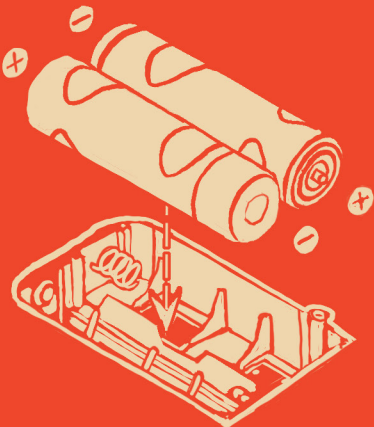
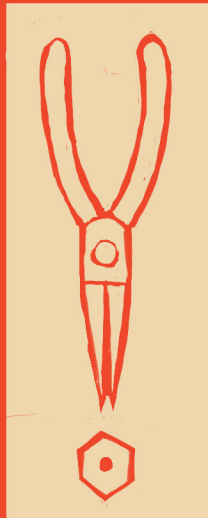
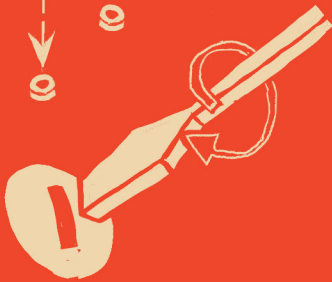


CONNECT

THE UC REVIEW Winter 2020





THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE REVIEW

is the biannual literary journal of University College at the University of Toronto. It is published with the generous support of the University College Literary and Athletic Society.

This winter edition of the *UC Review* was produced remotely in the midst of the COVID-19 pandemic. Its theme is "Dis/Connect." We invited our contributors to interpret *connection, disconnection, interconnection, and reconnection*.

It was printed in February 2021 at Coach House Press on bpNichol Lane, Toronto.

DIS /
CONNECT





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“Paragraphs reduced to one word. A punctuation mark. Then another word, complete as a thought. The way someone’s name holds terraces of character, contains all of our adventures together.”

—Michael Ondaatje (UC 1965)
Excerpted from “Death at Kataragama”

A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

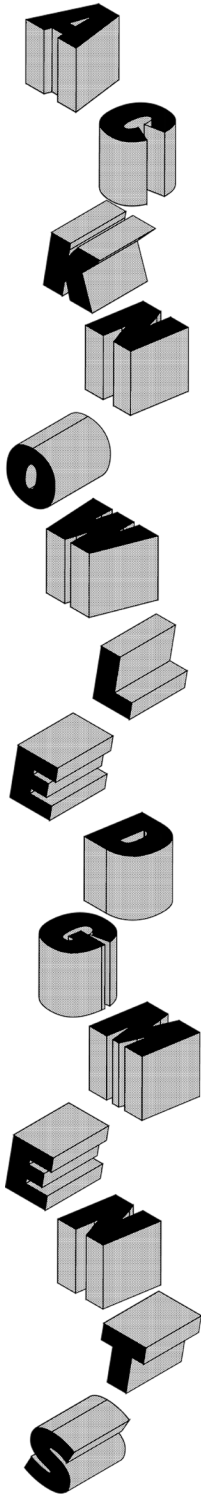
To the *UC Review* Community,

It's difficult to express in words the toll COVID-19 has taken on our families, friends, and classmates. While this edition is not explicitly pandemic-themed, 2020 bears its stamp on each and every page. I am heartened by each contributor who lent their words or artwork to the *Review*. Community can and must be sustained through engagement with the arts, especially under such restrictive circumstances. I invite you to read "Dis/Connect" not as an artifact of the times but as a living, breathing thing with truths to tell long after coronavirus passes.

I'm reminded of E.M. Forster's bidding to his readers to "only connect!" This edition represents one attempt to do just that.

Yours,

Sana Mohtadi
Editor-in-Chief, 2020-2021
The University College Literary Review



***This winter 2021 edition of
the UC Review was a labor of
love.***

Taking the uncertainties and disappointments of 2020 in stride, our masthead came together to publish an outstanding journal.

Thank you, Senior Editors Lena and Ashley, for your devotion to the *Review*. You are each capable leaders and nurturers of talent. It has been an honor to work alongside you these past few years. To our Associate Editors, Maria, Allison, Violet, and Sylvia, I am grateful for your commitment to the editorial process—thank you for breathing life into this edition.

