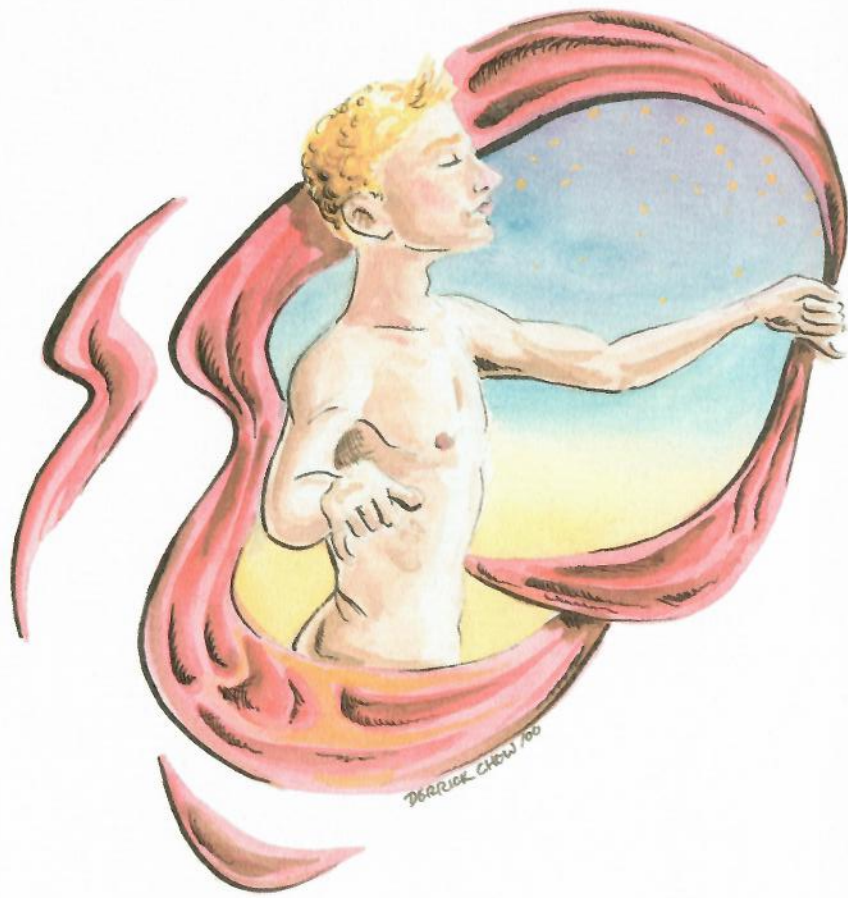
A photograph of a piano keyboard, viewed from a high angle, with a wicker basket containing several jars in the background. The piano keys are the central focus, and the text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

TRINITY
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Trinity College, Toronto
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DERRICK CHOW



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**Trinity
University
Review
Committee
2000-2001**

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Table of Contents

Untitled	Derrick Chow	2
Waiting on a Dance	Andre Dahlman	7
A Solid Glass of Jazz	Ray Hsu	8
Quiet in Church	Nermeen Mouftah	9
Separatism: Québec City, 2000	Veronica Kitchen	10
Untitled	Jiwon Oh	11
Untitled	Ian Robertson	12
Three am	Rebecca Hall	13
Partridge Island, Saint John #1	Peter Josselyn	14
Partridge Island, Saint John #2	Peter Josselyn	15
Tiger, Tiger	Jamie Venn	16
Partridge Museum	Peter Josselyn	21
Florida '92	Nermeen Mouftah	22
Salzburg Cow #3	Ian Robertson	24

Waiting on a Dance



ANDRE DAHLMAN

A Solid Glass of Jazz

A coffee. A trucker's coffee.

A coffee some time past 4 in the morning
with no sugar, no cream, nothing added.

A naked cup of coffee that might not love you back.

But a slow roast to press your lips
against. Catches heavy on
right hand turns. Right
on its edges.

It's a quicksand drink: system tastes it like an egg yolk,
lines your skin like dirt and anaesthetic.

Leaves debris when you hit bottom.

