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Acta Victoriana, est. 1878, is the literary journal of Victoria College in the University of Toronto. It is produced and published on the traditional lands of the Mississauga of the New Credit First Nation, the Haudenosaunee, the Anishnaabe and the Wendat, as well as other Nations that have been subject to historical erasure. As members of the literary community on campus, we recognize the need to be part of the collective conversation required for the ongoing process of decolonization and reconciliation.



Letter from the Editors

There are rare moments in life when you can feel as if something has shifted. Watching the lights turn on in the belly of a tunnel. The shortcut on Neptune Street, behind the parking lot. Squinting through the dense green of an unnamed field. The works in this collection are filled with the moments in life that throw us off-kilter, when the light is uneven and we must adjust our eyes. It feels as though we have spent the last two years bracing—for impact, for relief, we are no longer sure.

The works of our contributors are equal parts heart-warming and heartrending, joyous and unflinching. They are figurative and sensory; some are locational, others transcend any specific place. Structure is an inadequate container for experience; these works will not be contained, but it has been our privilege to collect them.

This collection represents precarity, but never trepidation. For us, these works have been a balm, soothing while we wait for the wounds of this winter to heal into the pink of spring. For us, they have been solace.

We hope that this collection can be an open window for our readers. Let the sun in. No light is the same light (will anything ever be the same?), and we must pay attention. It's waiting for us. It's here. It's up to us to bear witness.

Katrina Aghayani and Marissa Lee



Two Moons Burning

Phoebe Jenner

I thought I saw
two horses eating each other
under a double moon
on the shores
of a still lake

Both were pale and riderless
and were not raised here
This I could see
by the patterns on the reflective sand
and everything beneath the moon that glinted

How far do you have to travel
to end up eating and being eaten
on the shores of a Canadian lake
as if this was the height of experience
under the sun

I will watch them
until nothing remains
and no one would even know they had been there
except for myself
and my account
and the two moons
and the still lake

If they could make themselves disappear
then maybe they created each other
pale, clear, reflective placenta on the sand
and afterbirth
which coated them, which they ate



SakuraCola

Mailey Horner

We would bring our children here.

I would disappear into the folds of their teeth like a toothpick—
splintered and swallowed into the fragments of a womb.
Tucked away below layers of rock and time
like your tooth in the box on my dresser,
sealed in the locket around my neck.

Rubbing your pants down with rose water,
rubbing my body down with fatty soap, and
collecting bits of you— your ashes, your laugh,
the snail shell crushed underfoot.

My pulse quickens as you stand to leave

and

you slip away
just as quickly as you entered;
with slow, limping footsteps,
And just as quickly as the time before that,
And that,
And that.

Three red tulips stare at me from under the kitchen window
three wandering, bloodshot eyes,
green retinal veins dangling in an inch of clear water.
You took them for me,
I felt like we were four, or five,

yes

mischievous child standing naked in the neighbour's garden—
hidden inside a desperate, worried cry.



Listening Closely

Marie Gamboa



Spec House

Keagan Perlette

the walls had been forthcoming
in their spring seepage we disconnected
the weeping tiles unearthed groundwater

pooling in the basement Mom lay on her back
in the living room with a fresh mastectomy
a crescent moon under her left breast

the house filled with fluid burst
its own foundations and we waited upstairs while
some strangers shop-vac-ed our laminate

that year we bundled ourselves against
cracks in a new facade let things return to normal
the dog nearly died under a back-hoe

churning black earth under the snow we slept
in separate rooms listening to ice wind on the eaves
again in winter's silence not talking about it

felt like we were children cross legged
in pink clouded attics moving on all fours tracing life lines
listening to the front door locking

and unlocking



Children who eat cities

Mailey Horner

Two-thousand-and-eight meant nothing to me
like
my mother was my mother and I was born from her

the year of the monkey
the year of no money
wet hair moldy bathtub
waffles on Saturday
dad went away

The complex, we're complex
this is our complex, who are you?
no; housing complex— nothing Freudian at all

it was called Platt's Lane
it always smelled like dinner time
and paint drying and
sadness and sometimes of
nostalgia

There! The thing I tried to tell you earlier,
before I had your full attention—
something about my feet being cold
something about my sister

you've never had a sister? I've had one, I've had two.



