at us all.

She was better-looking back then, and the first girl to have anything that could be mistaken for breasts. Jelly-like under my hands, trembling, they were strange, nothing like I had imagined. Tits, as we said then, hoping the shorter word suggested a familiarity we didn't really have.

"She has fine tits," Tom said to me, standing in the hall.

"Fine-looking," said Frank, "but wait till you touch 'em."

"Just fine," I said, leaning against my locker. It was the afternoon before my big date with Blinda, my first and last date with her, and Tom and Frank had given me the run-down on how to proceed. All very cool, very clinical. Still it was distant, unimaginable, the details unconnected to what I imagined was the significance of the act. Like how a car works. It's the motion that matters, the blur all around you, bodies and lights melting into one another, stretched like candy under a swollen sun. Who cares what's going on under the hood?

"No, I mean it," Blinda said. "Really nice of you to think of me. I mean, we'll all go different places next year, I mean you'll go and I'll,

who knows if we'll ever, meet again you know? This could be our last chance to...." She went on in that vein for a while, peas and carrots, peas and carrots, the typical yearbook garbage. She was right in a way, though – it was a long time since any of us had had anything social to do with Blinda.

I remember first meeting her in middle school, the fourth grade, or the third maybe. She was cute then, small and cute, with dark hair, the sort of girl who made you wonder what exactly went on between Mommy and Daddy, though you weren't that curious yet. Her smile wasn't too great – she had bad teeth, small and widely-spaced, pointing in different directions. We all used to laugh at that smile of hers, we had one of those names kids come up with for it, I can't remember what it was now.

I looked at Tom and Dave and Rita, all nodding as Blinda went on, their minds no doubt miles away, nodding and smiling. I felt the rhythm of my own head match theirs, felt the slow ache around my mouth, spreading up my cheeks. I wondered if they could remember the name we called her.

It was winter of the third grade (or the fourth) when I first started to notice Blinda. She had transferred into our school with a guy named Paul, the first black student at our school, a big, tall, skinny kid with wild, curly hair, not tight curls but larger, looser ones. Lunch hour, recess, after school, before school, every chance we got we pelted Paul with snowballs, the whole school gathered around to watch. I was part of the assembly line, making snowballs (I wasn't much of a shot), careful hands patting them into perfect spheres, planting them full of sharp ice chips if they were available. Paul's face a bloody agony, his pants and jacket soaked with blood and melted snow when the circle finally opened in the deepening afternoon and let him run home. Blinda stood smiling on the margins, watching him run.

"Should we be doing, um, this, you know?" Sam asked, kneeling beside me, collecting ice chips.

"Of course," I said. "I mean, it's for his own good."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. He doesn't belong here, I mean, you can see that that's why, you know, all this. We're doing this so he'll go back where he came from, where he belongs."

Sam nodded. And, a few weeks later, Paul disappeared, back where he came from. Wherever that was.

Rita kicked me under the table. "Where do you think you'll be going next year, Blinda?" I asked. It was our pre-arranged signal; "When I kick you under the table," Rita had whispered as we arrived at the restaurant looking for the others, "you ask her. You'll see."

Blinda shrugged, sucked some Coke up through her straw. "I don't know. College, if I get in, I'll maybe take hair design or, I've always been, you know, kind of interested in photography or something like that." She giggled nervously, we all nodded sympathetically. "Really, I'd like to just keep my job at the mall. People think it's stupid and all but, it can be, it's interesting, you know – someone comes in, you try to find clothes that suit them, help them to..." and so on, peas and carrots, all the intricacies of her stupid little job squeezing overweight middle-aged mothers into orange spandex and assuring them it was the latest thing, looks great less filling and all that.

"Talk about something you really like or something you really hate," said Mr. Hunt, our drama teacher, and Blinda launched into an oration about her worthless job at the mall. It was for the impromptu monologue, you had to go up and talk for a couple of minutes on whatever topic he gave you, without preparation. Mostly, I remember sitting with Blinda in the background of numerous scenes, mouthing the words Peas and Carrots over and over, at each other, into the mouthpiece of a prop telephone, to a non-existent figure off-stage. The perfect counterfeit of speech. Blinda always did it backwards, so it came out Carrots and Peas, Carrots and Peas. She was like that; wrote poetry for the school magazine, did up her drab winter boots with brightly-coloured laces, tried to wear what she thought was interesting jewellery. It all got pretty annoying after a while.