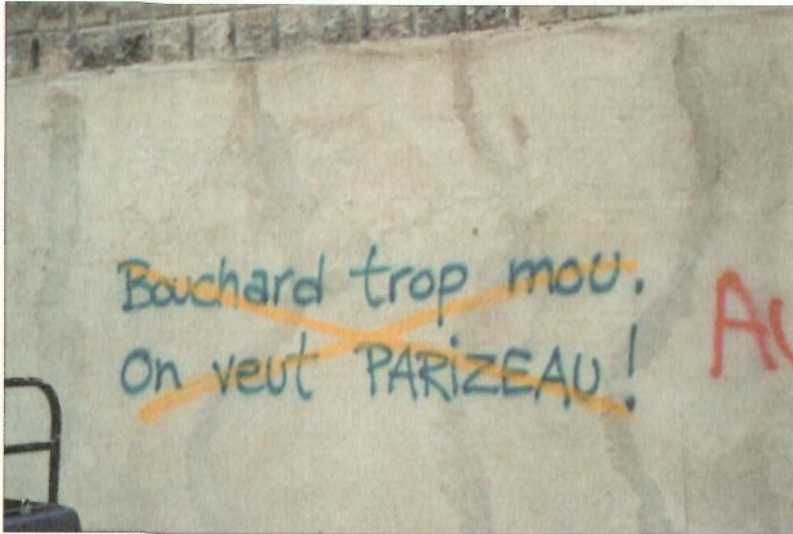
A solid mug. a glass of jazz.

-Ray Hsu

Quiet in Church



Separatism: Québec City, 2000



It
takes a blow
to shake my existence
so that
outside-me
scatters
settling gently around my feet
leaving
little inside-me
standing
wide-eyed
to face the
big,
blue,
world.

- Jiwon Oh



IAN ROBERTSON

Three am

She slips coolly through the night
Her breath frosty on the wintry panes of glass
She is silent

Her beating heart conceals
Muffled footsteps
Telling a story of time
Memories of the faces she has met
The lips which have pressed
Softly against her skin
And tired voices which spell out
Words against the quiet masses

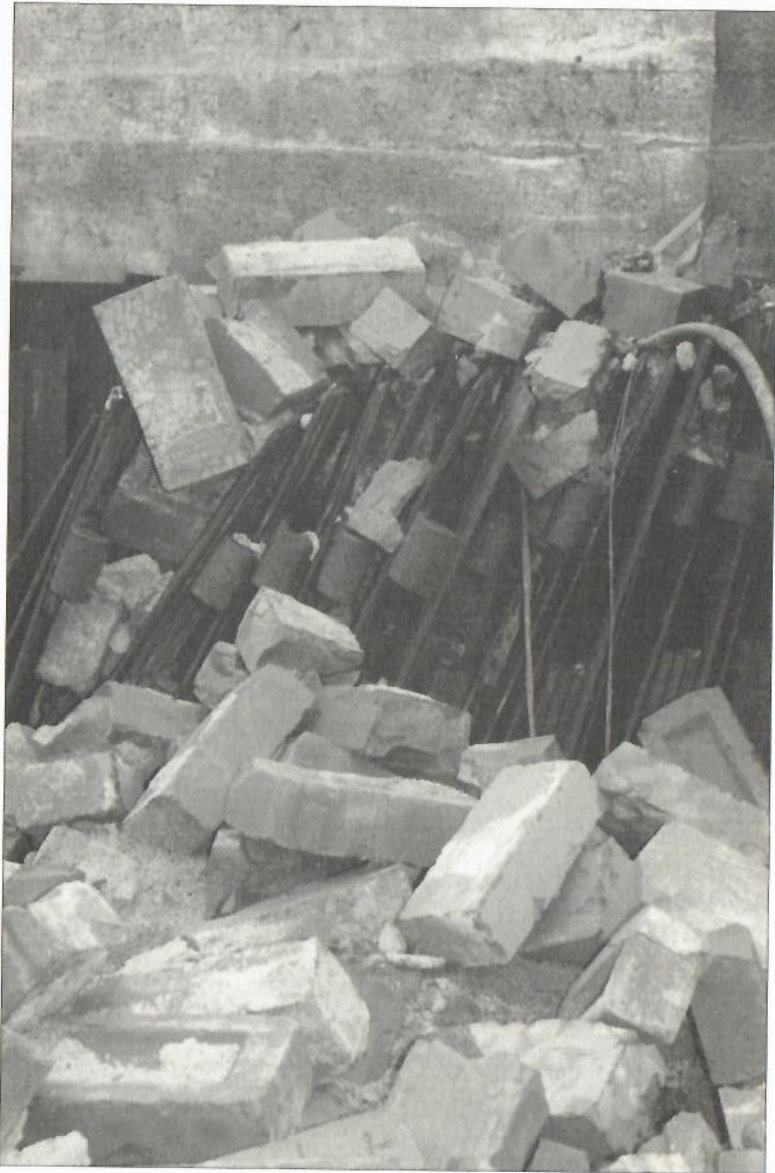
Anger does not condense
Unlike slow moving vapor
Tears from the oxygen which
Suffocate the horizon

