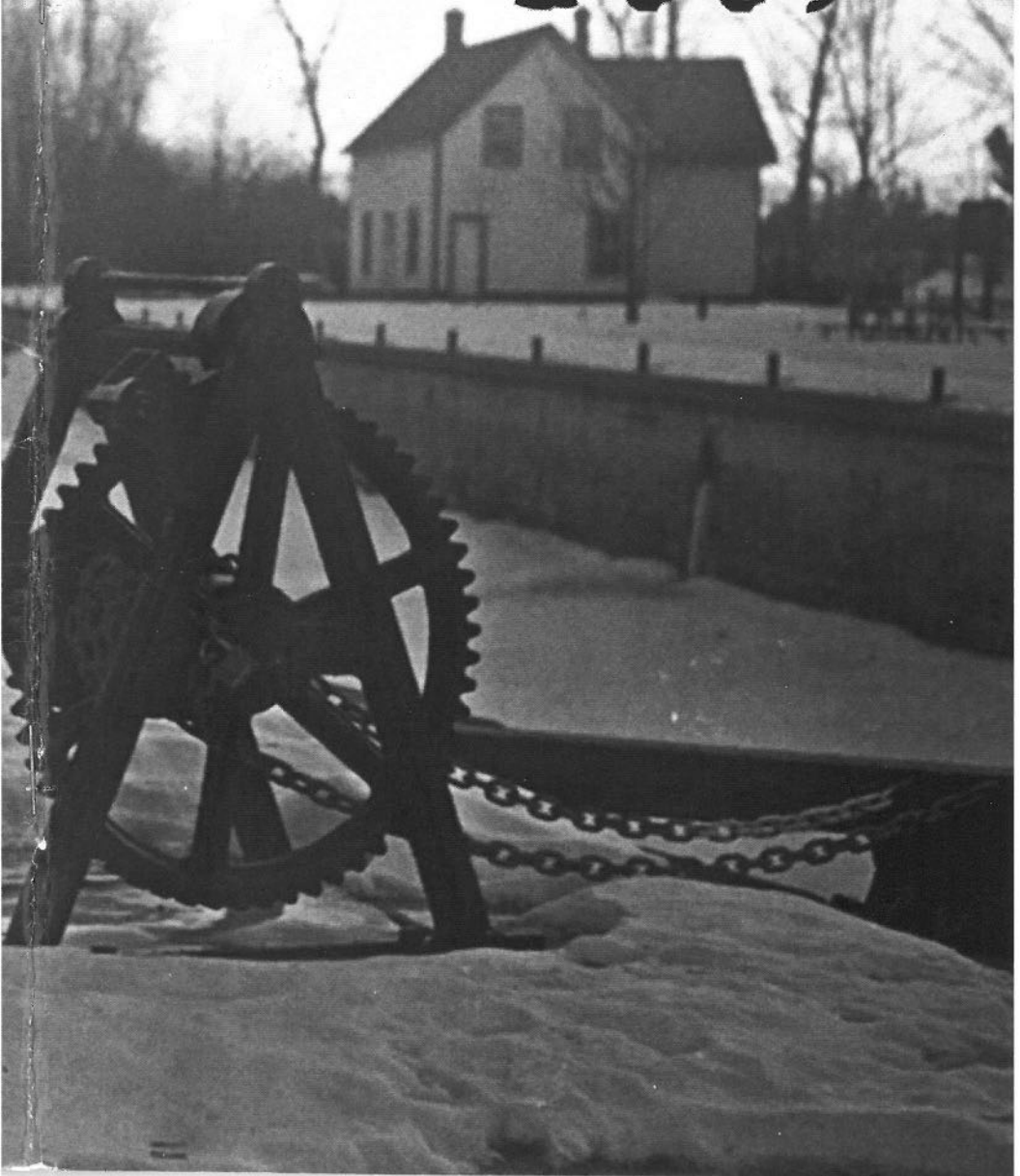


North 2009





Dear Reader,

Welcome to the 2009 edition of North!

North has come a long way since its inception. No longer carved into stone tablets and passed through generations, this year's edition is highly portable, cost effective and features no (unintentionally) fractured lines. Indeed, not only have we surpassed the media of Gilgamesh and the Enuma Elish, but almost certainly that of the Ottawa Citizen as well, what with its "declining circulation" and "electrical issues." This year's edition of North has gone Humanities Platinum, selling over fifty copies to well over forty students.

Inside you will find all the amenities of a modern arts publication (now with a detailed table of contents!) lovingly wrapped in another beautiful, yet bleak cover. Please do not let the sombre tone of this cover lead you astray. We assure you that many of the northern contents are uplifting, jovial and spiritually fulfilling.

On the note of spiritual fulfillment, we urge you to stretch beyond all previous conceptions of this publication. Instead of simply thinking North, think Northern Pilgrimage. Think of journeys to virgin territories, think of delving into your innermost consciousnesses. Escape with North; transcend the banal physicality of the modern world. As pleased as we are with the fine printing and formatting of this year's North, Look beyond the ink and paper, see these as merely a formality necessary for the presentation of the delightful submissions received for you, the Faithful North Reader.

North Underlings

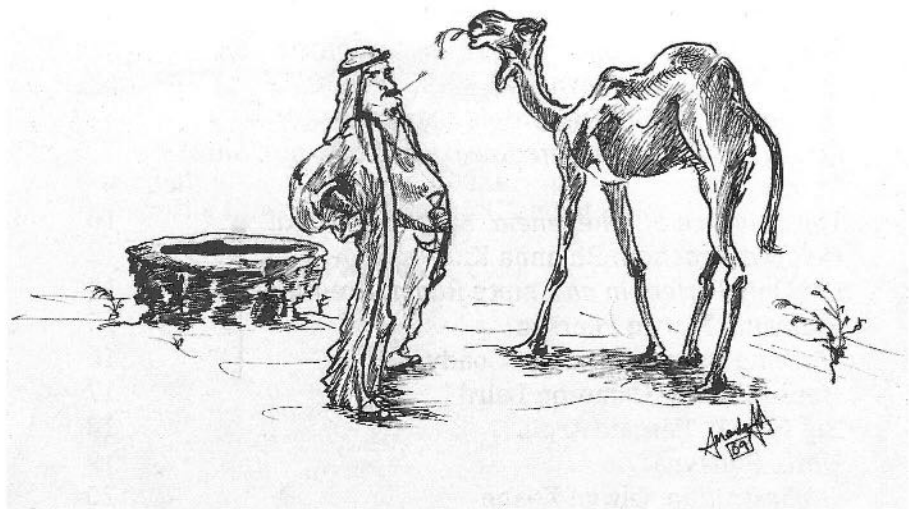
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**"I'm so disorientated. Now we'll never make it to
Shawarma Shack!"**
Amanda Abdelhadi

Time Traveler's Song
Magali Desjardins Potvin

I heard your call
From every page:
Meet me in the City.

