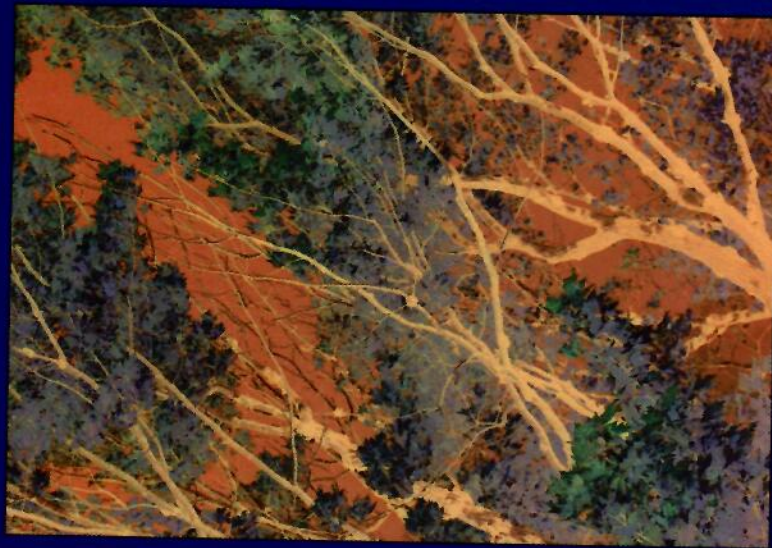


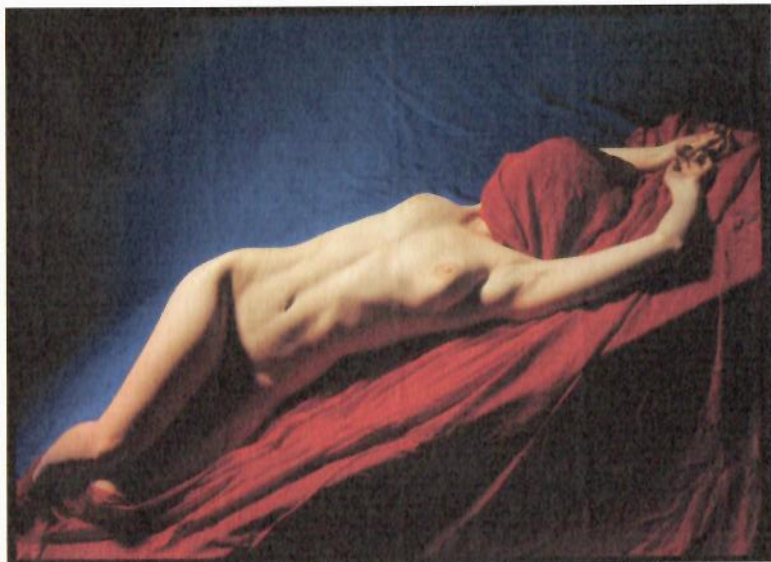
THE
TRINITY
UNIVERSITY
REVIEW



VOLUME CX NUMBER I

Fall 1996





JOHN CURRID

**THE
TRINITY
UNIVERSITY
REVIEW**

VOL. CX No. 1

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FALL 1996

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Mariana's Shoes

By RANDY BOYAGODA

Mariana couldn't remember why she wore high-heeled shoes to church, the high-heeled shoes her grandmother would have scorned if alive as the vessels of a whore. The heels were spikes like the nails in the hands of the Jesus life-size on the cross in front of her hanging as she walked forward and the heads in the pews and against the wall turned and looked. Even the priest, who had given her first communion so many many years ago looked up from the liturgy and she remembered how his hands had trembled at the First Communion they shared, and how the sweat from his fingers seeped into the thin wafer body of Christ. How it tasted that first time, damp and salty and she wanted to push it back out of her mouth into a ball of spit and someone else's sweat into her own clammy palm.

The leather soles slapped hard against the marble floor, punctured by the hollow heels and Mariana remembered the scratch of gravel road outside her village, where a woman ran a fruit-stand only soldiers and strangers visited. Sweeping the floor of her father's tavern she heard the men dare one another to visit but they would always down their drinks and always laugh at their cowardice and always plod home.

She dared herself and went to the fruit-stand, but afraid to be seen approached from the tall grass behind it, to hear the hard steps of the soldier's boots in the gravel cut by the slap and stab of the fruit-stand whore's shoes. She knelt after hearing a murmured question and disinterested answer. The two came towards her and fell into the tall grass, snapping and bending. No more words just the sound of a buckle undone and a skirt rustling upwards then a grunt and no more. She heard coins tin off each other and then blunt against the road and then scratch upwards and she hurried home, late for dinner.