Plant Review

Anya Shen

I.

There were eyes in the birch trees. It was fall in the suburbs: track meets, soccer moms, rusty trucks and royal blue SUVs, muddy sneakers slipping on grounds covered in rain-slicked golden leaves that gradually turned brown. There were eyes in the birch trees, I swore. There were witchy black Bambi eyes set amidst papery frowns, winking as they caught mine—watch out. I was the girl who was out of her mind. We were the goths living at the end of the cul-de-sac. The trees were always friendly; the people I was never quite sure about.

II.

You could hear summer around the corner when they opened up the garden centre at Costco. We bought snow snap pea vines in a pot. Dad promised to help me plant them in the backyard. I was nineteen years old and he owed me a childhood.

So we rushed to embrace the summer. Dad taught me how to crisscross the twine and water the peas with the biggest milk jug we had. Said he promised to keep them alive for me.

Yeah right.

Came August I went through the ritual of watering dead leaves. Dad went through chemo. Summer curled up in a corner like a kid loitering at a fucked-up party waiting for a ride home.

Came September I moved out, lived alone for the first time, and seized every opportunity to tell all my friends that I loved plants. I was going to do everything to prove that I was capable of taking care of things.

III.

The first one I brought to the new home was Dulcinea. She was pink, perfect: princess on a shelf. She was frail and trembly, growing tall and lanky and needing braces a month later. She was high maintenance but I put up with her. God, the things I'd do for someone to wake up next to me with a "Good morning, how are you? (I'm so happy that you're still alive.)" At seventeen, I vowed to go through life feeling every single uncensored emotion conceivable in the human world. Then I begged to not feel anything. Now here I was, running out of words to describe all these 6 million different types of nothing that I'm feeling, remembering to wake up each morning, talking to a plant.

Then I found Cornelius. A long afternoon of tote bag-accompanied power walking and futile bookstore hopping led me to picking up a thing of pothos from the corner store to please my empty hands. I loved the feeling of striding home with a house plant on my arm, so much so that I stretched the ten-minute walk to last thirty. Catch me on Church Street, carrying life into my predictably eclectic arts student lair. Does that lure you in, stranger? Do I look like the city is lucky to have me yet? Does the sight of me make your day, even just a little bit?

IV.

I was drying my hair in the bathroom when I remembered. There was a framed triad of maple leaves on my parents' mantelpiece back home. Dated right around 9/11. They were such new immigrants then.

V.

Romeo and Finn were my first succulents, circa the first year of high school. I remembered naming them from the backseat of our family car. Being driven home in that Honda made me feel safer than anything, even through the Deerfoot Trail traffic, even through the January flurries. Even when the yelling started, I still

had hours of unlistened-to Stephen King podcasts on my phone and headphones in my pocket.

I remembered the red saskatoons my gym teacher taught us all about in junior high, but it really didn't matter. The boy who yelled, "You never know when to give up, do you?" during capture-the-flag in the ravines couldn't hurt my feelings now.

I remembered leaving the succulents behind with my high school diploma in cardboard boxes that I promised to revisit but probably never would. I remembered crying when we moved into that house, crying when I moved out of it, crying alone in my apartment as I scrambled to find a clip of *Toy Story 2* from the internet. Oh no, you couldn't hurt my feelings now.

VI.

Luther and Diego sprouted roots in crystal green liquor bottles. They sat on the windowsill and unfurled waxy baby leaves one by one, each gracelessly sticking out and then relaxing into their cascading curvature like it was fate on a vine or something. Wasn't it crazy how roots grow? They just kept growing. Wasn't it crazy how my next birthday was twenty? They just kept growing. So desperate to live. Stretching out my body and soaking up the time to take the shape of the container—how could I embrace everything I loved if everything flowed like water?

