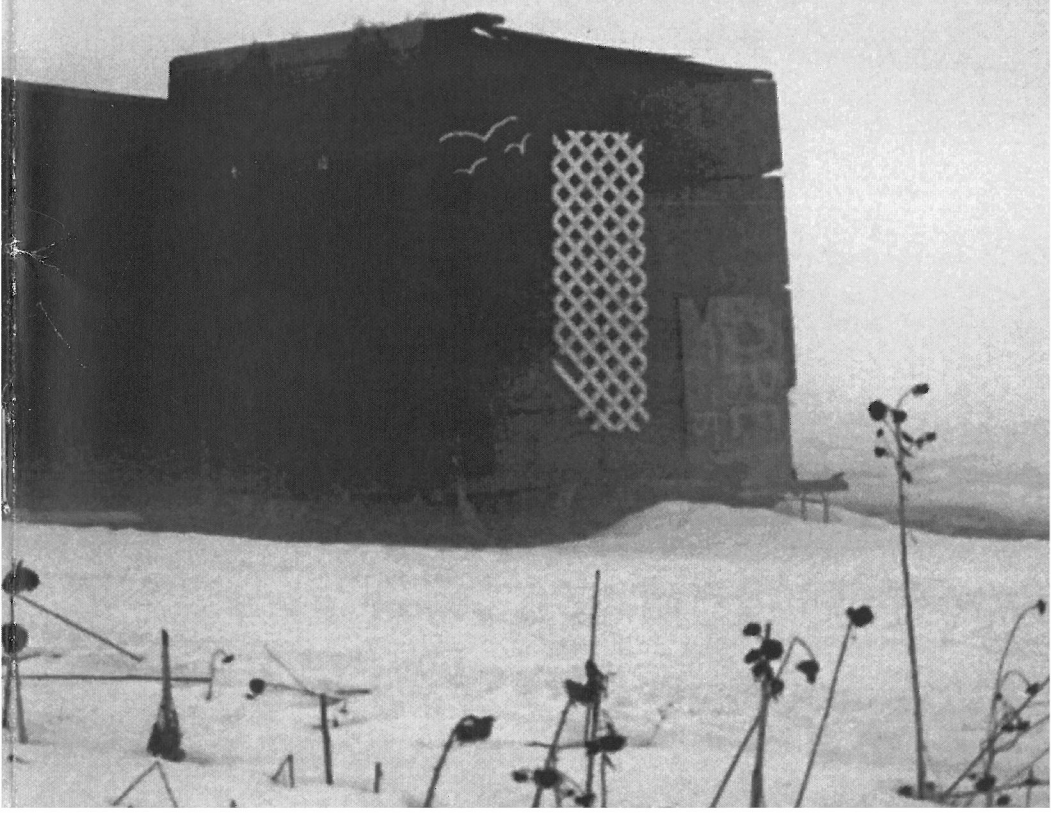
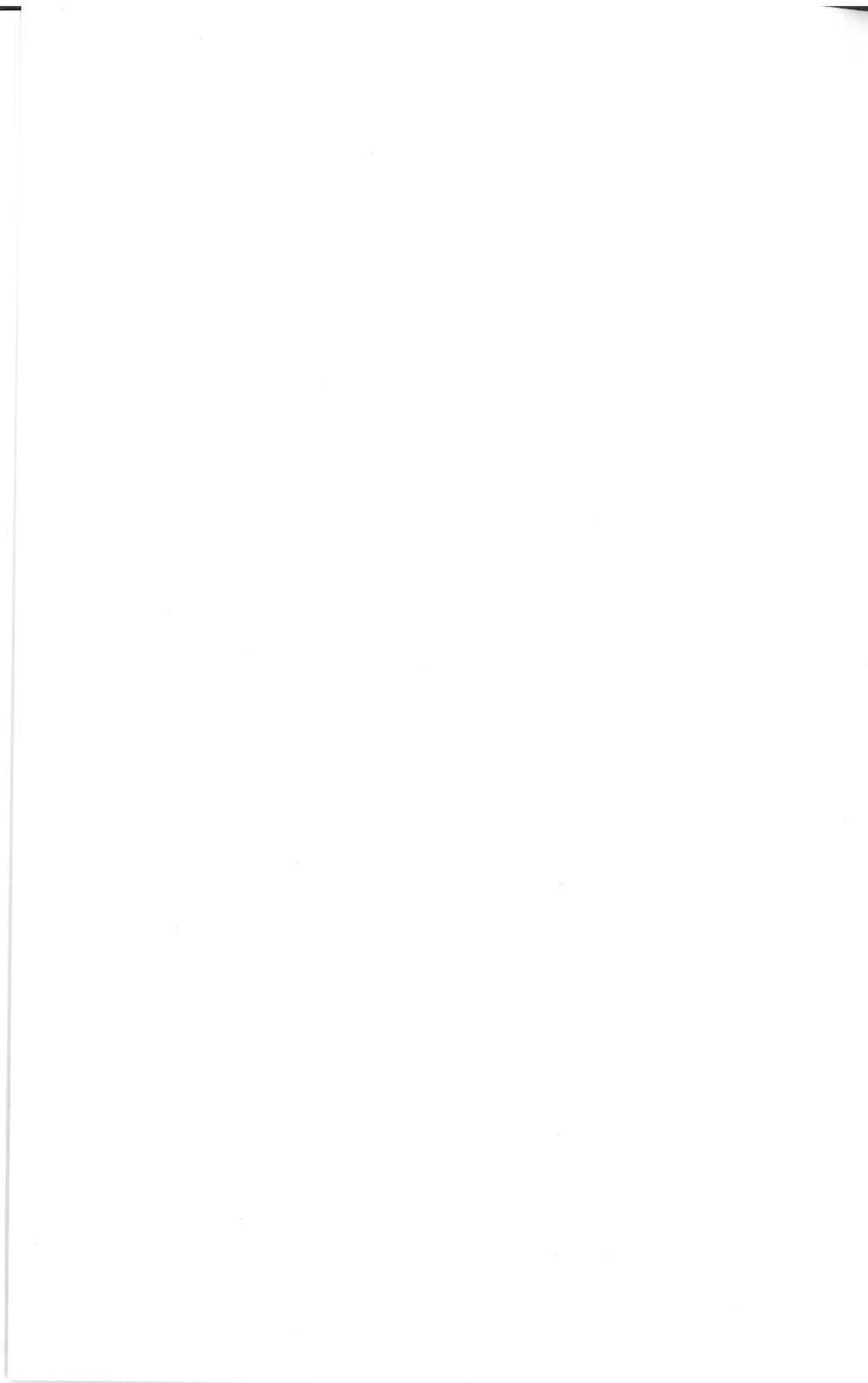


