

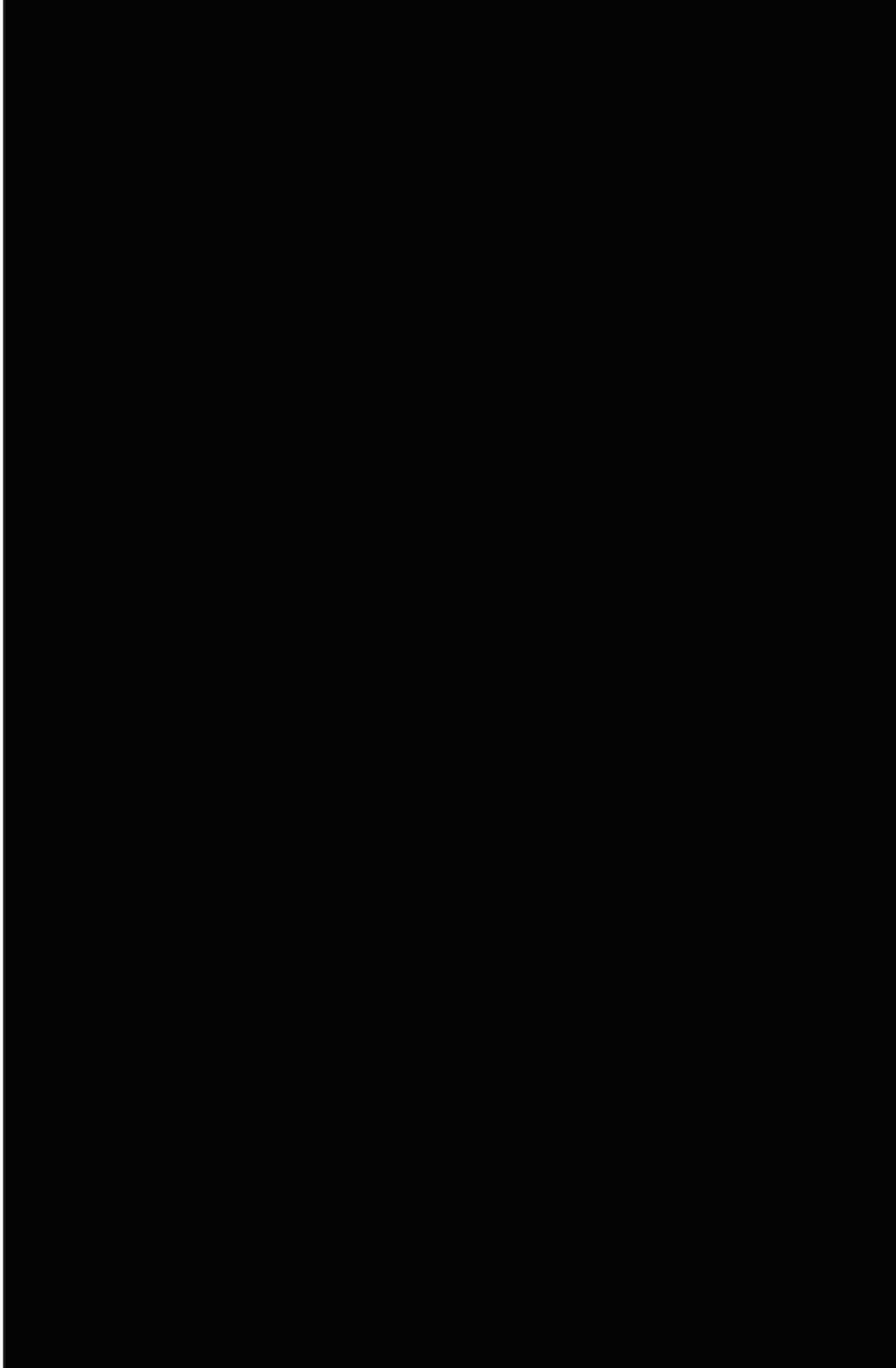
The

Trinity

University

Review

CXXIII



T H E

T R I N I T Y

U N I V E R S I T Y

R E V I E W

V o L U M E

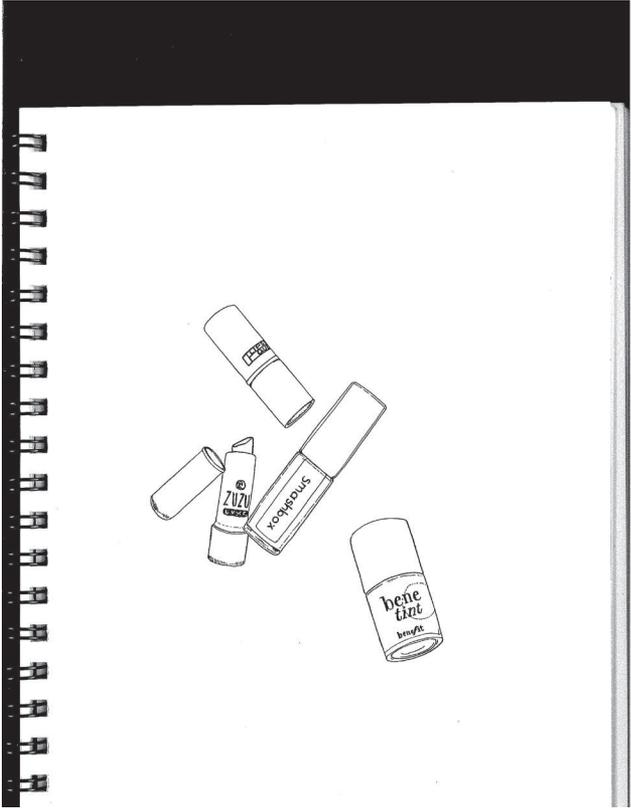
C X X I I I

P u b l i s h e d i n M m x i
b y T h e T r i n i t y
U n i v e r s i t y R e v i e w

T h e C a t a c o m b s
o f
6 H o s k i n A v e n u e
T o r o n t o
O n t a r i o

P r i n t e d i n T o r o n t o
b y
S t a n d a r d F o r m
P r i n t i n g a n d P u b l i s h i n g

A l l c o n t e n t s c o p y r i g h t
o f t h e c o n t r i b u t o r s



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ET
IGNOTAS ANIMUM DIMITTIT IN ARTES

TABLE of CONTENTS

I
L U N A

II
Q U A D R I V I U M

III
T R I N I T A S

P R E F A C E

Here you are, Trinity: a book, C X X I I I, set to expound itself as a volume true to its name.

