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# **NORTH 2007**

The Arts Publication of the College of Humanities at  
Carleton University

Edited by  
Sam Bolton  
Sharon Burnett  
Laura Clarke  
Liam Kennedy  
Marc Roy

Layout by Liam Kennedy  
Cover art by Fiona Mitchell

Dear North reader,

This year with your five dollars you are receiving the annual best of the best of Humanities poetry, art and prose. But wait, there's more! In this edition there's also a retrospective look on North itself...in the form of this Editor's Note. Like the North readers of the past, you may be wondering what the title, "North" is in reference to or how it came about.

I always figured the rationale behind the name "North" was lost in the shady Humanities past, like what the door at the back of the lecture theatre actually leads to. Or the vague rumours of General Tutorial's roots lying in a revival of the ancient rites of Dionysus. I figured incorrectly. All that I needed to solve this mystery was a connection to an alumnus of our fine institution.

Enter José Rodriguez, class of 2004. According to him, the title came from a diplomatic effort to name this arts publication. Like most Humanities students, those on the committee were very stubborn. Consequently, the debate raged late into the night before "North" was suggested as a throwaway. Here we stand at the 7b edition of North, a college a little older, a little wiser and still able to compromise, sometimes.

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**Diva Nocturna**

Paul Knight

Yours  
Is the whisper that comes  
In the night.  
And yours  
Is the heart of silence  
That we  
Falling  
Collided into  
Somehow gliding to grace.

Yours  
Is the flit of the butterfly wing  
And yours too  
The flow of all fluid.

And yours  
Is the mood  
Of nocturnes and preludes  
The sublime ring  
Of keys caressed  
And strokes on strings.

Yours  
All the emptiness  
You briefly fill with bliss.  
Yours  
The breath  
We draw  
'Til your last kiss.

**Song of Vanier**

Ben Ladouceur

this being the paper mill  
at which my grandfather worked  
all the short stories I never wrote  
could start a fire  
that could start a rusty smoke  
that could start a signal home  
safe and sound and underground  
we are stinking up the place  
being video-taped  
eating our *apples of the earth*  
I will figure it out  
if I keep on trying to figure it out

**Toque**

Nina Charest



## **A Dreaded Dawn**

Andrea Debbané

With wings outstretched I circled lowly overhead, and watched that fateful morning unfold as it had so often done in my dreams.

The ring of bells echoed from the otherwise silent central courtyard, racing around stone corners and out to the resting world beyond, where the first sweeping rays of light gently touched upon dew-covered petals and leaves. The ring continued rhythmically from the bell tower, reflected sunlight forming a glittering beacon through the early-morning haze. Birds joined the final ring in a harmonious crescendo over the fading echoes. As the sun little by little spread its hold over the village, the music of the birds gained the accompaniment of opening shutters and cheerful morning greetings. Laden carts commenced their daily excursion, children burst out to play. A blanket of innocence covered the dark histories of this village.

But then the ever-tempting aroma of baking bread drifted up to find me, adding to the comfort of the sun's welcome gift of warmth upon my weary back. With anxiety, I continued my silent observation as one by one, each household came to life, until the entire unsuspecting village had awoken, and the birds no longer led the humble serenade, unheard beyond the surrounding forest. Great love and sadness filled my soul, inciting a single tear to fall from my uncomprehending eye. It did not matter that I had seen it before; this time I was there; this time it was real. And I dreaded what was to come.