NORTH

2008





There's a standard decorum and procedure to writing an introduction. Particularly for an arts publication, even more so for an arts publication that's only issued once a year. Luckily for you, dear reader, this year I'm trying to break with tradition and any of those procedures. Expect to see a trail of shattered decorum through this introduction.

I've thought long and hard about the best way to break with tradition and also welcome you, the paying reader (cough, cough), to another year of North. I've decided to proceed with an all access pass to the editing board and the process of compiling this fine publication. Now, before you turn the page to see if anyone submitted any visual art with nudity (better luck next year) the editorial board isn't all pocket protectors and red pens. Oh no, we're the arts publication equivalent of James Dean in "Rebel Without a Cause", at least that's what I tell myself when I plug in my humidifier at night.

I digress. Lets begin with collecting submissions. The editorial board would like to begin by thanking all of those who submitted their work to this year's publication. That being said, an analogy can be made between collecting these fine submissions from these fine people and dental surgery. Specifically, having a tooth pulled. I don't know how many of you have had a tooth pulled, and frankly, I'm not interested. The fact of the matter is that normally teeth aren't generally eager to jump out of one's

mouth. Luckily, there isn't the same mess or throbbing pain left by the eventual submissions the editorial board eventually extract. And you thought I was kidding about shattered decorum!

Then there is the process of planning and carrying out meetings. Setting a date for a meeting with the north editorial board is a challenge in and of itself. Once meetings are underway, everything runs fairly smoothly. After two and a half hours, seventy dollars worth of beer, five shattered egos, seventeen insults hurled culminating in one fistfight, the North committee is usually guided out of Mike's Place and off Carleton University property by the fine people at campus safety.

This leaves the extraordinarily tiresome task of compiling and formatting North and shooting it off to the printers. Formatting usually falls to the first person to miss a meeting (thanks Marc). Then the copies, through the magic of the humanities economy – terminally broke – make their way into your hands.