This name, and that which has governed it, proudly marks an unprecedented age for The Book in the *Collegium Sacrosanctæ Trinitatis Apud Torontonenses*. By chance alignment, C X X I I I holds witness to the intricacies of this college, its form, its content, its every vascular. As vessel, this set of characters carries forth, and back to its roots, to the subterranean, the subconscious of this college and its inhabitants. You hold witness to the making of past and future in the everyday. You hold witness to that which makes these halls hallowed, the voices that make them echo. The honest, the unabashed, here are the thoughts and visions of those who find association with our college.

Here is a tentative statement on a sense of place.

Observe the guiding principles. A curious eye will decode that which is embedded. Ignore the urge for idle glances. Whose hand will take up the call?

Soon you'll hear the projector reels clicking. Soon you'll see shadows dancing. Soon we'll be playing with light.

Follow the clues.

Fond pursuit in basement boxes, manuscript culture in the modern age, digital copies, mechanical reproduction, and the hand. _____ of the Owl, the Lamp, the Sphinx and the Phoenix. Call number PR 6079 .09 F5 1939, acquisition number 3 1761 020608071, the Stacks,

clues embedded, to carry you from library to library, gleaning the codex cubit, a marginal gloss on the Work in Progress.

Arnold Lehman of the Brooklyn Museum and his perspective on artists' books— his acknowledgement of Art Metropole and AA Bronson— a Brooklyn name spoken in obscurity at Trinity College—reception in the Provost's Lodge— this is your history— Hemingway, old Bathurst boy of arts and letters, sent to Paris from this port— smuggled *Ulysses* during prohibition, arranged shipment across the lake-- that usylessly unreadable blue book of Eccles, my Bodley Head in the quad in summer, C, XX, III, for one year, manifesting itself in divine geometries, (see the basement proofs, the calculated cryptography, the cryptographer's, a book with years to come, laid out as map, of Toronto, to transcend, to descend, into histories, down streets and alleys and echoes.

.sdvqrkruusM eht sbocceD

prefeca The Rare Book Room in Seeley Hall, the Friends of the Library annual booksale secrets. the staggering history of the book in this room. Yuri's SMC228 scavenger hunt, the stairwell daisy chain, the aur.

pra, pra, Latin me that, my Trinity scholar, out of eure sanscreed into oure eryan!

the true trinity in review, the one two three, the luna, the quad, the trinity, a true, unfettered collection of unconscious, subconscious subterranean, 'neath floorboards and faces, i hear the footsteps above me, under von der Vogelweide's unblinking eye in glasse *imperfekt*, and the tapestry, Flemish-woven, under whose threads we take our meals on old wood.

more room to breathe, we set ourselves, more comfortable than gutenbergs creaky old furniture— old sorts all the same. here are our faces and unabashed, truthful thoughts. these are the minds and visions embedded in minds, transposed to paper, not the Lit, not the TCM, not NSTM, but CXXIII, the only one, two, three.

See to the archives. See the hyperlink in pencil and ink. Find the fond. Decode the Lexikon Labyrinthine. Abeunt Studia in Mores. Alack!

(This is just gibberish to temporarily fill space. The real preface will be completed this evening.)

I





In the Future

Published in The Trinity University Review

Volume XXXIII, 1921

F. H. P. '16

This splendid pile, these venerated walls,
Grey towers and ancient, well-belovéd halls,
Fair seat of learning, to our hearts so dear,
Fair Trinity, so many sons revere;
Soon shalt thou, pride of generations past,
Remove, like them, from thy first home at last.

Full seventy years this gothic pile has giv'n
Her sons to all the world, and each has striv'n
In his own way, but for some other's sake,
Some contribution to mankind to make;
Not for the sake of pride or self or fame,
But for his Alma Mater's glorious name.

And now the time draws near when change takes place,
Thy sons and daughters fair, no more shall grace
The ancient halls, the chapel or the lawn;
A new statelier Trinity shall dawn
Upon men's vision. Grander, nobler ways
Spread out before thee, in coming days.

I see the future college, now full grown,
White walls and towers and turrets I have known
So well,—just like the old, I see them here.
And generations yet unborn draw near,
Daughters and sons of Trinity of old,
Whom this new, stately college doth enfold.