Now as Mariana walks up to the altar she sees the whore lie down in the sickly cracked grass behind the plastic figurine manger. Mariana begins to walk more quickly to stop her before she drags down a shepherd or shows Joseph what he missed out on and notices that the whore's hips move faster. With each step Mariana, the whore's body, quicker and faster, slap and stab slap and stab go her shoes and her hips and Mariana sees the whore's face for a moment and she's about to feel something finally and Mariana stops dead in her tracks. Her mother slapped her for being late and her grandmother made her say two extra decades that night.

Mariana's in front of the altar and the priest is about to raise the Host upwards for the congregation to behold and worship, the grey walls of the church, the yellow and orange wood pews, the sad faces everywhere longing to go home.

Then the entire church shudders, the candles flicker, fade and fall, burning two cigarette holes in the sheet covering the altar, the stained glass shakes and shatters and Mariana sees the whore grab onto Joseph's arm. The baby Jesus begins to cry loudly and another joins him and yet another, this time a girl. The priest puts the Host down, "What the hell is this?" he asks, turning around. Jesus on the cross turns his head and his face goes sour. "Oh for God's sake, what's the bloody hold up? I want to go home."

Then a peal of lightning strikes and she covers her ears, the muffled thunder surrounding everything and Mariana's fingernails dig into her palms as the voice of God speaks:

"Our apologies ladies and gentlemen,
we seem to be momentarily delayed,
hope to resume the service in a minute or two."

She starts and looks around and knows
she should have worn flats to work.



CARISSA WONG

Trompe D'Oeil

A subtle and profound philosophical disquisition on the essence of vision

By JACOB ROSS

The 'I' is the *I divide*.
I divide an apple pie.

Over the eye the I presides.
The eye must peruse what the I decides.
The I is the law and the eye abides.
When the eye does err, the I derides.

Why let the I so rudely chide?
Why do you in the I confide,
When you know that the I is a sightless guide,
And the I has but what the eye provides?

Who has mastery? Who has pride?
Who will have the apple pie?
Why not take him for a ride?
Why not take the pie in stride!

The eye it searches far and wide.
(The eye can see from every side.)
But the eye can't see where the eye does hide!
 When the eye and the I collide,
 Is the I in the eye's inside?
 Does the eye in the I reside?
 Or can they never coincide?

The 'I' is the *apple pie*.



DAVE KUKURIN

Mar's Grill, Toronto

By SHEKHAR AIYAR

The window of a street café
And ham and eggs up sunny side
The waitresses look rushed and gray
And stacks of dirty dishes hide

Behind the clinking kitchen wall.
I scan the *Globe and Mail* and read
Of Bouchard, and an angel's fall.
Around me people chat and feed.

A Redneck argues earnestly
Across the table by the door
With Slavic chums; amazingly,
His girlfriend lets him have the floor.

I do not hold with nicotine
But smoke today. Outside the hell
Of winter brews; this warm caffeine
Is bad for rats but suits me well.

Nobody knows me, and I miss
The years that have softly grown.
In countless cities just like this
I've eaten breakfast on my own.



DAVE KUKURIN

For Chris

By SUSAN SHIPTON

We talked about things
like black holes
and dreams of horses.
You were an adolescent
I, a child, yet we
communicated better
than most adults.
Our shared thoughts
and feelings created
a liaison of comfort,
fulfilled a gap
in both of us, although
the causes of the deficiencies
were different.

A "respector of persons"
was the term I later learned.
At the time, it seemed like
a natural phenomenon,
so foreign to me was
this kind of relationship.

I thank you for giving me
the chance to be a whole person
and not just a child.

You were so peaceful,
never perturbed by anything
and your faith that the future was
a promising friend was relentless.
But I know now,
that was your only defense
against the "unbearability
of battle".
The harshness of the world was
too violent
and so
you created your own.

The deep mourning
has climaxed and now rests,
subdued yet constant as a sense
of loss and incredible waste
that my friend
could be crumpled
like a paper fan.

Untitled

By SUE BOWNESS

Talk about
filling in the silence

disrespecting the pause

But those are the strangers
with you I am silent
comfortably so.



PAIGE KING

The First Movement in a Modern Day Folk Tale

By SYLVIA PRZEZDZIECKI

On a north-east corner within an aging neighbourhood, somewhere between Parkdale and High Park, stood a house. It was a tangled mass of turrets and towers and peacock blue paint; of grey brick, Sears siding, and a newly laid driveway of interlocking stones. A middle-aged musician (who worked for City TV but had secret hopes of resurrecting his college band) liked the house for a certain basement room with perfect studio acoustics, and bought it for himself and his (indecently) young fiancée to live in.