"And so I wouldn't mind staying there, if I had to," Blinda concluded. Rita looked at me, and her eyes flashed triumph.

"That's great," she said, giving Blinda's arm one of those fake motherly pats girls do, and tossed me another look. In case I'd missed the first one.

Blinda smiled at her, thankfully, and I got a look at her profile, which did it for me more than Rita's looks and nods. A year or so ago, something went wrong with Blinda's orthodontics. Things had been going fine, as far as you could tell just from looking, her teeth were getting straighter and closer together, you could see her smile improving behind the metal tracks. But something went wrong, and in about a week (it happened that fast) her teeth were sticking straight out of her mouth, so badly she couldn't really close her lips. One day, when we were doing geometry in math, we caught her at lunch, held her flat on her back on the muddy ground – Dave was on one leg, Sam on the other, Tom and Frank each held an arm, the girls gathered around to watch. Rita was laughing totally out of control, practically slobbering, and it got worse when I pulled out the protractor I'd stolen from the math room, straddled Blinda's chest, and held it up to her front teeth – Rita was hysterical, could barely stand up. Blinda's head snapped around, she kicked and

spat and clawed the ground, whole body twisting, and then calmed down, lay almost still and just stared at me, a little blood running from where the protractor dug into her lip. I could feel her still twitching under me, like something exposed and slowly dying in the sun. I forget the exact angle now, but it was somewhere in the thirties, thirty-four degrees, thirty-six.

I don't know whose idea it was to do that, it seemed to just happen — I stole the protractor without really thinking about why. For weeks after, primitive doodles of Blinda's profile, with 34 DEGREES (or 36) scrawled underneath, adorned the blackboards in all the classrooms, and the teachers rubbed them off with angry glares stretched taut over slight smiles. They seemed, somehow, to enjoy the torment, the curious mathematics of the hunted clicking around in their cash-register heads, reminding them that every doodle of Blinda was one not of themselves.

Blinda smiled gratefully at Rita, her teeth pointing at Rita's collarbone. Rita's father was Blinda's orthodontist, and he decided (so Rita told us) that trying to fix the teeth would probably only make things worse, so Blinda was left to live with the results. There was even talk of an article in some professional journal, maybe a TV appearance, but nothing came of that. It was then that Blinda's shape started to change, she got fuzzy around the edges, smeared and smudged out like something vague and only half tuned-in at the far end of a dark room.

Orthodontics accidents like that, all the parents said, were weird, one in a million, nothing to worry about Junior, and they shook their heads over their pinkish roast beef, gulped a little more cheap red wine than usual to wash down the fluorescent mixed vegetables, peered closely at the kids' teeth every time they smiled just to be sure and divided up the pay cheque in their heads like the pie after dinner.

Tom and Frank laughed at some private joke, and Sam leaned towards them, trying to figure out what it was so he could join in. I stared straight up, traced the slender silver of spider webs around the lights until the backs of my eyes exploded in slow, soft circles of red and orange. I think Rita must have kicked Christine under the table, because she said, "And as long as you're good at what you do, and you enjoy it... isn't that what we all want?" She looked eagerly around the table for approval, the kind of begging, silent whine that makes you want to kick a dog in the face 'till it falls down and doesn't move any more. "I mean, whether you go to university, or college, or to work, or whatever..." She let the sentence trail off, refused to give anything below Blinda's job at the mall a name.

Blinda blushed slightly and said nothing. Rita smiled, then asked Tom and Frank what was so funny. They glanced at each other, shrugging, shifty, and Tom mumbled something about the waiter's hairdo. The

food, as always, looked good when it arrived, and we all began to eat, quickly, messily, trying to finish before the six-dollar magic wore off.

A Friday, a month before the end of school, the afternoon in slow fade as faces drifted out of the dim halls towards the shadowy menace of another week-end. You can never be sure who will be back on Monday, who will have vanished. Like the girl who dropped my English class. People talked about her for a few weeks after, whispered that she was sick or pregnant or dead, and I nodded when they pointed to the empty desk, but I couldn't remember her, had no idea what she looked like, could not imagine the desk any way but empty. And then, over a week-end, she was forgotten; Monday came, then Tuesday, and so on, and no one mentioned her, and that was that.

Rita and I stood together that Friday, listening to the finality in the clank of distantly closing lockers, and Blinda walked by, smiled at us, nervously, only half-expecting the smile to be returned. Rita gave the falsest smile she could muster on such short notice, I gave her a short nod that signified recognition, nothing more, and she kept going, satisfied.