Thank you, Adela, for the keen eye you bring to every edition and the warmth you bring to each meeting. You have made the *Review* beautiful as Art Director—inside and out. Thank you to Charlotte, our Promotions Coordinator, for her social media prowess, without which this edition would not have existed. Thank you for making the *Review* visible.

Thank you to Caleb, our Design Editor, for designing and illustrating this edition with such mastery and care. From the moment we first spoke about the *Review*, I knew we were in good hands. To Hannah, our Digital Editor, thank you for making the *Review* accessible remotely. This was an exceptionally necessary service during the pandemic. Thank you to Megan, our Chief Copy Editor, and her team for their attention to detail. Megan, you work magic on a draft. And of course, thank you to our past Editors-in-Chief Tahmeed and Adina for your encouragement.

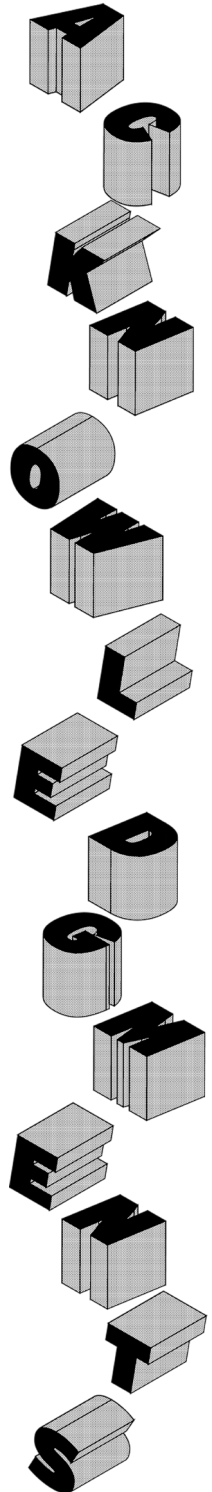
I am blessed to call you collaborators and friends.

Thank you to Coach House Press for their guidance throughout the printing process. A special thank you to John for lending his expertise to the *Review* once again.

The *UC Review* is indebted to the UC Lit, especially Liam and Daniella, for their unwavering support, especially now.

And finally, thank you to our contributors and our readers.

-Sana Mohtadi



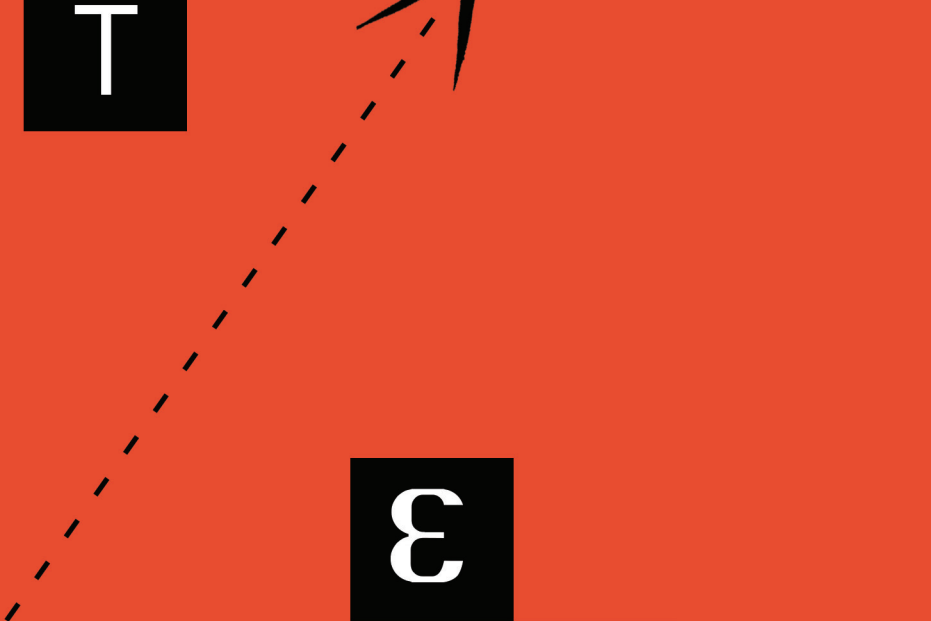
C

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T

Bliny **(Блины)**

Everytime I come here, it is my last
I can't stand the comfort
the home
the familiarity

Transience sickens me
the timer of Baba's wrinkled hands
forces a collision with the inescapable and I
begin drowning in the urgency of legend

Sometimes, when we have nothing left to say, we talk about the inevitable

I count the graves
to which I'll have to tread a path
the pictures and clothes and medals
I'll have to weave into a chronicle of these luminary bodies
these exuberant bones

