



when you're driving through fog it is all around you but you are never in it, it is always 20m in front of you, and behind you and beside you

Sometimes I Remember Where I Am, Often You Forget.
Malcolm Sanger

**TO-
WARDS**

A

**STRUC-
TURE**

WRITING

Poetry	Two Bodies. Kristen Zimmer	10	
	For M.M. Arin Klein	12	
	Late August Poem. Kristen Zimmer	13	
	Scene at a Party. Liana Ernszt	15	
	Encounter. Leyland Rochester	16	
	David and Goliath. Liana Ernszt	20	
	Narcissus. Leyland Rodchester	21	
	Musician on Bloor Street. Kristen Zimmer	22	
	The Hunch-backed Man on Bloor Street. Kristen Zimmer	23	
	Horses are the Frat Boys of Farm Animals. Danica She	25	
	Prose	A Real Leader. Josh Scott	27
		Cover. Stephen Goslinski	38
Yum. Ben Berman Ghan		40	
Visual	Sometimes I Remember Where I Am, Often You Forget. Malcolm Sanger	1	
	Dream of Flying. Kimia Ghannadzadeh	11	
	Bees. Aisha Ali	13	
	Angel of Death. Kimia Ghannadzadeh	15	
	Lottie. Aisha Ali	17	
	Untitled. Eugenia Wong	18	
	Reach For The Stars. Aaron Ng	24	
	Banana Peels of Toronto. Danica She	26	
	Forest Dweller. Aisha Ali	26	
	Outer Space Project. Jolie Zhou	33	
	Red Sea. Rebecca Walkers-Michael	39	
	Untitled. Aisha Ali	48	

VISUAL ARTS

**“So not only can you
not imagine dying,
you can’t imagine
existence before you
were born.”**

Letter from the Editor

Dear Readers,

The UC Review is like UC itself: a home built upon by every proceeding generation. My term as Editor in Chief was only the second since the Review's revival. The last edition resurrected the Review, opening the house's doors and restoring the foundations. I wanted this edition to do its foundation justice. Initially, I was worried that my vision wasn't in line with the UC Review's history. It was only after a former Editor in Chief told me to trust my gut that I began to move forward. After receiving a humbling number of submissions and many words of encouragement, my brilliant editorial team and I began to build.

This year, the UC Review will have two editions, one in winter and one in spring. The content in this edition was chosen through a blind selection process. I would like to warn readers that some of the works included depict uncensored experiences and violent imagery.

This home was not built in a day. Its floors, its ceilings, and all that lies between were built by decades of past Reviews. As the current Editor in Chief, I would like to cordially invite you into our strange and beautiful home. I hope you feel, think, and reflect during your stay--I know I did.

Sincerely,

Albert Hoang



UNDER



GRADUATE

Two Bodies

Two bodies stand
clearly not wanting to touch.

But Convention calls,
so the four arms
gingerly embrace
leaving a bad taste
in each mouth.
Anything above an airy
touch would crush the origami-paper-people.

Two lips laugh and exchange
diluted platitudes as paper fingers
press against the cup of conversation,
waiting to say when.

A drink served neat,
we fake the bitter-sweet,
taste is the bitter bite of our teeth
as we stretch our smiles into a grin of chagrin,
now a grimace.

We tug the corners
of our marionette mouths
into crescents,
a sickle stuck on each face,
sharpened to two painful points-
threatening to pierce the hostage cheeks.

Kristen Zimmer



Dreams of Flying, *Kimia Ghannadzadeh*

For M.M

I.

He sits in the field
Grass stains
Knees pulled up to his chest.
He sends his eyes up to the stars
Looking for a place among them.

II.

He buys a book
Change clattering on the counter
A bell tinkling.
He runs home with the sun shrinking
Swallowed into the dimes in his pocket.

III.

He lies in a crater on the moon
Dust in his shoes
Reading by the light from the burning ceiling.
He learns that these lights have burnt out
And he needs to know how to change the bulbs.



Bees, *Aisha Ali*

IV.

He stands over the lake
Wrapped in blankets
Moonlight laughing on the water.
He shows her his jar of atoms
And teaches her how to catch them.

V.

He waits on the rings of Saturn
Softly spinning on his back
Breathing the silence.

Arin Klein

Late August Poem

Intimidated by intimacy I
coil the stringed stones of my spine
and press them into pebbles
flat enough to ripple
the sea when ricocheted
before they sink with the sway
of a feather-like float.

It's up to me to be the sieve,
the net to retrieve
these bits of sunken bone.
But how can I surface from searching for
my own fragments
when I'm being anchored
again and again
and deeper and deeper
into the sand, shoved
by bodies on my body
and in my mind's eye,
like a fishhook caught in my pupil?

I can't steer the ship of togetherness
to shore or moor it to the dock.
I harbour too many vessels here,
all tangled in nautical knots of castoff
nets and nerve endings.

The flash-flood of a flash-back.

The rush of a thrust of water
up my nose and in my mouth,
coating my throat with the cool
saline sting of a sour memory.

Someday I'll step into the sea
without the threat
of taking my
last breath.

Scene at a Party

at this point in the evening i start crying
don't worry
i'm not sad
just making conversation for tomorrow

Liana Ernszt



Angel of Death, *Kimia Ghannadzadeh*

Encounter

He stands in the mouth of a black alley
As still as the night he emerges from,
With a cigarette bitten between teeth
And a dead gaze penetrating.