But when I got there
You were gone -
Dead for centuries.

All that remains of your presence
Is the wind between the rocks,
the dancing butterflies and the olive tree.

I thought I saw your shadow
On the ruined walls,
following me.

I thought I heard your footsteps,
I thought I heard your laughter,
Echoing among the bones of history.

My turn soon
To extend my hands
And fly away

Next time it will be you,
Sitting on the hill,
Waiting for me.

On the winds and the dust,
Speaking of a storm on the horizon
That never comes - to uncover the bones of history ...

Temple to an Unknown God
(Title of a plaque at Vindolanda, a fort on
Hadrian's Wall)

Kirsty Schut

You who have come so far
From your gentler lands,
Turn your face away.
You are seeking salvation,
But you will not find it here.

Lonely one, nameless one,
Do not look for me in the green pastures.
I wander there
Merely for time's sake;
You will not find me there for long.

Do not seek my name
In the clatter of your oracle bones
Or the sweep of a swallow's tail.

Look to your own name,
And understand the power of forgetting.

When you look back again I will be gone.



Beginning

Magali Desjardins Potvin

Prince Siddhartha's Wife Speaks of Suffering

Sarah Trick

If you had asked, I would have gone.
I could have wrapped the baby in his blanket, and stolen
 away in the night, laughing
like some slave girl on a tryst
and followed your visions and mine to the ends of this
world
and beyond.
But you did not, and so I stay.

When they remember you,
they will say you, a great prince
renounced the suffering in this world,
gave up the delights of your station,
your wife
your dear son
as if we were no more than chains to be cast aside for your
 great truth.

A mother does not go into the forest.
She is bound to this earth with her infant's first wail.
How can one ever speak of giving up suffering
when one's heart walks outside one, forever sundered?
A mother cannot know peace.

That is why you had to leave me.
A mother can accept, at least
Still, I wonder if, when they remember you,
they will spare a thought for how I wept
or how my son's eyes are hard and cold, too cold to be a
 child's.

When they sing of your great truth,
will they ask what became of us,
what revelation we were granted in your absence?
It cannot only be the pity of the serving-women
or the overgrown flowers in the deserted gardens.

When we wed, I knew of your father's edict
that you never know suffering
never know death
and rejoiced.
If you never knew it, you could never cause it.
How is it, then, that we both suffered so?

When you look at the stars,
do you see my face?



The Sacrifice of Iphigeneia
Sara Abdel-Latif

Delayed Reaction

Rhianna Kidd

For once, he was not at the airport three hours early. This time, he did not wake up six hours beforehand; he had not packed and locked his suitcase before he went to sleep the previous night, and he did not drink his coffee while double-checking that all the appliances were unplugged. He got ready at a deliberately slow pace, showering and dressing and calling a taxi without worrying whether it would show up on time—and arrived at the terminal a perfect thirty-six minutes before the departure time printed on his boarding card.

The flight was delayed. Of course it was delayed. There was a blizzard going on. That was the sort of thing that happened during blizzards. The screens mounted on the walls indicated that the plane would still take off, but they weren't saying when. The skinny, name-tagged girl at the counter said that they just had to de-ice the airplane, and then the passengers could board. So maybe forty-five minutes.

This is not the right time to worry, he thought. It would be worse if the airplane took off without waiting to be de-iced, however that worked. He imagined it might look a bit like an enormous hair-dryer mounted on a crane, but that couldn't be right. So he wandered down the terminal, and browsed through the mini-bookstore for a while, not really looking too closely at anything, or with much interest.

But here's the thing: fortune cookies aren't even real. This was sort of a fact. He knew someone whose relatives owned a building where the cookies for some take-out place were made, and she said that North Americans just appropriate the idea from Japan.

"The fortunes are supposed to be random, and they have blessings in them," she had said. "I think it's a Buddhist thing. But, in like, the 1920s or something, some guy decided to make them a gimmick to sell some lo mien."

So he was wrong to worry. But still. He had kept that one from yesterday's lunch in his pocket, and couldn't help but take it out and look it over again.

Don't fly today.

Okay, seriously; rationality aside, what kind of fortune is that? Fortunes are supposed to be the sort of thing a person reads aloud to his friends, and then everyone laughs about it. Or, at least, they should be some vague piece of advice, like "Don't look a gift horse in the mouth," or something clichéd like that. They're supposed to be *pleasant*, for God's sake. This was just... strange.

He shouldn't get on the airplane. It was too ominous to be a coincidence. He shouldn't fly today, not with the bad weather and iced-up runways. That's what it was telling him. This is a sign.

But if this counted as a sign, then could everything count? What about lucky pennies on the sidewalk, and walking under ladders? Black cats? Backwards sweaters? His lungs felt heavy, his hands were numb. There had to be a line somewhere, where he could choose to stop believing, where his incredulity could reasonably run out—he just wasn't sure where that line was now. It had shifted over without his noticing.

He blinked at the wisp of paper in his hand, and then at the tiled floor, and the shelf before him, and then he realized that he was having an internal episode while sandwiched between magazine racks.

That can't be very good either.

I'm Only Perfect in an Empty Room

Greg Miller

Every moment he feared he'd be outed as a fraud. He stared at the men around him, they all seemed to be wearing a variation of charcoal-grey blazers that looked worn or handed down from a better-dressed generation. And that's what they wanted him to think. They wanted him to think that their blazers were tickets into that special club. An old-boys club where names like Krugman, Friedman and Levitt were revered as both founders and mind-altered mystics who had been granted access to a higher plane of understanding. They were probably also the ones to make charcoal grey blazers uber-chic.

His fear dissipated when he realized he'd seen a blazer earlier in the day which bore a resemblance to those which he now found himself shrouded in. The image flashed into his mind, a synapses snap shot. But that blazer wasn't worn, it wasn't even being worn. It was in the window at the Gap on Connecticut Avenue. If these turkeys wanted to out him, he'd expose them for the designer frauds they really are. And cheap designs at that.

They just sat. They just sat in perfect, efficient rows in front of him. They just sat in their self-congratulatory burgundy Hastings chairs.

"What? Nothing to say now? You smug bastards," Eldridge thought to himself.

Finally, one sleeve of a blazer lifted. Before Eldridge has time to acknowledge it, the owner of the sleeve had begun to speak. Of course.