The Magic of North

Brought to you by:

Laura Clarke

Sam Bolton

Marc Roy

Katherine Holtz

Cover photo by Martain Pearson

The Humanities Exchange Student's Basic French Dictionary

by Melissa Rodgers

La baguette: The delicious bread you must seek daily at your local boulangerie. After discussing niceties such as how well cooked the crust of a proper baguette should be or debating the various virtues of the baguette, the ficelle, and the flûte with your baker, you must proudly carry your baguette home, preferably while wearing a stripey French sweater.

Les chaussures: Shoes, glorious shoes! An essential component to the chic French outfit. Do not say souliers as they do in Québec, or you will be laughed at mercilessly and told that that word is only ever used in fairy tales. As in something elves made. Or Rumpelstiltskin wore.

Les crêpes: A basic food group. Best when smothered in cheese or nutella (but not both).

Le fromage: A food that takes up entire grocery store aisles and can be eaten for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Having a minimum of five different kinds of cheese in your fridge is quite normal.

Le froid: What the French will complain about as they huddle in their parkas, while crazy Canadians prance around in light sweaters and comment that the buds are beginning to come out on the trees.

La grève: A way of life for the French worker, also known as a strike. If your university has been on strike for more than 3 weeks, you may consider taking a vacation. This would be easier if the trains were not also on strike. Not that you could get to the train station anyway, what with the local public transit strike. But hey, all those strikes are something to write the folks back home about ... or at least it would be if the postal workers weren't on strike.

Le vin: A gorgeously Dionysiac substance that can be found in grocery stores and should not cost more than 3 euros, maybe 4 if you're feeling luxurious and indulgent.

Poem for a November's Day

by Hannah McGregor

The source of light is behind his head, unfurling
as though the cloud aches to speak. Soft.

He clasps my arm and I do not feel my arm
clasped. Wet grasses sigh the winds home
beating my heart to the river banks
gone sludgy with November rains.

Shadows stretch my brother
across the field.

He spits.

A darkness.

Full rain breathes kindly, susurrous, but not
as sibilant as tree branches or as brave.

I am not as brave as tree branches. Rain blues
the sky and greys the river. One day
my father will be greyed and hoared like frost
and die. One day the voice of the cloud will tell me:
soft. Unfurl only into darkness. We are
the breath between two silences.

Isaiah

by Kirsty Schut

sometimes I wake
in the desert

forgetting

I am the daughter
of lilies
and raindrops

the lightning
dances
and the dust
erupts
in song

for ten thousand years
I have been innocent

let me surrender now

Advertising supplement

by Braeden Banks

Do you enjoy working with people? Are you hungry for the power to control the world's largest nuclear arsenal? Do you crave that cloying aroma that wafts from the scalps of newborn infants?

If all or even any of these describe you, we have excellent news! The Welsh Independence Party of Canada is going Stateside! And, we need YOU to run for U.S. President! Forget all of the nonsense about being elected as a result of a gruelling series of state primaries – in the WIPC all of the members live right here in sunny, convenient Canada!

Here are some reasons why the Welsh Independence Party is the right political party for YOU:

YOU can easily become the presidential nominee! Think about it, YOUR name on *every* ballot! The Democrats and Republicans use *money* to get votes! We have much more of a DIY thing going – loads of indie cred! The WIPC is a national party, and it has some socialist policies but there isn't any unpleasant mixing. Come on: dragon totally trumps donkey or elephant.

Now, you're probably wondering what the WIPC will do once YOU become the President – don't worry about that! Here are some of the cooler of our policies:

It's about time Wales just separated from the U.K. It's been *centuries*, man.

The homeless will be employed in a new space program aimed at colonizing the moon – two birds, one stone!

Total amnesty for tax evaders because paying taxes is for suckers.

Campaign finance reform – it was totally our idea first. (You know its true, Senator).

The Inaugural Ball will have an open bar *and* a chocolate fountain.

Swank White House jobs for B.Hum grads! We'll never serve another French fry!

All administration menus, newsletters and signboards will replace the word "French" with "f***in" because its way more bad-ass than "freedom."

Anyway, if you love your country (or America) and meet the following requirements, give us a call at 613-231-2762 (ask for Gary):

Access to cash, dynamite or both.

A U.S. passport – preferably with *your* photo on it.

A semi-believable Southern drawl (for campaign speeches south of Dixie!)

A military record (NOT Vietnam, that is sooo old hat).