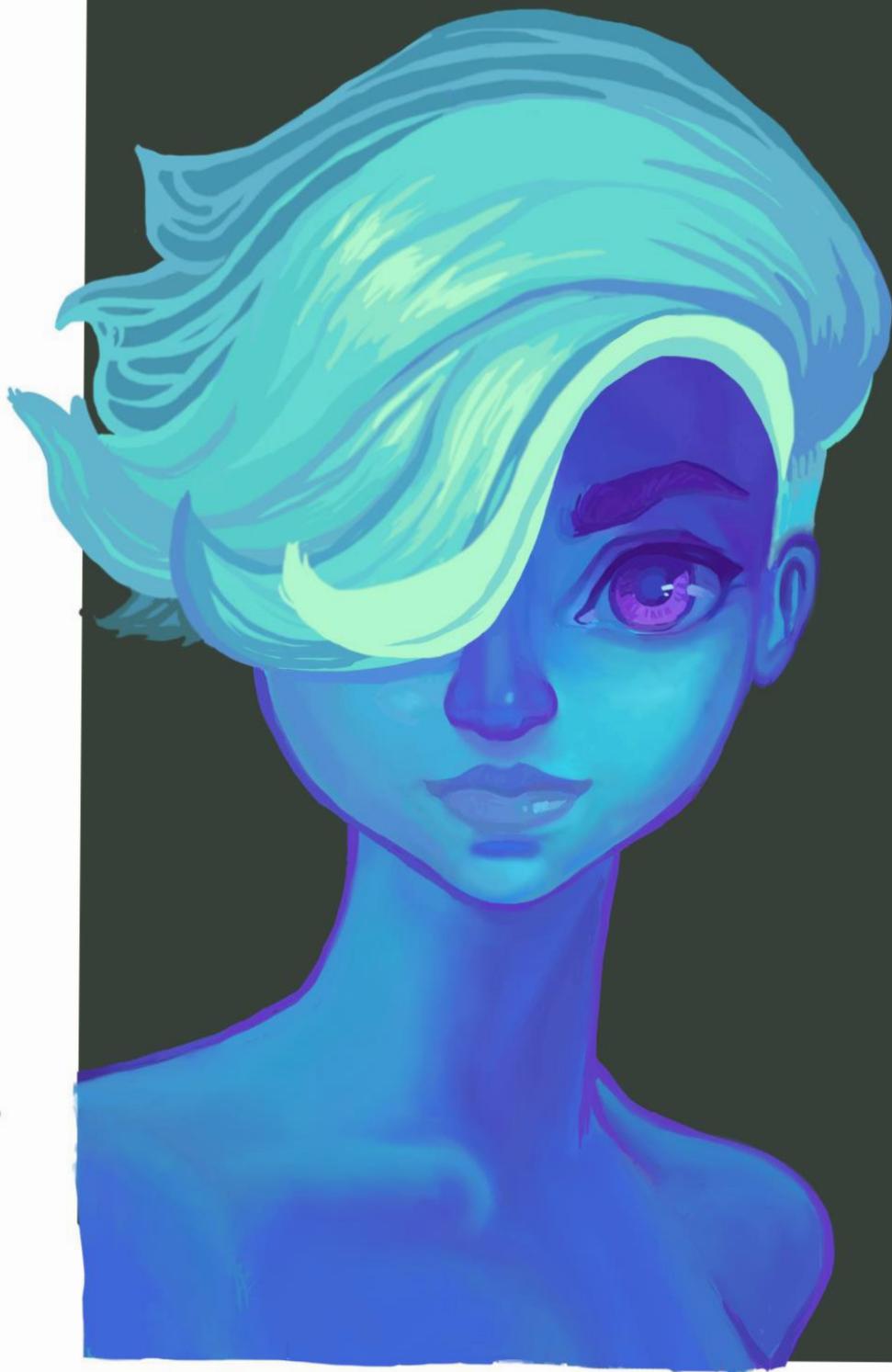
I hurry away up the road, dark velvet
Hanging from tree to tree as thick as ash,
The avenue fading before me.

Now no holy fire of the streetlights can beat
The shadows back into the corners of the night;
No sounds rise to my ears until
Empty footfalls start behind me.

A fury of thoughts takes me ...
 Could shapeless forms step out?
 Could he be there smiling at my back?
 Could it be ... Could it be ... That he is here
 with a knife in hand and scars jagged across the
 face the red eyes burning as charcoal and come
 for me he lunges the blade just touching my throat
 mind stuck and feet slicked by glue and the eyes
 start to melt and that knife turns to steel talons
 and foaming teeth sprout from his jaw stom-
 ach growling I cannot cry I cannot run I can-
 not as his mouth cracks open ...

Deep breath, clenched fists
And I turn, but the moon's light
Guides bulging eyes down the road
To where no figure is following
Nor any beast snarling behind trees. My footfalls echo
And I am alone.

Leyland Rochester



Lottie, *Aisha Ali*



Untitled. *Eugenia Wong*



“I used bullets as the symbol of authoritative power. I think survival in our society today is based on the authority one has; I attempted to convey this by hand carving pieces of graphite into the shape of bullets. Graphite is a weak substance, exact opposite of the force of a bullet. It is to remind me that the real power that the society values are not physically based anymore. They are arranged to imitate a cityscape because the purpose of the bullets is to make the viewer question how power is perceived in our society today.”

David and Goliath

The long-standing history of artists got it wrong I think,
by forgetting the straight shoulders and hands of men.
Their delicate eyes are wrongly frozen in time.