The view out the window
Impregnates her thoughts
Her mind is a great round
Distended belly
She groans
New ideas kick out
Flail blindly

The night has left her full

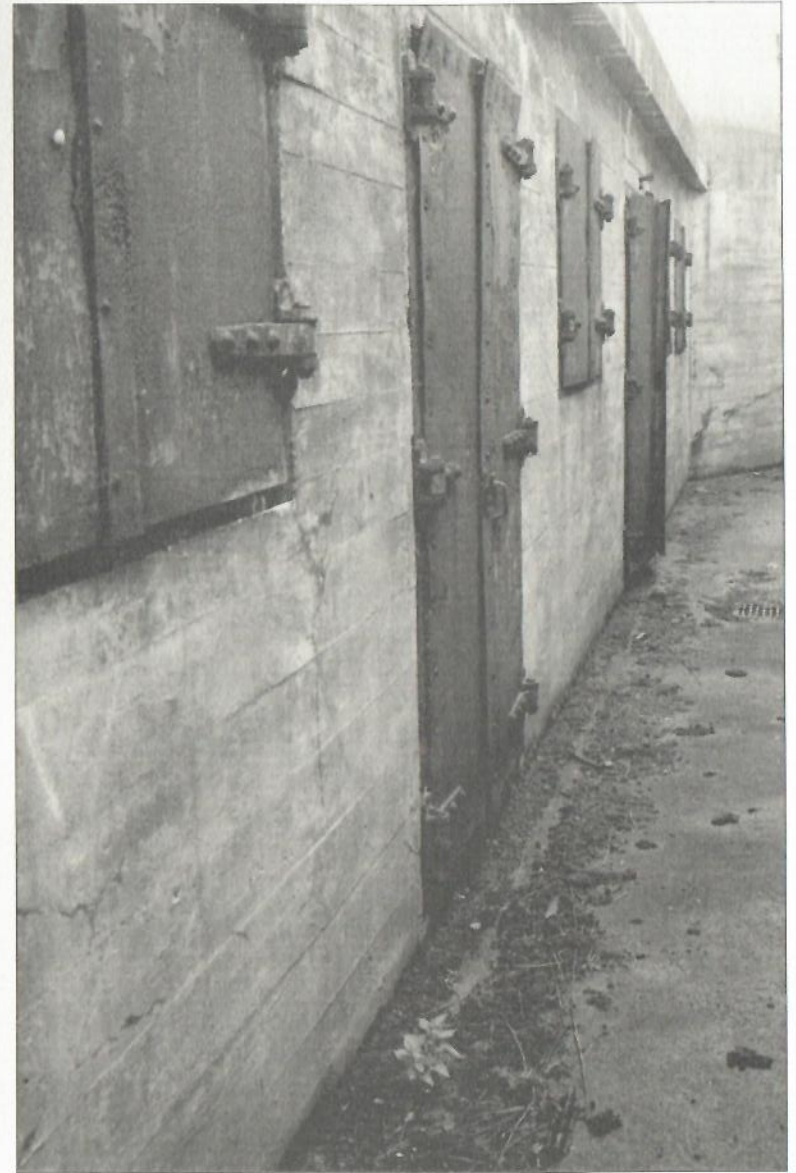
- Rebecca Hall

Partridge Island, Saint John #1



PETER JOSSELYN

Partridge Island, Saint John #2



PETER JOSSELYN

Tiger, Tiger

Stumbling through Yonge St.'s shadows and glitz, I can't do anything but shriek. His thoughts bounce around the inside of my skull, heavy things. Much too strong for my poor head. It serves me right for eating a physicist, I guess. My heart pounds. The residual thoughts of my erstwhile meal ricochet around my skull as my own poor brain tries to fit them in, but God they're a poor fit. I keep walking, I concentrate on breathing. Breath. Breath. Somewhere around the intersection with College St. I start seeing the outside world again. Blurs of disgusted faces. Obscene masks leering at me from store windows, I think... Somebody's surprised yowls when I step on the poor sod. Snatches of talk.

"...Drunk!..." Not quite mate.

"...it's disgusting... do something, Harry!" I wouldn't, Harry. Harry keeps walking and pulls his girl along after him, shrill and tottering on stiletto heels behind him. Wise boy, Harry. Collision.