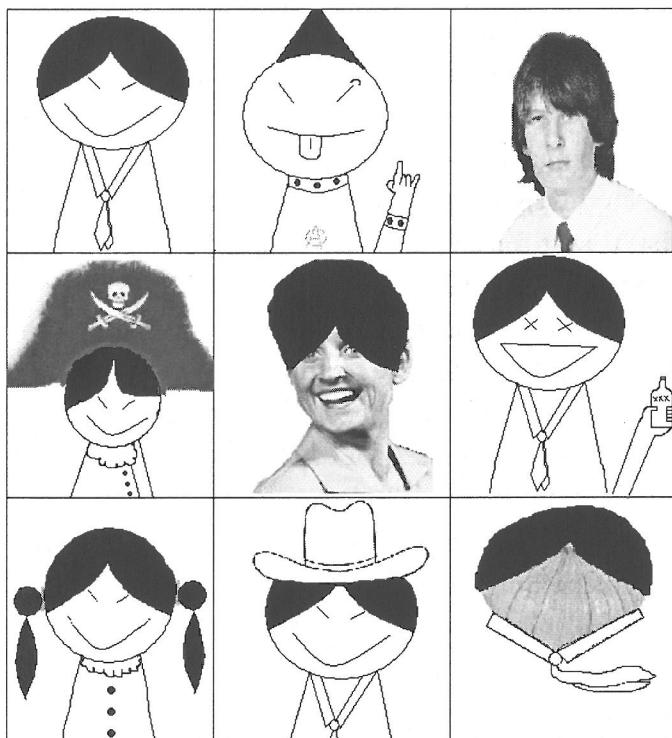
The Fly

by Cameron Laird

Where could this fly have come from?
The windows are shut, and
I have not left this room
all day. Must he patrol
incessantly round the room
counting lampshades?
As he buzzes by I
foolishly swat the air
with hope to convey
my disapproval. Unconcerned
he buzzes on, and I flush
with shame – remember the
snake and the albatross.
I felt the innumerable pulses
of his wing still on my hand;
what a little thing he is
flying here and there indifferently,
ever in the midst of most
important fly business,
a little mouth with wings and
eyelash legs. I laugh – What revelations!
those big red eyes stare back
unthinkingly at me.

The Braeden Bunch

by Jared Porter



The Braeden Bunch

by EL JERADO

Goodbye Pork Pie Hat
by Amanda Abdelhadi



To the Dregs

by Carlos Smith-Romero

he stands there
well-chilled & cool
like a beer in the fridge
understanding
& loving

but so guilty

please
never
forgive
him

just take his hands
and kiss him
to the dregs

Winter 7

by Martin Conley-Wood

you don't feel the air here,
when it's dry
and fat crows scrap for the
for the barest branch.

wet wool dangles and
walking is nimble as
dancing:
weightless on the ice

you don't feel the air
implied in your breath,
the sharp tingle of a cold nose.
only in gusts do you feel
its edge,
only in settling, its absence.

Eirene III

by Melissa Blackman



Last Looks

by Magali Desjardins

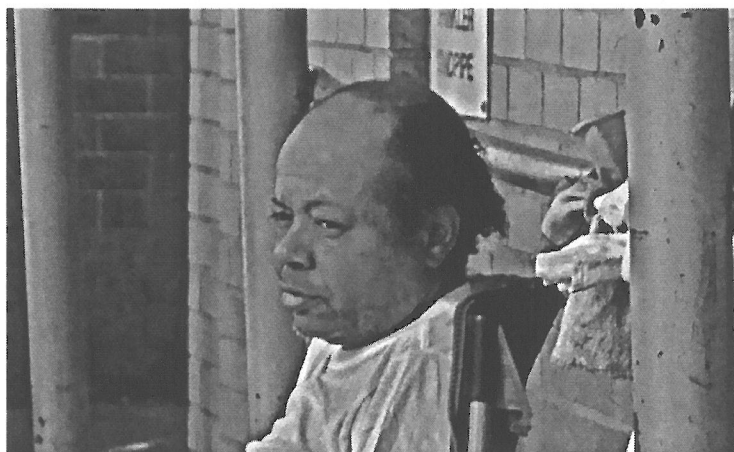
One last conversation
As the night quiets down,
Something to remember
For this coming age of silence.

One last look at you
To engrave your face
In a corner of my mind
... one last time.

Soon silence takes over
At our end of the table,
There's nothing left to say
Yet the truth of it was left unsaid.

A few good laughs,
A few good arguments.
One last goodbye
Before the eclipse ...

