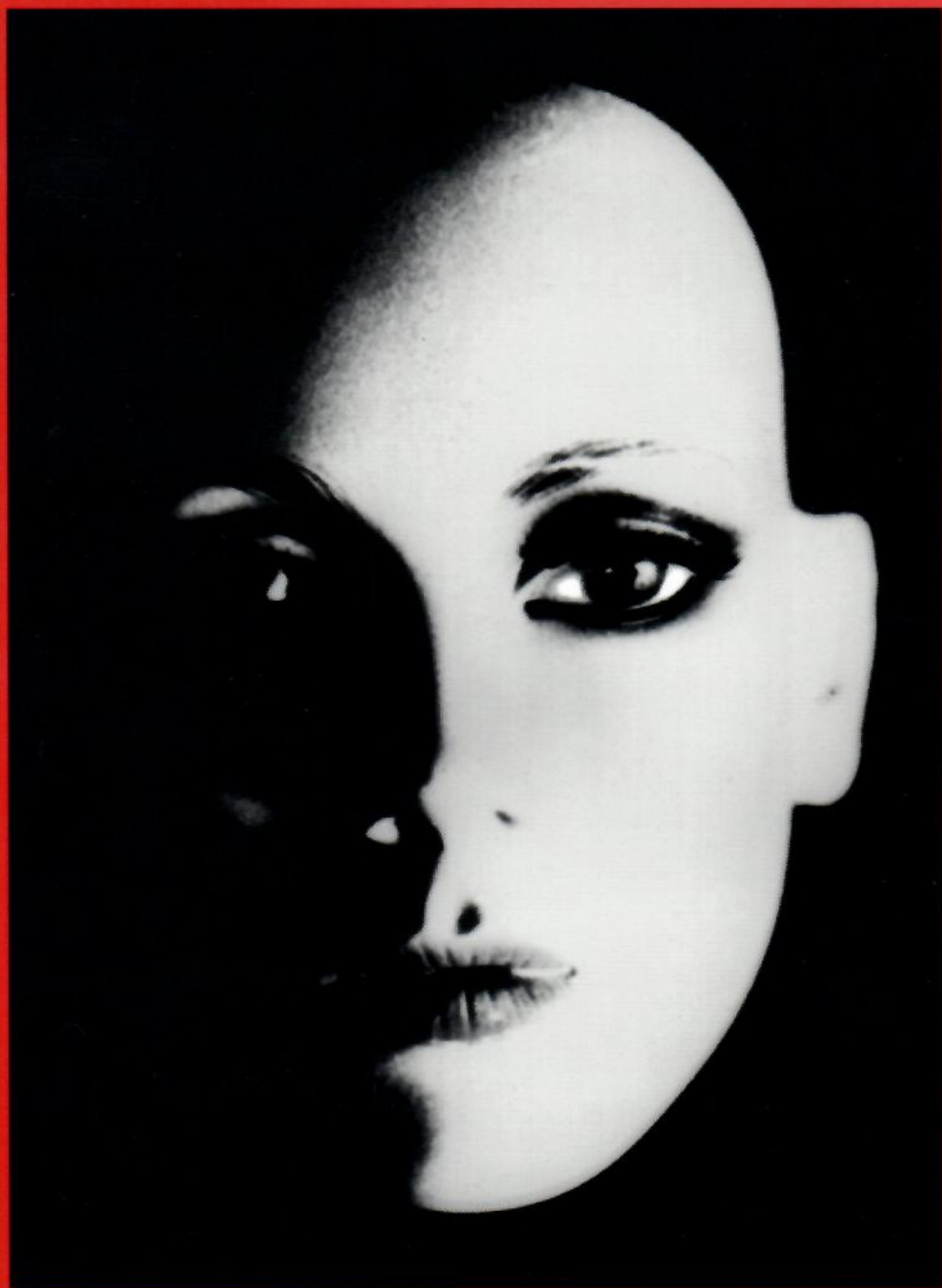


TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW



WINTER 1997-98

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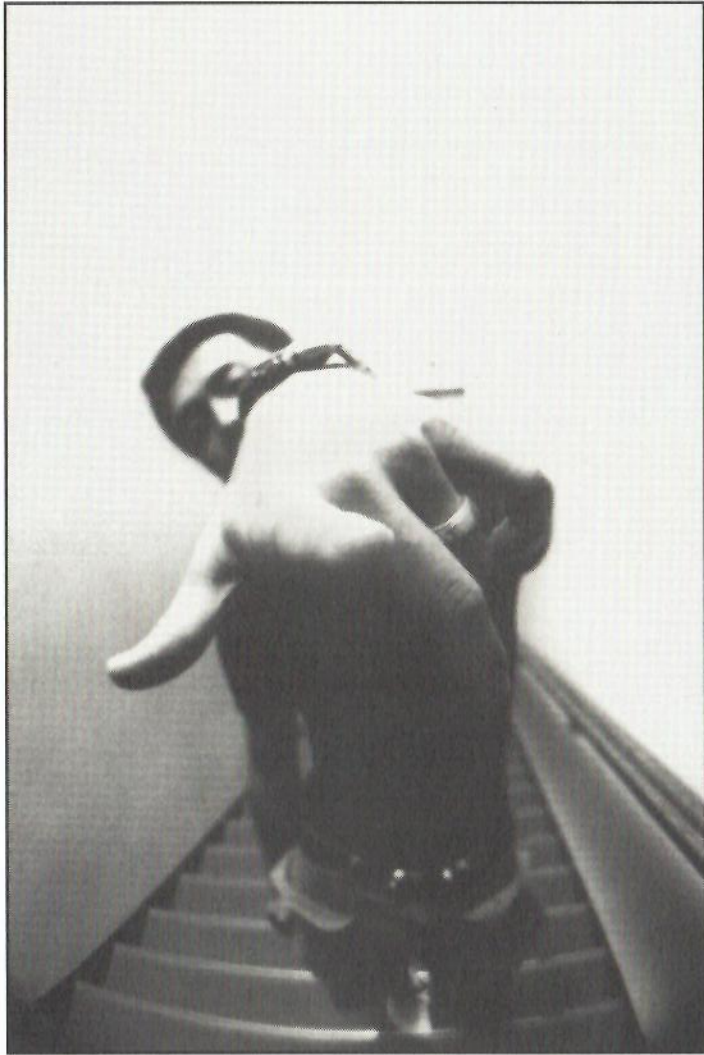
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I

Ode To An Electric Pepper Grinder

O wanton bit of technologic
the magnificent engine
culminates in your uselessness
O mockerie of serous progresse
your shining black casing
artificially elegant without true taste
O implement of the nouveau riche
surely you mock us too
your tiny engine's purr
is really
a sly snicker

—SUE BOWNESS



—AYA MUTO

**Remember to hose off
before a big night.**

Just as he got to yanking off her
knickers,
she realized that she
was not being undressed;
she was being skinned.
Peeled like a
Chiquita banana.

—ANONYMOUS

This I know . . .

"This is What I have been Taught. . .

'Do not.'

"Accept this lie as truth for it has
eaten better, even, than you or I.

'Do not seek to hold,'

"For that which is solid is fluid, and that which is fluid Is already gone, oh
why these lines that lie?

"I know this: ()

"Space is nearly filled, time is only space on it's side,
And I can no longer see past the tip of my tongue: snared.

"I live amid this: ()

"Spaces and times, to hold and enfold within,
Newborn wombs within wombs, and bitter redness.

"I cannot: ()

"Will not: ()

"Must not: ()

"I am not. . .

even now, anything but dust—a half-twist
of Entropic lust—selfish desire to be a self, and even then, I'm less.

"Where is this?

"It is not here, but elsewhere, that the smiling mouths close on

"Other mouths, drinking love in clarity. This love begins

"Apart from other things, I hold together an
apart-ness that I hold. . .

In lieu. . .

Of a soul.

"In lieu of life, in lieu of 'I.'

"I have even been told: *'Nothing is ever. . .'*

'Nothing lasts. . .'

"Nothing is

ever I, as I would have it be,

"I am not even me, but another's dream.

"This too: I()who()Am?

"By this half of self, this partial mind, I half vow to
be half as great tomorrow as I am now.