Memory is a form of immortality
death is an electrifying reunion

I start planning vacation days
around 3rd and 40th days
think of the crumbling recipe books and terror
of pancakes in the morning

SYLVIA BILLINGSLEY



MODICA WAY

vial of blood.

do i seem starving to you?
does my body arrive too eager—or not
giving enough? do i taste
like dust in your mouth—or
veins too full, too
 rushed red
 velvet
does my blood thin too quickly? dripping
over a flame yet to lick skin too cold
how is your touch so
body so
blood so still
 so
cold

Two Years Since

It's been at least two years
And I'm slouching off my restlessness
Around Humber River
By a swampy stream at the lowest point of a depression
Below the crests of two three-storey houses
With slides for kids in the backyard
And between the wide asphalt arteries
Coyotes were spotted in the area,
Hunted squirrels and house cats
On the sparse leaf cover, muddy pathways,
Hillside littered with loose branches
In earshot of pedestrians, joggers, the river sound
All too steep, too wet for developing, appearing from the cul-de-sac
Tree stumps, West Toronto air, have gained my rapt attention.

G R A C E M A

Two Oranges

By evening, these days,
I've lost senses and do not seek
like before. It goes like this:
morning's routine and two oranges,
lunch downstairs,
and the afternoon darkness
I can no longer evade.

If I read twelve pages,
I say, good enough.

Before the sun sets I bike
to the neighbouring suburb,
rest by the neighbouring wetland.

Yesterday I went with a friend,
and he told me he was high.
I gave a smile
past his face,
watched the trees
bending the wind.

S A B R I N A A L M E I D A

Moonflower

I had a dream that your voice was a moonflower
that you laughed like pi and peppermint tea
that my home was uncharted territory to you

Sitting in a bedroom
on the second floor of my grandparents' house,
the floorboards squeaked in your mouth,
breeze tangled around your fingers,
while the day wrapped itself up like a bolt of fabric

Apprehension met forest's edge
and left your armour wrapped around a birch tree
so soft
so script-like
I wonder if you would recognize yourself

When the autumn rain asked for permission
on my windowsill
and the fields pulled at my feet like forgiveness,
your mouth dripped open
and the river fainted from your lips

there is so much I want to tell you

REBECCA MICHAELS



WHITE-BREASTED NUTHATCH

A L L I S O N Z H A O

Cascades

a writer is a writer, you tell me from over my shoulder
any tale-teller peddles the same wares
a lyrical liar is just another.
you demand stories and we laugh until you hate me
we dance until the lights hurt my head
you shatter a bottle on my hand.
an apology is an apology, you tell me later that night
the same mistakes need forgetting
today is just another.
you say sorry again and are sick of always having to
you pace in our lifeless living room
and I have to forgive.
a body is a body, you tell me as you take off my clothes
one wide-eyed girl is the same as any other
a dead woman is just another.
you grip my wrists against the pillow in your sleep
and I know better than to move away
so I let your nails dig in.

SANA MOHTADI

EXCERPTED FROM

“MASSACHUSETTS”

At the donut shop on Medford St.
Steve Harvey watches over customers
like a guardian angel atop a soda machine
last cleaned before “Yes We Can,”
where it is perfectly acceptable to bite and chew
little half-moons of styrofoam out of empty cups
and watch generations of Family Feud
where mothers and sons sit in egg-carton rows
dueling Sandras and Tylers,
as flies hover and dance an entomologic waltz around a
Boston cream donut,
named for our happy settlement, purveyor of bespoke scarlet
letters
and Toll House cookies, parallel to St. Agnes,
haven for the orators of lapsed speech and counters of Latin
consonants,
where the twirl of a tartan skirts
harmonizes with the cracking open of Moxie cans.

D S C F 2 0 4 1



CHERYL CHEUNG

RADMILA YAROVAYA

Zelenogradskoe Cemetery

Whispers in abandoned crypts
are the
 foundation
of my religion
and I welcome the snow
as it begins to fall in Moscow
blanketing everything,
especially the steps of desertion

Half a world away
I shiver under a cloudless sky and hear the rustling
dirges calling me home

Half a world away
I continue to exist in a city without red walls
or plaques
or rivers carrying long-dead ambition to far off lands

Half a world away
I try to find plots for graves which will become the
 foundation
of a new doctrine

RADMILA YAROVAYA

Hometown glories

The waiter brings out the water

and I say

I don't know, I think he has dementia and

(my prof says that)

Hamlet is annoying

and Kristy talks about

how her nails have finally burst

through her palms,

how she's learning to accept defeat

and Rhi says

I haven't had a break since March,

and why are your bags on top of your eyes?

and Carina asks
why I look like I'm about to strangle her

and Kristy says
it's just the shading

and Rhi says
someone's getting shanked in the parking lot

and I think
about how then we won't have a ride

I breathe in the symbiotic air
facilitating our joint survival
and split
the curtain,
trying to touch as many arms as I can,
grabbing the flesh into place

When did we become monuments of ourselves already fallen to time?