"Poor girl," said Rita, and sighed, a little overdone, as if she wanted the whole hall to hear. The echo of an empty locker chased her sigh out with the dying murmur of a closing door.

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh, come on," she said. "What is there for her out there? Where is she going to fit in?"

"Everyone fits in somewhere," I said, the guidance counsellor line, an empty lie. Rita gave me a candied, vicious smile for that.

"Please, spare me. Just look at her, I mean, a used-up slut at the age of eighteen, with nothing but that, her stupid worthless little job at the mall, and that's all she'll ever have. She has no class, and that's what it really comes down to no not money, you know I don't mean, I mean we're not rich but we have, something inside, a certain quality, there are things that we just won't do because we, you know, we have it."

"It?"

"Class. There's nothing out there for her, there's no place, the world doesn't, I mean if she died tomorrow no one would, you know, do you honestly think anyone would care?"

"No, I...well, yeah, I guess someone..."

"You don't agree then, you think..."

"No I, I mean I don't know...whatever, nevermind, forget it, it's nothing anyway, just nothing to..." I shrugged and began to fumble with my books, suddenly really interested in the way they lined up in the bottom of my locker, as if I was hiding my face from what she'd said, hovering out there in the hall around us. As if there was something to be afraid of.

"Come on," Rita said, leaning close to me, "don't be angry now." She kissed me lightly on the cheek.

"I'm not angry," I said. And I wasn't.

The food got hard and cold, thickened in our mouths as we tried to chew, and we all waved to the waiter for refills of our drinks. No one tried to talk, we didn't even look up from our plates.

Afterwards, we split the bill, each of us tossing in a bit extra to treat Blinda. She smiled gratefully, stammered her awkward thanks, seemed to be trying to really mean it – probably did mean it – and we all assured her it was nothing, the least we could do, peas and carrots and all that. Then we headed for the cars, my stomach churning, full of nachos, pizza, Coke, all the usual garbage.

The streetlights were distant, faint, and the darkness ripped the last of the daylight out of us. "Drive around a bit?" Tom asked me, leaning against the door of his father's car, as if the idea had just popped into his head.

"Sure," I said.

"Check out the old haunts," Rita getting her two cents in.

"We'll follow you, then," Frank said to me, heading for his dad's car, and I nodded. Rita and Blinda got in the back seat, I drove.

We went by the school, the park, the hotel where we held the formal, the hospital where we drove Brent to get his stomach pumped, Mr. Crowe's burnt-out, collapsing skeleton of a house that we ran through on dares after he died in the fire, all of us afraid but still secretly hoping to be the one to stumble over his charred skeleton, see the blackened teeth roll out of his echoing jaws as a dirty sneaker connected with the dome of the skull, kicked it loose from the fragile anchor of vertebrae. There was ten bucks on it, but no one found the skeleton. The windows were down, a warm breeze blew through the car, the scream of neon was all around us, it tugged at your eyes and then stabbed right through them, orange burned black into my head. Rita went on about the memories, what had happened where, who had done what to whom and what they were wearing at the time, a sort of rambling geographical valedictory. "Oh, and there's where...did you hear that story no I guess about...that time we all went...got lost by the...it seemed...never..." I tuned out.

Was there a plan? The thing was, we never talked about it, or, at least, we talked, but no one ever really said anything. One day, sitting around the table at the cafeteria, Rita, Tom, Sam, Christine, Betty-Jo, Frank, and me, the conversation got around to Blinda.

"Poor thing," said Betty-Jo, shaking her head. Rita nodded in approval, and everyone talked about her in terms of vague pity, we shook our heads and played with our hair and said how sorry we felt for her.

"But what can you do?" said Frank, as if summing up. "I mean, sometimes things just..."

"Exactly," said Tom. "Nothing to do except, well, you know..."

"We're all going away and all," said Rita, "and frankly, I don't think it would hurt...I mean would it be so bad if we just, you know, did something for her before we go?"

Silence.

"I mean, what'll she have when we're gone, you know, but even less than she has now, and if we could just...something to make it a little easier for her, something to kind of...it sounds so stupid, I know...to kind of...take the pain away..."

Some time after that, Rita invited her on our annual, end-of-the-year jaunt, and, of course, she accepted. But that isn't a plan.

"It's not a conspiracy," Betty-Jo once said to me, "it's just a few friends running the show." I think she even wrote it under her grad photo when she signed my yearbook, so I guess she spent some time coming up with it.