**Biopsy Results**

Nathan Hutch

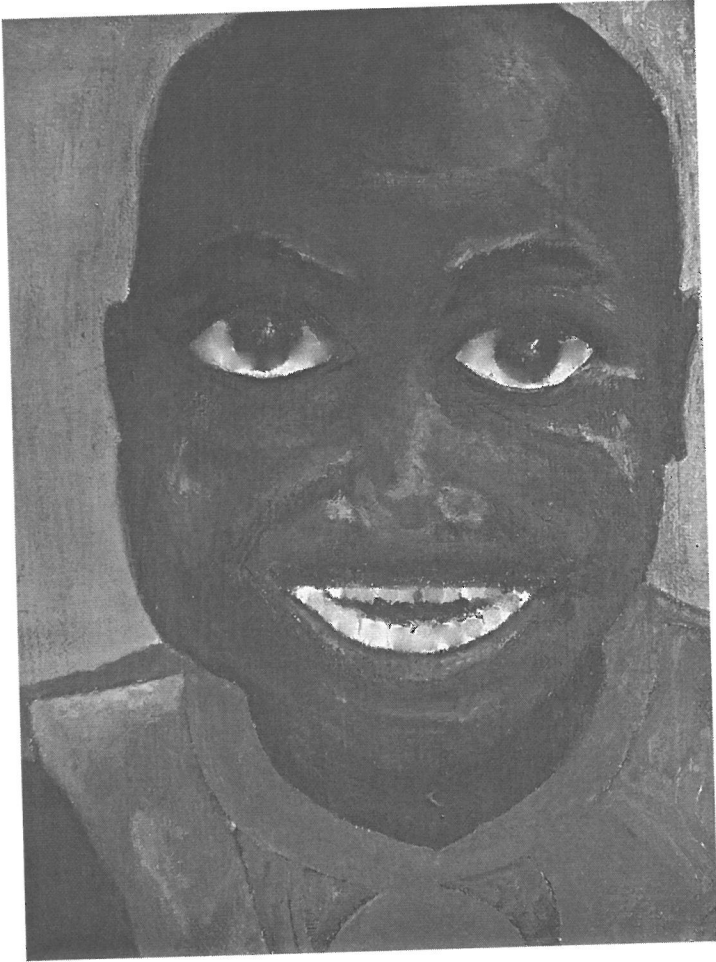
six o'clock in the evening:

your voice on the phone  
strained kick of optimism

freezes everything

narrative rehearsed  
you tell meand I cannot help but  
try to decide  
*chicken* or *fish* for dinneras I press the phone to my ear  
try to keep your pace:dust at the heart  
of the lamplight                  random          and  
out of          place

**Wayoneborborcomotsalone**  
Amanda Devitt



## Hymn to Concord Avenue

Laura Clarke

Before you were tamed

O Holy Swamp

You were that place where mean, saintly turtles sunned themselves  
on the Stonehenge rocks.

O Lord of the Backfields,

can I confess my sins?

Once I spent hours collecting hornets in plastic bags and was  
actually surprised when I got stung. Who am I kidding,

Green-Grass-and-Saw-Dust-Tire-Junk-Heap-Goddess,

I did the same thing to minnows, except I put them in jars crammed  
so

full they all suffocated. I didn't pull any shivering

wings off any insects, though I did cut off my cat's whiskers once.

Surely

we were punished, by the constant smell of eternally recycling shit  
lingering on the outskirts from the sewage treatment plant.

Surely my neighbours were punished for their pesticides and twice a  
day

lawn mowing expeditions. Didn't they know that dandelions are  
weeds by Name only?

But O the miracles:

Up on the hill one sunny afternoon, hundreds of snakes poured  
out of one hole in the ground, hissed at us to kneel down and pray  
to their soft

bellies and fertility;

Between old rocks hundreds of antique metal milk tokens were  
unearthed,

mysterious ritualistic objects from a distant era;

In our backyard after a storm, a snapping turtle appeared, a sad

Prophet far from home - he got put in the back of a truck and taken  
to

the Holy Swamp

and worshiped occasionally by atheists, sexy nymphs and stained  
glass saints

**Transformation**

Hannah McGregor

## 1. Assumption

What I wonder is: does it hurt?

flesh made bark, I mean, what was soft made hard. I imagine this:

you take a step and your foot  
sticks. Veins pierce skin, seek  
dark cool earth, interior becomes  
subterranean (still cool, still  
dark). You hear river-rush wind  
whistle reed-rattle and then hear  
only the rush of blood in your ears.  
Slowing, slowing, sap. Now you can  
not move. This is where it gets bad:  
a leaf-wreathed shriek ripped from  
your throat, and that first moment of  
blindness as the bark seals you in,  
suffocates you and the only thing  
that feels the light are the tender  
leaves tearing through your  
fingertips.

## 2. Correction

Syrup-coloured summer day, drenched  
 and dripping, feeling the earth, soft cool  
 dirt under my feet, green shade of canopy  
 murmuring leaf-rustle lulls and whispers.  
 Blood-thrumming moment of here and ah.