The life of these newlyweds appeared candy-coated. Their love was large, their mortgage small. Together they designed a music room for Bob and a study for Joan where she could translate Russian novels undisturbed. They then set to work on the rest of the house, cultivating it lovingly to make it their own—painting, upholstering, pausing to cook exotic, well-balanced meals, making love in their four-poster bed from IKEA.

But after several months Joan grew listless. She began to neglect first the house, then her own appearance and grooming. All of this mildly frustrated Bob, but in an effort to coax Joan out of her melancholy he bit his tongue and did the groceries. Joan's apathy slowly spread to her work. She continued to spend most of her days in her study, but instead of using her computer for the task that once absorbed her, publisher's deadline aside, she found herself "surfing the net".

One Tuesday afternoon, feeling particularly blah, Joan typed *bored and depressed* into her search engine. Oddly enough, it returned 1,300 matches. She scrolled the first twenty or so, stopping at *Fred's On-Line Help Line*. Curious, she made the link and encountered a questionnaire.

What is your name?

Joan Smothers, she dutifully typed.

How are you today, Joan Smothers?

Fine, thank you.

What did you eat for breakfast?

Corn Flakes.

The list of questions was very long. At one point she was asked to rate her sex life on a scale from 1 to 10. She typed a 7, feeling slightly uncomfortable about it.

Slowly, she worked her way to the end of the questionnaire.

Thank you. Please wait for Dr. Fred to analyze your responses.

Joan waited uneasily, resisting the temptation to log off. She was somehow curious about what Dr. Fred had to say.

Thank you for waiting. You have been diagnosed as a depraved nurturer. You lack the company that you so obviously crave. There are three proposed treatments: the acquisition of a) a cocker spaniel, b) a child, or c) a designer wardrobe. Please enter the letter corresponding to the treatment you would prefer.

b, typed Joan, feeling somewhat exposed. The thought had been plaguing her. She and Bob had long disposed of the birth-control, but it only clued them into the fact that she was as fertile as a spatula.
Your request will be processed in sequence.
Joan was back at the index of related topics.

Joan's depression deepened. It was a purposeful depression, since she knew it was a child she was pining away for. Her beautiful house seemed to loom larger each day, making her feel ever smaller and lonelier.

The following Friday, Joan's prayers were answered in the most peculiar of ways. Bob had just left for work and she was sitting at the kitchen counter with her half-eaten bagel, rifling through the mail. She came across a thick, cardboard envelope addressed from Dr. Fred. Curious, Joan tore away the paper. She was holding a diskette. Not bothering to finish her breakfast, she wandered into her study and popped it into her computer.

Hi Mom.

Joan was stunned. The image of the child was of holographic quality. He occupied her screen comfortably and completely. His hair was copper and his eyes wet chocolate.

"Hi", she whispered back. The boy's gaze was blank. She realized she would have to type.

Hi, she pressed. The boy smiled.

What's my name?

Joan had to sit down and think.

Demyan, she decided.

Demyan hungry.

Joan was at a loss.

Give bottle of tepid milk, she typed tentatively, thinking to herself that this was all too Star Trek. Instantly the toddler was pacified with a baby bottle in his clutch. He gurgled the white liquid incredibly quickly.

Demyan sleepy.

Tuck into bed, typed Joan, and was interrupted.

WARNING: NOT ENOUGH MEMORY TO RUN APPLICATION.
CLOSE ALL UNNECESSARY WINDOWS AND RETRY!

Tuck into bed, she tried again

WARNING: NOT--

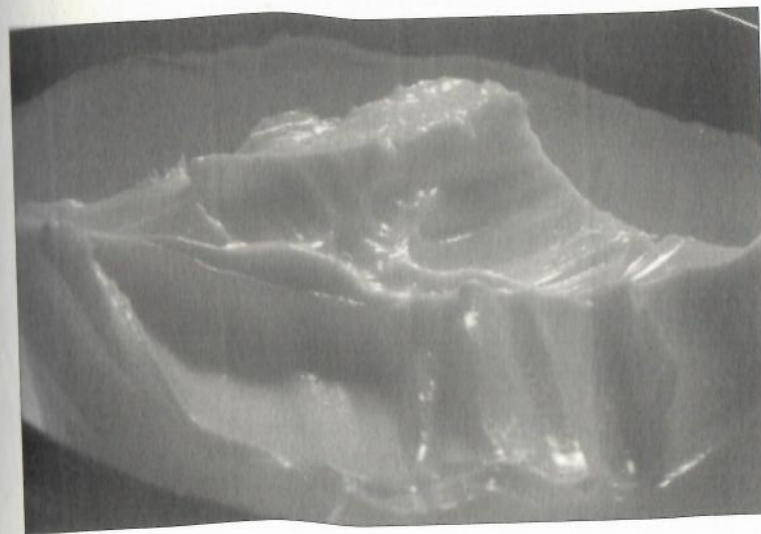
Joan made sure to save as a precaution before unplugging her computer. She got dressed, grabbed her car keys and went out to buy more RAM.