There is a certain tug of skin over bones you have that I don't,
a certain dip under your Adam's apple,
a strange look that the Romantics forgot to paint.

You taking a drink from a dirty cup full of something dark is a
moment in the name of art,
Michelangelo's chef d'oeuvre manifested in the way you pull up
your jeans,
squinting at the mirror while toothpaste foam collects at the
edge of your lips.

Someone should always be looking at you so that you are never
forgotten,
someone should carve you into cold marble and call it a
triumph,
someone should paint you with a black cat at your feet and call
it an act of war.

Liana Ernszt

Narcissus

All this time you've been kneeling
In the rotting litter that washes into Toronto Harbour;
Your hands are shriveled like wet paper,
Your back knows nothing else besides the arch
It has been in for years now, hardly able to hold up
Your head, as big as a boulder.

What is it that you're looking at in the water?
Can you see something, anything
But your own reflection? I see you touching it
Like it is something that can be touched.
What is it made from? Water or gold?
All the Gods go so unnoticed!

You lean toward it every now and then
Like a toy drinking bird, so mechanical.
You would lie for it, kill for it, love it, fuck it.
Even when the cold stops the water's ripple,
Even when the ice freezes your pale blue image,
You'll kiss it and rip your lips right off.

Leyland Rochester

Musician on Bloor Street

His eyes had the muted charm
of a cobblestoned-alleyway,
burnt umber under
the steady rhythm of a knowing blink.
A wry curl of the lip
a wise tilt of the head
half nod, half shake.
An impossible riddle of a look locked
with the minor key of his faraway notes.

Sounding the chimes of distant times,
the long-necked lute punctures
the urban bustle of Bloor.
Needle-like, his melody pierces
the obnoxious engine groans,
the smell and sound of rubber on concrete,
the fabric of city squalor.

When you walk by, you step into the sphere
of sound slicing through all that does not matter,
before being swallowed back into the noise of rush.
But for this pocket of pure sound,
The street would have no music.

Kristen Zimmer

The Hunch-backed Man on Bloor Street

The hunch-backed man
with the leather weather skin
shuffled forward wanting to shuffle
the life cards he had been dealt.

His shoes worn out and soulless,
unlike his creamy blue eyes that said
“Life wore us down to the ground”
with each milky blink.

I wondered how long he had been in his
gradated grey-faded clothes
and the waxy-tan skin he was in,
the lackluster-suppleness
lazily sticking to the bone.

But overtop the stained corduroys and
coarsely-lived frame hung
the black jacket of a suit, smart and smooth.
A noble cloak
shielding him from without.

Kristen Zimmer



Horses are the Frat Boys of Farm Animals

A Series of Haiku's

The author does not condone violence against horses.

Just what is a horse?
A minimalist zebra;
A catastrophe.

Let me fight that horse.
Someone needs to kick its ass.
Please, let it be me.

I eat carrots. Why?
So then a horse can't eat them.
Because fuck horses.

Horses need to leave.
They're embodiments of sin.
I'll fight them in hell.

What's up with horses?
Their eyelashes are too long.
The veil hides their sins.

Danica She



Forest Dweller, **Aisha Ali**

Banana Peels of Toronto, **Danica She**



Real Leader

The problem with the committee was just that.

As Ms. Leclerc was in the midst of announcing the agenda, a man in an olive-coloured derby hat entered the room and informed its members that the door was unlocked. Ms. Leclerc paused the proceedings to gape at him.

“I figured an unlocked door to be something worth knowing about,” said the man in the olive-coloured derby hat.

“Quite so. Someone else must’ve unlocked it,” said Mrs. Dentz-Hertz. It was her job to secure the room.

“It’s not very safe to be having important meetings with important people behind unlocked doors,” said Mrs. O’Vare. “Anyone could walk in.” She forwarded that the man in the olive-coloured derby hat be rewarded for his apparent efforts with a fruit basket. Mr. Agris seconded her motion, prompting the man in the olive-coloured derby hat to say thank you for that. The Chair put the motion to a vote. Rather, the man. It passed, 9-1, with Mr. Belle La Coste the lone dissenter. He motioned to veto the vote’s resolution. Mr. Agris seconded, however, the chairman nixed it—as the man in the olive-coloured derby hat had already left, fruit basket in hand.

“How, exactly, did his actions warrant a fruit basket?” asked Mme. Voix-Raison.

“Better yet, just where did that fruit basket come from?” added the ever-inquisitive builder Mr. Homes, to Mme. Voix-Raison’s chagrin.

“Sure, of course, great question,” said the chairman. “It seems to me that—” began Mme. Voix-Raison.

“I motion for the formation of a subcommittee to investigate the origin of said fruit basket,” said Mr. Homes. A short silence ensued. In it, Mr. Veranda, who very much resembled his namesake, suggested the committee reconvene the following Wednesday, upon which Ms. Delaware 2007 took the opportunity to complain of having to sit next to Mr.

Veranda, alleging that the location at large smelled of cheese, and not the good kind. Rather than dispute the accusation outright, Mr. Veranda took a different angle and queried as to how Ms. Delaware 2007 could be so sure that he, Mr. Veranda was indeed the source of the smell. Mr. Homes called for a proper investigation. Mr. Agris raised his hand to second it. “I don’t smell anything,” observed Mrs. Dentz-Hertz. “Ladies and gentlemen, I must insist we return to our intestinal ordinary—” said the chairman.

“Original itinerary,” scribbled Ms. Leclerc violently on a sheet of paper that she proceeded to shove before the chairman.