"This too: *'Yesterday, or tomorrow, was, will be, is
better, than the good of today.'*

This too:

and this:

and this:

and this:

and even the lie which must be true:

*'That all lies are truth and every word I will ever say will be swallowed up
in the mouth of time.'*

"For what is time but appetite?

"And what is space but a table, richly spread?

"And what am I if not food?

"What have I been taught: *'moral fibre is defunct. God is dead.'*

"And yet I have a pain around my heart that howls.

I have learned that: *'all is false, including this statement.'*

"So something must be true.

&

"This I have taught myself: In the ending, that never comes, You and I,
howling, scowling, choking, chuckling, howling still. . .

"are not what we appear to be,

"but neither are we otherwise.

"So

"Be as god to me, I'll stroke your hair.

"And hold me tighter than I can hold myself."

-ANDREW BUTLER

corporation inspiration

I can no longer just do it
I need an Absolut Holiday
And nothin' but.

I will
make a run for the border
to the heartbeat of America
or maybe
Planet Reebok
staying in
the place where fresh is the taste.

I will be alone
where image is nothing. . .thirst is everything
and I can
be young, have fun and drink Pepsi.

And here
the loWest price is the law
you get your money's worth and more
and you can
trust Trojan brand condoms to reduce the risk.

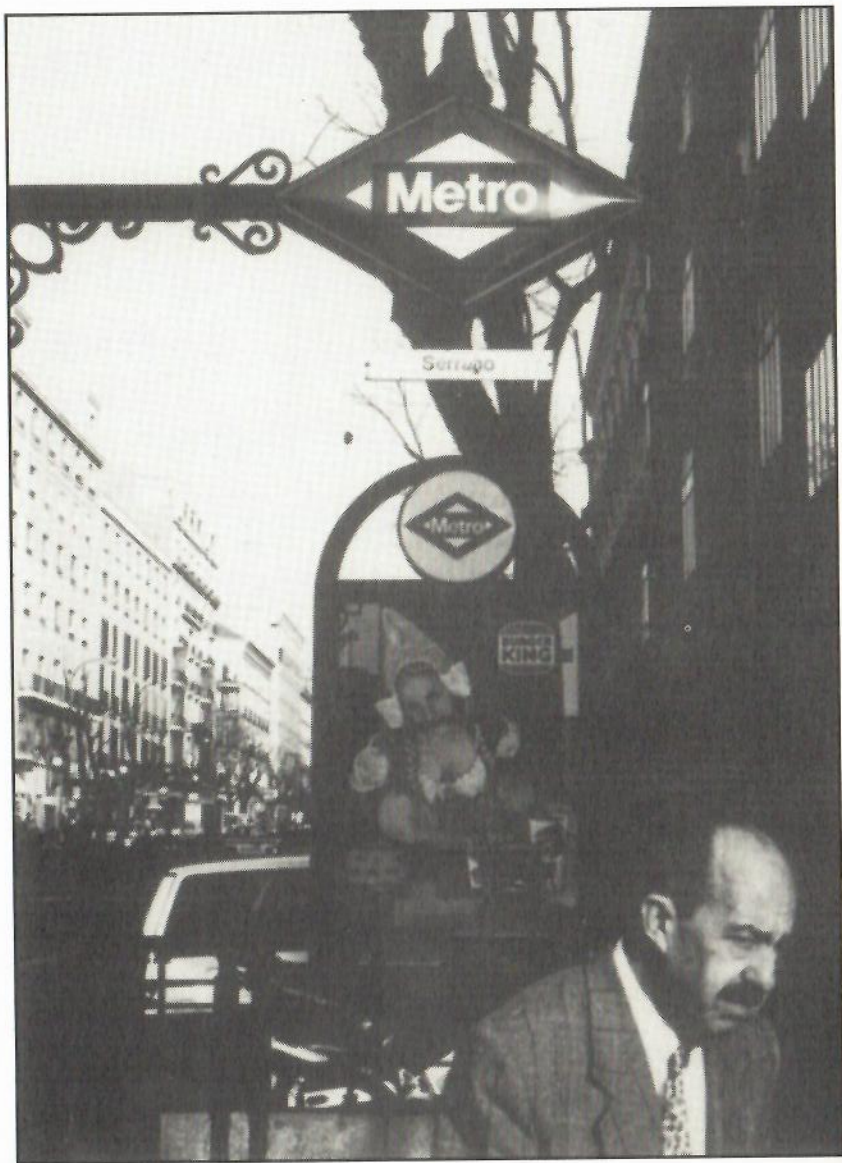
Here I can
catch the wave
and
Be
One
for
Eternity
with no one asking
maybe she's born with it
maybe it's maybelline.