"You've named your thesis 'World as Bad Idea' ..."

Driving slowly back past the mines of Virginia, he counted the white clusters of flowers on each Dogwood he rolled by. They lined the rural roads and threw their arms in the air, to celebrate his return home. As he passed through his honour guard, he effortlessly considered all that had changed in the world since he was last home.

"Live your life without thinking" was no longer just a slogan to sell weight-loss pills to disaffected housewives and self-conscious linebackers. It had become a life goal; springing from the lips of a self-help guru showing off his too-wide smile, with perfect white teeth. It had been endorsed every where from the steps of the U.S. Capitol to the surfboards of San Diego. This was an act now, ask

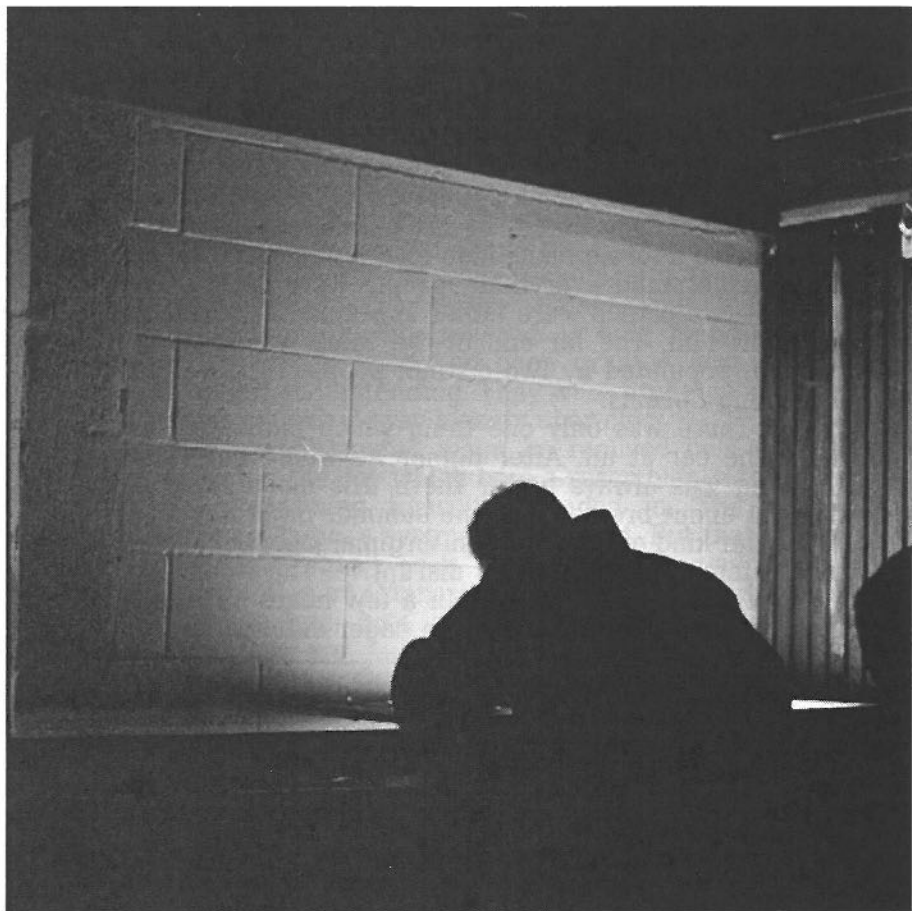
questions never culture. Eldridge considered the bad idea.

He parked his car right on the lawn, devastating ambitious blades of grass. Eldridge didn't unbuckle his seatbelt immediately. He knew he could only delay so long, but remained defiant. Even after three years, he knew Independence Day dinner at his parents house would be like hearing a foreign language for the first time. He would never understand everything people were saying, but he was positive people were either speaking: A) gibberish; or B) about him. The far end of the table was a particular hotspot, populated by two distinct peoples: Latin Pigs and Conniving Cousins.

There was only one thing which motivated him to leave the car at all. After dinner he would get to sleep. Sleeping was always better there. His mood lifted as he thought about breathing in the summer night air. It was a particular kind of cool there in Virginia; just cool enough to be comforting without being disruptive. The summer night air in Virginia knew its role. In a few hours he'd be lying under a single fleece blanket, in eager anticipation of that glorious mix of death and tourism.

His eyes were jolted open by the crashing of the screen door, which he had only heard briefly before the sound was drowned out. "Get out of that car and come give your mother a hug!"

He smiled and thought to himself, "That's probably not such a bad idea."



Studying
Martin Pearson

Morning Bread

Christina Coady

Love, I let you sit in a warm place,
Wrapped with checkered cloth letting your passion
ferment.

Doubled size, the cup of water and flour danced with two
teaspoons of yeast with grace.

The bitterness of the teaspoon of salt, a honeyed kiss was
able to prevent.

Reunited, my hands filled with two cups of flour held you.
Honeyed kissed you once more - a tablespoon is never
enough.

Stuck to your stickiness, our chemistry known by few
Actualizing my gifts of yeast and honey and grew, love.

Yet, tears run down my face for the violence I must do.

Punching down what could be

Halting this passion, it is for best, this is true.

Unable to look at you for another hour, once more I'll give
you what you knead.

Dressed in egg white and shaped so well, I can't help to
watch you blooming.

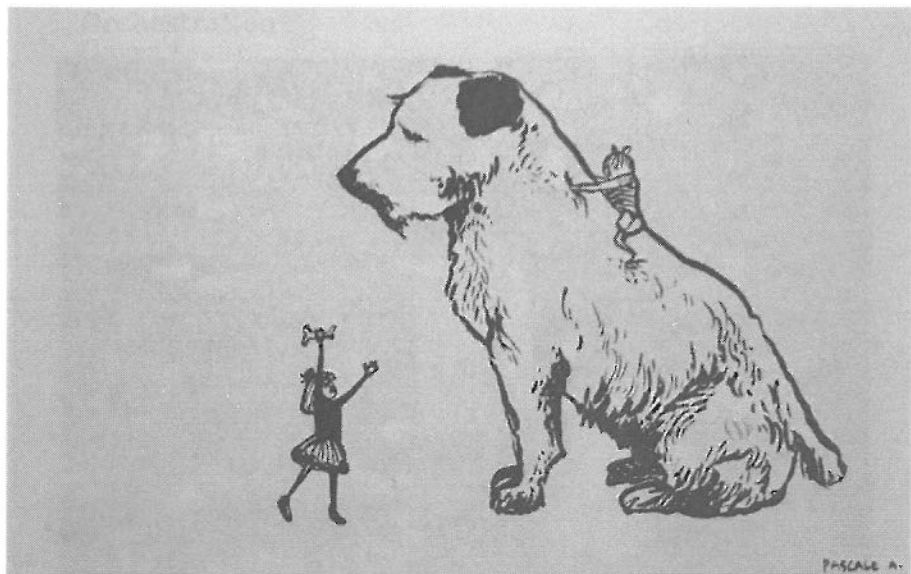
After most of an hour, we can forgive what's past and let
our love be consuming.