"Perfectly expressed, my dear," said Rita, smiling. It turned into sort of a motto or something for them. How could Blinda refuse?

We stopped at the end of the abandoned expressway high above the river, the shadow of the bridge against the darkness so faint you could almost ignore it, and if the place brought back any uncomfortable memories for Blinda, she didn't show it. We all parked in a semi-circle about ten feet from the embankment, the headlight beams crossing on their way out into the black emptiness, holes punched in the darkness, the car engines humming softly.

Blinda went and stood in the glare of the headlights, not far from the edge, breathing deeply, noisily. I sidled around the back of Dad's car, trying to look casual, and popped the trunk open. Everyone gathered around, pulled out one of Dad's golf clubs, hefted it experimentally, then walked slowly towards Blinda, stopping at the edge of the light, tall shadows against the brightness ahead.

"You know," Blinda said, "even with the cars running, you can still hear way down the sound of the river, like because it's quiet it's somehow louder almost...I love that sound."

Sticky with half-dried sweat and fumbling for my clothes in the stifling, reeking interior of the car, I reached over and rolled down a window. Blinda sighed as the cool air swept over our bodies, sucking the moisture away. She was leaning back against the door, her body vague in the shadows, almost non-existent. We could just hear the sound of the river that night, too.

"I love that sound," she had said.

"Why don't you turn the cars off?" she asked. No one said anything, and after a minute she slowly turned around, stared blindly into the lights, trying to see through them, trying to see us beyond them. "Huh?"

I don't know who hit her first, but one swing dropped her to the ground, and then we all stepped up and started to beat her together. She rolled around on the pavement at first, crossing and recrossing the faded yellow centre line that had been painted on, kicked and thrashed and tried to protect her head, but her movements got smaller, slower, then stopped, and she moved only with the rhythm of us hitting her. Her blood was bright red in the glare of the headlights, more colourful than I ever imagined it could be. It seemed unreal, something that couldn't come out of a human body. With each blow we felt the crunch and burst of what was under the skin, Dad's custom-made, perfectly-balanced golf clubs transferring the impact up our arms into our shoulders, the backs of our necks, the rhythmic shocks of the beating driving everything else out the tops of our heads.

When we finally stopped Blinda's body was nothing more than a mangled heap, and we stood over it, heaving and gasping, glistening with sweat. My arms ached, but, as my grandfather always said, it was a good ache, the ache of hard work done well. He always leaned back in his chair as he said it, eyes watery with memory. I snickered at the image – couldn't help it.

We threw Blinda's body down the embankment to the river, listening to the soft rustle and thump of its descent, and then threw the golf clubs down after it with a metallic clatter.

And, with nothing much to say after that, we all got in our parents' cars and headed home. I drove Rita, the windows still open, the breeze washing through the silence, whipping her hair around and tugging at my skin, lifting away everything that had built up and leaving me clean and pure underneath. I felt tingling and alive, as if some inner part of me was exposed to the air for the first time; I could smell Rita's perfume, her shampoo, the slight odour of sweat, I could tell all these odours apart, see them layered in different colours and curling around my nose as the breeze carried them past me and out behind us in the dark.

And my mind was clear, empty and cold except for a single sentence that pulsed through it, words cut knife-sharp into soft tissue. I will never forget the beauty of this act, I thought to myself. None of us will ever forget.



CHRISTOPHER WOLFE *Silent Scream*



JOHN M. CURRID

Invitation

LISA KOVARIK

Come as you are
To the one woman carnival
lurid amusements and dazzling pretense
all to the tune of pipe organ airs
music for this depraved pantomime