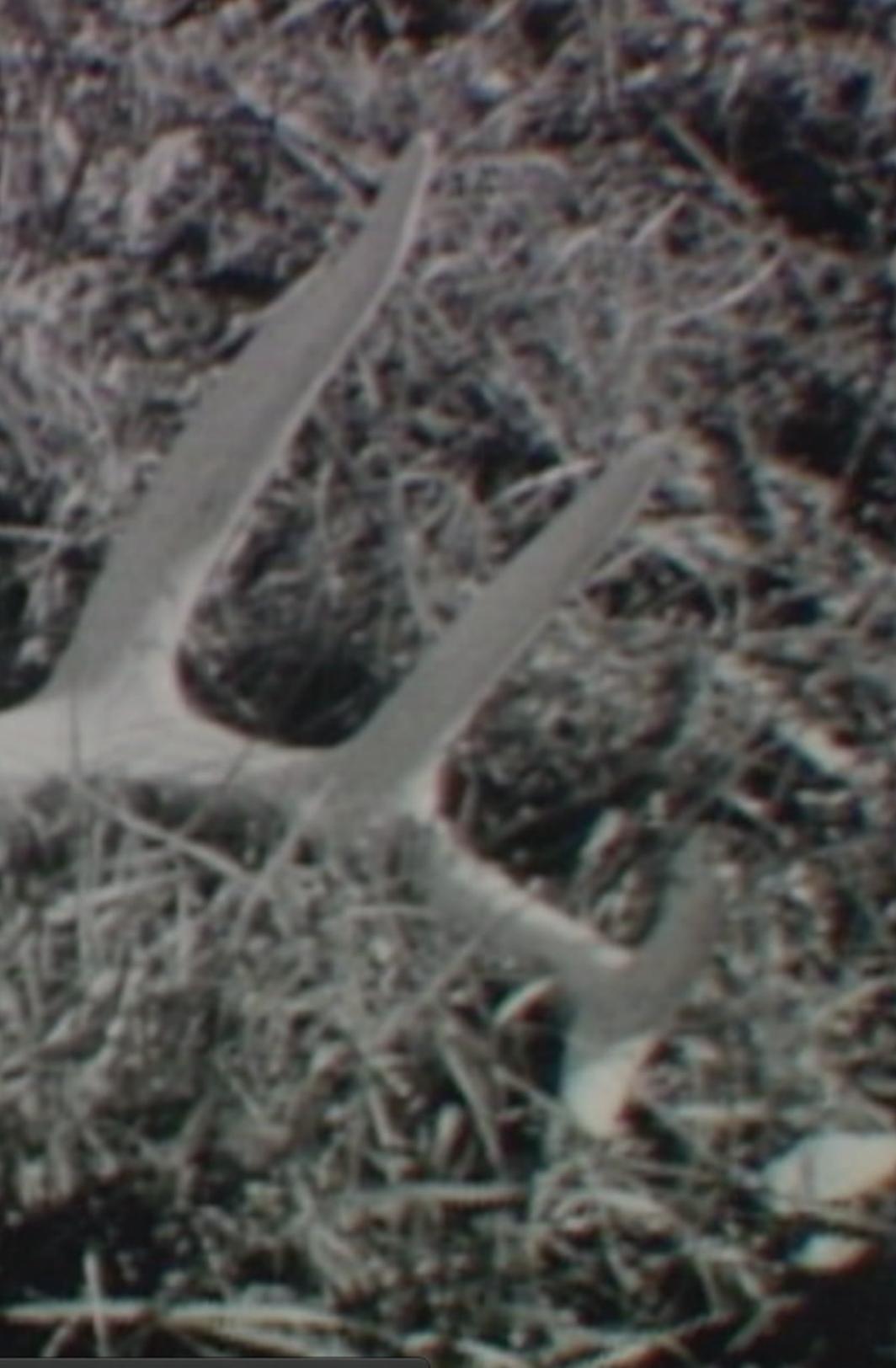
Studies for Possible Futures:
plan #26

Maggie Groat



II





An
Ode

My memory is hazy.

I recall autumn. It was during my first year at Trinity College. My wanderings brought me to Queen Street West, past the old campus, Old Bellwoods, oblivious to the invisible college.

At Magic Pony, art gallery and concept shop, an institution of the Queen West Art District, I found a box containing original pieces by Toronto artist Gary Taxali. The box was filled with individual yellowed leaves plucked from old books. Each leaf was unique, overlaid with one of the artist's vibrant gocco prints.

I thumbed the collection until I found a monochrome print in royal blue. I was drawn to this leaf in particular by a name, a bit of provenance in faded fountain ink: *Marion Wallace*, centered at the top. There were pencil markings, too. 2/3+, 75-. Other markings were indiscernible beneath the print. It was beautiful. I bought it.

I walked back to Trinity College. Sitting in the quadrangle, beneath Strachan Hall's stained glass, I read the pencil lines with a closer eye. What a shock, then, to see, in faint grey marks, *Trinity*, preceding a set of less discernible characters. What were they? 5 T 3? 3 T 3? It was difficult to tell. There were even more markings, further obscured and practically invisible beneath the thickest overlay of blue gocco, in the same faint, grey hand. Ah. A mystery.

It was with this discovery that I first sought descension into the catacombs of Trinity College, under the glass of the Aviator and the Draughtsman, down the steps to the steam tunnels beneath Strachan Hall. Here I met the Archivist, Sylvia Lassam, to whom I am greatly indebted. With her help, bibliographic detection became easier than I had anticipated. Despite this, however, our search for that first name, Marion Wallace, yielded no results from the expanse.

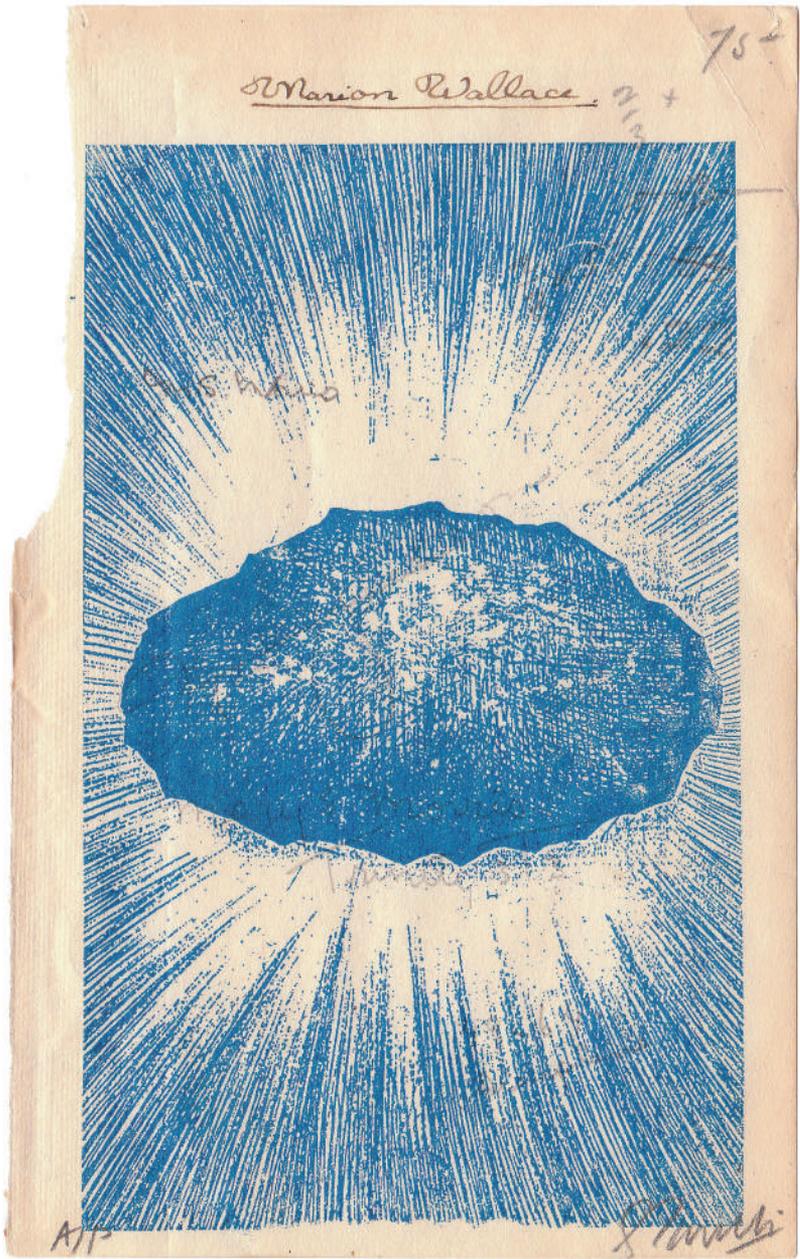
I dwelled. It was not until a few months had passed, during the following winter, with the aid of a desk-lamp backlight and a magnifying glass that I was able to discern the obscured markings. Illuminated through the haze, I read, in a dainty, informal hand:

Mary S. Morris

At this conjunction her class year, too, became unobscured:

Trinity 3 T 3

Back in the archives we found that this girl, Mary Stark Morris of Grimsby, Ontario, student of history and English, was a member of the St. Hilda's hockey team during her undergraduate years. We found photographs, too, and records of her occupation as a high-school teacher in Grimsby, her ultimate home, twin seat of womb and tomb in birth and death.



The leaf in facsimile.



The St. Hilda's Hockey Team, 1931.

*Mary Morris sits front-and-center, at the union of the
hockey stick cross.*



M.S. Morris

A repurposed piece of paper, a piece of art, framed above the kitchen table in my apartment, formerly adorning the wall of 385 Cosgrave, provenance of St. Hilda's drifting from Devonshire to Queen West, then to Hoskin. The inexplicable chance—the probability—the draw of these layers—Marion Wallace, Mary Morris, Gary Taxali, and now, here is the leaf once again repurposed, reproduced in *The Trinity University Review*. Unbeknownst to Ms. Morris, her visage and her hand resurface, out of the archives, from whence they came.

Out of the archives and out of obscurity, a face and a place and a person are assigned to the random hand one might find scrawled on the endpapers of any used book. What was once merely a blank page, a void, is that which has doubly obscured and revealed the persona of a character in the text of this city, ephemera in the *Metropolis Labyrinthine*.



At this moment I am in those very catacombs. Next to the Archives, I sit, past midnight, setting these words in the *Review* office; old books and a digital glow.

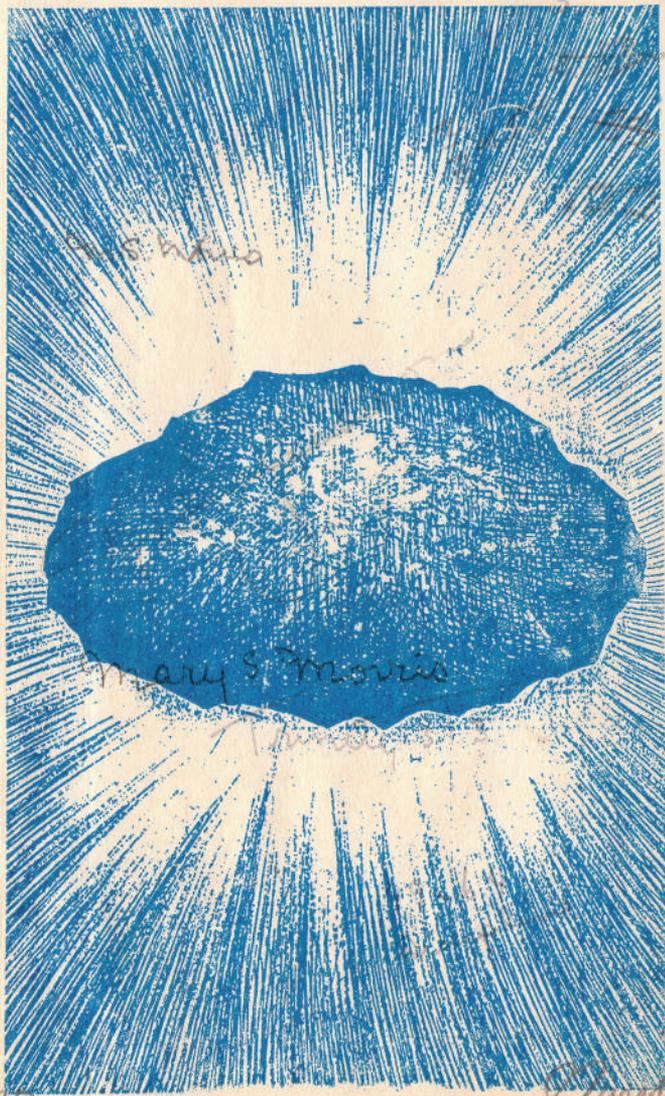
Trinity is silent.

This basement: twin seat, like I said, of womb and tome.

*Christian
Julien
Siroyt*

Marion Wallace 9/12 +

75+



Digital enhancement of Mary Morris' inscription.