“Yes, yes, as we have far more pressing masters to return to,” he finished. Ms. Leclerc shrugged, as that is all one can do in response to such selective dyslexia.

“Including whether we are to refer to ourselves as a board or committee,” concluded Ms. Leclerc.

“A committee is a body of one or more persons that is subordinate to a general assembly, whereas a board is a body that jointly oversees the activities of a company or organization,” said Mme. Voix-Raison. “The key difference in our case being that we are subordinate to no one.”

“But not nothing,” observed Mrs. O’Vare.

“As we are subordinate to the rules of the committee,” said the man in the olive-coloured derby hat, who had evidently returned.

“Board,” corrected the chairman, revealing his sympathies.

“Which are themselves, made and altered, by us. Given this, I find the answer to be self-evident,” said Mme. Voix-Raison.

“I find you to be self-evident,” said Mr. Ralph, to general applause.

“Which company or organization could we be said to oversee?” asked Mr. Homes. “The committee itself?”

“The board itself,” offered the chairman, who was clearly getting paid off.

“Exactly,” said Ms. Voix-Raison. “I motion that we hereby refer to ourselves as the board, and nothing else.” Mr.

Agris seconded Mme. Voix-Raison's motion. The chairman followed suit. He realized the redundancy of his action immediately, and without hesitation, motioned for himself to be removed from his position—a motion which Mr. Agris then seconded.

In his final act as such, the chairman brought the motion for his own removal to a vote. The vote passed, 6-4 in favour: Mr. Veranda had fallen asleep, and the man in the olive-coloured derby hat had taken it upon himself to vote in his place.

The former chairman motioned for Mme. Voix-Raison to be made the board's first chairwoman.

"I second the motion, but with one slight alteration: that the chair be heretofore referred to in its gender-neutral form, 'chairperson'," requested Mme. Voix-Raison. Mr. Agris seconded her adjustment to the former chairperson's motion. The vote was a resounding failure.

"I nominate Ms. Delaware 2007 to be the next chairperson," suggested Mr. Homes. "I mean, she's a proven winner, not to mention she's the only one of us comfortable in the public eye. We could certainly trust her not to let the fame and power get to her head."

"She is, after all, the only one of us with any real leadership experience," added the former chair, current person.

"And an outsider, to boot. Surely she'll shake things up," observed Mrs. O'Vare.

"You know who would really fit the part?" asked Mrs. Dentz-Hertz, to a collective sigh. "My husband, the town's premier dentist."

"All in favour of instating Ms. Delaware 2007 as our new chair?" asked the man in the olive-coloured derby hat. The motion passed, 9-1, with Mme. Voix-Raison the lone dissenter.

Ms. Delaware 2007 traded seats with the former chairman and began to confide animatedly with Ms. Leclerc. Items to the agenda were quickly added and then crossed off. As they whispered, the rest of the room waited with excitement to see what Ms. Delaware 2007, a proven winner, would bring to the position.

"My husband recommends brushing thrice-a-day, as well as

In her first official act, Ms. Delaware 2007 forwarded the motion that Mrs. Dentz-Hertz be put before the firing squad. It passed, 9-1, again, with Mme. Voix-Raison the lone dissenter. It was impossible to say whether Mrs. Dentz-Hertz's support of her own execution was conscious or oblivious.



Outer Space Project:
Lingering, **Jolie Zhou**



Outer Space Project:
Present, **Jolie Zhou**



Outer Space Project:
Present, **Jolie Zhou**

Cover

Stephan Goslinski

We almost didn't meet because of that ice storm. When God left the freezer door open and the city found itself picking frozen peas off its windshields, the most outstanding night of my life nearly glided past my fingertips. Now, after all these years together, all I can do is guess at how my life could have been different if I hadn't pried myself out of bed that morning, if I had stayed inside where it was warm and missed my opportunity.

I remember waking up to an empty house and rolling over to a deluminated alarm clock. That wasn't much of a surprise. Rolling blackouts, the lady on the news had said, and in the first storm of the winter, there was no need to worry about losing heat yet. Normally on a Saturday like this, I would have simply rolled back into the warm blanket of my dreams anyway. Yet, just as I had begun to rewrap myself for hibernation, the chilled silence was punctured by the small bleep of my phone's underwhelming reaction to a text message.

Forfeiting my cerebral slumber, I learned two things from my phone. One - going to sleep at four in the morning typically causes one to sleep until four in the afternoon when not acted upon by an outside force, and two - that I was late for picking up my girlfriend from band practice. Apparently, band geeks remain undeterred even in the midst of weather that could easily freeze lips to trumpets.

Expectedly, the car door was frozen shut, but I didn't really get an effective example of Mother Nature's power trip until I found myself careening down Main, dodging branches and black ice. The people, the trees, even the air looked depressed, devoid of energy. The world was sharp and sterilized like a scalpel, and the cold seemed to be carving at the city's sentiments, harrowing every nerve and plunging deep into the bone. I wished I had just rolled over.

I still do, sometimes. Not when you're around, of course, but laying here watching my covers rise and fall on your back, I can't help but think what would have changed. Would I still have been late, and seen you standing there, talking to my girlfriend, your lips speaking to her but your body to me? Would I still have taken you home in secret that night, so she wouldn't see? Would we still have made love to keep warm behind the frosted glass? Would I still have become addicted to you, like a drug that just wears me down, depressing me under the weight of my own inadequacies? Would my heart still be beating violently and unendingly to thaw your frozen one just a little? Even just a little? Just so a drip might roll down your glass cheek and show me that maybe, just maybe, you actually love me.