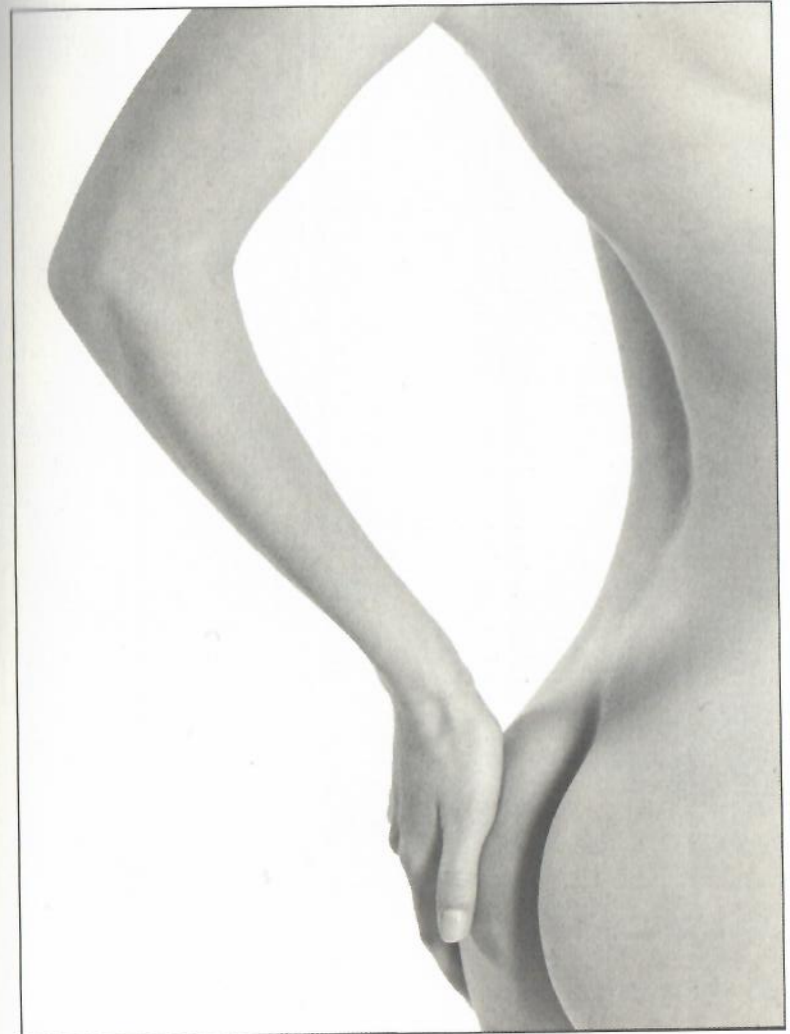
Emotional contortion
One Night Only
Sequins, gumballs and a slipper of glass
are leftovers from the trunk
of cunning disguise
those passionless, threadbare apologies
adorned and removed
without ceremony.

Come one, come all
to the gaudy three-ringed spectacle
See the blindfolded rope walker
poised just a toe-heel step
before an unshakeable
waking dream
of death.

Reality Check

JENNIFER SHELTON

Surrounded by your priests and pawns, my nightmare took distinctive shape, "You'll find the game informative." A quilt of black and white, of chequered minutes, stretched taut to the frame. "I love you," I apologized - my will subjected to alien demands from all quarters. Familiar faces hidden still, each movement measured to delay the fall. But gaps and shadows grow in every dream, revealing boundaries with gestures of time. A dawning horizon seduced, or seemed, the answer awaiting a question of mine. For mated or no, the fruit is the same: we checked affection. We became the game.



JOHN M. CURRID



SAMANTHA BURGNER

The White Cat

RUTH (CHAFFEE) JOHNSON, 5T1

WHEN Merdrun sneezed, all sorts of unforeseen things happened: orange comets with blue tails, reversing hurricanes, tidal waves on Lake Ontario, plus a week long traffic jam in New York City caused by an unremitting hailstorm of plastic coffee cups and old newspapers. But what really bothered Merdrun was upsetting his phial of flecks.

Afterwards, Merdrun told himself that these things were intended all along as part of his all-knowingness, but it was, in fact, the cat. Merdrun had no use for her. Worse, except for human beings, he had no real affinity for any of his creatures. Nevertheless, they were his very own handiwork, so, to each in turn, Merdrun gave grudging audience; if he forgot, his conscience smote him sorely. He therefore rang the bell admitting the cat who strolled in, all white fluff and blue eyes, tail erect, and little paws padding prettily across the slippery marble tiles.

Cat came to a halt on the spot marked STOP in bold letters, and raised her blue eyes to The Boss. "Well, well," Merdrun said not entirely displeased with what he saw. "Not bad, not bad at all. Turn around."

Slowly, displaying every inch of her ermine wrap, Cat swivelled on the STOP.

"Enough!" Merdrun bellowed. With so much on his mind, his attention span was limited. "Go," he said and pointed to the exit sign.

Cat gazed at the sign, blinked her blue eyes, yawned, and leapt straight into The Boss's lap. Circling it three times, she then made herself into a ball and went to sleep purring a purr of purest purity.

It all happened in the twinkling of an eye and, too late, Merdrun recalled that he had also created allergies. "Haa, HAa , HAA, HAACHOO" he snoze. Cat shot off like the proverbial bat from you know where and never stopped running until she reached the kitchen nine stories below.