You reached the forest before he did,  
 and you were safe. Travelled deer-  
 swift fleetly to your father's shore, dipped  
 swollen feet in sweet rushing  
 ripple turned your eyes to the sun,  
 and stood very very still. The trees  
 were singing, the trees - your  
 sisters - were singing and you,  
 fleet-footed girl, were safe. Sun on  
 face. Wind in hair. Water on legs.  
 Sand between toes. The forest is your  
 home. The trees are your sisters. No  
 man embraces your rough skin, clasps  
 your gnarled limbs, kisses your leaf-  
 sprouting lips. No man sees you at  
 all, unless you turn, rustle your  
 arms, shed this stillness like dawn  
 sheds dark and step from river-shore  
 to forest shadow. Deer-footed tree-  
 souled girl, you will never be caught  
 unless you will it so.

**Untitled**  
Hadas Parush



**Falling Weather**

Magali Desjardins Potvin

As blinding light  
shines through the  
shades,  
the earth takes  
one last breath,  
getting ready for  
the long night,  
getting ready for  
the short death.

The branches bend  
over the path  
the trees are transparent  
at last (skeletons),  
but here begins  
their golden glow.

I walk on the forest's  
fallen hairs,  
crackles and whispers follow:

"Sway, to and fro,  
Wind.  
Come and go."

## Ode to Drunken Profs

Jason Abdelhadi

When stars are blooming in the sky,  
 And weary students heave a sigh,  
 As proffy drones on Venus' cry  
 (Who pricked her pinky),  
 All thirsty, turn their psyche's eye  
 To frosted drinky!

When he at last shuts up his prattle  
 Then all the class like charging cattle  
 Or chevaliers arrayed for battle  
 Head out for boozing!  
 And as the pints begin the brattle  
 So tongues are loosing!

'Twas on this very witching hour;  
 On cue, old Bacchus' liquid power  
 So overwhelmed the ivory tower  
 That two professors  
 With twinkling eyes and burning glower  
 Became aggressors.

Thus hugging one another tightly  
 With touching cheeks, and glowing brightly  
 They set upon each other knightly  
 In tourney fashion  
 With language quaint and words unsightly-  
 But full of passion!

The elder started, "dearest brother  
 And yet too young to know my mother,



How is it that you always smother  
 Me with your canting?  
 You've grown a bitch and half a bother  
 So quit your ranting!"

"Ah," quipped the younger, "listen frater,  
 With ass as scaly as a gator,  
 Though I love you all the greater  
 You've grown as vicious  
 And cheeky as a little satyr;  
 Damned right capricious!"

"Perhaps," bespoke the white haired sage  
 "I am become a fool with age,  
 With barking noise and liquored rage,  
 For lack of girlie  
 But you, both wanting years and wage,  
 Are fucking surly."

And so the noble twain contested  
 Profanity by cuss was bested  
 And Legend has thenceforth attested  
 Rose fingered Dawn  
 By such foul winged words molested  
 Shone black anon!

The two, now ravaged, drunk, and swaying  
 For passes tried were dearly paying,  
 Who robbed each lewd four lettered saying  
 From Ancient Greek  
 Kissed lip to lip, with slap repaying  
 Each other's cheek.

**Anima Musicae**

Paul Knight

And as I blinked  
Somewhere between the songs  
Each ringing chorus  
Your fingers made -  
I think  
Your song emerged  
Crying crystal  
Singing tears  
Laughing  
Screaming its Truth to the world.

**Summer's Past**

Fiona Mitchell

Time will fly by us.  
We will sit and sting and sing,  
watching music notes float through the air.

And we'll sit and we'll swear  
without a single care,  
sipping on sweet soda and  
quiet ideas.

Our intellect will be pushed inside of our plaid jumper  
pockets  
along with a few rocks shaped like hearts that we  
found.