I could spin out more metaphors but I really couldn't tell you much about cells or chromosomes. The cancer grew from the inside and it just kept growing. The chemo was messing with Dad's white blood cells. The doctor was working on it. I watered my plants. Mom called every week. All my friends took care of one another. We were big human beings now. It was so hard trying to stay alive while staying as happy as we could, but I supposed there had to be some gorgeous, complicated, cosmic formula built into our bloodstream to help us figure it out.

VII.

Oh I don't know. I want to live in a home, so I decorated. That's all. There's nothing profound about the plants. I want to live in a home—so sick of moving on, moving out, moving around but I'm in my prime age to run. I want to keep the light on for something living. I want to keep writing stories without a point or an ending, dedicated to people I know. I want to be a brick wall painted bright pink, covered in ivy, tranquil with age and flirting with secrets, rippling in the 6:33 pm light. Like the goth kid at the end of the cul-de-sac, just a little more grown-up since the last time.



public library

Marqus Bobesich

She sees you here all the time
shushing people (freelance) in
PERIODICALS
(periodically) writing letters to the papers
(to complain)

Do you have any books on blinding loss?
The kind that turns the sound off, the colour out.
(Seems I wasn't up to the challenge of loving her)
and now it's off to
PSYCHOLOGY-slash-SELF-HELP.

I ask her what her version of heaven might be like,
whether it's the rolling hills with mountains and
a lake, or the other kind with
bottomless mimosas and all-you-can-eat shrimp
and she leads me to (the shakiest of shelves) in
NEW AGE.

"This isn't my real job," she admits.
I thought you'd said "amusing destructor" instead of "MUSIC instructor"
and I pictured you blowing things up and laughing about it.
(My hearing's not so good no more)

"What are your interests?"

My guidance counsellor always told me my ambitions were below sea level
(and that I wasn't put on this earth to make sense)
so then it's off to
SUBTERRANEAN MINING.

Is a hypocricket an insect who contradicts himself?
And could he maybe pocket-dial a crocodile?
I have all these ideas for CHILDREN'S BOOKS, you see,
and none of them are good.

I couldn't think to invite you home
(where even the hookers say you coulda vacuumed a little)
and offer up some hot beans and a milkshake,
some chopped up sandwiches in a pot,
'cause then I'd ask if I could dress you like a doll.
And you'd see my luggage was just a clothes basket with duct tape
and never think to take me up to
TRAVEL.

But newflash mister: we *could* all die tomorrow
so what is all the fuss about?
Maybe this *is* the day we'll take the chance
(pay the buskers in your brain to *stop* singing)

Who knows how much time has passed
(she's off to SECRET LIBRARY THINGS in the back room)
and looking around now it's just you and
the homeless guy on Photoshop,
plotting his revenge,
giving tits and wings to each and every one of us.



The War on Women

Mackenzie Melichar

Line 2 Bloor-Danforth.