It was unfortunate that Merdrun's phial of flecks was in direct line of fire and tipped over. Before Merdrun could even wipe his nose, the flecks had sailed off on the breeze of the sneeze, out the window and off into the universe.

Now Merdrun, being who he was, was upset to say the least. From before he knew what he knew, he knew he knew enough to keep things humming along without much fuss. He knew, for example, before he knew himself, how to make a world and how to keep light separated from dark, sea from land, enough sand in the desert, that sort of thing. It was, therefore, a humbling experience to see the golden flecks of genius, for that is what they were, whirling willy-nilly through the universe, wasting themselves in black holes, discarded space labs or floating foolishly in circles around the stars like children playing ring around the rosie.

Merdrun knew he would have to call himself on the mat over this one. He would gladly have blamed Nurdrem his wife had she not been in her room, as usual combing out her yellow hair and singing silly songs. "You ain't nothin' but a hound dog," was one of them. Merdrun viewed both these activities as frivolous but, being just, he had to acknowledge that he had himself given himself a self, which was Himself, long before he had given himself the self which was, of course, Himself. He therefore put up with her when she insisted on sculpting clouds, rehearsing the birds or worse, painting gaudy sunsets and propping them up on the horizons to dry.

Obviously, Merdrun could have sent his doves out and had the flecks all brought back to him, but that would be tantamount to admitting the possibility of possibility. Instead, he announced to himself that all was right with the world, and took to biting his nails. One of the specks had slithered its way past all eternity, past the stars and planets with their grasping gravitational orbits, found a hole in earth's ozone layer and was even now drifting determinedly down, closer and closer and closer and....

"Oh my," Emily said. At the time of her anointing, she was in Amherst, Massachusetts, peeling onions in the kitchen. Had there been an outside observer other than Merdrun, he/she might have assumed the two slow tears channelling down Emily's cheeks had much to do with onions and little to do with grace. "Oh my," she repeated as the rapture possessed her and she saw the onion in the curve of her hand, saw that it too was dressed in white, layer upon layer of gossamer white concealing and protecting a heart both pungent and pithy, full of grace and truth.

She finished peeling the onions, for she was as dutiful in disposition as she was demure in demeanour, and stepping out to inspect the garden found paradise instead. Emily gasped, reached for her pencil and began to record in words. Pithy, economical words they were, and when entrusted to verse, held her meaning folded up tight among them like the good New Englanders they were. 'Stumble,' 'fellow,' 'doom,' she wrote, 'assassin,' 'purple,' 'raw': meaning upon meaning, poem after poem. Sheer genius, is what they later said, later meaning later, when Emily Dickinson was dead.

As for Merdrun, he had to admit Emily had handled the whole thing quite well. True, that particular speck of genius had been hand picked for an Iranian gardener who at the age of eighty-two was to astound the world with his Persian poetics, but, Merdrun further ruminated, it was most certainly intended for Emily all along since none other than he himself must have intended it - mustn't he?

Meanwhile, Nurdrem was in the kitchen mixing up a bowl of nectar, caviar, ambrosia and manna. When it was ready, she set it down on the floor and whistled for Cat who came in licking her chops with her little pink tongue, blinking her blue eyes and twitching her long white whiskers. "Good little puss," Nurdrem said bending down low, "Eat and enjoy. I may need you again to disorder our order."



A LITTLE KNOWN OKLAHOMA SAYING...



NEVER LOOK A DEAD HORSE IN THE MOUTH.