But you didn't, did you? You don't. I know that. That day, the day of the ice storm, the day I didn't roll over, was the day I stopped believing in love.



Red Sea, *Rebecca Michaels-Walker*

Yum

Ben Berman Ghan

It all started with the cows. Those goddamn cows that brought about the downfall of human decency in the world as we knew it.

Yum!

“I know where it is. I can get us in. Just think about it. You believe these guys are selling pricey five-dollar bacon? They’ve got no fucking clue what we could be sitting on. They could just throw their own guts in the deep fryer, and retire in the morning!” That’s Louie. Louie thinks tomorrow, the two of us are going to break into the auction. Louie thinks we are going to be rich. Louie doesn’t have a fucking clue either.

“Maybe, maybe.” That’s me. Even hearing my voice from inside my own head, I sound tired. I hear the beep of my digital watch hitting midnight. “Happy New Year,” I say. I can feel my fingers tapping at the table, reaching for keys that aren’t there. My hands are singing Skeeter Davis, I think. I don’t know.

Louie and I are sitting in the window booth of the Mars Diner, on the corner of College and Bathurst. It’s managed to stay open for 76 years, and never once tried to charge half a million dollars to throw human meat down on the grill. I like that.

I have the waffles, whipped cream, a side of strawberries, and coffee. I drink my coffee black. Louie has the two eggs over easy and a side of bacon. He takes his glass of whisky with ice. We sit at the booth by the window. I’m watching the snowflakes as they fall with a fury on the universe outside the old window. Louie watches his phone. He’s waiting for a call.

“Not long now,” Louie says.

“I know, I know,” I say.

“Just one more day,” he says.

“I know, I know.”

“Everything is going to be fine.”

I say nothing.

The two of us have been coming here since we were twenty-two. That was fifteen years ago. It was Louie who found the Mars Diner. Louie who made it our diner. I love this place. This is the last time the two of us will ever be here together.

All because of those fucking cows.

My fingers are still tapping against the red on white squares of the table sheet. My fingers are singing "The End of the World". Maybe, if I had a real piano, and an audience and the music flowing around me, then the two of us wouldn't be sitting here tonight. I wouldn't have to do what I have to do. But I tell myself it doesn't matter how well I play. There's nobody to listen.

It started eleven years ago. With those stupid fucking cows. Actually, I guess you could say it started with a little girl in Vancouver who had lung cancer. I can't remember her name. But I don't blame little kids. It's not a little kid's fault for getting sick.

So here was the thing. This little girl, she needed a transplant, or she was going to die. Yeah? But this little girl had a... I don't know what to call it. A genetic disorder. She was incompatible with every possible donor. There wasn't a human being on the planet who could give this girl a kidney that her body wouldn't reject. Human cloning was against international law. Technically it still is. So they didn't grow a whole person. They just grew that little girl a new set of lungs, inside a god-damn cow. That little girl is walking around somewhere in this stupid fucking world. Maybe she's got a driver's licence by now. I wonder if she's ever eaten people.

I don't know who made the mistake. I don't know which poor motherfucker read the wrong tag, and led the wrong cow to the slaughterhouse. I don't know what happened to that motherfucker after the facts. But everybody knows what happened to the cow.

Oddly enough, nobody seemed bothered that people were eating people. "So, so what?!" They said. "Nobody got hurt," they said. "Yum!" they said.

So at first it was the people-meat growing in cows, human organs incubated inside the stupid animal, and Synthetic-Long-Pig was the newest and trendiest of all delicacies. You didn't serve people meat? No five stars for you!

But it was taking too long! The scientists couldn't

grow those fucking cows fast enough, not to keep up with the competing markets of the health care system and the restaurant industry.

Hospitals were now willing to pay top dollar for the real, classic human donors. Let the restaurant industry buy the fucking cows. But then the restaurants turned around and realised how much cheaper it was to buy their kidneys and livers and lungs from human beings, instead of letting complicated science make them! Forget synthetic! Who wants the real thing? Apparently, everybody.

“I’ll give you three grand for the liver!” shouts the surgeon from Table 16 to the man in the spotlight, the sack of precious flesh on the stage, in the sparkling auditorium of the Masonic Temple. “Help save an old poet’s life!”

There are tables set up on the ground level. Another two rows of bidders are sitting up on the red-rimmed balconies all facing the ancient stage. I’ve never been in this building before. It’s larger than I expected. The floors are black. The walls are red. Looks good. When we were being ushered in, someone told me that the Rolling Stones used this place as a studio. Someone else said Led Zeppelin played here.

Nobody cares.

“Fuck the poet!” bellows a chef from Table 22. “Five grand! I’ll even let you try some!”

“Seven grand!” shouts Table 27, “A poor mother of three!”

“Thirteen grand!” Louie bellows from beside me, at Table 27. I glare at him. He flashes that stupid, confident smile and winks. Louie knows it’ll go for more than that. He only called in a bid because it meant — just for a moment — that everyone had to turn and look at us. Louie could never bear to get away with something and not have the gratification of at least being seen for a moment. I want to smack him.

I want to cry.

Sure enough, someone at Table 11 shouts “Fifteen grand! To be served at the Drumpt War Memorial!” The man on stage points at Table 11. “Sold!” At least when it was the cows, the meat didn’t choose its own buyer.