We talk about Scipio
and the second coming of Christ
and how the curtains are green
and so there's no God

and I start laughing
about the debate

and Carina says that she doesn't know
what I'm talking about

and I say
you're valid
and we burst—inevitability burned by laughter

The waiter brings out the cheque

A N V E S H J A I N

Durgotsava at Irvine, CA

*After Gaganendranath Tagore's
Pratima Visarjan, c. 1915, watercolour on paper.*

Casino and boardwalk
Hail California's darkened
Shoreline. A many-faced
Procession marches seawards,
Gathering strength to defeat
Asuric forces. Flames lick at
Buffalo hooves in the sand.

True devotees do not rue
Passage of bygone eras.
Submerge Devi's statue.
Hold faith that *dharma*
Will be restored in clay.

REBECCA MICHAELS



CARDINAL

M Y S I S T E R A N D T H E S E A



ADELA JEON



THE WINDY CITY

W E N Y I N G W U

The Cradle and the Bone

We don't think about it much anymore, why we came here. One day we were living in the towers—gleaming steles in silvers and blacks—in a city by the sea. Fast days, slow nights, and cracks in our teeth. A moment later, an eyelash, and we were up in the mountains, or plateaus with altitude high enough that there isn't much difference. Thin air is nothing like wildfire smoke, but there's something straining, still, especially when we drink too much and heartbeats swell to fill whole skeletons, like a flaying, or a curse.

Only for a moment, we probably said, only for a little while. We'll be back. We'll be back. To the city by the sea. That was what we said, wasn't it? What we promised? We gave our word, but words are just air, and, up here, up and away, the air is razor thin. Your word means less than ever before.

Up, up, and away in the mountains, sound travels.

We'll be back, back, back, back, back.

Back to the beginning.

Nighttime is a chore. We're city girls at heart, unused to silence or stars. Open a crack in the window, and the chill outside meets the chill within, the still air joining the night's emptiness to steep the space about our bed. If we press our skin against each other, we'd still be cold. My love, I—

In the city by the sea, our bed was narrow. We pressed together out of a necessity which became a habit. Tonight, curled up facing one another, we are like mirrored dolls, your cold feet tucked between my legs, but that's only a cosmetic sameness. Even the air we share is transformed in your lungs.

What do we say to each other now that all we have is time? I thought we could be together—now more than ever—now that we were alone together, together alone.

The wind carves a nest at the end of the bed, where our toes peek out from beneath the sheets.

Try into the dark, *I want to dream with you*. The voice doesn't sound right, suspended in the air for a moment's sureness, then falling to the ground. Repeat, *I want to dream with you*.

Does it get out beyond my lips, this softness that dreams of being a storm?

Sleep is a smothering, but all around us is wind too insubstantial to even steal a kiss.

Back in the city, the city by the sea, we could vaguely guess at the others awake with us. Every sleepless hour, nightlife becomes an overpopulated dream.

What do we imagine here? Maybe the ghosts of the buttery yellow flowers, swaying in the dark, waiting for their own arrival. Maybe a predator, sulking in wait for its quarry. Maybe some many unfamiliar eyes, bidding us—bidding us—

Look at nighttime as a conduit, the beginning.

So, the deer will come, the deer with shining black eyes and dappled brown coats, nosing their way in through a crack opened in the window. Eyes that flicker, that follow, wide and opaque, and tunneled with nighttime. The mid-autumn moon calls for her supplicants with a dim accusation of the fall; velvet is peeling off antlers, curling away in raw strips to reveal the shiny, bloody bone.

Eyes that beckon, say *run with us*, say *at mad gallop*, say *of the wind*—

It will be the deer, and the wind. The rest of the world, fallen to its knees.

These are the months in the mountains. O in-between space, o false step of the heavens. We move through our days by rote, but someone on the other side has forgotten their lines. We become old stone warriors, with gaps in our ribs like our bones were stolen in our dreams.