"Excuse me!"

"You're excused." I leer back at her, give her my best grin. She gasps, and hustles her friends around me and away. I laugh behind her, and find myself a quiet unoccupied door step. Still feeling dizzy. Thank God the pain's going away. Stupid. Stupid. Fancy eating a brainy boy like that. No wonder I don't feel myself. Well, I won't do this again for a bit. I lean back against cold dirty stone, and wait for his thoughts to settle down. Some of them will replace my own memories, some will just be added where memories never existed, some of it will be rejected. I didn't eat too much of his brain, actually, so the mental changes are going to be minimal thank God. Your thoughts hurt, Prof.

A line, a one dimensional state is the intersection of two planes, planes being two dimensional states.

I ate a tiger once. Once? Well, last week actually, I think. Interesting creature. So rational. Such unshakeable belief in the limits of the world - zoo bars and the keeper coming in, once a day. That didn't hurt at all, not at all. And after, why, I looked just fine. I had fangs, fur, and even a tail. Made walking upright a pain, but I ate a newsboy, so that was alright. Now, all that's left is the fangs. No, they're gone too. Damn. I hoist myself up, and stumble over to a window, my reflection breaks apart as a car purrs past, and then slides back onto the glass, staring out at me, slack mouthed. It's true, my fangs are gone, and the physicist's nose is flattening across my face. It goes rather well with Jenny's eyes though, nice brown eyes, with long brown hair, and a thin dry mouth. Hi handsome. Ugh. I sit down again quickly, and pull my jacket a little tighter around me.

Damn. Why is the Prof hurting me so? Most people don't hurt this much. I go out, I chew a little bit of their faces off, maybe some thigh, some breast, whatever. Then I change some and move on. Maybe I get a littlebit of a headache. Not this! Maybe I've been overdoing it. How many Crucifix Pills do you have to take before you reach saturation point? I only had one this evening.

Similarly, a point, that hypothetical construct of no dimensions at all, is created by the intersection of two lines.

Oh, shut up! I'm feeling almost human, relatively speaking. I get up, and pull the jacket tighter, and walk again. Better keep warm somehow, I don't have anyplace to sleep, not tonight. Went out and spent my last twenty on that Pill. Damn. Maybe that's why I'm so ill, I probably don't need them anymore. Gotta find out. I'll go eat someone and see. Maybe. Ugh, the dizziness again. Maybe not.

I'm on Bay now, there's a park near here. There. A dark set back space, muttering lumps and frosted grass. A skating rink, empty so far. Miracle of miracles there's a free park bench. Green paint peeling. It groans as I collapse on it. I'm going to be sick I think. Yes. God, his nose didn't look like that on the way down. Or is that part of...? Maybe. Shouldn't have eaten that. I guess I got carried away.

What?

Sirens. Let's see, it's... Two. I ate him at... Ah, yes, that'll be the ambulance for the professor. Too late boys. I sink back onto the bench. Running would be all wrong now. Murder? I'm just another lazy layabout officer, what murder? I've been here, getting stoned all night, care for a joint, officer? Didn't think so.

"Yo' there!" What now? Can't a... man die in peace? "Yo' there! Tha's my bench. You git lost now." The shouter is squinting at me, creeping in slow. He's old, he smells, he's clutching a brown paper bag suspiciously, peering out of his grime. Arrogant old coot. Scaring away the new boy? Nice try, mate.

"Food!" I leap up, and grin at him, swaying a bit, but what the hell, adds to the effect.

"Wha'?"

"Food! Gimme!" I dart at him. He backpedals so fast he trips, old skinny legs windmill.

"Ged away!" he bleats, shrilly. "Ged away crazy, ged away, ged away, now!" I watch him, but he's beaten. He scrambles to his feet and runs off into the night, still bleating. I settle back onto the bench. Maybe I can sleep. Ugh.

Maybe not. Shit!

Or, going the other way, a plane is the intersection of two 3 dimensional objects, cubes for instance.

The thing about being a tiger, I reflect, as I walk off the latest attack of the professor's undigested ghost, the thing about being a tiger is that it simplifies everything wonderfully. Eat it, kill it, or screw it. If you can't do any of those things, you ignore it. Lovely. For instance, take yours truly. A true predator. Well, a parasite really, but lets face it, a damn good parasite.