I check my watch. It is quarter past eleven. “Not long now.” It’s Louie’s voice in my head. He sounds like he always did. “Just forty minutes.”

“I know,” I want to say, “I know.”

The gun on my left side burns. The other thing, the smooth disk hidden on my right tickles against my ribs like a lover’s hair brushing past my side in the night.

Louie doesn’t know.

I’m walking up the street away from Mars. I can hear the crunch of Louie’s leather boots against the snow. My synthetic footwear seems meagre and unassuming by comparison. Our backs are to each other as he walks down and I walk up.

The streetlight over my head goes out with a pop. I stop there in the singular shadow. I want to glance over my shoulder to see the back of my friend. But I don’t look. I know if he were in my place, he wouldn’t look either.

It’s the new year. There are no cars out. I feel a sense of unease in the quiet dark. Then my wrist buzzes and rattles, and I feel myself centring in on the coming conversation. I tap the contorted screen and feel the vibrations run up my arm and into my inner ear.

“Hey.” I hear the voice as though she were standing next to me. I close my eyes and keep walking.

“Happy New Year,” I say. She says the same to me. It doesn’t mean anything. She asks how I am. I say fine. I ask how she is. She says she’s the same. This is all the two of us ever say to each other anymore. I can feel the itch of the bitter air against the bare skin of my ring finger as I bring my left hand up to my face.

“Did you get the presents?” I ask. She says yes. “Did you like them?” There is a long pause.

“She loved the spaceship.” She says, “But I don’t know the Neruda was appropriate J, I don’t very much feel like poetry.”

I watch the snow dancing in the street light. My fingers inside their gloves begin to twitch reflexively in time to the falling crystals of the night. Maybe they’re tapping out “The Nearness of You”.

“I can imagine you naked, but I can’t imagine you without poetry,” I say. I regret it before the colour of the words has even left my tongue.

“How’s Deb?” I ask. My daughter’s name feels hollow and strange in my mouth. There is no reply. I feel the slosh of the waffles and coffee in my stomach. I wonder how

they might cook my stomach if it was delivered to the kitchen just as is. Would it be stuffed with pastry and baked in hard clay? Or sliced and tossed onto the fryer?

“Is her A.C working?” I ask, shivering. More silence. I shouldn’t have asked. I know the answer. “Not long now,” I say. “Just one more day.” Louise’s words bubbling up my throat. Feels like they’re mocking me.

“Tell her I love her,” I say. “Tell her everything’s going to be fine.”

Snowflakes tickle against their liquid cousins on my cheek.

I don’t see people as I stand up and pull out the gun. I don’t see the wealthy and affluent. I just see fucking cows.

The netting of my E.M.P mask itches against my skin. I know better than to scratch it. So long as the skin-tight light projection stays up and running, everyone here sees the face of the Premier of Winnipeg. If I reach up and scratch, then they just see me.

“Ladies and gentlemen and meat-sacks of all ages!” Louie’s voice reverberates through the auditorium. He is an imposing, swaggering, blustering monolith, hidden behind the face of some TV chef I don’t know. “If you all just keep your asses glued to those chairs and do as you’re told, you can all go back to stuffing your faces and fucking yourselves in a convenient and timely fashion.”

Louie is good. He should have been an actor. Maybe then he wouldn’t be here. I am staring at the grey tiled patterns on the stage, beneath the feet of the man who stands frozen, the heart he’s perfectly willing to give away no doubt pumping as fast as it can in the ribcage that is no longer his. I find myself wondering about the acoustics of the room, wondering how it would sound as I run my fingers up and down the board. I imagine a different universe, where I am sitting in a different place and the tears in the eyes of those around aren’t from fear, but admiration and the tunes my fingers can play.

Only when my fingers twitch do I remember I’m holding the gun. I tell myself that we couldn’t have been anything other than what we are, Louie and I. He would still get fired. I would still be standing here. Jazz is dead anyway, and everyone is a fucking cow.

Louie is going through the crowd as one by one,

the fat cats take out their wallets. Louie is asking the doctors to do so as well, and I feel a twinge in my gut. I know those aren't really doctors. They're administrators and representatives. Not everyone who works in a hospital is a doctor. I know that. It doesn't matter.

I'm supposed to be keeping a look out. I'm supposed to be pointing my gun at whoever might make a move, at whoever might feel like a hero. Hero? Look what these people are here to do. Maybe I point my gun at someone half way out of their seat. "You feel lucky, punk?" I growl. I wonder how it would feel to play "Dirty Harry" off my tongue.

In a moment, Louie is going to notice that I'm not doing these things. In a moment, everyone is going to notice that I have begun to move towards the stage. I am staring now at the man up there. I can't help but wonder why he would give his body away like this. Desperate measures for a desperate family? A dying man? Or just another sick fucking cow. I notice that his eyes are green. I don't know why that matters. I climb onto the stage. I can feel the fear in his eyes. I can feel the bitterness of the coffee from the night before on the roof of my mouth. I wish horribly that I'd brushed my teeth.

"Hey!" Louie's old familiar tone rings out. I turn to look at him, and as I do, I realise all eyes are on me. Well? Are they going to start bidding again? Are they going to throw their money at me to make stew, to make chops, or pie, or steak? I'm not here for their money. None of them, not the cows, not Louie, not the meat with green eyes on the stage. They don't have a fucking clue.