Bob came home from work that afternoon to find his new virtual son snugly wrapped in flannel pajamas, snoring audibly. Needless to say, it made him uncomfortable as well as slightly worried about Joan's mental health. But his initial skepticism was soon washed away by a growing love for his growing child. He learned to delight in spending time with his son who was eager to learn all that he could. He began teaching Demyan the game of baseball, as the boy's physical dexterity was well beyond his years. Bob never minded being sent out on midnight memory runs in search of sustenance for his son who was growing at an alarming pace and required ever more megabytes to make room for his development.

654321

By SUE BOWNESS

I used to be crazy
but now I'm sane
I traded in the interesting
for the mundane



JACOB ROSS

Needle Dances

By ELLAREE METZ

sitting here, playing connect the dots
watching through silver spoon eyes
as the lines create images on images.
it really doesn't matter anymore
the faces swim in and out, unrecognizable
in the thin soup mixture smiling, mimicking
your movements in the silver mirror.

sometime ago you were able to disguise
the signs in home cooked meals,
in the job you held, the sex you gave
and then, you only needed a recreational boost
which came each payday. every time
was your last you swore to God
as you trotted off to the kids' hockey game.

but now, laughing, not quite certain why
thinking of the little one with the missing tooth,
who was always afraid of the monsters under the bed.
you refused to weep when the child protection services came
and said you were the evil spirit which haunts his sleep.

the needle has musical qualities you concede
as it goes choo-choo over the tracks looking for
station paradise. every hour is payday
or at least it should be.

you never realized until today how lethargic
and mustard yellow the walls are, that they apologized
for your unkempt appearance and nodded with sympathy
with the needles' inability to find a decent vein
not on your arm, not on your leg.
lying here on the couch which swallows your weight
and drinks your blood, you are almost twenty-five percent
certain that this may be your apartment.

the ligature retains its shape attesting to your
exceptional doctoral skills. the needle limps from your arm.

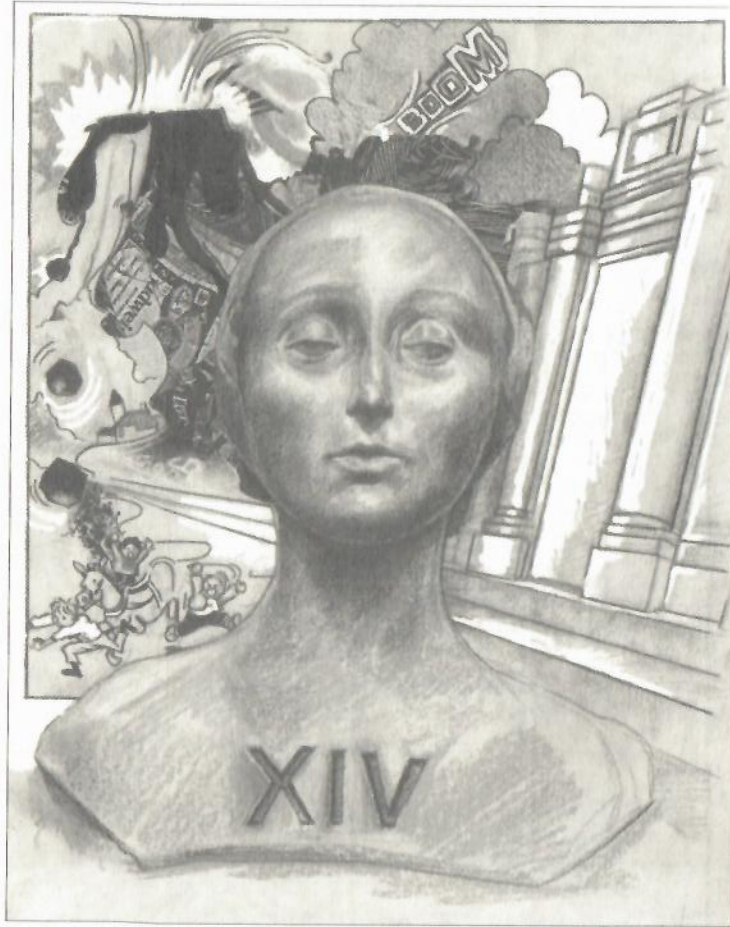
Tommy, yes, that was his name, would be proud of you
performing these needle dances without a flinch.
back then, when he was four or so
he would hold mommy's hand at the dentist
because you were afraid of needles.