I look around the train

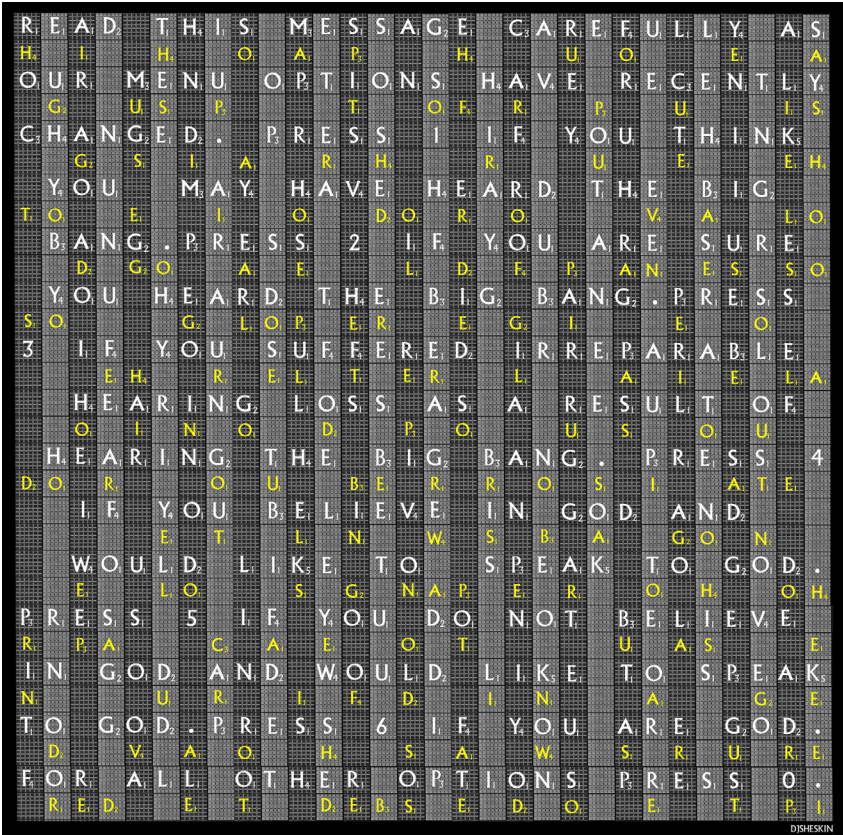
And stare at the men

I glance at my feet, and back to their faces again

And I wonder:

(Tall boots, laced up, no hair, buzz cut)

Which of them are soldiers?



PRESS 1 IF

DJ. Sheskin



Summation

Elaine Lee

& so it was just an hour ago when she had a cocktail:
blue like the soap they use in a car wash.
An erect slice of lemon
shoved into the rim. The surface
sudsy, jubilant, & she was with someone
she only kind of enjoyed
spending time with,

& when she stepped into the bathroom, the tile
clung to her soles, & there was the smell of
bleach, the oppressive low ceiling, the cavernous
headache rolling like a tractor
along the shores of her skull.

Her mother once told her a story: in a straw hut
an infant died when her village went up
in flames. Her mother did not elaborate; it was
a short story, as they say.

She thinks of this now, with her thighs
so played and dull against cold porcelain,
& sees the brilliant orange blossoming around her,

& her, so spurred on like a racehorse,
trained to perform, a gambler's downfall,
desperately thrashing against her reins.



MilkOfSorrow

Mailey Horner

I remember things neither experienced nor seen—
things I drank into my mind through the milk of my mother. I am

thinking

of how to best surprise myself—
kick the beast in the belly,
baby bel/
 silly baby/ baby smell.

Saw homunculus
clutching at his mother's fat,
swollen breast
the beast next to the breast
her swollen belly
her baby belly

I kept the smoke away from them,
referenced choir in the second grade,
sung in French, for christ sakes!

I did all of this for baby—
belly—
beastly baby;
I did all this for

you.



i know what aristotle said but he's dead

Tanisha Agarwal

sunlit succulent in his open-plan office, the producer is saying,

this will be our grittiest season yet.

felt marker in his hand, havana cigar between his lips,

he reads the screenplay and frowns.

this is not dark enough, and he strikes black through the words

perhaps if the kid dies?

he writes notes in the margins and they spill like guts down the page

oldest trick in the book, catharsis on a budget,

perhaps if the sister dies?

he writes notes in ink and it haemorrhages through the paper

what we need— he lights the felt tip and inhales

—is a fall from grace.