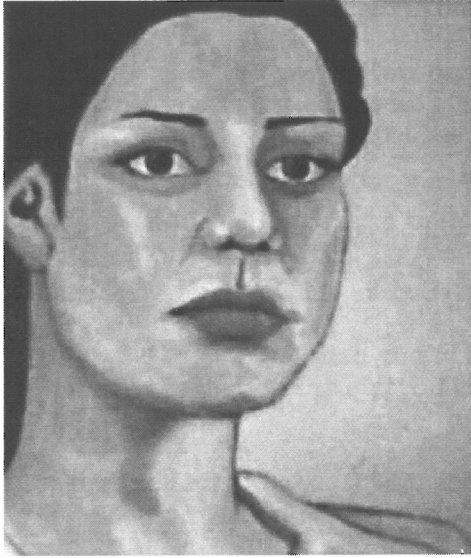
And the wind in our hair  
will remind us how we are not yet so grand.  
We still have to  
tie our shoes  
lick our wounds,  
and not track dirt into the house.

A butterfly net catches old hopes  
and a few grass stains later we are  
squeezing the lemons for all their juice.  
With a 5 cent profit we smile widely and proudly;  
Keeping the pennies warm in our hands as we hold on  
tightly.

Rolling down hills we finally let go  
and butterflies will be freed and  
I'll gasp for a second,

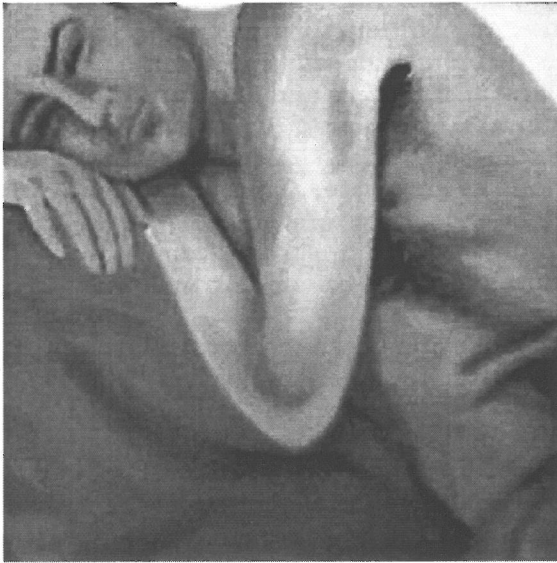
choking on the fresh air.

**Mesmerized**  
Mercela Zuniga



**Blue Dream**

Marcela Zuniga



**The Beach**

Janet Yip

In these few short years, none of us could have foreseen this, these changes then. Dusk was setting comfortably into nightfall, turning the sky into a backdrop of a spectacle of colours – luminous whites, warm yellows, gentle pinks and blues and violets to steal the show. They come slowly but surely, fade, as does my entourage. I stood alone now, several oceans away as the same grey waters lapped onto a different shore at other ends. Boots and thoughts raced across the soft white sands, making marks on the as it would have on snow a few days before, only a little bit further north.

Covered in smoke and cheap tobacco from last night, I came here to listen to the clash of waves. That was the only thing I was still sure of. The same indecision has never left me, nor has the fatigue that plagued us since that dawn. Us had become just the two of us between now and then and the long past. Back then I had never tasted alcohol, back then all was poetry and dreams, back then were all possibilities. All that means now is fear from the touch of a stranger's hand on your knees, from opening your eyes a little too wide to see them more clearly.

With no more than a vague image in our heads, we left the city. Eventually I lost count of all the wrong turnings, all the misleading directions from the locals, all the times home safe and warm was but a distant dream. But there was none to go back to. This was another place with the same grey sands, emerged from ancient antiquity dotted with non-native palm trees.

All I saw and remembered in the end was the moment the blanket laid down on sands much softer than down. And my body effortlessly followed suit. I sing a little song that no one other than the sea should hear. It was too loud in silence. With another sigh and another blow, the mistral carried me further down the shores, the sands sinking beneath my feet with each step. I pressed forward imagining tears streaming down my eyes. I cry because there were nowhere else I could be, nowhere else that could accept me as I am now. How I have changed since the days I wrote poetry in very similar sands.

The winds lifted and bore me down and drove the message that I should have written and left in a bottle for the sea deeper into my heart. Held so tightly by the waves, I could not see or hear anything more.

Only the silent incomprehensible constant shhhhh of the waves...