Ode to the Atheist Flowers

By SUE BOWNESS

silk petals
plastic leaves
fresh artificiality

defiant of death,
eternal living limits life's value



THERESA DIGANGI

10 Commentaries on the Twentieth Century

By ANDREW BUTLER

1. the monk sings

The axe was Sharpe, The stroke was harde...
 Irredeemable loss and the payback was worthless.
In the fourteenth year of King Richard.
 We traded Blood, Toil and Tears for that which we don't need.
From the fury of the north-men...
 We traded rich, glowing life for canned, sterile dust.
Lord God deliver us.
 Artists for museums, poets for books.
All is lost, Jerusalem is fallen...
 Life for video...Man for machines.
I can't see!
 Romance for 'reality', god for mammon.
Let the blind lead the blind...
 Stumbled through fields of gore.
Let the dead bury the dead.
 Paschendale, Auschwitz, Cambodia, Bosnia, Rwanda.
These boots were made for walking.
 The Marne, Leningrad, Prague, Oklahoma City.
Shake the dust from your sandals...
 A multitude died, a myriad, for the old bitch.
The beast had seven heads and ten horns.
 Then the old toothless bitch died too!

2. pawnbrokers

More died, shattered, in every corner.
 A memo spike: the Pierced hand.
More died, quiet! Let them shuffle past.
 A candle snuffed, a passing hearse.
Insatiable hunger, Shit and Champagne...

3. yeats dies

From the rooftop, I can see the northern valleys,
 Pretend to run amongst the trees,
 And laugh at the passing birds, white swans,
 Bleached plastic, artificial and diseased.
Sleep not for ye know not when the master cometh.

4. war song

These Songs of freedom, all I ever had.

The empty, whipping whine of telephone lines.

How many times must the canon ball fly...

The crushing smell of diesel exhaust.

'We like 'em young, The young ones take more chances.'

The crunch of the car compactor.

'C' mon, you apes! You want t' live forever?'

The machine gun.

Our glorious dead.

Poppies.

5. mozart + eliot + milton

Empty noise. Emptiness.

'Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit

Amusical, Arhythmic, Atonal.

Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste

A man, Amen Amen.

Brought sweet death into the world, and all our woe...'

Go gentle into that dark night.

Faded into one great sigh of resigned anguish.

Conquering Kings, their chances take,

Lawyers generally on the take.

April is the cruellest month

And we go north in summer.

Austral, Astral, Aural, Iambic, Acrid, Arid.

Laissez-faire economics.

Satirize the world, let loose arrows, eat your young...

I feel no remorse for my stand...

6. null set (no one home)

Are you really so numb?

Are you really that dumb?

7. larry's song

Stains on glassy eyes,

For the love of Christ will you leave me in peace!

Departures and forgettings.

I've told you you can't make me judge you!

Judge not, lest ye be judged.

But if you don't keep still you'll be saying something...

Old, something new, plastic and sickly.

soon that will make you want to vomit your own...

Children, bringing life back to life.

soul like a drink of nickel rotgut that won't stay down!

Good dog, oh what a good boy.

To hell with you!

8. parallel motion for three hands.

Infection

The cure is death.

Rumble thy bellyful. Spit, fire. Spout, rain!

Bleak the hand that turns the wheel,

And somber the brow of the helmsman.

The rudderless ship, with a broken keel,

The heartbroke house / asylum.

Gone to lies, and to drink and to pain!

The cause is death.

Dejection

9. swing-time

All dressed up with nowhere to go,

The band plays to an empty house.

The rhythm pulses soft and low,

If music be the food of love...

The band subsides, the band decides,

To pass this way again / another show?

Shut up!