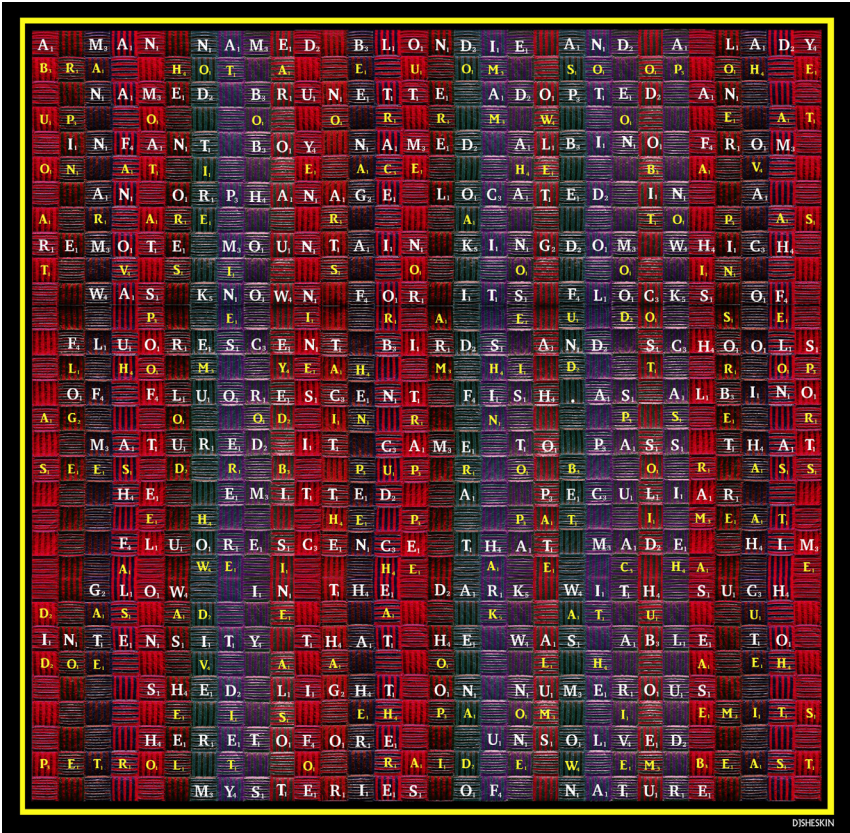
he writes notes in cigar ash and it stains thundercloud grey

perhaps if the sister kills the kid?

he holds up the page and it's a black rectangle

doesn't it read better now?

i said, that isn't quite what i had mind



DISHESKIN

Fluorescence

D.J. Sheskin

the same beach that we had discovered when we were boys buried in summer thunder,
sarcophagized in the bleeding mud that ran beneath the flat streets of Scarborough
and I liked you better even then with nowhere else to turn, with no one else to cling and
pull beneath the earth

and I preferred myself

with your pressure against me, my body sore, my days devoted in fits and tears and
punches and long, long thoughts

and I preferred myself choked as a sacred blade around your neck, swinging and savoring
in your unbridled, misplaced desire for all things red, hot and bleeding

and you so terrified, and me strapped to the rhythmic pulse of your mind, the changes, the
fears, the realizations of who you are—*Jaxzen I do not want to die alone*—

What children we were! What melodrama!

But that was how it was: a terrible suffering you couldn't get enough of

That you already knew would be remembered with depraved longing and years, years
forgotten in silence.

Today we do not speak.

Today you are a competitive skier.

You live in Whistler.

You draw a long, broad smile across your red face:

Happy, healthy

Loved and loving.

And I remember the taste of your anger and the warmth of your body writhing to hold,
and I can still feel your pock marked scars at the base of my skull, whispering:

it's funny, isn't it?

love comes too soon, or too late.



Blood

Jingshu Yao

The inside of the chicken was still raw and the blood soaked through the broken bones. Dropping onto the plate and dissolving in water appeared a lovely pink colour that made his stomach turn. Ti quickly spat out the meat, horrified.