Though we came here for some respite, some cure, there is nothing for us to fit against. You and I are the only domesticated animals for miles and miles. Fields of grass and canola bloom for miles, until that little town where they breed horses and hunt rabbits and will never know our names.

Do you ever think of home? You do? I don't really think at all. Through the window, the clouds graze, the grasses wave. Into an ocean we drift, like that endless highland sky.

Sometimes you mute yourself with books, that well-loved stack under the chilly natural light that fans in through the bedroom window. With some kind of religious regularity, with some kind of religious fear, we check on the people back home, but it's a cold touch to keep in.

Eventually we falter.

We huddle closer together, then we pull ourselves apart.

I knew, I knew, I knew. I knew you were lonely too. But I couldn't break that air between us, thin as it was.

The memories of the road to this place as real as a dream of a bridge to cross the silver river of the Milky Way. It was a long plane ride, eleven hours in a steel bottle, and then there was a train. We'd never been on a real train before that, had we?

A message self-sent in a steel bottle. We make ourselves illegible by transposition.

We have always lived illegible lives, me to you, you to me.

Back in the city, the city by the sea, open train cars are dragging sulfur past raiiside blackberries—an invasive species. The train drags little yellow mountains that glint like piles of pressed banana candies, a quarter a handful.

One time, in the city by the sea, you said you wanted to taste my brain. Then you'd get it. You said it was a joke, but I think you would have done it, served our amygdalae to one another, if it would've changed the air between us.

In the city by the sea, there was all this background noise. All those people, permanent pilgrims—we could never escape the sounds of their lives and loves and dreams and delusions. You remember, right? Interference every moment, jammed between our attempts at touch. The noise kept us apart.

I've always thought of the wild as a silent place. Now we're here, but there's still the thin air, still the old bones, still the moon's blank glare.

Not in the background anymore, I think.

There are the months spent in the mountains, up and away, the months slipping away like fired wax, until winter dresses violently in our skin. Then we'll shiver until spring—with its fenced-off fields and canary-yellow flowers—comes to sight.

But, before that, autumn slips.

We drink the sorghum wine left by the last tenants, and I wait for my pulse to escape my veins.

The shopkeeper in town treats us with the grandmotherly wisdom. She says the deer rub their antlers on the tree trunks in September, to tear off their velvet. We've missed the season, she tells us, when you could track the deer by the blood on the bark.

We dream in torn skin.

Covered in night, I'm rooting in the numbing whiteness for it, pushing aside the stained snow. They surround me, their bottomless, starved eyes. My cheeks are painted with antler-nose wetness they timorously pressed on my skin.

They push on, crowding me with antler-bone as my hands grow desperate, scrabbling in the dark.

Then I find them, withered against my numb fingers, raw strips of velvet, curled and rubbed and split off antlers that have since then only courted the open wind.

I've found them, delicately withered to the touch, and damp, buried so long ago. But fresher air and forest seep into the velvet, suffusing its desiccated curls with a rotting, pungent past.

I offer it to you.

Breathe it in.

Breathe it in.

You ask, *did they hurt? When they were sundered? Flayed from bone?*

They couldn't have. They were refuse, discarded, skin and blood disdained by bone.

Exile the unwanted, banish the obsolete. We pick up the sheddings. *Nature recycles*, I say.

Say *come, come with us, say sing please fill, say the wind with song*. It is swallowing us.

Covered in night, the knuckles of our fingers swollen with cold, we weave it together, a coat of cast-off skin.

By the fire, there is *you* and there is *me*, we the *early domesticated mammals*. I will call your name, and you will call mine. But what about *us*, what is our name? Even nothing has a name.

Outside, the wind rattles all the ancient bones of the mortal world.

They come for us. In those hazy hours between waking and dreaming, they come for us.

And we fail to say yes or to turn them away, fail to make a choice like every other failed choice, except a choice that never felt like a choice at all, more like fate, more like—

We don't think about it much anymore, why we came here.

I see a glint of an antler in the moonlight, and they call, say *run with us, say breathe one breath, say come home to your bones*.

I can see you now, translucent antlers sprouting from your head, reaching the ceiling, shattering wood. You and me, yours and mine—we grow together, like marriage trees on this plane of earth. Do you see me? Are my eyes like yours, blackened, deepened, full fathom five?

Our antlers are long and strong, like bony, wooden hands stretching out, twining in. They push away the walls like nothing at all, and we drop, loose-limbed, into the snow.