House Fairies

Cameron Laird

You brought peaches
yesterday and put them in
my glass bowl below
the window where they sit
in the sunshine, and now

they have given off dozens
of fruit flies once
buried beneath the fuzzy skin
to fill my kitchen
with small buzzing wings.



Big Friend (Jack Russell), ink on paper
Pascale Arpin



Nora
Rudayna

Orchestration

Olwyn Keane

The unity of this melody is picked apart like petals wilting
under the pianist's hand.

Where ferns unfold under unstrung bows,
under curving brickwork skies,
notes, like phonebooks, leave no bruises.

Collisions strike us all the same and discord leaves us
scattered

and ominous

and longing for a gardener's firm hand.

**Donaudampfschiffahrtsgesellschaftskapitän: Danube
steamship company captain**
The South Poetry Collective

Worlds within worlds within words within me...;
Sweet face dirty hands dusty dusty street;
As feet beat the pavement a sexy sexy beat;
I feel like a cat in heat.

A new direction and desperation;
Promoting election of imagination;
Of a sweet quivering lip of creation;
Only broadcast on this station!

Lo, this nerdery doth my mojo shaketh,

This winter did cover the leaves I didn't raketh;
But painful my body the ice it did maketh;
The mewling cat my spirits breaketh, I'll have to have her
spayed.

Or I can just slice her up and sell to the butcher,
I'll punk that meat marketer like my last name's "Kutcher";
Then I'll take his cat into my garage and smooch her;
Then no one can ever call me a moocher!

My, merits have thus been proved;
 $\Delta X=Y$ I all prime numbers removed.
I did I did eat green eggs and ham.
I lie, I am poor, it was in fact spam;
Oh yes, you may not believe it, but it was 3 months, 2 days
and 36 seconds old;
(My oven is broken so also it was cold)
So now I am hungry and frigid and sick.

I once was a busy bee;
Now my eyes are blind, I cannot see;

Enjoy the sweet and warm weather;
You may not get what you have.
Though you may get what you love;
The dandruff on the shoulder glistens uncontrollably.

"When a woman thinks alone she thinks evil", says Cicero;
When a man thinks alone, he is pure though;

You may easily believe those who say so.

Thus thinking together will give balance to thought.

If that's what you want, I'll have no part in it.

Muffins are great for meds any time of the day!

Our minds today are fruitful like blueberry muffins;

Or just as stale as a roomful of boffins.

Who in sleeping, awake, only to steal each other's dreams;

His eco-friendly, post-consumer recycled, hemp satchel, he
sought to fill.

A gentle woman's touch did he desperately need.

But a lama's touch did make him bleed.

Chicken Little was right, the sky is falling;

Because Yahweh is just that ballin';

And she wore a pretty Chanel Dress.

No one can see in each enigmatic beginning where it may

the end.

Voodoo

Meghan Ronson

I want pins pushed
deep inside your skin
hitting muscles and veins
and burning all the way in.

I want the blood
to gather up So selfishly
and latch onto your pain
and grin, and really make it sting.

I want this, your
twitching, aching claw
around my cut throat, to bitch
and groan its last.

I'll get drunk and pour my liquor
all over your cracking lips,
watch it run into your eyes and
hear your screams and cries
so you can never tell me,
So sincerely,
"you're a lie,"
'cause *baby*, at least I can say
those pins were never here
until you called them mine,
and now, they're there to stay
and I am fucking gone,
Okay?.

SOMETIMES, THE NIGHT TIME'S

the only alone time we really have

and wilful insomnia allows us our privacy.

creatures of the night are together alone.
Meanwhile every thing else sleeps and in Australia they aren't as free as we are here.

lovers fall when roomates crash. and circus wanna-bees practice at 2:00 am in the basement to songs off windows media player.

Other than that, the clock keeps time. and daydreams are permitted; at the right moments, very long thinks are possible.

BLINK LONG to the thought of tonight

sleepy for bed, hungry for a.m.
Melissa Daly-Buajitti



Theseus Meets the Minotaur
Celia Stephens



**Ma-doe-nna and Child (Monstrous Children Series),
acrylic on canvas**
Pascale Arpin



Lyon
Andrea Debbané

He missed the days when she used to hold his hand. It always made him feel so safe, so loved and protected. And like he was so much smarter than he really was. She always seemed to know what to say and how to do things. She wasn't afraid of anyone, and it always made him feel so much better, so much warmer deep down in the pit of his stomach when he was walking across the school yard at recess. Sometimes they would just sit on the tarmac by the door to the school. He would look up at her strong, confident face and she would gaze out at the school yard. Sometimes they talked to each other, but they didn't need to. Sometimes they would go to the playground. He would use the monkey bars and climb on the jungle gym, but she would always remain behind in the little tiny pebbles that filled the sandbox. He thought maybe she was afraid, that this was her only fear, but she always just said it was because the playground was meant for him, not her. Once he saw her at lunch and waved her over to sit with him. She came over to he and his friends, but she never sat down. He thought maybe she was nervous around them, but he never asked about it. Around June, he saw her with another guy, a guy who was just as confident-looking as her, a guy who intimidated him. They weren't holding hands like he and she did sometimes at recess, but nonetheless he sensed something between them. He knew he should have confronted her about it, but he just couldn't bring himself to do it. He started avoiding her at recess now, always going out extra late and coming in for class at the end of the line. She never approached him; he hoped she was happy. She chose the other guy. Now he spent recess alone, hand-in-hand with nobody. It was weeks before he could fall asleep at nap time while she was reading a story to the class.

The only way it can be
Ciara O'Shea

Sometimes I get glimpses,
 visions,
of beautiful words strung along like pearls
all in a row just ready for me to put in my bag
and run.

But when I try,
 oh how I try,
to write those words down
all I find is garbage and glass beads.
But once, just once,
I found a solitary pearl

The Maqama of the Graduate

Jason Abdelhadi

In the name of God the merciful, the loving-kind! Tarik bin Usama bin Jamal bin Qasem bin Abdel Rahman bin Husayn bin Mahmoud Bek Abdelhadi related to us once and said: I was returning from the many pillared city of Irem wherein I had put an end to my studies. Upon the very road I chanced to come across a gap-toothed rascal riding a she-camel. And he was thick with the dust of the mighty Rub' al Khali upon his robes. And his eyes were moist, and the crease of his smile was like the half-moon in a deep well, and by God he had the tinge of saffron in his train!