News Vendor
by Caroline Malcolmson



After School
by Robert Watkins



Old Water God

by Amanda Abdelhadi



Hat Lady

by Marcela Zuniga



Army Barracks Near the Dead Sea

by Hadas Parush



Stone Ring of Callanish
by Hannah McGregor



Nurses Sing the Mermaid Blues

by Laura Clarke

In sixty years I will find you
in whatever creaky metal bed you may be in, kamikaze
whiskers sprouting out your ears, grey-eyed,
neglected bed pan – just like I promised
I'll take you back to the seaside
where we witnessed the miraculous
birth of a hundred lobsters, ached at the sight
of their tiny perfect claws.
I'll return you to the ancient kingdom
of crustaceans, miniature crowns and turrets flashing
gold between gaps in the seaweed – the familiar
expelling of near forgotten regal bubbles as you
watch the silver streak of kingly fish tails. Remove
the fish hooks tenderly from their mouths as you go;
open your mouth to speak and let a holy minnow in.

The Pig-Priest

by Robert Watkins

There was once a Holy Father who wore a wig

Beneath that wig there was a pig

A pig there was beneath that wig

Beneath that wig there was a pig

Before mass, from a flask of gin the pig would swig

But never then laugh, dance nor sing

Stead ease off lady's wedding rings

And to their children them he'd bring

"But for a German, Father Schdut is very nice"

Agreed the people throwing rice

"On wedding days, he cheers thrice

"For bride and groom and parish mice"

Yet beneath his hairpiece, the pig plots baited springs

And when it snaps on holy things

Father Schdut must tug his ring

To stop the pig from blaspheming.

Montreal Bar

by Sam Bolton

“There’s a special, two for 6.50\$.”

It may have been my mind, but I swear the way she said it, I could hear the dollar sign after the six-fifty.

An economic period.

“Yeah” I said, nodding.

She blinked and cocked her head slightly to the left. Had I tried to say ‘yeah’ with my terrible French accent and confused her? Is it possible to say “yeah” with a French accent? Three grizzled men turned away from the hockey game. That’s it. From now on I’m giving up on my French accent. I don’t think it makes a difference anyway; I’m not fooling them. I was labelled as soon as I walked into the bar and didn’t immediately check the score.

“Yes...please!” I added.

Being an Anglo necessitates etiquette beyond normal bar behaviour. The grizzled older men turned back to the Canadiens game. Toronto had just scored. After the prerequisite cursing came to a conclusion, frustration settled into the room and I could tell it was clearly my fault. Maybe I shouldn’t have gone for the special.

Rhetorical Questions from a Language Purist

by Tim Kitz

Does virgin wool come from celibate sheep?

Yep, vigin wool – as opposed to what?

Promiscuous cotton?

How can food be anything but organic?

If it wasn't, how could we eat it?

Why don't we use 'gruntled' as a synonym for satisfied?

Why not 'rebuttle' arguments?

And isn't it about time 'tricknology' was in the dictionary?

On the other hand,

'de-plane' is not a verb
or even a word.

Do you think incidents of air rage would decrease
if airplane employees stopped constantly using it?

And the only people that refer to Toronto as 'TO'
are wannabe gangsters,

like the hardcore suburbanites

that do their graffiti in erasable chalk

(and oh, was it a coincidence you scribbled your
promises of eternal devotion in pencil?)

And speaking of which (gangsters not heartbreak),
what does it say about you

that you think gang-banging is a form of rape?

Comic Book Heroine

by Olwyn Keane

My stomach's made of lead.

It's bullet-proof.

If Superman ever met me,

he'd have to ask me what I ate for lunch,

instead of peeking through my skin with his X-ray
vision.

Not that it's likely I'd ever meet Superman,

or that he'd care one whit what I had for lunch.

Also, I think Superman's a bit of a dick.

I'd rather eat with Oracle.

At least her spying is honest.