CHRIS MCFARLANE

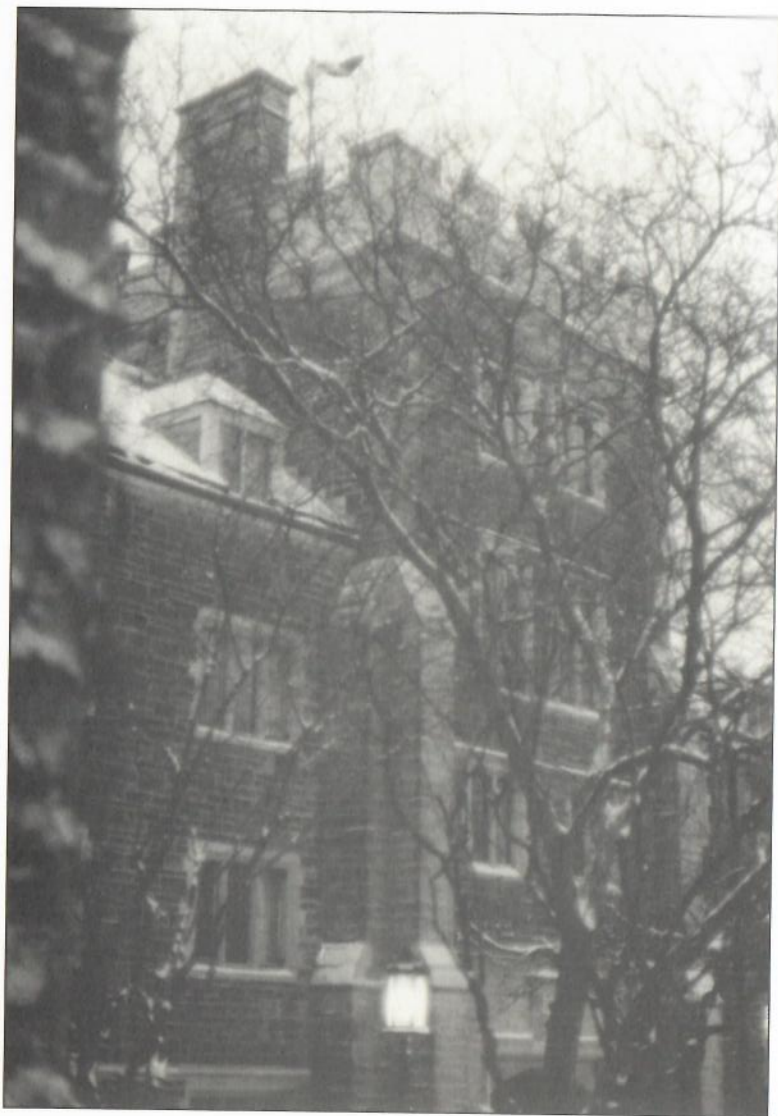


JOHN RICHARDSON

Captives

PAUL KONGKHAM

That sickle moon – motionless since harvest –
That lucent, crystal chandelier now hangs
So low beneath the early autumn sky
That through the galleria window flows
Peculiar light for me to see you by.
Poor Prometheus – Hercules is dead,
His hammer and his chisel laid to rest.
And you, only half out of your cocoon,
With wings pinned back by cold, unyielding stone,
Stand struggling, hoping for deliverance,
While Time decays, gnaws, and frays your sinew.
Beneath the eyes of Moses you should be,
But Angelo, he too struggled, you know:
Earth-bound by the weight of his ambition,
With blood which boiled, melting waxen wings
Before the flame was close enough to grasp.
That fire he reached for burnt a crimson red.
Would it deliverance bring, or instead
Cause him sorrow, and pain? Stretch to Eden,
Smell its sweetness, and be cast down again.
If only he'd had a little more time.
If there had been some grains yet to fall through,
Then he might have done it all – reached the goal:
Scores of sculptures, stories tall – Sinai in
Marble, upon which Julius could lie.
But his pendulum slowed in its motion,
And as the flame retir'd to where the sky
Melts into ocean – as that perfection
Descended out of reach – the shadow grew.
Within its wake, Angelo stood, alone,
While Isolation's wintry breath fell down.
And in the ashen sky, no embers glowed.
His visions smothered by the gilded hands,
With contract after contract which reduced
The grand to shadows of his former plans,
Which leaves you here, alone with me. Look, West,
Above the hills, towards that flick'ring star.
How could such a feeble light reach our eyes
From so far? And there it goes, shines no more.
Yet for a moment it was bright enough
To penetrate through suffocating night.
So it is that we struggle, day to day,
Fending off the eagles that come to prey.
And here we are, against the rock, dangling
Beneath the hands of circumstance. Perhaps
We will be strangled, or, perhaps, we'll dance.



Henderson Tower

Names & Time

AUSTIN CLARKE

IN my hand is *The Review* of Trinity College, Vol. LXIX, 1957 February. The first six pages are filled with what I can now call conservative and establishment advertisements: Carling's "the new Carling Breweries Ltd"; Clarkson, Gordon & Co., chartered accountants; Salada Tea – "just try it"; Century Cleaners, for "men and women of Trinity"; TCS, "a boarding school in the country for boys"; Cloke Construction Ltd; David White Florist, at Bay and Bloor, formerly Woolams, but still providing "flowers for all occasions"; General Printers, at 680 Bay Street; Collier, Norris & Quinlan Limited, "timed investment fund limited"; one entire page of Neilson's whose "two new candy treats" cost "just 10 cents each!"; and the final page before the letterhead of *The Review* itself, taken up by three advertisements: Upper Canada College, "boarding and day school for boys"; Birks, supplying college insignia, pins, medals, trophies and Christmas cards; and McCormick's Limited, "makers of fine biscuits and candies, since 1858".