Now. A week or two ago I'd probably have spent a lot of time agonizing over, well, eating the Professor. I blame Jenny of course. But the tiger, does he care? I shouldn't say so. No remorse, merely the act of satiation. Of course, the difference between the tiger and myself is that whole good and evil concept. At least, I don't think the tiger knew about that one. I'll have to try eating the next one's whole brain, to see. No sense of continuity at all if I tried that. I'd be totally replaced in my own body. Of course I'd be in a totally tiger body too. Whoa. Wonder why I never thought of it. Definitely worth trying.

Of course, right now, I do know about right and wrong. Which is, I want to say, very freeing. It's nice to know where you stand.

I'm standing on College again, this looks like Church St. Back to my bench, I think. Still with me Prof?

And of course time is the fourth defining dimension of this world, everyone knows that. We are four dimensional creatures, o my consumer.

Shut up! God. God. I'm crying. God that hurts. What a bastard. Four dimensional, hmm? Speak for yourself. I'm a Pillboy, Prof. I'm as 3D as they get, thanks to a little black pill. Do you know what it does professor? Of course you do, but you never tried it yourself did you Prof? The only reason you know at all is because I tried it on you. Enjoying yourself, Prof? I didn't think so.

It's some dinkum chemical Prof, I tell you. Do you know what it does. It's a poison, like any drug. This one causes total cellular breakdown. Take one pill, feed to one subject, stand back to avoid big pile of slime getting on your shoes. You should have been there when they gave it to the original test subjects. I think I was. I may have been.

Then they figured out what it could really do. If I let it buzzwuzz me up, disrupt me, and then, if I go out and ingest a sample of healthy tissue, my failing systems will use the DNA from the healthy sample to recombine me! Do it enough and you're body does it habitually, without the drug. And I'm beginning to think that I've just plain done it enough.

You shouldn't be hurting me like this Prof, even a heavy head like yours isn't enough for this.

You're having a bad effect on me Prof. I'm thinking much too technically, much too lucidly. Lucidly? Ouch, I've never had a vocabulary that included Lucidly. No, you have got to go. You've totally missed the point of this. Constant change, constant flux. An eternity of cycling personali-

ties and flowing bodies. I'll never die, I'll always be different. Or, maybe, I'm already dead. The ultimate trip, the non lethal suicide gig. Yes. A series of different people all ripping through the same meat shell. How does that sound?

Oh, good. Here comes the bench again. No, here I come to it. Hey! It's occupied.

"Food!" I scream at him. How dare he come back? "Get off my bench, food!" He's out, he's stone cold unconscious. I push him off the bench, and he falls face down onto the concrete with a wet crunch and a release of air, and then a whimper. Oh good, he's woken up. I kick him in the stomach, and he curls up. I kick him again, and again. Oh no. *So, suppositionally, our universe, the entirety of it, from beginning to end, top to bottom, start to finish, bang to exiting whimper, is only the intersection of two five dimensional states.*

Cold stone against my cheek, a wriggling weight under me, a heavy, alcohol laden stench in my mouth. Jesus, I collapsed again. Fucking professor, this is all your fault. No, don't answer me. I don't want to hear it. Smelly is still trying to get away, why hasn't he done it yet? Oh, I'm still strangling him? Good. Well, finish up in a minute. Something else is wrong, deal with that first.

I kick him in the stomach again, and stagger to my feet. The nearby pool only has a small puddle or two in it, this time of year. The light is bad, but... My face shouldn't look like that. The nose is definitely... Loose? Oh yuck!

Sit down boyo, think this one through. Bad head, the Prof still acting up. Not now Prof! What else? Shakes, loose features. I haven't stabilized, then. Shit. I knew I didn't need that Pill, what is the damn saturation point, anyway? Accumulative effect. That's the term, right Professor? No, don't answer.

I guess I'll just have to eat somebody again.

I rise, and try to walk back to Smelly, but I don't have that much control of my legs right now. Whoops, Goddamn that water is cold. I'll just sit here for a moment then.

Five dimensions, hmm? You were one whacked old man, Professor. *These two dimensions need not be similar, simply have similar mathematical rules. And they must intersect, of course. I wonder what you would term them.*

Don't know as I'd term them anything, and stop doing that! Five dimensions. What for? Four's too many, as it is, and I ain't the only one that thinks that. How many Pillboys are out there now, Prof? Hundreds, thousands? Casual murderers wandering the streets, wearing a different face, having different habits, each time we do what we do do. Do do? Liked musicals, did you Professor?