Christmas Eve

by Olwyn Keane

Sweet smoked silence fills up the night between
breaths
we're strangers breathing syncopated like a choir
our cathedral is of iron and it moves
our music travelling across stone and steel
what makes up our nation
of breath of beat
heart tone thrumming inside our chest
our eyes are closed and sleep has conquered language
we are a choir nonetheless tonight

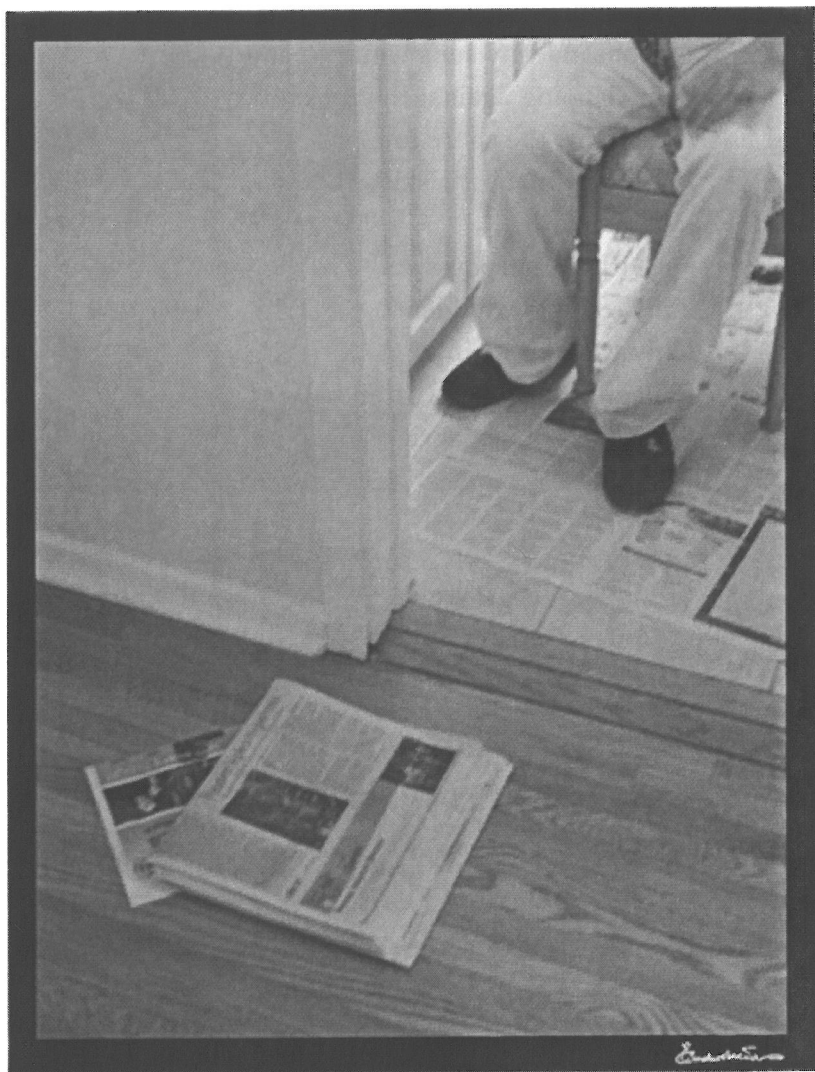
The Cat

by Cameron Laird

And now all I can remember
of that conversation is
the cat that crept from out
some worn out corner stiff
with winter sleep, a
slow approach across
bare garden stones
avoiding undignified
shivers from icy toes.

Newspapers

by Daria Smolentseva



Serenity

by Andrea Debbané

A thousand tiny suns wink,
Some lapping against the rocks
That mark the shore line
Where a tiny beetle skitters
With
Or without purpose
Tiny suns now hidden
Only waves remain
Reflecting the sky's cotton balls
Spread over blue fabric

Ruth

by Tessandra Wendzich



"Entreat me not to leave you,
Or to turn back
from following you;
For wherever you go, I will go;
And wherever you lodge, I
will lodge;
Your people shall be my people,
And your God, my God.
Where you die, I will die,
And there I will be buried.
The Lord do so to me, and
more also,
If anything but death
parts you and me." (Ruth 1:16,17)

Amanda Abdelhadi is happy she is winning the North make submissions contest ok. We aren't winneng in the past and now finally we grasping accep tense to big north America magazene. Now she is to be getting lots of money, fame, Friends and ok. Thanks be to God, familiar relatives, animal friend P  p   and God. ok.

Braeden Banks wants YOU to run for U.S. President!

Melissa Blackman was born in Ottawa. Her first canvas was the wall of her bedroom. Her inspirations are Leonardo da Vinci and everything Japanese.

Sam Bolton is a third year in love with Montreal. Montreal just wants to be friends.

Laura Clarke is in fourth year. Next year, she plans to pursue a Master's in Dream Phone.