Laughter rang in my ears. Conch shells in her pockets and a blanket trailing behind her back, I pretended she flew like Superman used to do out of the darkness. I did not have to be alone again. If only the sea had not left me blinded I could have seen the solitude looming just behind her shadow. Too late, there was no sun for a guide; it only ever gets darker no matter how hard she pulls me by the hand. She played a little air guitar, held the bottle to her lips until the last drop of wine has left, to wash down the bitterness from her smile.

**Seasoning**

Matthew Scribner

Dreaming

Silly little thing with no meaning.

Images fall like grains of salt into my head.

Actually not like – that is precisely it,

Sodium atoms filling a deficit,

Taking advantage of the fact that I'm in bed.

Well so be it -

for

thinly veiled social horrors

hopes too desperate to have been hoped

heretofore

memories remembered for the first time (the  
lucky ones, the rest still-born into the night)coily talking cats, cool to corpses buried in the  
wall

SEX

hey I never knew that you... but yet, you still... of  
course! It all makes sense.sanity mocking the credulous but it knows its  
placerow upon row of familiar faces, just can't quite  
place

them but I, say where is this place?

am I just

Seasoning.

Makes the day taste better.



**Oops?**

Elizabeth Chiang



**Sideline Child**

Kate Rustemeyer

zero:                   I was not born for this  
                          but made  
                          sculpted accidentally  
                          I became their sister  
                          I grew up on the sidelines

I'm four: between the bleachers  
                          teenage wounds and too much  
                          love on the gym floor below  
                          asleep to this world  
                          he'll carry me to bed

I'm six: I race these empty highschool hallways  
                          so small to understand the scale  
                          too early in this world  
                          pushed so hard, they'll say  
                          but carried all the way

I'm eight:               I count the seconds down  
                          and calculate our fate  
                          outside dad smokes  
                          and I make stories  
                          5 sacred minutes

I'm nine: we come home late  
                          smells like leather and sweat,  
                          athlete skin  
                          we're all so defeated  
                          I pretend to sleep  
                          and he'll carry me to bed

I'm eleven:           I've known forever  
the most unwilling tears of such  
boys  
devotion in drops  
the rules of this court  
I'm too big to pretend

I'm thirteen:        it's my turn  
their sister at last  
the floor below  
a trap inescapable  
this heart, already tired

I'm sixteen:         those tears are mine now  
bigger than I know  
I am not defeated  
sculpted, not born  
and all too big to pretend

I'm done:I grew up  
between the bleachers  
in time divided, unexpected  
like sneaky hardwood memories  
trophies I tried to leave behind  
  
and we're all so defeated  
and all too big to pretend

**Real Maple Syrup**

Angie Murphy

My kingdom is empty on Sunday. There are six churches within four blocks. None congregate. Each other morning at breakfast time I look out over my herd. Each other day my sheep are out to greet me. Each other night I dismiss them.

My countrymen are crammed together. They have paid for the privilege to park under my window. Their devotion is welcome, their noise is not, thick static and hustle. My pulpit is a balcony, 20 feet long and 4 feet wide. I drink orange juice over ice as I summon a powerful oration. My gay apparel is plaid flannel pants.

But on Sunday the parking lot is empty. The cement is cracked where vigilant weeds poke through. The pool is filled with rain water and algae. Today I will have French toast.

**Spring of the Third Age**

Magali Desjardins Potvin

Spread the word...

Loose leaves that fall forgot  
– once neatly folded –  
newspaper sheets,  
now floating free.

Wet words printed on the pavement  
– somewhere there's a newspaper  
with faded ink  
ridding the wind:

Spread the word!

Sailing on the breeze  
of speeding cars (passing),  
evading that black stuff  
that used to be snow,  
with the dust and pebbles  
in the whirlwind  
– like the Voice:

Spread the word!

... that Kali's coming back in style  
And Kalki'll be there too.  
I can't wait to show  
my true face again  
and open my third eye.

**I Choose Acid Reflux today or  
A speech on the dirty word diversity**

Angie Murphy

I choose acid reflux because I like hot hot spice.  
I like flat bottomed shoes with rubber souls and  
brazen roaring jazz horns.

I choose acid reflux because I like chocolate.  
I like smooth brown voices speaking up and  
warm hugs for rich and poor alike.