Thousands of Pillboys, the ultimate psychos! And all of us doing it for

why? Because we don't want your fucking fourth dimension. We don't want a future, we don't want a past, we're not interested in survival, accomplishment, any of it. Time hurts professor. Time is waiting, and knowing he'll be back, and when he does he'll come in, and it'll hurt, and he isn't here yet but he's coming he's coming, he's coming, and there's no more time and he's here, oh God he's here, please make him go quickly this time please please PLEASE!

No. No time, please, thank you very much. Just change and cessation for ever and ever.

Amen.

One of these days I'll eat the right part of somebody and blot that memory out. Unless, of course, I already have.

What drugs do you suppose they take in the fifth dimension Professor? What do they do to retreat from five into four? I'm feeling a little bit better, I think.

I stand. I've been sitting on my arse in a puddle, haven't I? Cold water, wet jeans, cold night. This isn't getting any better. I fall again. All right, I can crawl, I guess. A few steps, and I am sick, retching nothing much. Bloody foam, little lumps of meat. God. I think that's a piece of my lung. That's too much. Good-bye Professor.

Carefully, slowly, I crawl out of the pool, back to the bench. Concrete rasps against my palms, tearing them slightly.

The bench... But where's Smelly? Smelly is crawling too, crawling away. I gather my strength, and lunge, knocking him out of an orange pool of light, into the privacy of a garbage cluttered thicket. He's whimpering again, trying to crawl away. My hand is tangled into his grimy jacket though, and I pull him back. Straddle him in the dark. Stroke his hair, what there is of it.

"No. No. Nonono. Please, le' me go. I'll give you my sandwich, I will. Le'me go!" He bleats. Squeals. Little pig? Yum.

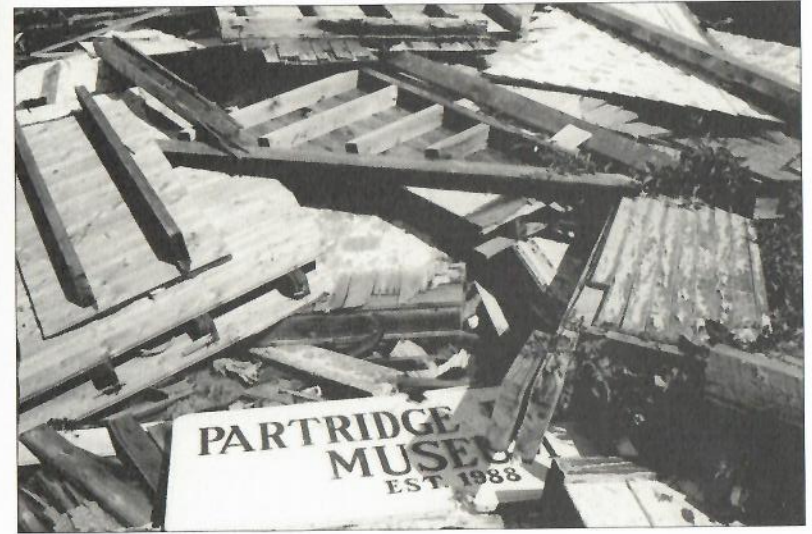
"Food?"

"Yeah. Yeah! Food, just le' me go man, please le' me go!" Nah. The pain is about to start up again, I can feel it welling. Hello, new nose, new lung. Hello, sweet, blissful ignorance. Hello, odour! I bite, he wriggles but I tear away a good mouthful of flesh from his neck. Blood fills my mouth so fast I choke. I gulp and lick, as the pain whammies me one more time anyway, for old time's sake.

Are they named Heaven and Hell?

Almost, Professor. Almost

Partridge Museum



Florida '92

There will be
sun bleached roads and
greasy diners.
You will go in
anticipation and
return with souvenirs.
Gaudy mementos bought
At bargain basements.

The world revels in
the beauty of this
getaway.
But you will see the
land for its rubber
beach toys and
fake smiles.
You will see the potholes
and the ladies on street corners
wearing short skirts and high heels.

Over this land
looms a feeling of guilt.
The excess spills from the pores
of its inhabitants.
The cloudy days will daunt your diaries.

The beaches,
covered with firm,
tanned bodies, shall make
you feel insecure.
Out of place like a chipped cup
among fine china.

You may return home
and talk at the water cooler
of your trip.
The 30 foot drop.
The night show at the hotel.

The legend of this
city will continue.
This city covered with
plastic saran wrap.
This materialistic attempt
at a better life.
It will continue until
the ocean swallows
it up in its fury,
washing the earth
of all its impurities,
so that oranges may bloom
naturally on trees,
so that tiny rodents no longer
collect visitors.

- Nermeen Mouftah