We know now, don't we? We really know. On our knees, our hooves, we follow those eyes, our eyes.

In late January, the deer shed their antler racks, shrugging them to bed in a snow that frosts a sleeping undergrowth. They wear pink and abraded pedicles like twin skyward eyes on their skulls.

It is the wind on our skin. It is the moon drawing her smooth, white arc. It is the small shatter of hooves through snow.

Sorry, sorry, our most sincere apologies, to the city by the sea, to the names that fill the city by the sea. Forgive our trespasses, our broken words, we are pulling apart into sea foam, coalescing into a new and ancient blood. Sorry, sorry, they won't see us again.

Our phantom antlers reach up now, grown more solid, firmer in the realm of air and darkness. Reach past the barren trees, past the furtive clouds, past even the moon and her lonely light. They weave, grow, search for someplace more than the sky.

Silence our mind with the hooves, put to death the walls, and the memories of walls. Fill us, like potholes with concrete, like fallen shields with rainwater.

Like you with me. Me with you.

Our snow begins to melt.

We rub our aching arms, flex our sore toes. Is there dirt between them? We forget to check.

Things fall apart and back into place. But where do we start and where do we end? Where did we begin?

We think we came to escape our dissonance, from the city by the sea. We think we were splintering, falling out of place.

We're splintering now, in new and ancient ways, bugs shuddering through our veins, or little running hooves, or the hit of alcohol and altitude that sets our heart to a sundering beat. If we tear off our skin, we'll find antler-bone there, gleaming and crimson. If we sheared our hair to skin, the moon would see new marks there, scars from shed phantoms.

We can't remember dreaming alone.

The pieces of us are scattering into the breeze, a trail of hungry and restless stars, waiting for the season of our antlers' rebirth.

We know our name, the name of the *us*, but what about the *you*? What about the *me*?

Even the wind has a name.

O love, o we, where are we dreaming tonight?



COGNA SIP / META MAZE

CALEB SARABY SANDBLOM

The ringing in my ear and I

The ringing in my ear
and I
are an inconsistent item.
My ringing drips sweet nothings
upon waking up on my uncomfortable side of the bed.
My ringing can't keep quiet when it hears loud music
and likes to overpower
at times
my brain.
My ringing can't swim.
We can't swim freestyle laps together anymore.
Instead we float
until the water fills my ear
(drowning into silence just for a moment).
Often,
when I'm alone with my thoughts,
nothing but silence and the purr of the fan,
my ringing shines loud and clear
(a little friend above my left shoulder,
reminding me that I'm not alone,
even when I want to be).

***the
immanence
that is
most alien
to [me]***

1. I am, and I want to be, an alien—or at least a stranger. I mean to say that I am alienated with/in a complex mixture of bodies. The moment I can swell to a volume of love beyond my limits is the same moment I am disconnected from even the alien that I am. But I mean, it's all s'well, or my eyes well up and my nose pinches in that precarious moment before the flood, where laughing-crying-singing-goosebumps connect in a vibrating bulk, a sphere of directions, whispers over the countryside...a deluge of the now connected, now disconnected immanence that is most alien to me.

2. Heraclitus's statement *ethos anthropos daimon* is often translated as "one's character is their fate." In *Language and Death*, Giorgio Agamben proposes the translation, "Ethos, the habitual dwelling place of man, is that which lacerates and divides." Agamben rereads the word "daimon," from "daiomai," as "the lacerator, he who cuts and divides." The alien that I am has no dwelling apart from its alienation.

This is the medium in which I travel: it resists me, it receives me (up and down, some kind of rhythmic flow, it goes, on, and, on, but, cannot stop its being, in that it is this flux between stopping and being able to...). My body becomes heavy and I sink or the chamber floods. But when we resist, we float. And when we resist, we sing—a frictional resonance that lets tears fall one, by, one, and builds bridges for sitting, walking, practicing music: being together *in/or* resistance. Disconnected in solidification, it is the mud that runs through/among us until a single rainfall connects us again. Redirected, retraced, retreated by maps of roots, solidifying... again. Now, covered completely: all of these fields under the simple spell of a re-presentation (cut up, cut out, cut in, could I, cut out).

3.a. I am a field and I subsume the fence that divides me. I absorb my fence, swallow it whole—Uber Eats way too much food at 3am—and lift off this ground because I am balancing, all silly, something so precarious that it may as well be fluid, on a long chain between here and there, this and that. As the rug burns from the inside of my jacket become-warm, the fence that has fused with my mud-spine shifts like an uncertain implosion.