Andrea Debanne is a second year student who loves to write and perform, but lately hasn't done much of either. She writes mostly poetry, delving occasionally into non-fiction and both short and long fiction. Andrea hopes to publish more regularly in the future.

Magali Desjardins Potvin: n. 1. a storm spirit. 2. a pilgrim from the world of living gods 3. a myth that has been collecting dust and concepts into itself for the past few thousand years, waiting for the right moment to give birth to something epic. 4. a procrastinating third year that spends too much time coming up with definitions for herself and has yet to completely decide on what she is.

Katherine Holtz is the author of a novel written in nineteen days. It will never see the light of day.

Olwyn Keane spent a lot of time over Christmas break crunched into trains, and some of these poems were the result. There is no excuse for the others.

Tim was a language purist even in first year, when he wrote this poem. Now that he's in fourth year and marks munchkins' papers to pay the bills, he has become a language nazi.

Tim Kitz is a good version of his name.

Cameron Laird is a fourth-year Humanities and English major who remembers when microwaves were first invented, and people thought they could bake cupcakes in them.

Caroline Malcolmson. 4th year. Tenuous Trumpet Player.

Hannah McGregor is incapable of self-reflection.

Hadas Parush, 4th year going on 5th, went to visit Israel over the Christmas break, and enjoyed 20 degrees above zero and sun. She floated in the Dead Sea. Took lots of photos. It was lovely. Now she is buried in snow, thank you very much.

Martain Pearson is a second year student. In his leisure, he enjoys making noise with musical instruments, and taking photographs with fancy cameras.

Jared Porter, sometimes pronounced with a soft "j" enjoys drawing deities in discussion groups. He also likes the movie, beach, and deity "Juno" (although he has been in none) and submits to North due to popular demand.

Melissa Rodgers just learned the French word for Smurf. Her favorite colour is blue, like the sky or a Schtroumpf.

Carlos Smith Romero sold too many little pieces of soul to too many devils and dodged more bullets than Fifty Cent (is Fiddy old news yet?) Life is canned food, homework, and hopefully freedom.

Kirsty Schut (first year) wanted to be an astronomer when she grew up. Someone told her it involved physics. She turned to mythology instead.

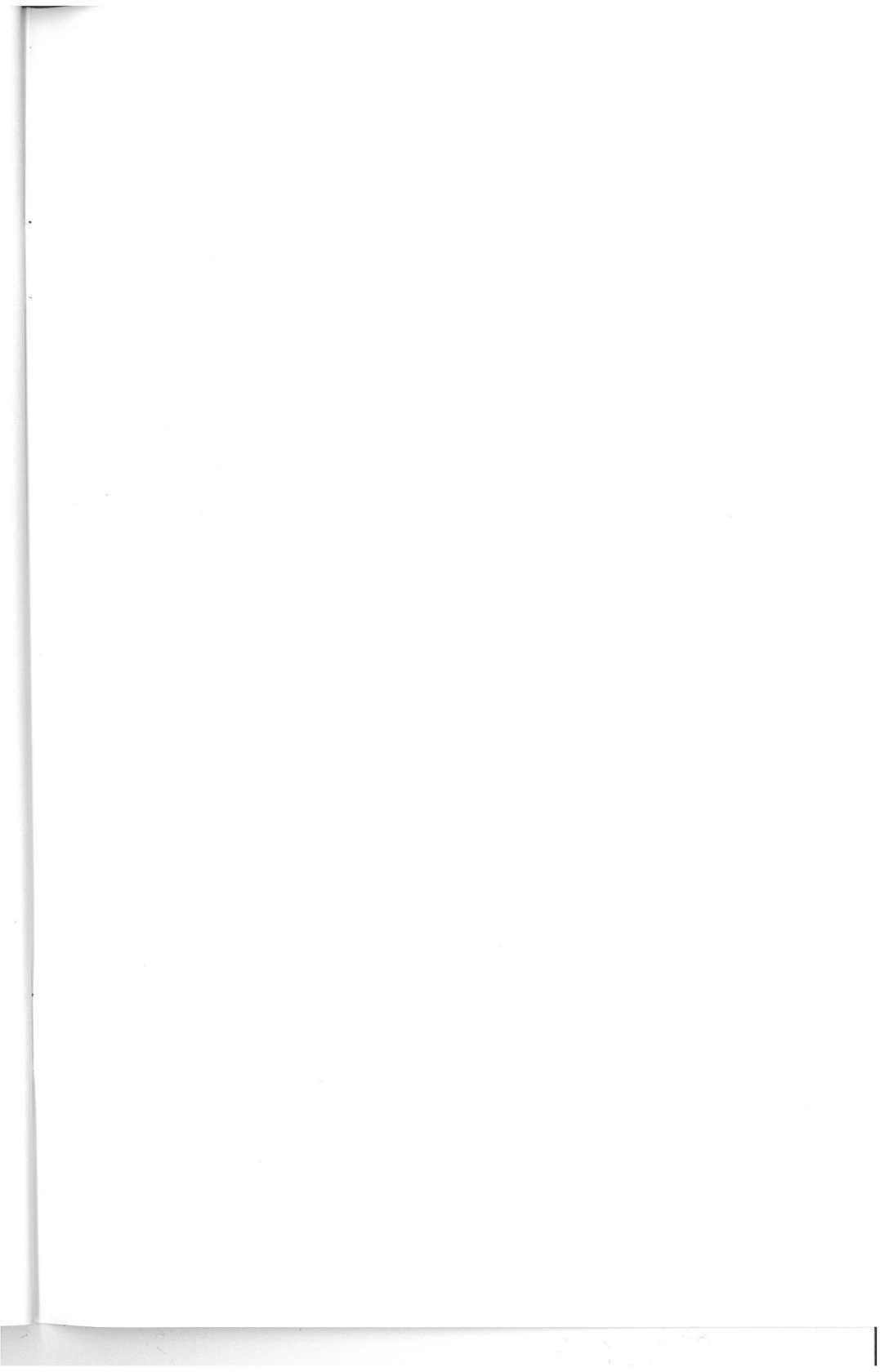
Daria Konstantinovna Smolentseva is an activist and a creative artist who has spent much of her life traveling, moving from one place to another. Born in USSR in 1986 her roots are solidly grounded in the heart of Siberia: the Tyumen city. Three years ago her journey brought her to the fine city of Ottawa where she is studying Humanities at Carleton University. Wherever she is in the world, it is most certain that she will be working on raising awareness, promoting peace and love, spreading kindness and motivating and empowering people through her own example.