"What are you doing?" Louie says. Even through his E.M.P mask, I can still see the confusion on his face, the hurt. I can see my name on his lips as I raise my gun. I know I can see my name begin to take shape there. I know it... I can't take any chances. I can't let them know my name. I feel my fingers on the trigger twitch. I think they're playing "Crying Time". The sound of the piano that I'm convinced is there goes bang, and Louie's head explodes like so much raw meat.

I take the metal bomb out of my other pocket, and I toss it almost carelessly into the crowd. The cows begin to moo and cry as they burn. Nobody can know I was here. Nobody can know what I'm taking. I turn to the meat on the stage with his trembling green eyes, and I point my gun at his head. My fingers are twitching to play again. "Puttin on the Ritz". I want

to laugh. I want to cry. I look at the meat, and he looks back at me.

“You know what I want,” I say. “Give it to me.”

I am sitting in the kitchen of my small, dingy apartment. I’ve already ditched the clothes, the mask. I sit there, at the keyboard next to my table. I’m staring at the ice box in front of me. All the wealth in the world had been in that room, and I’d set it on fire. I did the right thing. They were only fucking cows. I know I did the right thing. I could never have afforded it, this thing in the ice box in front of me. I know that. The hospital would never have accepted it if they could trace it back to where I got it from.

My arm is buzzing. Here is the call. I tap with elation. I did the right thing.

“Hey,” I say. There is nothing on the other end of the line. I sit in the stillness of my kitchen with the ice box and the keyboard. I’m waiting. Outside my window, I can see the trash bags, covered in thin layers of snow. White becomes grey becomes black. There is no movement from the street outside.

There is a crackle in my ear. “Mr. Bove?” It is a woman’s voice I don’t recognize. She tells me she’s a nurse.

“Tell my Deb,” I say into the phone. “Tell her daddy is going to make everything okay again. I’ll be coming to the hospital tomorrow.”

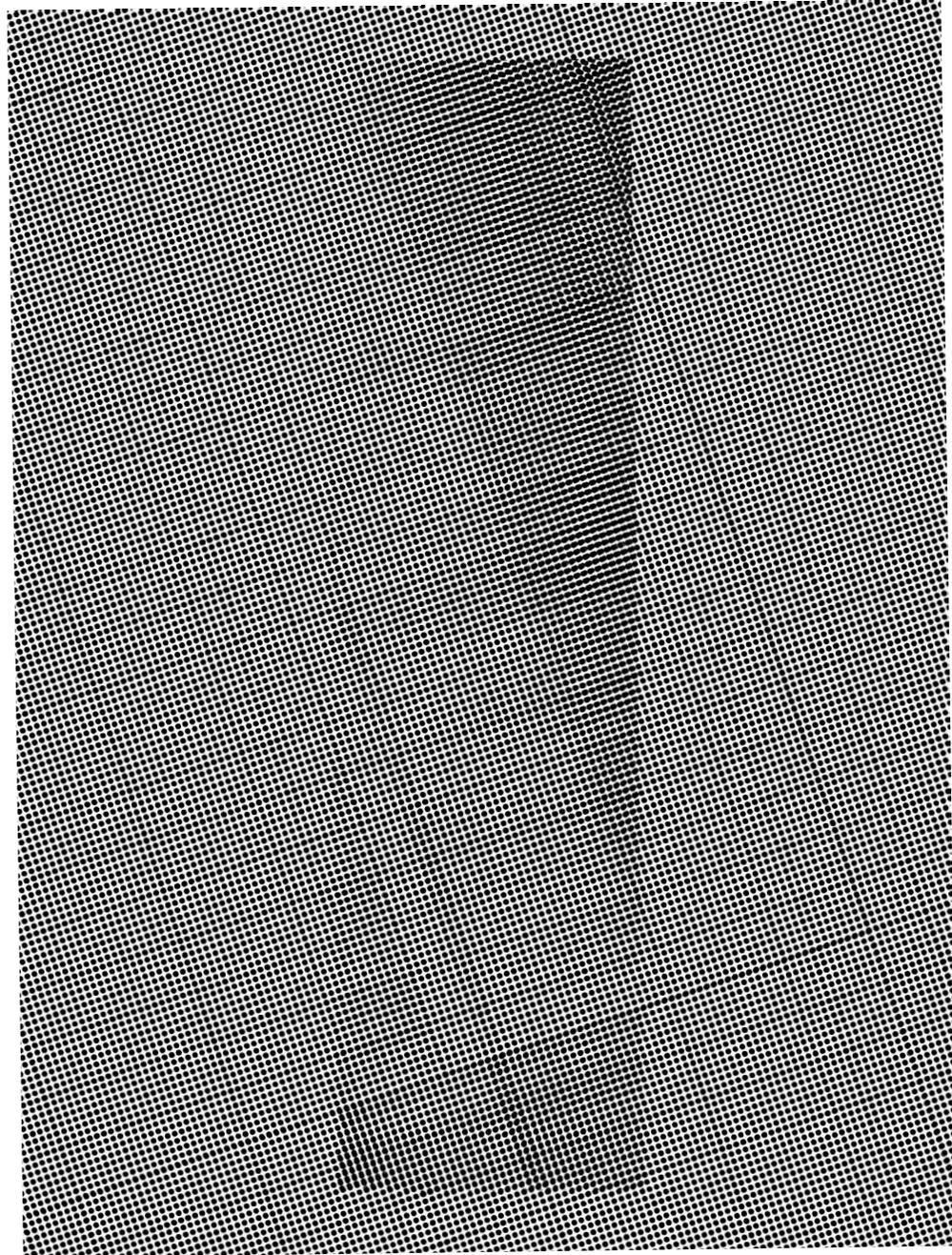
“Mr. Bove...” her voice is steady with a tremor that sounds like the tinkling of keys. The artificial sorrow of one practised in giving bad news. “I’m sorry to be the one to tell you this. Your daughter’s artificial lung failed during the night. I’m afraid she passed away an hour ago.”