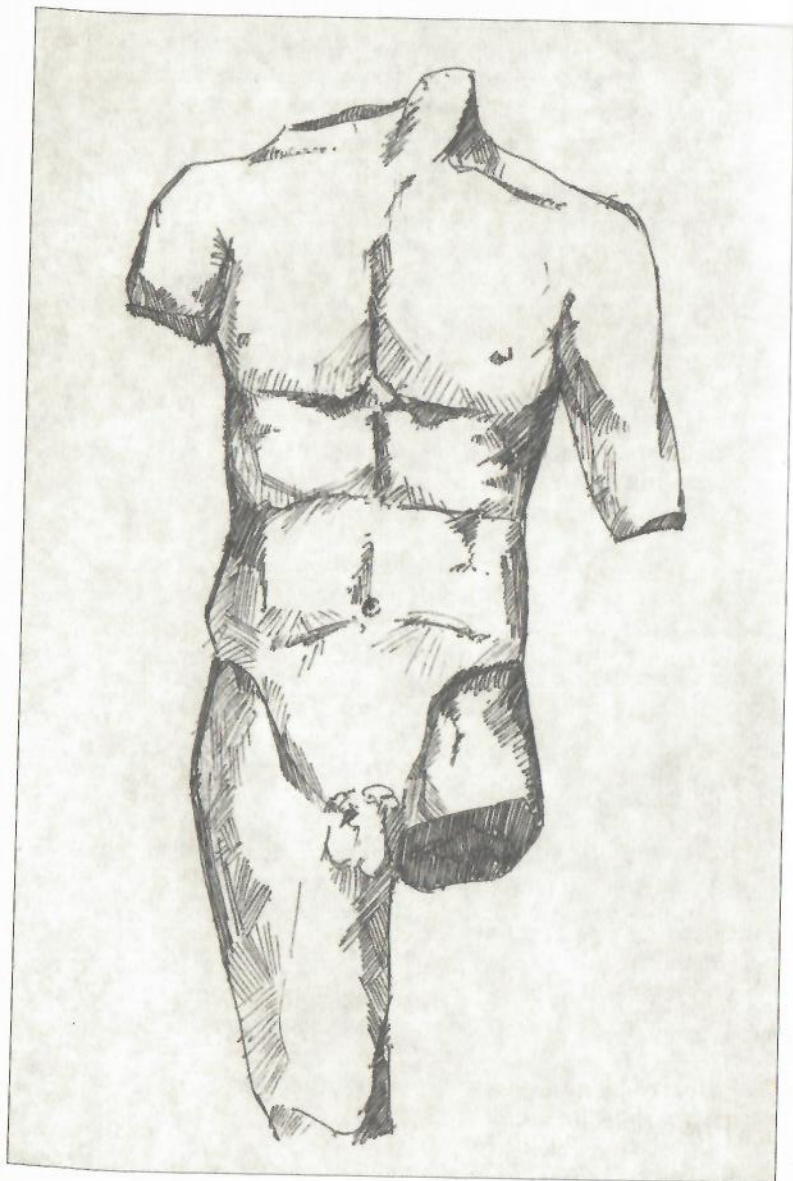
10. the nutty summation

These snippets are like sunflower seeds:

Live beyond your means...

Fucking hard to get into, and not really worth it.

What Can You Lose?



EDWIN WONG

Summer Skiing

By SYLVIA PRZEZDZIECKI

He is king in the kingdom of kitsch. Dark oak and paneling, purple pillows, and fake fur. Naked girls dance on coasters: Jamaica, Florida, Jamaica. The fraying panther sprawled across the berry carpet leads out onto the balcony where his children stand. Roots firmly planted in terra cotta, smiling heads, and outstretched, beckoning arms full of promise for better days. He steps in among his stock, half closes his eyes, and wriggles himself around to let his face be kissed and caressed from all sides. He breathes in deeply.

"They'll be grown and ready in a month or so," he murmurs to himself, but is not alone. He brought a girl home tonight - the first since Margot moved out. This one is innocent and half his age. He will have to tread carefully.

"Do you like champagne?" he asks, leading her back inside the apartment. "Love it," she answers sinking into a Lion King cushion on his sofa. He pours two glasses, leaves his on the coffee table, and goes into the kitchen to roll a joint. Sonja hears the whir of the coffee grinder, follows him.

Chris is a fingersmith, a graceful artist. He pulls a Marlboro out of a pack lying at his side, runs his tongue along its seam, then crisply breaks off the filter and pulling it towards him, removes the moistened strip. He is left with a neat little pile of tobacco which he gracefully works into the doobe he is rolling. All done, he coaxes Sonja back towards the couch and champagne, and they sit and smoke, and listen to the tape of French *chansons* that she'd brought over. She looks at her watch.

"Shouldn't we try on the equipment?"

"Of course. Let's go." He'd almost forgotten *why* he'd brought the girl home. He is taking her skiing the next morning, and is loaning her clothing and gear from the stock that Margot had left behind. Her suits are still hanging in the hall closet: the pink, the white, the canary yellow. He gets up to fetch them, looking forward to seeing them filled out once more.

The bright colours approach Sonja. They bounce off of each other as well as off the oak, the panels, the polyester jungle cats. They rouse the room to chaos. The yellow is within her reach. She half stands to grab it, but her bones are jello and slide back into the mold of the sofa.

"I see you really do like champagne," grins Chris and refills her glass. The yellow suit is touching her now, wrapping its legs around hers. She stares at the funny little silver ball hanging from its zipper. Chris' thick fingers pull on this little ball. The suit is spread open for her. Concentrating, she steps into it, stands up. This time her bones don't betray her. She stands before an Elvis mirror. She is fluorescent, the yellow reflecting onto her face, accentuating her hips.