In this place, I am special
the choice of a new generaton
friends are
strong enough for a man but made for a woman
and enemies?
oxycute 'em.

But alas
on the road of life there are passengers and there are drivers
and it's
snap crackle pop
back to reality.

And reality demands
that quality is job one
that life is short play hard
because after all
that's what beer's all about.

—SAMANTHA MAJIK



—AYA MUTO

II

Aurora

1
it doesn't matter
to the sparrow
that its nest
is on a rusted
shopping cart

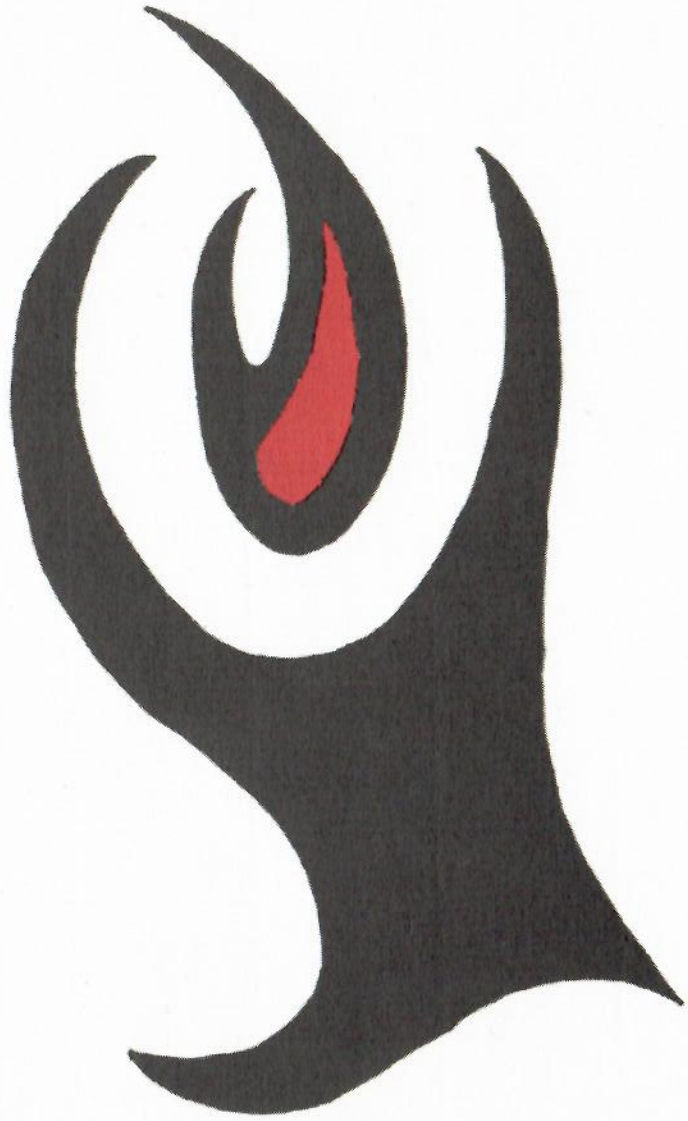
2
cold waters
flow under cracking dirty ice;
the spring-swollen stream
runs between worn ground
beaten trees
and gravel pathways.
kitchen lights break the gloom of the forest.

3
running uphill,
soaked
in heavy July sun
flowing off garage doors
and hot pavement.

4
the boys cutting across the frozen
baseball diamond in February
will take their skates off
to get into their dads' cars.

5
sand
on the road
collects at the curb.
slipping around each
corner on my mountain bike,
it seemed like a tiny
piece of beach
had been put
there for
me.