3.b. they sit on a green chair, back straight until it reaches the bottom where it meets the caricature of a curve, legs perpetually crossed while the revolution tries to find its way—but, oh! The earth is already revolving? Strange. red pen, green pen, blue pen, stand up, sit down, they piss their pants, eat some porcelain, see their reflection in the sink and wash their hands in the mirror.

3.c. Eyes become irreparable squares. Ears well up, mourning the spectre of an unfathomable circle. The mouth does the hearing and all I can smell is time, lingering, the campfire from last night.

4.c. There is a difference between instant messaging with someone and reading a novel, alone-together, with your roommate who is doing the same thing in the next room. We are sitting back to back without doing so. The virtual keypad is a violent absorption, drawing out the most personal information, retracing it through some intensive field of nothing (an empty

articulation between neuroticism and narcissism), return, return, return, but the spiral becomes a square, a clunky hip replacement, room 2B where I warp like a smile.

4.b. they sit on a straight chair, back green until it meets the bottom where it reaches a cross-curve, some perpetually revolving character, split right down the middle: its only difference is a word and some crippled symmetry to amplify the weight of the world: LOVE. But here's the rub, right? Inverse: I'm *alllllllll* outside and can't see for looking, right? I am digesting myself, soul coughing, running

on empty, only

empty,

echoes,

of,

the,

outside,

and waitingweighting,

centripetal,

for an unmediated love.

The wall to our left bears witness and smirks at the cliché.

REBECCA MICHAELS



GREY JAY

A N V E S H J A I N

Kalyuga

It has arrived,
Great *Kalyuga*.
Decrepitude
And glut.

The shudder
In men. [One
-legged] bull,

Licentious
-ness. Us

In free-
fall.

RS

OLINGUINO C
ONTREBUTO

CONTRIBUTORS

Sabrina Almeida

4TH-YEAR / WOODSWORTH COLLEGE / ROTMAN COMMERCE, MANAGEMENT SPECIALIZATION

Sabrina Almeida is a 4th-year student in Rotman Commerce with a management specialization and a focus in marketing. Outside of class, Sabrina is searching for the best cafes in Toronto, obsessing over roller skating TikToks, and tackling her ever growing To Be Read pile.

Sylvia Billingsley¹

2ND-YEAR / UNIVERSITY COLLEGE / ECOLOGY ^A^N^D EVOLUTIONARY BIOLOGY + ENVIRONMENTAL ETHICS + ENGLISH

Sylvia is an avid enthusiast of tomfoolery, shenanigans, and mischief. You can find her sitting by the council of frog statues in College Park, wishing she lived in a Beatrix Potter Story.

Cheryl Cheung²

3RD-YEAR / VICTORIA COLLEGE / POLITICAL SCIENCE + AMERICAN STUDIES

Cheryl seeks to immortalize moments through photography and writing. Her art has been shown at the Ada Slight Gallery and the American Mathematical Society's Joint Math Meeting.

William Hunt

5TH-YEAR / FACULTY OF MUSIC / JAZZ PERFORMANCE + LITERATURE ^A^N^D CRITICAL THEORY

William is a pianist and writer from Toronto. He is interested in those places where the reality and the poetics of our world cross over or rhyme with each other.

Adela Jeon⁴

4TH-YEAR / UNIVERSITY COLLEGE / ENGLISH + PHILOSOPHY + FRENCH

Adela is a fourth-year student at the University of Toronto. She loves KR&B and handwritten postcards. She is delighted to have had both writing and photography inspired by her whole family published in the *UC Review*.

Anvesh Jain

4TH-YEAR / VICTORIA COLLEGE / INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

Anvesh Jain is an undergraduate at the University of Toronto, and his poetry has been published in Canada, the US, the UK, India, and Portugal. He is currently an Associate Editor at the *Hart House Review*. Visit his website at <https://anveshjain.com>.

Sana Mohtadi

4TH-YEAR / UNIVERSITY COLLEGE / ENGLISH + LITERATURE AND CRITICAL THEORY

Sana Mohtadi is a student and writer born and raised outside Boston. She now lives and works in Toronto.

Rebecca Michaels³

5TH-YEAR / UNIVERSITY COLLEGE / ECOLOGY AND EVOLUTIONARY BIOLOGY

Rebecca Michaels is a fifth-year Ecology & Evolutionary Biology student who loves to share her appreciation for the beauty and complexity of the natural world through her paintings.