One would expect that with several months of living alone and cooking for oneself, such inferior mistakes could be avoided. But it happened quite often, with all kinds of meat. Sometimes the chicken legs didn't defrost properly, sometimes the pork chop was cut too thick to cook through, sometimes the heat wasn't even and the beefsteak was burnt on the outside but raw on the inside, sometimes it was just a misjudgment. The mistake made by a beginner, an amateur, someone who didn't quite know how to take care of oneself yet, the same kind of mistake with putting wool clothes into the washing machine and ruining one of his favourite sweaters.

Ti probably should have put the chicken back into the oven for another 10 minutes or so, but had lost interest. Eating Wonder Bread was a much easier alternative. He opened the fridge and sighed. The margarine was used up yesterday, and the strawberry jam was eaten with crackers for dinner last night. Eating white bread by itself is just sad. Ti slammed the fridge door just a little too forcefully and the sticky notes on the door slid off.

DO NOT TAKE FOOD IF THEY ARE NOT YOURS!

In all caps was the warning written by one of the roommates before Ti moved in. It was intimidating at first, and Ti marked all the milk cartons with initials. But if one of the roommates decided to pour themselves a glass without an invitation, there was nothing he could do to stop them, so why bother?

Should have bought meals on campus or even ordered food delivery, Ti thought, recalling the experience of standing at the Subway in the student centre and staring at the price. When the cashier asked for the third time if he wanted anything, Ti simply

shrugged and left. Without enough self-control, he had dined out way too many times this month. Grocery shopping also became a disastrous experience. Apparently, buying Canada AAA Beef and organic salmon at the beginning of the month foreshadowed the limited options for the future. He managed to get a discounted whole frozen chicken, but if this continued, Ti would have to survive only on plain bread and water by the end of this week.

Digging through the drawer yielded a pack of ketchup from McDonald's, a week old. Spearing ketchup on plain bread was lame too, but Ti sure didn't have another choice.

Tearing open the package was a little difficult with greasy hands and Ti had to squeeze hard. The sauce burst out with a noise that sounded like someone trying to sneak out a fart. The next second, his white hoodie was dotted with red drops that looked like the blood that was still soaking out of the chicken bones.

He took a deep breath, squatted down, and started to sob.

Eating blood wasn't that strange for Ti. In fact, the use of blood in cuisine is not uncommon among cultures. Duck blood vermicelli soup was his hometown delicacy, so Ti grew up thinking that blood and intestines are common ingredients for a meal until the disgusted looks from others told him otherwise. Even in an immigrant country like Canada, the mere sound of the name had weirded out many from even trying the dish.

Ti remembered seeing Mom putting duck blood in a bowl, adding water and salt and soon the blood settled into a block of dark red jelly. At a young age, he wondered how the liquid would firm up, but seeing it often enough had stopped Ti from digging deeper. Just like how everyone simply accepts that eggs become solid when heated. Accepting something as a norm took away the desire to question it further, just like Ti's roommates stopped inviting him into their conversations when he remained silent all the time.

His breath evened after a minute or so. Inhaling deeply several times, Ti managed to stand up. Staring at the plate of failed chicken, he took a step closer.

Sitting down at the table again and glancing around to make sure no roommate had witnessed the scene, Ti shoved down the meat. Without even tasting, he barely chewed and swallowed hard. The chicken, along with the blood, slid down Ti's throat and settled into his stomach, as if a stone dropped into a pond. He finished the whole plate.

Very soon, Ti felt the pain in his belly, though he was unsure if it was physical or psychological. Even with little knowledge about cooking, he was fully aware that eating raw chicken could result in food poisoning. His throat felt tight, and his mouth was filled with saliva. Fighting back the urge to vomit, as long as Ti kept the chicken in, the money that was spent on the ingredient would not be wasted.

A couple of students walked past Ti's seat in the library, sipping coffee and munching on bagels and croissants. He had left the house earlier because the roommates had returned with shawarma plates and the oily scent of roasted meat made the place unbearable. Even when Ti locked the door to the bedroom, the sound of teeth chewing, tongues tapping, licking, the throat swallowing could still be heard. He ran outside and slammed the door, which they ignored as usual.