I was acquainted, even before 1957, with these products mentioned with such profound understatement. Trinity College, in those days, was defined by these institutions, not least of which was tea – even if it was not Salada, but Red Rose; and certainly TCS, against whom I played cricket, successfully; and Century Cleaners, David White, and Upper Canada College touched my life, almost daily, and not always, successfully.

But it is the masthead of *The Review* that brings the memories pouring back into my mind; making me wonder where the names are today, and whether the time has had its corrosive effect on those names; and has made the names, memories only.

Charles Chadwick, the editor, had the reputation of having the most tattered gown, deliberately done to give the impression of being what is now referred to, as "cool".

Elizabeth Brownell, his managing editor, has left the immediate environs of Trinity; but the other names there, William Barnes, who became a teacher; Roderick Brinckman, (who wore the stiffest detached collars in our history!); Alastair Grant, (still building out-houses and houses outside the boundaries of kitchens and back gardens); Terry Grier, now a president of Ryerson University, (I shall not, to be politically correct and proper, mention what his wife does!); Tim Reid, whom I met two consecutive Christmases ago, three Christmases ago; and Jerry Colman, whom I understand was in Commerce and Finance, and who certainly must have had something to do with the prize I got for the poems that

appear on pages 23 and 24 and 25. Needless to say, I have not read the poems, since.

But the name is significant, as it was the moniker I used in those days, when I thought I was destined to be Trinity's most outstanding poet – not only then, but for all time.

A. A. Chesterfield-Clarke. The hyphen is significant. It states my psychological make-up at that time: a time of insecurity and of great ambitiousness; a time of certainty and a time of not knowing what I wanted to do after Trinity.

But I might have continued to call myself *Chesterfield-hyphen-Clarke* had not Robert Weaver of the CBC, years after Trinity, advised me that the poems I had submitted to him, were the “worst” he had ever read.

Blame Robert Weaver, therefore, for having robbed Trinity and Canada of a poet of great renown! And blame Robert Weaver also for having given Trinity a prose writer, when it was the writer's own ambition and intention to have labelled Trinity with a man whose life would deal in the “higher” art form of poetry!

But time, even then, knew better than any of us could have determined; and we were ignorant of what the time itself would promise the name of one man, and the names of others, in the future.

Austin Clarke is a more prosaic name than the one used on pages 23 to 25. The time I spent at Trinity College was itself far from being prosaic: that time is the *root* of all that the name has become today; it is a time I re-live with the greatest memories; a time that is the greatest I have spent in this country which I have taken on, with poetic fierceness, since October 1955. Coming from an island surrounded by a sea of fishermen, I already knew something about “salt” and about “earth” – or land.

Incidentally, the prize was five dollars. With it, I bought twenty-six ounces of Gordon's Gin, a large bottle of tonic water, and a jumbo bag of potato chips. And drank all night in my room, with Colin Worrell, now a professor of Accounting at Ryerson, John Gooding, now with the Central Bank of Jamaica, an African named Mensah, now even bigger in Ghana, and a good friend, now a Judge in Toronto, and whose predilection for gin, makes it improper to call him by name.

Hope and Fear

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

As when the sunless face of winter fills
The earth, a moment misty bright,
The sun streams forth in powdery light,
A silver glory over silent hills.

And all the rolling glooms that lie below,
That sudden splendor of the sun,
With shivered feet and mantles dun,
In stricken columns skim the gleaming snow.

Yet far away, beyond the utmost range
Of sun-drowned heights, pine-skirted, dun,
That fringe the white waste's frozen rim,
Hang ever ghost-like waiting for the change.

So often to the blank world-sobered heart
Comes hope, with swift unbidden eye,
And bids the weary life-gloom fly
With shaken skirts, and for a space depart.

Yet evermore, still known of eye and ear,
With sullen, unforgotten surge,
Hang ever on the waste heart's verge,
Time's hovering ghosts of restless change and fear.

—reprinted from *The Trinity University Review*,
VOLUME I NUMBER 2, FEBRUARY 1888.