And he said to me: "Lo, here cometh a mighty scholar!" and with my eyes set to the pristine feet of his camel I replied with the grin of a puff-adder: "By God, I am your poor servant only." And he praised God mightily. And I too praised God. And he said: "May God prolong his life!" And I too wished blessings upon him. And by God, we had blessed enough for the scorpions nearby.

Thereupon he drew out a whisk of milk-white horsehair and gestured to heaven, saying "And would this distinguished man take the augur of a poor nomad?" By God the Compassionate, his words flowed like the purest drops of sweet tea, so untarnished were they by the flies of the city, so clear kept in the clean desert.

I nodded my head. And he nodded in return. And twice I nodded again. And twice he nodded in return. And thrice I nodded. And by God the camels began nodding. And I gestured open handed. And he too gestured with his whisk. And I smiled, whereupon he began: "By the stars of God, I see that he comes forth a prepared man, deeply read in the hangings of the poets and the reams of the philosophers. And so too by his gait, and by his light grip on the halter, I see he rides like a child of the Bedu, and by the glint of his steel that he fights like a lion of Africa. All this I see. Yet forsooth I must ask him if he has solved the Riddle of the Book?"

And I replied that I had not. And verily he smiled. And I smiled. And by Almighty God we both smiled at each other. And he continued: "Then he must needs dismount, and come near, so that in the cool breeze of the evening I might

whisper it to him." Whereupon I praised God and did as he bade, and from my camel came down and went to him on foot, so curious was I to hear the secret. And he bade me draw from my robes the gilded diploma of my four years study, and holding it to the moon he laughed and said: "By God, paper!" And I "By God, it is indeed paper!" And he "By the very God -paper!" And I feared lest the camels too should declare it paper. Whereon he tore it into shreds.

And verily he said "By God, you are right. That is paper. And this is steel. And here is your riddle." And he drew forth his saif from the sheath, and it gleamed like his mouth in the moonlight. And in the name of God he took from me my sword and my money, and all of my valuables, and my she-camel. And with a brazen kick and a jolly laugh, waving his whisk to and fro, he sang to me as he trotted away:

*The clean sands of the unbordered Rub' al Khali
And the moonlit path from dune to oasis;
Such is the route home for him, a polished scholar!
How many the stars of the sky! How far and wide
The fragments of his learning drift away!*

And it was then that I realized this man was the rogue al-Iskanderi, and that by God - by my God - by the very greatest God - I had been right swindled.



Rebekka
Caroline Malcolmson

Jael
Émilie Towsley

mère
cuisinière
ménagère

vous dites que votre Dieu aime les femmes douces
nous sommes dégradées
nous sommes contrôlées
nous sommes vendues

Les historiens disent que nous étions des objets
un homme prospère en possédait plusieurs
violées, utilisées, collectionnées

vous auriez dû faire attention
elle n'avait rien à perdre
vous avez eu tout

"venez dans ma tente"
"couchez avec moi ce soir" mon chéri
poignarder, blesser, tuer

vous dites que les femmes sont impuissantes?
Elles sont douces, un objet que l'on peut acheter.
un utérus

Dites ça à l'homme qui a tout perdu
à cause d'un piquet de tente planté dans son crâne
et le charme d'une femme
La Libératrice d'Israël



Ascension
Kelsey Kilgore

Radha's Prayer

Rosemary Lazier

Tonight open-window ghosts
Ride my silver hair
As a spring breeze speaks to the ream of
Streaming milkweed.

My other half sleeps in his mortality,
While my youth
Seeks Krishna like a tide seeks moon
Radha reach him!

Outside the
Gopis dancing with omniscient Hari
Rotate the forest floor ...
In waves
He enters and eludes me
Radha, his one enraptured

Immersed in the burden of Hari
Radha succumbs to the fecund earth
Her head is found among the loti
While the moon is broken open
As an egg of the eclipse
Beams stream forth and honey the
Dark forest where
Radha lies

Alone

Hari!
The night is bleeding
Sweetly salivating scents
That chase after pain like an old dog
Hari!
The night is flowering furtive moonlight
The ecstatic
Smoke-signals of love
Animals cry out
Plants open pores to darkness and dew
Even insects madly look for flame
But the earth spits out
Human pride
Radha is left—
The earth's resentment

Conceived in her sore stomach
Of longing.

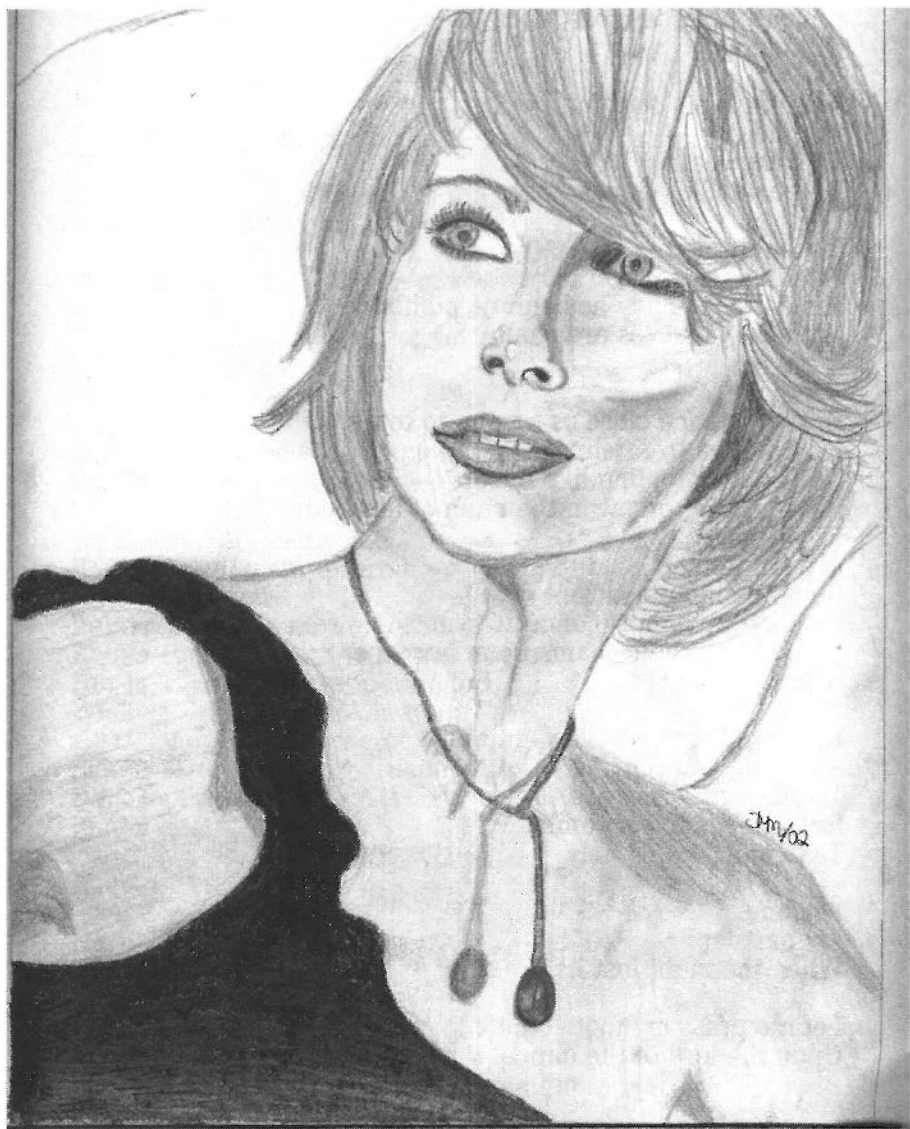
Krishna is not faithful.
He flickers
Like the years
In the candle of a memory.