"No way," she tells Chris. He likes it on her, tells her. She stumbles out of it, tries on the next, decides on the pink. Time for the boots.

Chris takes her hand, leads her through the kitchen, through an inconspicuous door, down a cement staircase, into a cement basement. There are shelves lining the

walls, and ski boots lining the shelves, and a grotesque, painted woman perched in the middle of the room. Chris introduces his mother.

Sonja watches the woman smile and extend her hand, reciprocates the action closely enough; their palms briefly embrace. Chris' mother speaks but her voice is drowned out by the chaos of her features. The red line-for-lips dips and falls and smudges where it pleases, is looked down at by the kohl-rings that hold her eyes; one round, one oval. Pink blobs map her droopy cheeks, which Sonja realizes she would probably be unable to locate without the bright, shapeless markers. She realizes she has no idea what this woman really looks like.

Chris hands Sonja a pair of boots. His mother vacates her stool and floats upstairs. Sonja sits down and tries one of the boots on. Too small. Something is tugging at the back of her mind. She pats the pocket of her jeans, doesn't feel the familiar bulge.

My keys! Shit, where are my keys?!

Chris is kneeling in front of her, knocking on the white plastic encasing her foot. She feels the vibration through her toes.

"Definitely too small", she repeats out loud. They decide on a dark blue pair which Sonja finds ugly but at least comfortable. Chris carries them upstairs for her and, once back inside his apartment, puts them next to the pink suit. He goes on to add a pair of gloves and a scarf to the pile.

Sonja is slowly starting to think more clearly. "I guess I'll just leave this all here, right. You can dump it in the car before coming to pick me up in the morning."

Chris' gaze finds and captures hers. "I thought you could spend the night here," he drawls, "and we could have breakfast before we head out."

Cold. That's all Sonja feels. Her legs are turning back to jello. She tears her eyes away and mutters something about needing to take out her contact lenses. *The keys! Shit! Where are they?* She stumbles over to the couch and starts to feel in amongst the cushions.

"What are you doing?"

"Looking for my keys. You haven't seen them, have you?" *You probably hid them, asshole! Shit! What am I going to do? Never should've come, drunk, smoked! Stupid...wait!* "I bet they're in your car. Let's go look, please, I need to know."

"Fine. Get your coat, I'll take you home."

Phew! Phew! Calm! I'm sure I'll find them! I didn't leave them in the restaurant, I'm ok. Relax. Follow Chris... Sonja teeters over to the back of the couch, picks up her jacket. She sees Chris walk away from her and plods after him, through the living room, through the half open door; collides with him as his pants fall around his ankles. He smiles at her lewdly, she is in the bathroom.

Walk back, there ok. Good. Sit down, calm, good. The keys have to be there, right on the back seat where you left them.