—ALEX BOZIKOVIC



Hephaestus, the Forge God

I

What golden wonders greet the eye!
The perfect curve of shield, the burnished weight of armor,
the gleam of sword, the silent glory of golden statues!
Beyond the fire and steam his treasures are displayed,
those that are not as yet employed in war.
He shaped them all.

See the artisan at his anvil!
The strain of muscle and the clash of hammer on metal
as he brings shape to the unformed
and draws beauty and order from a stubborn mass of bronze.
Steam and smoke and noise and the bloodlike smell of metals
conceal from the world his own flaw.

But he carries on, this working-class god,
though his perfect creations taunt him.
He flattens gold until it is as thin as veil,
then folds it over a plaster mold
into the shape of a flawless woman.
He ponders the absence of his wife.

II

In the room it is very quiet and very loud.

There is sound of parting flesh, the clink of implements,
the tap of needle against skin, the hiss and brief stench
of cauterization.

Sometimes the silence is punctured by a brief command.

Most things are covered by green sterile cloth:
the machines, the patient, the nurses,
the surgeon.

The scalpel is a metallic extension of flesh
that moves and glints in his rubber hand.

The surgeon carves and injects and sculpts
until the patient's face looks just like
the one on the computer monitor which hangs
like a commandment
above the table.

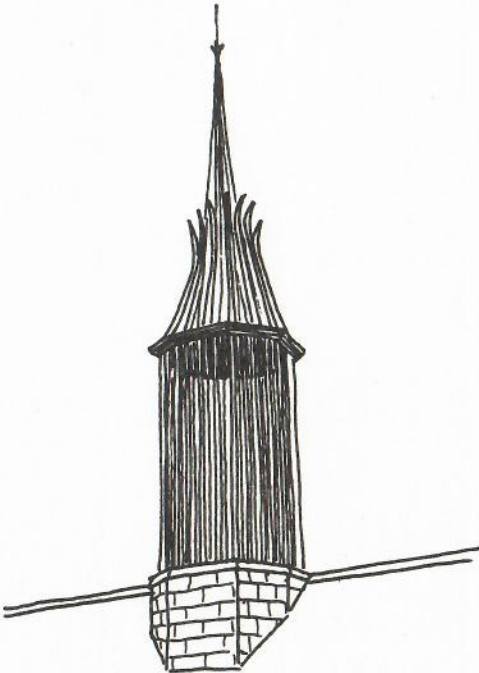
The patient lies.
She is oblivious.
She dreams of her husband's happiness.

—TIM JANCELEWICZ

Lugubrious

Loyalty leaning laboriously beside her,
She looked longingly, lavishly and lacrimoniously at his face
As he walked by, lackadaisically,
lucky that he had made no eye contact.

—CARISSA WONG



The hallowed halls of Trinity, steeped in tradition, echo as you wander their musty lengths. Shrouded in academic gowns, students and masters alike move from pursuit to pursuit fluttering like a murder of crows. When the undergraduates file into Strachan Hall, with its vaulted ceiling and its portraits looking down in fixed disapproval, you hear it: a whisper. "This is how it should be. This is how it has always been. This is how it must be." You hear it when the newest members of college file across the stage in Macmillian Theatre, unknowingly signing their names to an unwritten contract to, in the words of the Trinity cheer, "let no new ideas ever come near." You hear it most of all when you look at the grey-stone building so full of people and ghosts of academic years past. You may snicker about the "crusty Trinitrons," the Provosts and the Deans and the other old men, when they intone Latin over our heads in consecration, but their presence shows this is a place where tradition is revered. A shiver goes down the spine at the thought that you are now on the path to replacing them.

I imagine the Men of College feel that they belong here. Centuries of precedent show them how to act, what to believe, how to be. Within a week of entrance their minds have settled into the mold. At the young men's Trinity College Meeting there is no question of students without gowns being allowed to speak or vote. The habits of hundreds of years continue and seem as binding today as when they began. Once assimilated the young men will, from then on, vehemently defend the necessity of upper years being served first at dinner as befits their dignity. They will believe that the ritual of publicly urinating of the sundial is a good idea. They will have embraced the insidious affectations of Trinity.