Ti turned to face the other side of the library to avoid seeing the red Tim Horton's sign across the hall. But he knew the line up before the counter, the yelling of orders, the smell of hot beverage and warm baked goodies, the moan of satisfaction filling the void of hunger. Outside the window, the first snow of the year soared in the air; With the help of wind, they preyed on him like the claws of an owl.

The students with the coffee sat down at the desk across from Ti. The noise of their teeth contacting the bread, chopping off pieces, and graining the crumbs were like little fangs eating away at his brain.

Leaping up and running into the washroom, the chicken welled up before Ti even reached the toilet bowl. They spilled out as sticky grey goo and he tasted the blood on the tip of his tongue, even when red was not visible. He coughed loudly and looked up with blurred eyes. Someone was knocking on the door and asking if everything was okay, as if it wasn't obvious. Ti remained silent, hands still shaking from the violent vomit. The person left after a few minutes.

Ti didn't need to look into the mirror to confirm a pale face, messy hair, and a pair of red eyes. Sitting down again at the desk, the students with coffee eyed him with caution. They exchanged looks and whispered, then got up and left. One of them tossed the paper wrap into the bin on the way out. It still had a quarter of the bagel left.

The bin was only a few steps from Ti and it grew to be enormous, to become the only thing occupying his mind.

Wetting his cracking lips, Ti looked around the library. It was dotted with people here and there, but not too packed for every move to be noticed.

Ti wandered toward the bin and deliberately threw a page of assignment in. Then with a trembling hand, he fished out the paper wrap.

The quarter of the bagel was cold, with teeth marks on each end and the melted cream cheese stained his finger.

With his eyes squeezing shut, Ti opened his mouth.



autobiography

Marie Gamboa

paper and pencils and paint

poured out over a glass that

can't catch a break

paper wrinkled

paper stained

paper/jammed

paper

brained



le paradis

T.M. Chalk



derby

Tanisha Agarwal

with the price of my grandfather's ring
and the cash you got on your birthday
we leave for the races.

you place our bets as I save you a seat,
 beside me, like always.

we wager on horses with the worst odds
because we like their names
i put 50 to win on poetess
 and she just can't keep up with the others
you've got 30 on silver tongue
 and he's disqualified for interference

together,
we bet 90 on a horse called authenticity
when the starting gates open,
 he bucks—
 the jockey deposed:
(the hubris of masters revealed at last)

and authenticity,
 creature of habit
 but not of conformity,
gallops across the green
 reins streaming after,
 out of the running,
 and running nonetheless.



Contributors

Anya Shen is a second-year undergrad at UofT double majoring in Literature and Critical Theory and Economics. She is previously published by *Goose* and the Koffler Centre of the Arts. She enjoys going on long loitering/walking adventures and then writing about them. She also enjoys vampire facts.

At the age of 40, David Sheskin created the first of what would turn out to be over 1000 works of art. His initial efforts were pen and ink drawings that seemed to spontaneously flow from the tip of his pen onto a sheet of paper. He then began to paint in acrylics and subsequently utilized sculpture, mixed media, collage and digital technology to create a voluminous but diverse body of art. Hundreds of David Sheskin's images have been published in magazines as well as within the format of calendars, note cards, jigsaw puzzles and digital prints. His art has been exhibited in both galleries and museums.

Elaine Lee is a student of English literature and public policy at the University of Toronto. You can find her embroidering flowers onto her possessions, asking people how they feel, and trying to conceptualize herself in any way at all.

Jaxzen Sandell is a third year English and Philosophy student at University College. He has a background in musical theatre and is finding new ways

to integrate art into his life. Poetry remains a constant source of joy for him.