CARISSA WONG

Apathy in E Flat

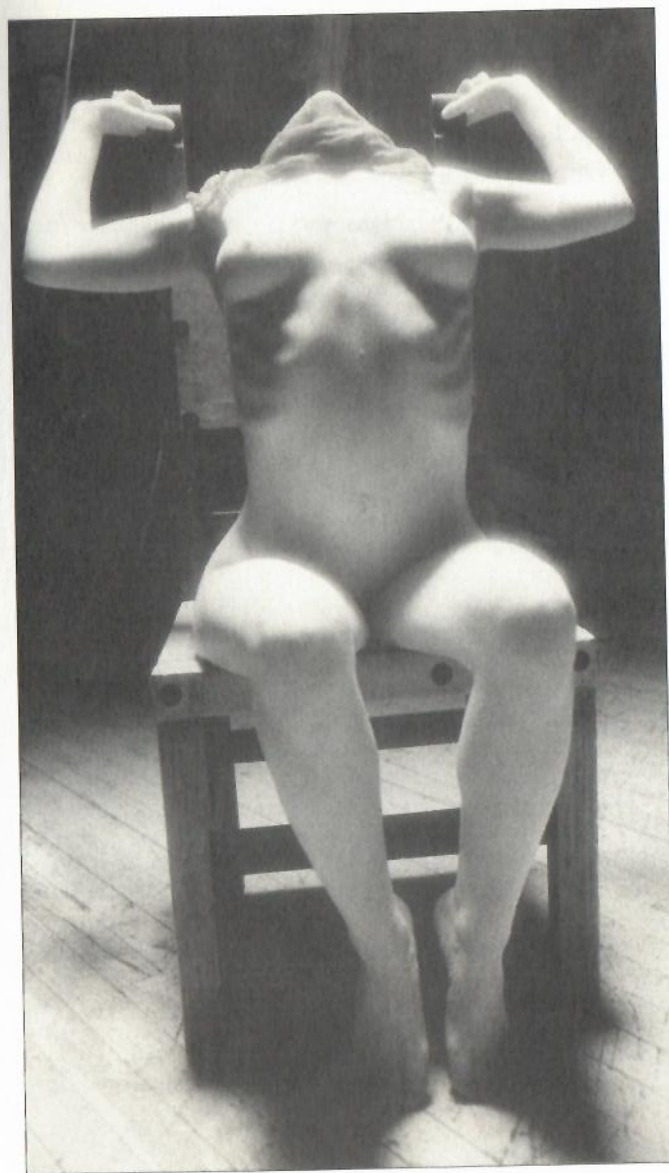
By SYLVIA PRZEZDZIECKI

She fled the bed where she'd bled
when sweet weed bred need,
clenches these wet sheets,
cheeks red, she weeps.

"Heed me, wench!" : the yell
she smells red hell,
he'd been led there, there he led her,
she serves well.

Her trek rests here;
the wretched seed
swells well fed;
the tethered bed, her best bet
keeps her senseless,
redeems her debt,
lets her dependence steer.

Her new pen here
she'll never flee,
lest her flesh
red welts need see.



JOHN CURRID

Five O'clock

By TIM JANCELEWICZ

She holds a large red balloon between her knees
and pinches shut the umbilical nozzle to trap the air.

Suffocation.

Pulls, quickly ties a knot.

A half smile touches her mouth - she likes the feel of the rubber.

Tests the knot. A bellybutton. Disrupting the perfect curve, the taut skin.

She holds it up, this odd globe, while the other hand
scoops into the bowl of shaving cream
then spreads the wad carefully over the red surface, like icing.
Smooth. Concealing. Evenly. An illusion of solidity.

She hangs it in front of her by the knot, steadies it again with her knees.
Dips her hand into water that steams next to her,
white islands float to the surface.
Reaches for the ivory handle of the straight razor,
grips it loosely, slips the new metal of the blade into the water.

She brings the edge slowly to touch the whiteness just below the knot,
pushes until there is gentle resistance.

Quickly. Soundlessly. Glides, guides the razor downwards.

Exhales.

Sudden bright naked band of red. Dips the blade into the water.

Moves the razor upwards.

Inhales.

Brings it down. The band widens. In her, warmth - spreading.

Rotates the balloon. Faster strokes. Dip. Inhale. Exhale.

Her hand is efficient.

White water like milk trickles down her thighs.

Ten. Twelve.

Nearly revealed. A huge drop of blood between her knees.

As she pulls down on fifteen her body contracts.

The razor passes through the membrane, surprised.

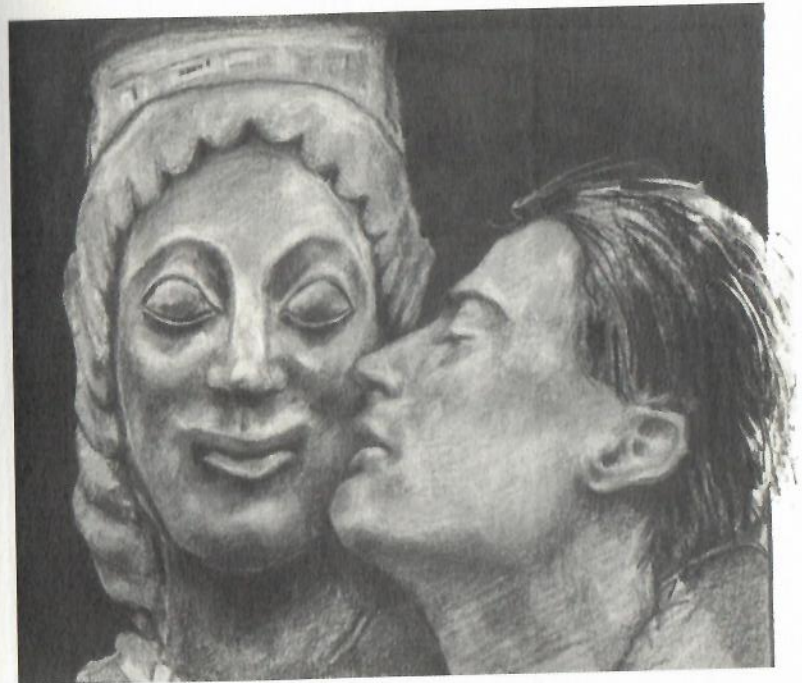
A wet pop.

White smatterings everywhere.

Shreds of red rubber lie curled on the floor. Useless.

She reaches into the plastic bag for another balloon.

Practice makes perfect.



THERESA DIGANGI



CARISSA WONG