I choose acid reflux because I like orange juice.  
I like loud, vibrant faces, dancing, and  
singing out with all their limbs.

I choose acid reflux because I like coffee.  
I like full bodied black vinyl records,  
ceramics and cream spirals.

I choose acid reflux because I like buffets.  
I like a variety of colourful solutions and  
global know-how all at one table.

I choose acid reflux today so simmer,  
simmer down.

**Change**

Fiona Mitchell

I'm taken uncontrollably to that

dark and dirty place,

where the crack dealers live and the smoke lingers on  
for days.

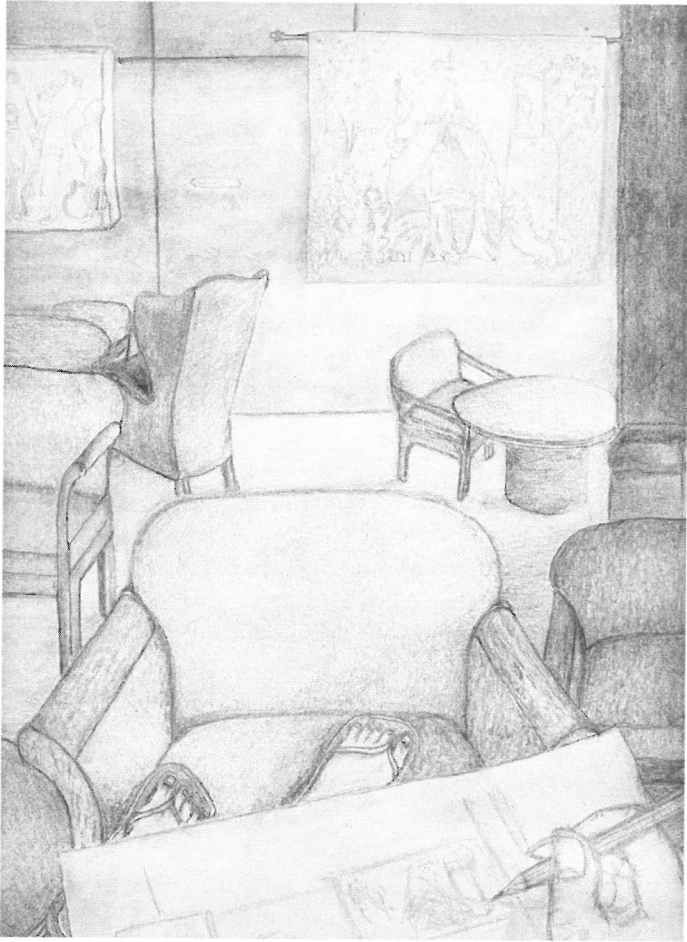
We break glass on concert and slowly start to live  
again.

The stinging on my mouth from cheap booze reminds  
me of all the things you've forgotten.

The burning down my throat feels like adolescent  
while the salt that remains on my lips ushers me into  
adulthood.

**HUMS Lounge**

Tess Wendzich





**Fourth Year**

Bitá Rajáee

(Me)

oh fourth year, fourth year! wherefore art thou fourth year?

deny thy exams, and refuse thy papers;

or, if thou wilt not, just give me a good grade and the credit,

and I'll no longer be overworked and panicked.

(Fourth Year [aside])

shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

(Me)

'tis but thy crazy amount of work that is my enemy; - thou art supposed to be fun though, not so stressful. what's stressful? it is not classes, nor the university, nor the profs, nor my friends, nor any other part belonging to a university experience. oh, have less work!

what's in work! that which we do a 7-10 page paper for

would smell just as sweet as a 15-20 pager (sweeter!); so fourth year would, were it not to have so many papers and assignments,

retain that dear perfection which it owes

without that shit-load of work: - fourth year, doff thy work;

and for thy work, which is no part of thee, take all myself.