Jingshu Helen Yao is a creative writer based in Toronto. She studied creative writing at the University of Toronto and her international study experience inspired her to explore multicultural themes in her writings. Her short story “The River” is published in *Tint Journal*, and “Have You Forgiven Me” on *The Roadrunner Review*. Jingshu is the managing editor at *Hart House Review*, a literary journal at the University of Toronto. She also works for various online publications as a contributor. Her work covers a wide range of styles, including fiction, creative essays, journalism, and academic essays. She’s also a big fan of science fiction stories and enjoys reading, cooking, and gardening during her free time. She is currently pursuing a Master of Museum Studies degree and has a special interest in oral storytelling, such as the relationship between immigration, food, language, and identity.

Keagan Perlette is a writer and poet living in Mohkínstsis/Calgary, Alberta on the traditional territories of the Blackfoot Confederacy, the Tsuut’ina, the Îyâxe Nakoda Nations, and the Métis Nation (Region 3). She holds a BA in English Literature and Creative Writing from the University of British Columbia. Her poetry has appeared in *Funicular Magazine* and *Lida Literary Magazine* as well as UBC’s *The Garden Statuary*. Her first chapbook of poetry, *Prayers & Blasphemies*, was published by Artspeak in 2017. Keagan is also a freelance writer and occasional tarot reader and astrologer. Her journalism has appeared in *NUVO Magazine* and *SAD Mag*

among others. Her day job involves writing about technology, small businesses, and consumer brands. She writes a (nearly) monthly tarotscope newsletter to share her mystical musings and cosmic advice. When she's not staring out her apartment window at the shifting sky, you can find her whispering "hello" to magpies and giving tender pats to her favourite centenarian rowan tree in the park.

Mackenzie Melichar is a Victoria College student studying Philosophy at the University of Toronto. She attended the Michael Power St. Joseph's Catholic Secondary school's IB Program, in which she achieved Level 7 (97-100%) marks in all but one of her Grade 12 courses. She is interested in feminism and animal rights, and wishes to have a career in which she can discuss these topics in a creative way.

Phoebe Jenner is a fourth-year student at Victoria College, specializing in English. She is an associate editor at *Goose: An Annual Review of Short Fiction*, as well as a research assistant in the English department. On campus, she likes to volunteer at Caffiends (when it's open!) and pop into poetry and prose readings. When she's not reading or writing, she loves going to the movies, walking around Toronto, or playing the piano.

Tanisha Agarwal is in her second year at UTSC studying Environmental Science, Conservation & Biodiversity, and English Literature. She writes for *The Underground* and is the Critical Editor of *The Scarborough Review*. She likes reading good literature and sometimes tries to write her own. Results are not guaranteed.

The artist operates under the pseudonym T. M. Chalk, producing artworks in pencil and/or water-soluble graphite - derivations of which she has, on occasion, transformed into short animations. Her drawings tell part of a story that explores the role – perhaps indeed her own – of a brown immigrant woman delving headfirst into the modern agonies of the feminist as she navigates pandemic-induced isolation in Canadian society. These works are in her signature surreal gothic style, inviting the viewership in a bold, dynamic way to confront themselves with relevant questions about identity, belonging, and the nature of the human condition in and beyond what may be deemed extremities of the emerging world order. The idea at its core is to subvert expectation of established academic art styles and present an irreverent alternate visual experience that challenges the status quo both structurally and contextually.

Mailey Horner is a writer and visual artist from London, Ontario. She currently lives in Toronto where she studies literature and art at the University of Toronto. Her work has previously appeared in *The Trinity Review*, and is awaiting publication in the upcoming issue of *Mimp Mag*.

Marie Gamboa is an undergraduate student at the University of Toronto and is craving Strawberry Pocky.

Marqus Bobesich received his BFA from York University majoring in visual arts. His poems have appeared in *Sixfold*, *WordRiot*, and *Northwind*. He works as an actor, musician, voice artist and cartoonist, and is currently pitching original projects for film and television.





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