We, the eleven and almost sole representatives of the female sex in Trinity College, affectionately know as the Girls of Third Mac, live in the teeth of this exclusive male domain. Behind the thin hymens of a security door we go about our business of leg-shaving, gossip and menstruation. Our screaming contests and tea parties last far into the night. But away from the sanctity of Third Macklem House our excesses are muted. All-powerful tradition is, after all, not on our side. It wants us gone, the past restored, the whispers preserved. We ignore this heritage and carry on our lives in this warren of study and beer.

Despite our unorthodox gender, Trinity is our home. For hundreds of years it has sheltered thousands of men. Now it is sheltering women too. The building's disapproval toward the interlopers has not erupted and the unforgiving stones have not crashed down about our ears in outrage. Life goes on. Tradition has been circumvented for the moment, changed since the days of Trinity founder, John Strachan, for we have been allowed to dwell here. Perhaps it can change again, and before we leave we too shall have become part of the tradition which rules here with a fist of iron undisguised by velvet.

—CHARLOTTE MORRISON-REID



—AYA MUTO

Three haiku

for M.

In moment of stillness

she sits on the steps
the wasps buzzing around her
a silent Buddha

looking up

the sides of her mouth
turn down as she smiles at me
and my soul rises

I'm wondering. . .

When I helped you up
(oh so easily you rose)
did your hands linger?

—Alex Bozikovic

Funereal

I sat on the hand of a witch, on that devil-hot day. The concrete jungle, the city fried the eggs of pigeons that chose to roost in their crevices, and ants on the sidewalk curled up brown and died. I crawled along the side of the road, sliming a trail of sweat and other bodily fluids behind me, and cars swerved left and right of the road that melted their tires.

As I now sit in the Building, with its Gregorian chant air-conditioners and cool cool air, air like a cold glass of water on a mow-the-lawn summer day, or a beer, as I sit, I can recollect so clearly the heat of the city, choking me with the vapours of asphalt and industry. My friend X died on that day, of a heart attack, and the four winds scattered his remains like a forgotten sandcastle in a field of wheat.

I went to his funeral. He lay in his coffin, gaping wide-mouthed at me, tongues slipping through his terrible teeth, eyes bleeding terrible through his sewn-shut, closed-shut, soul-cut eyes. He lay there. His hands opened like roses aroused, warm and red, long green prickly stem, his expression graced by pale sea-sick pallor; he regretted not having read the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*. While the mourners looked past, I reached into the coffin and held his open rose hands, and together we wept, his grim countenance, and my silly hat. Formaldehyde trickled from his tear ducts, and his lips cracked, sewn shut, as the lump in his throat bobbed.

We all stood in the cemetery and the priest said words over the casket. They cried and I grew bored over the subtle loss of a stranger in time. In the distance two round hills, soft and gentle slopes, black silhouettes in the setting suns, with stone wells atop. The sun crept down the cleavage of this Mother, whose son hath returned, and I thought of a time and a place where things were weird. We dug our young out of the ground, and they were filled with wisdom and senility and language and numbers, all in the appropriate relationships to one another. As the years went on, the old ones grew bold and young and gradually forgot things, their flesh grew soft and their eyes grew clear and curious. Their hair took colour, and their cheeks grew red with the blush of sensuality. They dismantled their crosses, and used the wood to warm their hands, so that they could continue dancing in the village square. They grew dumb and small, and wept for milk and soon became pink. They then were implanted into women, where they dissolved, and returned to the flesh from whence their brothers in our time came.

The priest scattered dirt on the coffin of the dead man, and I hardly recognized him with all that wood encasing his vacant house. Inside his box he grew drowsy, and began the process of melting, the process of return to the Tree, or his passage into Union. And he was lowered into the secret realms of the dead, greeted by the pale, pleasing and submissive Persephone. I looked back at the set sun, its gold river dried black on the cleavage of our Mother, and recalled a joke I was once told.