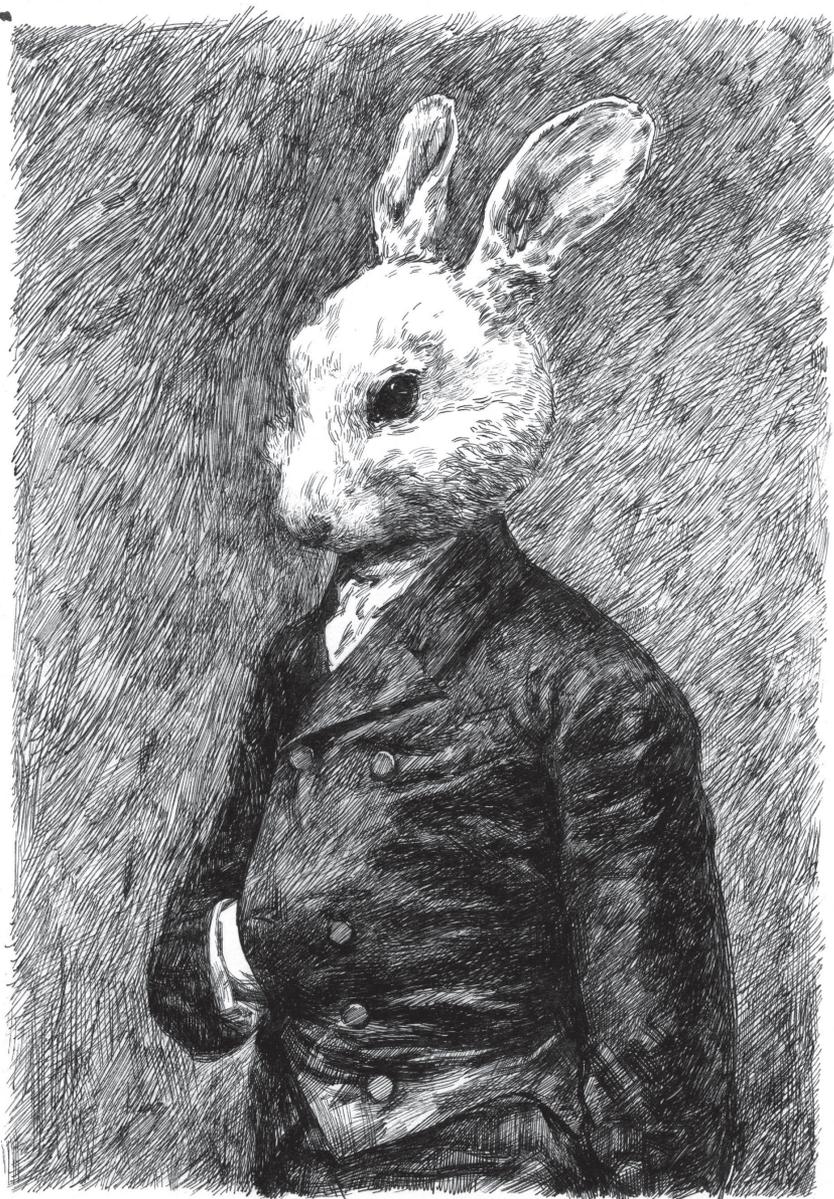
Node One

*Jacob
Robert
Whibley*



Five Works

*Stephen
Appleby-Barr*



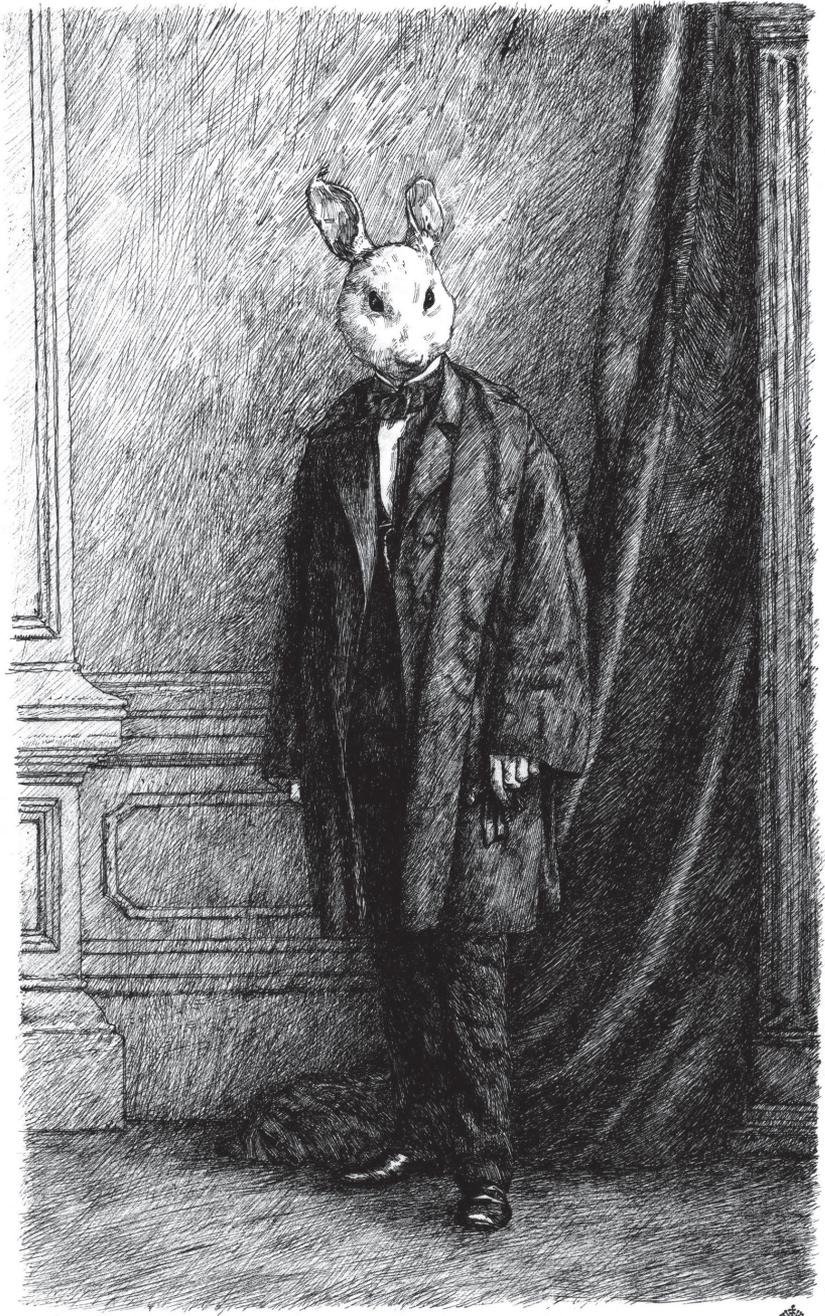
Coniculus for L. MMX


S.A.B.