My fingers twitch against the keyboard; no sound comes out. My hands are trying to play “What are You Doing this New Year’s Eve”, but they can’t. They can’t. Jazz is dead, just like my

career, and my marriage, my best friend Louie, and my daughter Deb, and all those fucking cows. I sit there naked with the broken keyboard and the box full of precious cargo, now worthless in every way that counts.

“Mr. Bove? Mr. Bove I’m very sorry I-” I kill the line.

My fingers still twitch as I take them away from the keyboard. Jazz is dead, and everyone is a fucking cow. I open the ice box and stare at the perfect pink, healthy lungs that are neatly wrapped inside. I stare at the perfect, precious meat, and feel all that I went through to get it. I think of the Mars Diner. I think of every slice of bacon I passed up on principle. Then I shrug. My fingers stop twitching, maybe forever.



Untitled, *Aisha Ali*

Contributors

Aaron Ng

Rotman Commerce, Year 1, University College.

Liana Ernszt

Major in English and minor in Art History, Year 2, Victoria College.

Leyland Rochester

Double major in English and Sociology, Minor in Book & Media Studies, Year 2, Victoria College.

Arin Klein

Double major in English and Book and Media Studies, Year 2, Victoria College.

Rebecca Michaels-Walker

Visual Studies, Year 1, University College.

Eugenia Wong

Double major in Architecture Design and History, Year 2, Daniels Faculty of Architecture, Landscape, and Design.

Stephan Goslinski

Double major in Medieval Studies and Cinema Studies, Year 2, Trinity College.

Kristen Zimmer

Specialist in English, minor in Spanish, Year 3, University College.

Malcolm Sanger

Anthropology, Year 4, Trinity College.

Kimia Ghannad-zadeh

Specialist in Health and Disease, minor in Psychology, Year 3, New College.

Jolie Zhou

Double major in Visual Studies and Cinema Studies, Year 4, Daniels Faculty of Architecture, Landscape, and Design.

Danica She

Double major in East Asian Studies and Linguistics, Year 3, University College.

Aisha Ali

Specialist in Visual Studies, major in Psychology, minor in Art History, Year 4, Trinity College.

Josh Scott

Major in English Literature, minors in Philosophy and Writing & Rhetoric, Year 4, St Michael's College.

Ben Berman Ghan

Major in English, minors in Philosophy and Writing & Rhetoric, Year 3, University College.

UC Review

2016-2017

Editor-in-Chief

Albert Hoang

Upper-Year Editor

Rachel Chiong

Lower-Year Editors

Naghmeh Rezvanpour

Jack Osselton Denton

Archivist

Reanne Cayenne

Senior Copy-Editor

Adina Samuels

Outreach & Advertising Coordinator

Natasha Malik

Copyeditors

Hannah Sayson

Jack Sun

Acknowledgements

It goes without saying that the UC Review would not exist without the energy, dedication, and hard work of the masthead team. Looking back to when the team was formed, I can see how all of my fears for us working together were unfounded. Each of you took initiative in all aspects of your roles, whether it was through ideas, laughs, or advice in dealing with BuzzFeed (who knew Tumblr would make us famous?). The masthead makes up the heart, soul, and bones of the Review. I am immensely grateful to them.

Thank you to all the students we know at the University of Toronto who listened to us rant or rave about the UC Review for minutes, hours, or days on end. To every single member of the University College Literary and Athletic Society, your enthusiasm was the tailwind we needed when progress stalled, and your generous financial support allows us to remain an independent publication. A special thank you goes towards Snow Mei and Victoria Kourtis for being our heroes without capes.

When we got lost along the way, thank you to the previous masthead for being our northern star. Your guidance was essential to our journey. Most especially, thank you to the previous Editor-in-Chief, Melissa Vincent. We can never express enough gratitude for you remaining on board as a mentor and the patience you exuded whenever we phoned you claiming we had a 'crisis' (many times!). You were our rock.

To Sebastian Frye at Swimmers Group Publishing, thank you for being our knowledgeable voice on the printing end and helping ensure we would produce a beautiful Review. To the University College administrative team, specifically Meng Lim and Scott Clarke, thank you for enabling myself and so many

other students to pursue our passion in the arts through your support. As for all the friends, family, loved ones and mascots who stood with us every step of the way, you kept us sane when the workload got tough and reminded us that help is always around when we need it.

Finally, to all of our contributors, thank you for showing us the wonderful people that make up our community and for placing your trust in us as a platform to publish your work. To the University College community, your every word of praise, support, and advice makes all our hard work worth it. You are the reason we build.

This edition of the UC Review was printed with Swimmers Group Publishing.

Clark, Gordon Matta. *Conical Intersects*. 1973. Paris. In Natalie Seroussi. January 1, 2012. Accessed January 16, 2017. <http://www.natalieseroussi.com/artistes/oeuvres/34/gordon-matta-clark>.

David Cronenberg Quote: Blackwelder, Rob. "Controversial visionary David Cronenberg sees technology, mankind, sexuality merging in 'eXistenZ'." *SPLICEDwire*, April 14, 1999. <http://www.splicedwire.com/features/cronenberg.html>