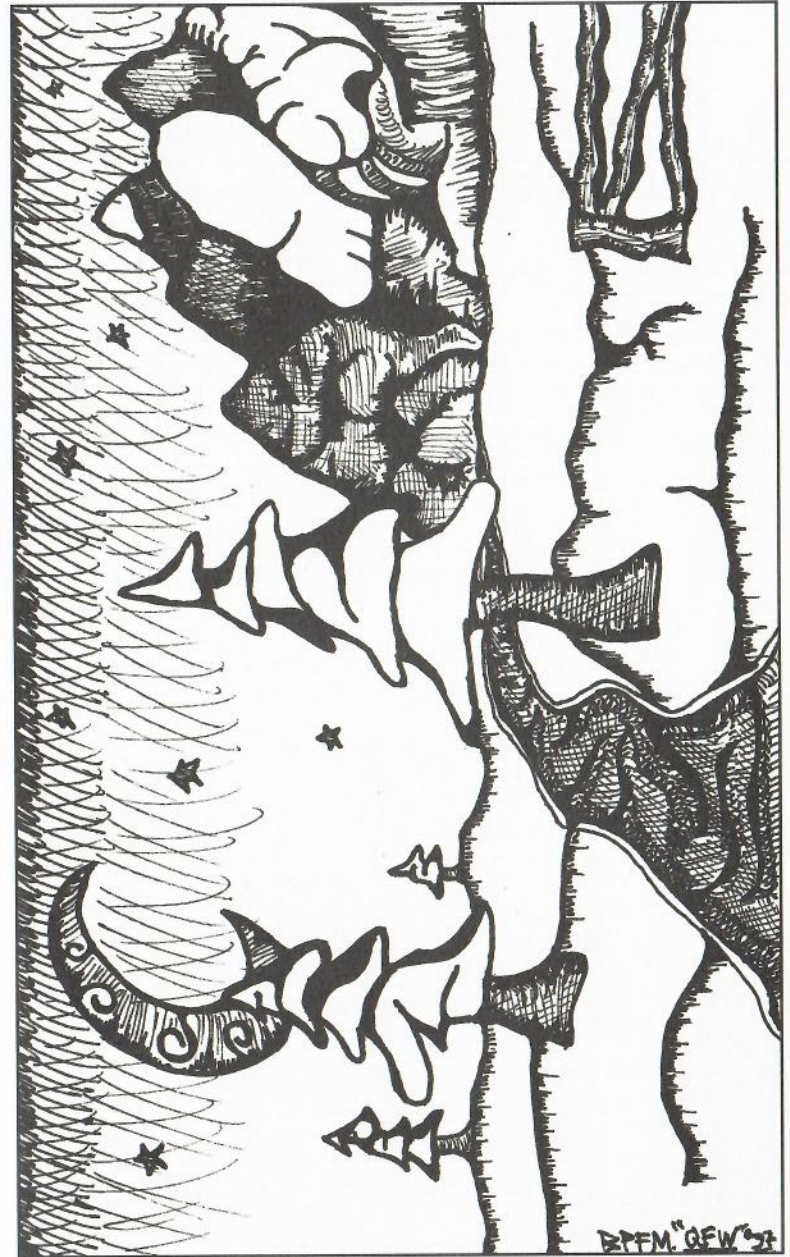
I addressed the crowd of mourners. "Hear about the man who bred Bull dogs and Shitsus? Well, one day the bull dog stud snuck down the dark corridor of division, slipped through an unlocked door, and mated with a Shitsu. Yeah, the result was a Bull-shit!" I'm not sure that they understood, because they did not laugh. I got it though, and so did the dead man in the tomb, and the hills heaved with laughter, and the sun bobbed in recognition of my wit, and we all shared the glorious, laughing, sunny secret of Our Wisdom.

—BRIAN P. F. MOHER

Northern Ontario Riparian Environment

Coolness aches to be worn,
climbing over my still body,
resting black in the folds of night.
Here on granite, I lie
so close to where liquid black
engulfs our world and pulls the stars
into its quivering hold just there under the surface.
Unknown depths stretch beneath,
unknown limbs of rock and reed nudge at its sides.
I could fall in
hold my breath,
and splash slowly
to keep from falling farther, drawn
into its enticing shapeless reaches.

—CARISSA WONG



That was a way of putting it—not very satisfactory:
A periphrastic study in a worn-out poetical fashion,
Leaving one still with the intolerable wrestle
With words and meanings. The poetry does not matter.

East Coker
T.S. Eliot