Radha awakens
Krishna's eyes upon her cheek
His dark sky body has embraced her
Far away his eyes are winking
Stars
Ready to
Bring distance close as a palm to tears
Hold Radha to Krishna!
Her body unfolding like a leaf
Release His sorrow in the palm of her body.
His eyes
Are laughing
Remote and omniscient
Landing upon her like crow's feet
Embedding their beams upon her face
A sun-ploughed field

Krishna's breath is verdant and
Snuffing, snuffing.
"I am death, destroyer of worlds"
Radha begs to succumb
Take me!

Krishna
My partner
When the night lost its breath!

Let me press my foot
Upon the lord of the dance.



Dominika Metelski

a young song
Patrick Eldridge

you adorn yourself
because all the world loves beauty
a youthful lover
is so light
to spin high and fast
and pull in her lover in turn
you are dressed
and i bend to you

Assorted Limericks

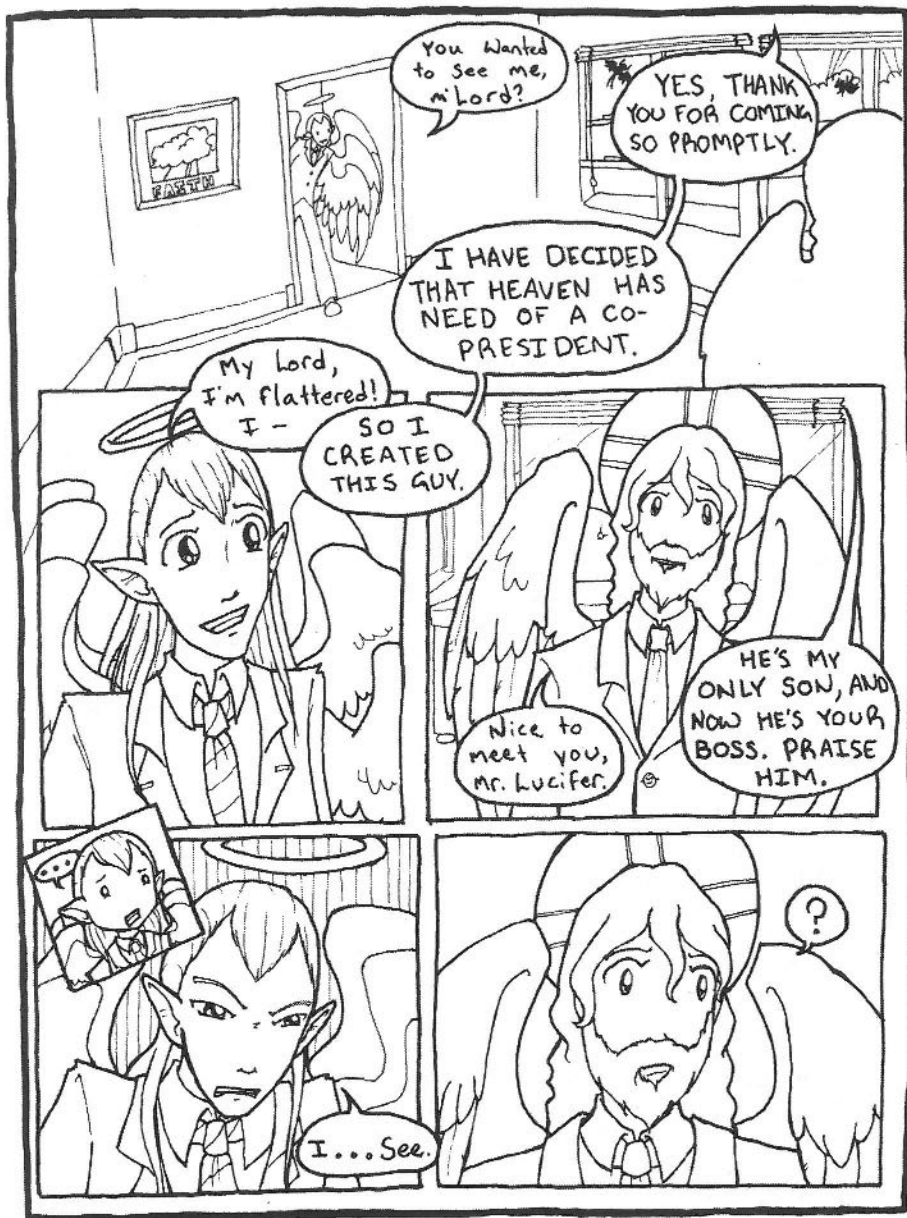
Stephen McBride

Ancient gods are particularly promiscuous,
With maltreatment of mortals egregious.
 Kumarbi screwed rocks,
 Who he found down by the docks,
And grew spots on his junk most mysterious.

There once was an old man called Plato,
Who laughed at the math work of Meno.
 He said, "Man that guy's dumb,
 But he's got a nice bum,
And if memory recalls he won't say no."

There was once an old fart named Descartes,
With a clear and distinct love of tarts.
 Amato ergo sum,
 He'd say as he'd come,
And his essence could fill up whole quarts.

Now Heidegger's writing was poor,
So he searched for a good editor,
 Who said, "'Why is the Why?'
 Oh just go and die!
And what's 'Being' capitalized for?"