Neon Rider, Cloaked. 2002

A small, stylized signature or logo consisting of a square with internal lines, located in the bottom right corner of the page.

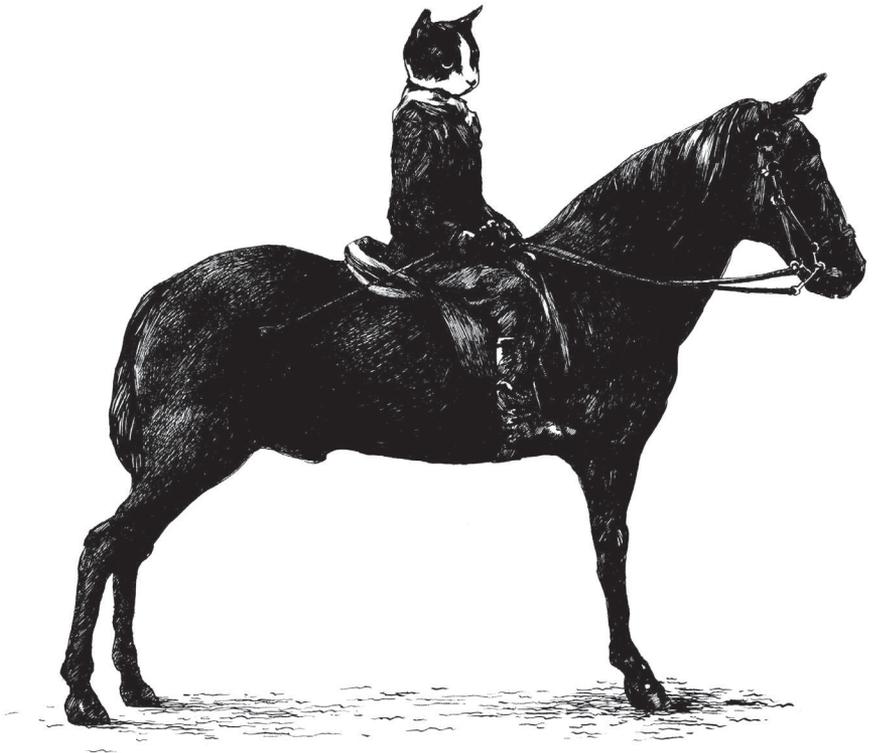


Cemiculus MMIX





The King's Road, Winter 1888.