**A Million**

Patrick Eldridge

There's always a million to shovel coal  
so long as you don't mind  
if they smoke down there

Along the street  
underneath a dead hanging lamp  
there's a bar  
and you hear 'they all come out at night'  
well they come right here  
til they can't stand straight  
and place their tongues  
where their teeth used to be  
lights swing from the rusty wires  
on dice throwers  
and people who fuck in taxis  
some stay there all night  
the only stars they see  
are the bare lightbubbls reflected on broken glass  
and they're all mutts  
cos they got sharp teeth  
and a genealogical cocktail flowin in their veins  
there's a man here who's killed for boots  
and he's got a smile  
that's broken down the middle

But they're all gone like bad dreams  
they say goodnight and kiss your head  
and they're all gone like steam

**Biographicals (From A-Z)**

**Jason "Jayhab" Abdelhadi** is in second year. He studies Greek and Latin so he can avoid becoming a coal miner, but he probably cannot write this sentence in either Greek or in Latin. He is a curmudgeon."

**Braeden A. Banks** would like to suggest that all the proceeds of North go directly to him so that he might design and construct a dramatic monologue-machine.

"Contrary to popular belief, **Nina Charest** is not a human being; she is actually the world's only full-grown Sea Monkey™.

**Elizabeth Chiang** is a fourth year student with a penchant for taking odd photos. She has been trying to find her muse for some time now, but alas, she is still searching.

**Laura Maija Clarke** is in third year. She can do a Latvian folk dance while dressed as a unicorn and eating two pies.

**Andrea Debbané** currently focuses on poetry and fictional prose, but has always loved to write, and has been published a few times locally. He also has a passion for music, and plays the violin.

Born and raised in Peterborough Ontario, **Amanda Devitt** (first year Hums) was always surrounded by elderly and very artsy people. She followed in the footsteps of the latter getting into theatre, music, visual arts and competitive dance. Most of her paintings are of people she has met or places she has been. Other mediums she enjoys to work in include SLR photography, sculpture, silkscreening and beading.

**Pat Eldridge** earns minimum wage at doing the minimum amount of work required from him. Pat's got a lot on his plate.

**Nathan Hauch** is a fifth year HUMS student and presumably agrees with the editorial staff that good things sometimes take a little longer than you think they will.

**Paul Knight** is a 4th year HUMS undergrad, regularly praying for admittance to graduate studies at NPSIA, RMC, or some other suitably-acronymed institution. He has recently fallen in love with the pianoforte, and enjoys long walks with it on the beach.

**Benjamin Ladouceur** is a real don juan completo who happens to enjoy the occasional bottle of sherry and a good game of cups.

**Hannah McGregor** is learning the subtle variations of vegetarian haggis and saying "och, aye" without irony. She has only missed home once, and that was when someone offered her a deep-fried macaroni pie. Oh, and that one time she almost stepped in vomit. People in Edinburgh throw up in the streets a lot.

**Fiona Mitchell**, in 1st year, is a straight up gangsta from the westside.

**Angie Murphy** wrote two poems because Laura never said just one; also she is a rap star and wants to be your friend.

**Hadas Parush** is in third year HUMS and Art History and she likes big butts.

**"Magali Desjardins Potvin"**: "a name hiding a secret, secret told in the still silence of the twilight stars. This is the voice of a shadow, the voice at the back of the philosopher's mind when he ponders, the laughing daemon, the voice of the gods within... This daemon also loves chocolate, sci-fi, and the colour blue."

**Bitu M. Rajae** is a humanities-aholic.

**Kate Rustemeyer** swears there is more to her than volleyball and the west coast.....though the college is lacking in both of these.

**Matthew Scribner** is just another metaphysics

**Tess Wendzich** Yes, it is the Tess whose real name is Tessandra! There is so much to say in so little space. Perhaps I can tell you that in times of worry and even in times of cheerfulness, I like to meditate on such quotes as, "But let patience have its perfect work that you may be perfect and complete lacking nothing" and "But above all these things, put on love which is the perfect bond of unity". I won't give you the reference because as a Humanities student, you should recognize these statements ;)

**Janet Yip** is a third year student abroad in Candyland.

**Marcela Zuniga** is 20 years old and a first year hums student. She took a couple of years off of school after graduating from high school because she didn't know what she should do with my life. She love painting and drawing. She also love philosophy and classics, and enjoy writing. The humanities program is the place for students like herself, who are artistically talented, or whom possess impressively creative minds but who's future is uncertain because the world is so caught up in production and efficiency that we rarely takes time to smell the roses and admire what is beautiful. That's why she is here.