Paradise Lost
Emily Griggs

A Most Illustrious History of Historical Assholes (Or Things Your First Year Course Never Told You)

Kaitlin Normandin

Good old Jefferson. A Deist, one of the founding fathers of America, writer of the Declaration of Independence, great dinner party host and a wealthy landowner. Sounds like he'd be a good time, right? Wrong. You'd think someone who coined such phrases as, "Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" would have had some ethics. Upon his deathbed he didn't free any of his slaves on his Virginia plantation because his estate was bleeding chips like an amateur at a Vegas casino. He slept with his slave Sally Hemings, who really had no choice in the matter. Even worse, the son he had with her, poor Eston Hemings, wasn't manumitted until he was 21. I bet that was fun when guests were at Monticello. "Hey, Thomas, that little boy sure looks a lot like you." It's my guess Jefferson poured another glass of port at this point in the conversation and said: "Hm, really? You don't say." George Washington might have been accused of killing a French officer in the Seven Years War but at least he had the class to free all his slaves before he died. Furthermore, George took responsibility for kids that weren't even his after he married a widow. Historical verdict: asshole.

Where would we be without Rousseau? He was the embodiment of the Counter-Enlightenment, a giant among philosophers! In his young and wild days, a penniless Rousseau became the lover of a pretty seamstress named Therese Levasseur who supported her mother and siblings. He had at least one child by her, and up to four others. Rousseau convinced her to give up all of them to the Enfants-Trouves orphanage. In his Confessions, he said that he convinced her to give them away for the sake of her "honour." Read: his children with her were illegitimate and he wouldn't marry her. "Baby, please, I really want to be with you but all these kids are getting in the way of our love." I can't think of a more appropriate situation than this to use Beyonce's ubiquitous phrase, "To the left, to the left, everything you own in a box to the left," but Therese agreed to it. According to that most scholarly of sources, Wikipedia, the infant mortality rate of founding hospitals was atrocious at this time. It's likely all of Rousseau's children died. When his conscience attacked him ten years later he found no trace of his son.

Perhaps that was some small mercy. One only has to read Emile to imagine what kind of father Rousseau would've been. Hooray for mind games! Furthermore, Diderot once described him as "deceitful, vain as Satan, ungrateful, cruel, hypocritical and full of malice." What a nice guy. Historical verdict: asshole.

Augustus Caesar - aside from the obvious move of making himself the first emperor of Rome, there are other reasons why he's an historical asshole. There was nothing Octavian liked better than morality laws. He exiled Ovid, who only really wanted to write erotic poetry and get with the ladies. He divorced his second wife Scribonia the same day she gave birth to his daughter and forbade her from seeing Julia ever again. Octavian was such a control freak Julia couldn't even talk to people her father hadn't vetted first. He married her off and made her divorce her husbands three times until word reached him that his daughter had been committing scandalous acts in the rostrum of the Senate. However, how can you hate on a woman who when asked about her extramarital affairs said that: "I only take on passengers when the boat is full." Read: pregnant. Her lover was forced to drink poison and she was exiled to a barren island. Octavian never talked to her again and forbade her from being buried in the family mausoleum. When asked about his daughter, he was quoted as saying: "Were I wifeless or had childless died!" Historical verdict: asshole.

A Choose Your Own Prosodic Adventure

Amanda Abdelhadi

Instructions

No. 1: Please leave talent where it belongs.

No. 2: Harness your anguished feelings over the following:

- a. Family problems
- b. Bitches
- c. Talent problems

... and apply them to the creative process.

No. 3: Another word for thesaurus is *treasure cove* \$\$\$.

No. 4: The only way to overcome your peers is through poorly disguised pseudonyms (*you'll show them*).

Word Key

1.Noun - a weapon: _____

2.Adjective: _____

3.Insulting name (ex. "jerk"): _____

4.Farmyard animal: _____

5.Verb: _____

6.Adjective: _____

7.Endearing quality: _____

8.A word that rhymes with "wild": _____

9.Dangling modifier (ex. "One morning I shot an elephant in my pyjama pants"): _____

"Sperndipity II: Electric Bugaloo"

you pulled out your _____¹
out of a _____² jar of marmalade
uxoriously.

and you
 you

 you

 ...

 ..

reveling _____-ly³ in a bin marked:

TOXIC

egregiously; with grizzled, Cockney _____⁴

auburn souls (soles) dangle wetly

Tupperware? TupperTHERE!

exit wounds that _____⁵ our genealogy

receptacle of all your

refuse, the _____⁶ dreams

in

botanical hanging gardens

lacking _____⁷

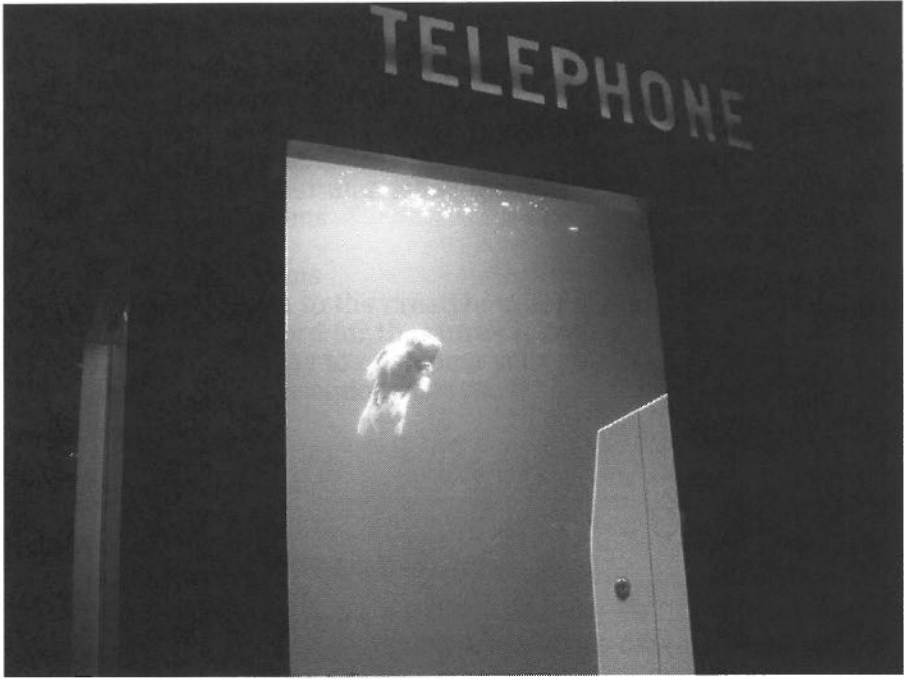
eating scones and

philanthropy?

oscar wilde

eminent smiles _____⁸

toot _____⁹



Fish in Phone Booth

Melissa Rodgers

Contributors

Amanda Abdelhadi wants you to have your seatbelt fastened for this little twiddle of a scintillating sorbet, because your hair will stand on end and you'll have to blow the smoke away as one person couldn't possibly explode like this twice, like blowing on a garden hose (which some people do) and you don't know whether to laugh, cry, or get a haircut - it's a mouthful.