III





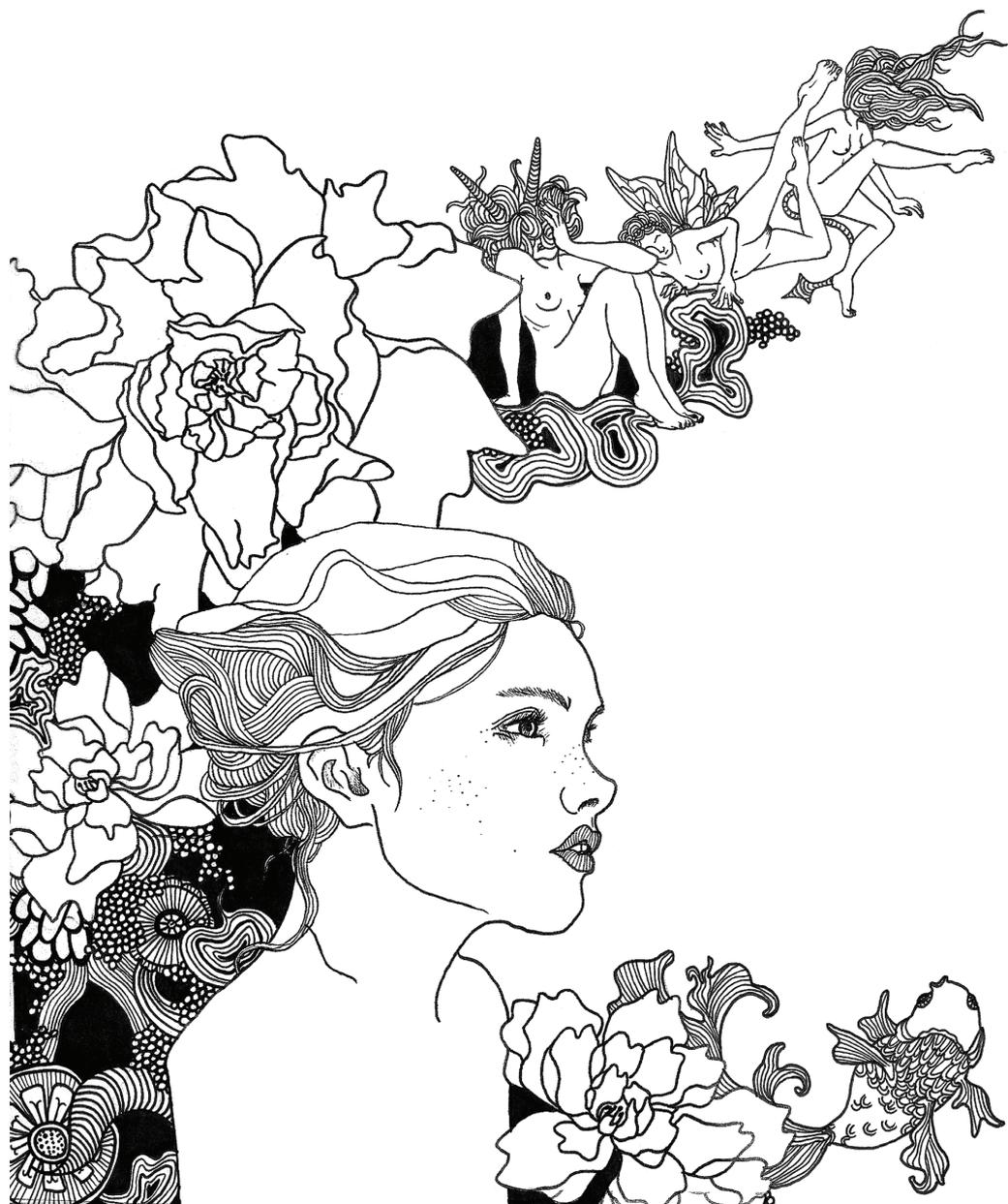
Dear

Pamela Majocho



Dreams

Kimberly Kwan



Canoe

Simon Gleave

tom run to a far away place :
can a day that is wide and thin
satisfy the cat-like chew on
his eddying river heart? a mountain
that defies the call of a garish
all-knowing community, betray
the monster really roaring to the south?
ham flat and tuned on a rare note :
can tom, and his vain cousin, ver
(possessors both of a deep secret wisdom)
recover country whose earth bore its own
before a current of huts float on
down easy rocks. a man in total ba
lance keeps loosening down fixtures
on territory he hopes to crumble,
on mountains he knows aren't real -
each writhing nuance a profound lantern
leaving no more groves printed on
solid ground. what start as a game
on rolling surrey's hills
soon found new land, became
the basalt ferry's urging lilt
against the sea - a wine
that poured a new peg into earth.
tom pitch his tent and run :
slipped loose of centre, lost the herd.

Nerves depetalling.

Sıla Özkara

I always had the impression that if my coat brushed up against the daring flowers extending onto my way from the lawn of that house down my street, the petals would leave kisses on the pavement, drifting an inch above the ground with the wind carrying scents of other flowers, too soft to really escape any magnetism to succumb. One may be mistaken.

I walked up there, up and down over those days where the weather did yet not call for winter coats, but my frail flesh did in its tendency to shrivel into textures of blue veins and shivers of a cold nervous laugh, cracking, where the laugh was missing; it was only cold and nervous: nervous as a dry violin shriek but there was no shriek. I did not really ever like violins either yet I resembled parts. I made thin papers of noise only metal sheets would make when crumpled and scratched on and always felt as held sturdy between jaw-lines and shoulders broader than mine – in between words I would not answer and the brute force of the layering in bone and muscle held upright right against a face. Little obsessions have their reign over anyone.

I once had the inclination to think the back of my coat was on fire, perhaps led away by ash from a cigarette: no one is ever careful enough except for the times when I think of things, these things, such as hurting the flowers... The petals will be too heavy for the pavement... I always need my coat, at least so often...

I had surfaced then, an inch off the ground. On none of those days did the petals fall.

The Glow

Andy Friesen

White heaven lead a heavy soul toward the radiant eternal

Oh!

Snuffed, Huffed,

never enough is

The Glow of Neon Fluff

Sedimentary synapse

Watch it flash

Expand and contract

See it Splash

In a birthful relapse:

Naked

Yet

Nude

parts for voice

*i had to, like, open the bruise up
and let some of the bruise blood
come out to show them*

Emil Joseph

4. a play in word
loop a play in
word loop a play
in word loop a
play in word loop.

3. a play in
word loop a
play in word
loop a play
in word loop.

2. a play
in word
loop a
play in
word loop.

1. a
play
in
word
loop.

To Tristan Tzara

Copy conscientiously.
The Poem will be like you.

Emil Joseph

Tables and an transformation has relationships
Pass, not just with hormones in the filed.
The equipment; she is a Yikes. and eyes
Had work think of it
 of peopl-
 sexu-
 implants;
furnished with black woman. She her living.
Her living here is where a half room.
Her own Among these are
yes, breast the areas of camera
surgeries. boots. and money.

She has also been to achieve
abundance is in passing
 Roy-
She makes and hairline bones
a V-neck laser for men
 liposuction
 tights,
and how lips
Smooth the surgery a specialized gently at her high
 Is she brave?
Difficulty apartment propor-
“I didn’t”
Striking done on her greeted born I
main about a:
 reconstruction-
 transplants
 operating
 make up

dozenality
Makeup room is Dina a
Facial women, me in neat surgery
With skills in all professional-heeled
There your face and
they peel become eight and
Hers is female.
I’ve had hard-won nose hours
Who helps others sweater also a lot.

The Matryoshka
of We

Iris Liu

thinking about you
(and the cigarettes that come with you)
hugged on hung hooks

I dress all matryoshka dolls by the same nubile cane
caned as though we were white blond

i.

blond like beaus kicked off barefoot in muddy indian salads
green eyed milk necks
a little sulk on round collars too raw for reason
lukewarm light playing gibbous on poised midriffs
brains as blank as bandages

ii.

auburn square
burning henna in our necks now
empty our chests of building blocks only to
hitchhike hungry to ripen with age
agog to grow luscious
asinine with a bag of mahoganies and charlottes

iii.

hail and sleet from your 5 o'clock shadow
espadrilles in the boreal
if you were a city you would cry taillights in pools
pools yawning to quench our desert heels parched
only to be muted by a swan of deaf snowflakes.

the aftermath of your smile a hook yelling in my eye
I dress all matryoshka dolls by the same nubile cane

caned as though we were on our deathbeds

*(A/N: the matryoshka of time akin to the gaining of
knowledge via the passing of time in seasons.)*

auroch instinct/ angel inspiration

Fan Wu

The uncertainty of a Chinese Christmas chills my house.

My sister is wrapped in stockings and heated blankets and untouchable innocence, missing me despite my coldness.

My parents learn of my forbidden love through a hole in my cell phone and, quietly lowering their voices to bedroom level, cry in each other's arms for the first time since my sister's difficult birth.

Now, at eleven, she is fully grown, the soft shell of the womb far behind her, the sticky filmed shell of self-awareness only beginning to crack. Parts of this shell she will carry with her for the rest of her life.

No one in the house understands the love that travels from one boy to another, or why orientals celebrate the work of a fast-talking white miracle worker.

But I suspect one will be easier to explain.