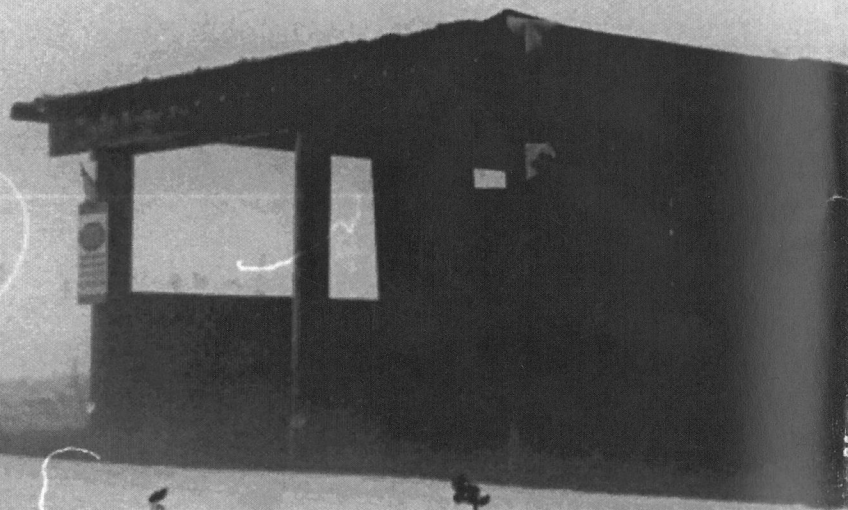
Robert Watkins is a Humanities major doing a minor in Biology. He is a 27-year-old Canadian citizen and an Ottawa resident of six years. He was educated in the United Kingdom. He is the author of two unpublished novels and a number of unpublished poems. He has studied painting in the UK, China and Canada.

Tessandra Wendzich: Well, it is my last year in Humanities...tear...Perhaps it would be appropriate to say that even though I must go, the memories will forever remain and as a result, it will be as if I have never left.

Martin Conley-Wood lives on a diet that consists mainly of jellyfish. Gripped by the anxiety of needing a rocking chair and wooden teeth, he will hopefully be finished hoop jumping in the not-too-distant future.

Marcela Zuniga is a second year student, minoring in philosophy & classics. She aspires to one day open her own art school, and travel the world.





1964