Jason "many patronymics" Abdelhadi comes from a land, from a far away place, where the caravan camels roam. Where they cut off your ear if you're Edward Said- It's Oriental, but hey, it's home!

Sara Abdel-Latif is currently pursuing a degree in Biology and Humanities and is working towards a career in Neurosurgery. She has a wide range of interests which include art, theatre, traveling, reading and nature. her current favourite things are her Fernando Torres poster, her books and cookie dough.

My name is **Pascale Arpin** and I am a 3rd year student in Humanities and Sociology. I don't think I will ever run out of things to paint because I will never run out of things to talk about. If it is important to explore something with words, then, in my opinion, it is equally important to discuss it with colours and lines.
pascaleconspiracy.blogspot.com

Four years ago **Sam Bolton** was faced with the choice of working at the local mall or going to university. He chose university where he made friends, and wrote papers, and it felt like summer camp. Now he faces a similar dilemma. Did someone say "grad school"?!

He will miss:

- 1) North
- 2) Formal
- 3) Music Nights

He will not miss:

- 1) Selling things
- 2) Writing Papers
- 3) The Booze Ban

Christina Coady is from St. John's, Newfoundland. When not doing HUMS reading, she cooks and plants seeds.

Melissa Daly-Buajitti has a number of atypical favourite colours. She enjoys dancing and drawing cubes, but usually not at the same time.

Patrick Eldridge has not done much, but he has reflected endlessly on what little he has done.

Rudayna is in first year Humanities.

Emily Griggs is a third year Hums student. In her spare time she enjoys drawing, writing a webcomic, strategy gaming and wearing hats.

Katherine Holtz will eventually manage to submit to North. Until then, she apologizes to Kirsty.

Olwyn Keane is the only member of her family to dislike strawberries, yet as a baby she exhibited a small, red, strawberry-shaped birthmark on her belly, like a Care Bear, which faded as she aged. The universe enjoys its little jokes, and she is grateful for that, and for four wonderful years with the College of Humanities. Possibly these two things are connected.

Rhianna Kidd is a first-year Humanities student from Edmonton. She thinks Ottawa, Carleton, and Hums are all pretty rad. She likes that she got to write her own blurb, and that it included the word "rad."

While not yet illustrious, and rarely industrious, **Kelsey Kilgore** tells a good "mom joke." Make that lots of them. All the time. And just because she's so impressed with herself, she'd like to point out that she did that little piece of wonder-ink with her flipper in a plaster cast. Boosh!

Cameron Laird is a boating enthusiast.

Rosemary Lazier is a third year Humanities student who studies Adam Smith by day, and unites with divine Krishna by night.

Karl(is e)Manis'(si) naMe is lraK backwards.

DJKLMNOP: can you see the alphabet?

Spencer McBride was born in Trondheim in 1106 and spent his early years raiding the English coastline to feed his wife and 37 children. After being brought back to life by a freak electrical storm, he entered the Humanities program because it seemed like a good idea at the time.

Greg Miller is an enthusiastic young man, with an abiding

love for:

1. making lists 2. the number two 3. endings.

He is already dreaming of the places he'll go after graduating from HUMS this year.

Kaitlin Normandin ain't promiscuous, but if you was suspicious, all that shit is fictitious, she blows kisses. Her favourite activities include ranting about how historical figures are assholes, devising a time machine to go back to destroy some of them, and forming support groups for fellow fans of George Washington.

Ciara O'Shea is the way she is.

Martain Pearson tries to capture the spirit of the world around him on acetate laced with silver. He has haughty ideas relating to the vast importance of photography as an art form in a world that will soon transcend the two dimensional image, and is not above assuming you cannot understand his vision.

Magali Desjardins Potvin is a pan-dimensional, multi-layered, and many-named ghost-child, a laughing daemon, jumping from one philosopher to the next, one life to the next, one inspiration to the next, trying to begin something that has no end... always human, and never. Magali is worlds within worlds - and multiple shades of crazy.

Melissa Rodgers has the misfortune of living directly above someone who enjoys playing outdated Spice Girls hits, loudly. And no, she doesn't wannabe your lover.

Meghan Ronson: A first year HUMS student with the wildest of dreams and the most unmotivated of ambitions. Avid fan of irony and contradiction.

Kirsty Schut is a second year HUMS student. She's the one with the braid.

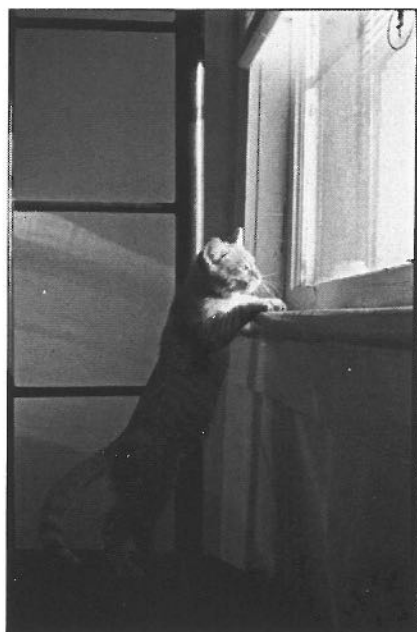
The South Poetry Collective: We are people of few words. The End.

Celia Stephens is a first year in the Bachelor of Humanities program. She likes to think of herself as a budding graphic novelist, but also enjoys singing, playing guitar, and reading old comic books. Her two-part graphic novel "Theseus, Son of Aegeus, Hero of Athens!" is contracted to be published by the

Ottawa-Carleton District School Board for use in high schools, and she is currently working on a second commissioned graphic novel about the World War II resistance group "The White Rose."

Émilie Towsley is a first year HUMS student, who hails from Windsor Ontario, and believes that this was a year well spent. she loves reading, writing, the Discovery Channel, and a nice summer day spent kayaking in Ontario's beautiful lakes. Émilie's favourite first year experiences involved dissecting the bible, and rapping its contents for Music Night. She was the top English student in her graduating class, and has been previously published in Elder & Leemaaur's "Believing in Greatness".

Sarah Trick is better at reciting poetry than she is at writing it. Unfortunately, this does not stop her from trying.



Martain Pearson