Grace Ma

4TH-YEAR / TRINITY COLLEGE / ENGLISH + ENVIRONMENTAL SCIENCE

Grace is biking towards the forest meadow of her dream.

Lena Schloss

4TH-YEAR / UNIVERSITY COLLEGE / MUSIC + BOOK^A_N^D MEDIA STUDIES

Lena is a fourth-year student from New York City studying at the University of Toronto. She is excited to continue to write poetry as she pursues a career in music.

T Williams

4TH-YEAR / ST. MICHAELS COLLEGE / ENGLISH + PHILOSOPHY + FINNISH STUDIES

T writes roleplaying games, poems, essays, and short stories. You can read more of their work at dreamsandfevers.blogspot.com

Caleb Saraby Sandblom⁵

3RD-YEAR / UNIVERSITY COLLEGE / PHILOSOPHY + POLITICAL SCIENCE + PEACE, CONFLICT, ^A_N^D JUSTICE

Caleb is a prolific illustrator, graphic designer, and painter. He writes for *The Gargoyle* and publishes zines. You can see more of his work and order advanced copies of his book at sandblomcaleb.myportfolio.com

Wenyng Wu

2ND-YEAR / TRINITY COLLEGE / ENGLISH + LITERATURE ^A_N^D CRITICAL THEORY + COMPUTER SCIENCE

Wenyng Wu is an aspiring playwright currently studying at University of Toronto. Her hobbies include gluttony and indolence.

Allison Zhao

2ND-YEAR /
VICTORIA COLLEGE /
PUBLIC POLICY +
ENGLISH

Allison writes, reads, and dreams in between. She can currently be found missing coffee shops and bookstores.

Radmila Yarovaya

3RD-YEAR / TRINITY COLLEGE
/ ETHICS, SOCIETY, ^A_N^D LAW +
ENGLISH + CREATIVE
EXPRESSIONS ^A_N^D SOCIETY

Radmila Yarovaya is a proud student of Trinity College in her third year of studying Ethics, Society, and Law, English, and Creative Expressions and Society. Plagued by youthful maximalism and believing that the only way to know the world is to write it, Mila co-founded Trinity College's first student run newspaper - the *Trinity Times*. You can read her other existentialist ramblings in *Acta Victoriana*, the *Strand*, the *Varsity*, and the *Salterrae*.

Mariam Zeina

4TH-YEAR / VICTORIA COLLEGE / LITERATURE ^A_N^D CRITICAL THEORY + CINEMA STUDIES + WOMEN ^A_N^D GENDER STUDIES

Mariam is a jilted student looking to achieve balance. She was born "between the lights," and dreams vividly every night.

TECHNICAL INFORMATION

1. Sylvia Billingsly

Modica Way

Taken with a Nikkormat FT2 and Nikkor 50mm f/2 lens on TRI-X 400 film

2. Cheryl Chung

DSCF2041

Taken with a Fujifilm XT-2 and a 35mm f/1.4 lens. Two swimmers in the morning, as seen from the Walnut Bridge in Chattanooga, Tennessee.

3. Rebecca Michaels

Cardinal + Grey Jay + White-Breasted Nuthatch

Gouache on watercolour paper.

4. Adela Jeon

The Windy City + My Sister and the Sea

Shot on 35 mm

5. Caleb Saraby Sandblom

COGNA SIP / META MAZE

Acrylic on board.

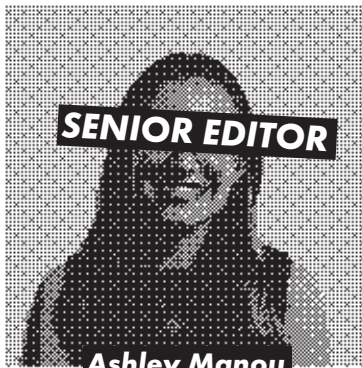
Cover design and interior graphics produced digitally by Caleb Saraby Sandblom

M A S T



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Sana Mohtadi



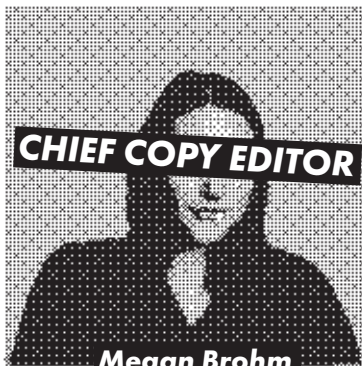
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HEAD