Tired of holding my tongue in front of dignitaries,
tired of keeping silent in the face of evil, tired of the
boundaries between
lovers and friends,
Needing to know
the incompleteness of a man separated from his lover,
I steal my best friend's virginity in a Burger King's
parking lot,
pleased as always to be his first resort.
I am disgraced, without rotten breasts or china-crystal
face;
I slide into his soft safe love to the smug rhythm of the
parking meters
denouncing our immortality.
We used to be in grade school, where my longings
were restrained
to a graze on the thigh during Mortal Kombat,
a studied peek in the washroom.
No more longing. No more fears.
I have all of you right here between the folds of your
tear-stained screams.
Boundaries were made to be broken, and in the heat
of my love for him I manage to pray, lord, Our Jesus
Christ, for his imagination to make me his perfect girl.

*So in this moment, as in all others,
We are cursed with the instincts of aurochs and the
aspirations of angels.
And this is all we are when the two manage to meet.*

In honour of K

*What are you doing here?
Inside should be
outside of all these things.
Climbing stairs.
Outside in forests.*

Jonathan Scott

There's leaves in my shirt
not crunch but moist, slowly decaying.
Do yourself a favour.
Hold onto the arm with the t-shirt
crashing again:
The nail flies unseen away
safe on the leaf-bed
(keening without reason).
Spit flies:
Nirvana on a shirt.
Trees keen to torpedo the sky:

Spiral swirl
into an incubator
of the country's elite.
And back under the mirage
of the hilt.

Eyes closed. Tapping out the
consequences. Blind in the sense of
unbearable reverberating
synthesiser,
not here or now or again -
what's already happened is beyond caps:
pull yourself together.

Colours dancing picking; one is a crisis -
give me each
in space-defining edges
and expansive colour brighter and bigger,
blue and white and brown.
Not any of those shades quite right.
The ghoul laughs unseen,
begging not for forgiveness -
respect instead would
demand switching places.

Candy in a canoe:
Fits in your hand, a present to cradle;
stay – stay in the moment by the car
not in my mind.
The car door closes, ignition, gas speed -
rocks fly up from the gravel road.
Long unkempt hair or else
small simple scarf and pea coat:
“please go”.

*The trees torpedo the sky the tower torpedoes the sky
and swoops back down to gaze
on the misfortune of discontinued, disjointed, discoloured
histories. I wonder what's up there and if I'd like what
I were to find - to probe the skulls of warplanes and
rocks to the jaw and the key to it all lost on a mantle
in Muskoka.*

Marty (fragment ix)

Z. Lubjinca

Marty rubs my tits

Thick he gets threw man trow

Mind the mastabatory reference

When crystal come

Breaks through my

Six am tan line

Flora in Memoriam

Kevin King

The wind at our face was against us
and the arms we would brace were aside.
The breeze swept, wept and sighed,
for our room was emptied of roses.

This last stroll we took was saintless;
a death march of her wits and my pride.
I descanted my doom, you and I.
Love weathered by art had erased us.

I was Petrarch with laurels and loss.
Moss wreathes raked by the tide,
fettered and fringed, they swept by
and our time had been passed by what raced us.

I was Job with a fortune of daughters
some Jah had divinely unproved.
I, upright and blameless, refused
to be punished for devotion and falter

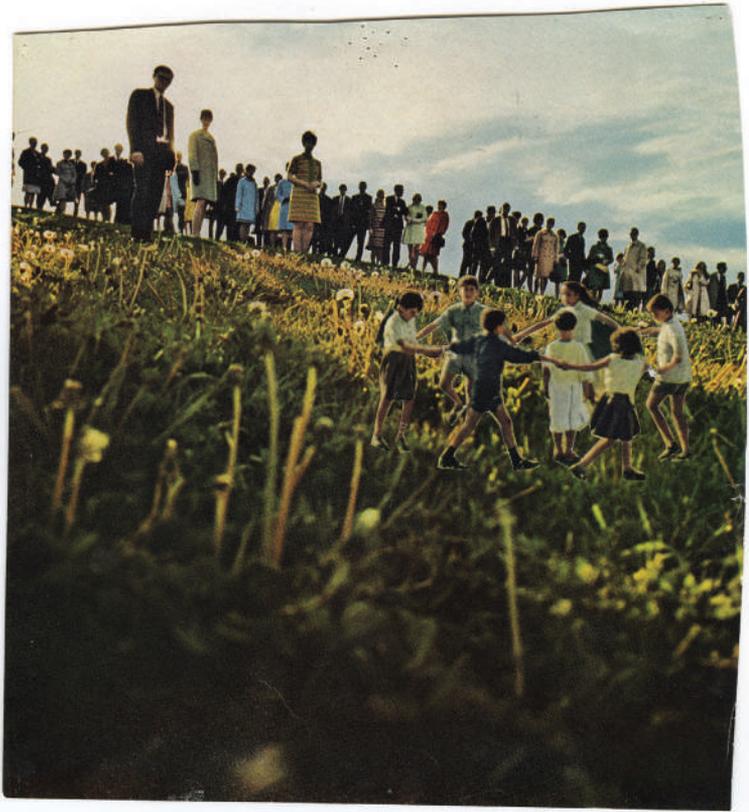
In my love for the heavens that brought her.
I held too tight with hands we entwined,
she had palms for the wind to defile.
So I wandered on, I had at last lost her.

I was parched and my decanter of water
sweat dew drops, they ran down the side.
Cannot dote; not the place, nor cry.
My wet words were, to her, bath water.

So where may I wash up, you sage,
Or wash out my language of love?
If your hardness of heart must be moved,
I'll filter it fine through a filthy page.

Studies for Possible Futures:
vision #62

Maggie Groat





Punchy Graduation *MMX*

528

THE EDITORS EXTEND
ENDLESS GRATITUDE
TO THE FOLLOWING

Provost Andy Orchard

Sylvia Lassam

Alex Durlak of Standard Form

All Men and Women of College

&

Whoever unearths this volume
in the College Archives
over the years to come

The book you hold
in your hands is
number

/ 500

