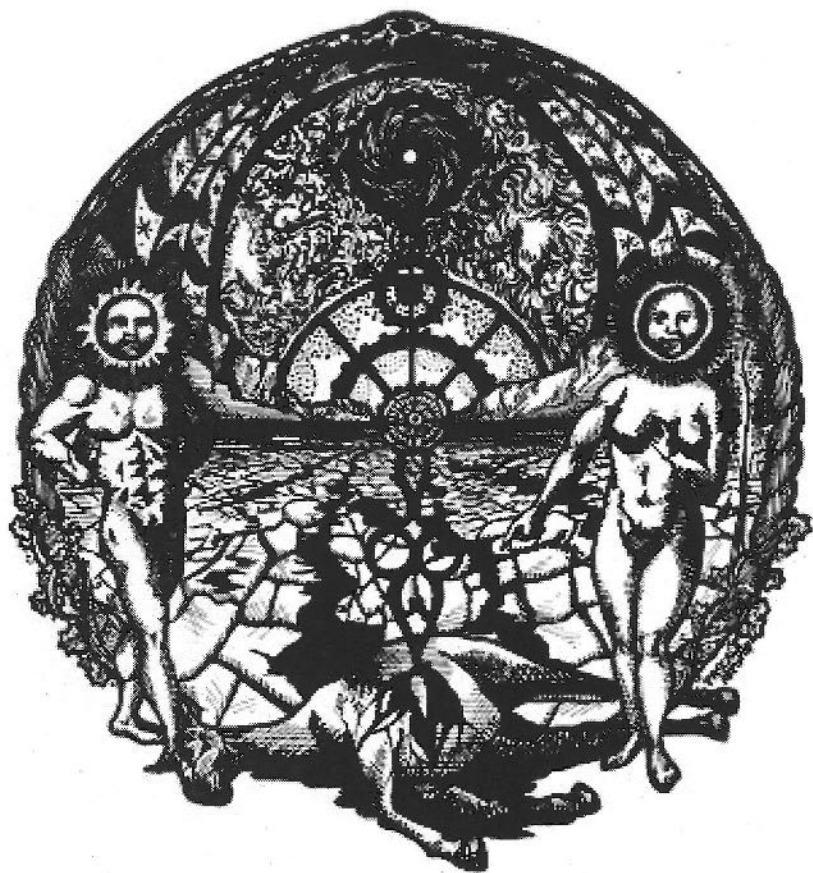
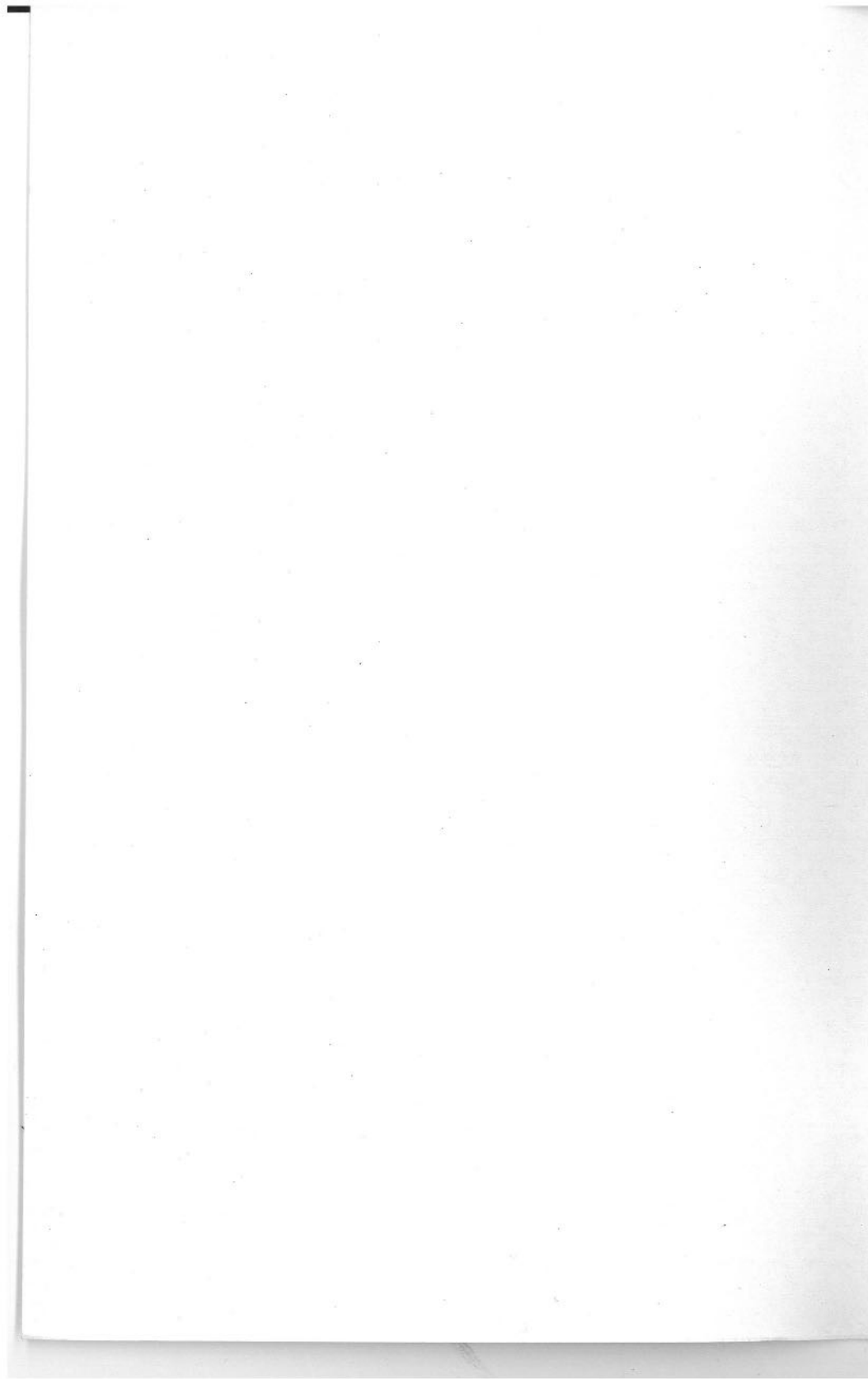


north



2010



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North is the annual literary journal of the College of the
Humanities at Carleton University.

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Nora Parker
Marc Roy
Lauren Tansley

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As it is year that ends in a zero, it only seems right that we engage in the age old practice of nostalgic reflection. *North* has been around since at least 1999, probably every year but we're not quite sure. Record-keeping has never been the strongest attribute of the North editors over the years.

The potentially-but-not-necessarily complete and official North archive begins with a 1999 edition, labelled v 1.2. From these humble beginnings on much fancier paper than that which you presently hold, we have improved in this edition upon the first's 13 contributors with an astonishing 28 writers and artists.

Many minor things have changed over the years – paper sizes, fonts, binding, the presence or absence of a theme, et cetera. But the quality of the submissions has been consistently fantastic. This humble publication could never exist without the talent that has been a constant over the years in the college. The support of our contributors is gratefully acknowledged.

May there be many more to come
- *the editors.*

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Just this once

by Karl Manis

There's a thrumming beat as I stand at the urinal in the water-stained, purposely beat-up-looking restroom. I crush my palms against my ears as hard as I can, but the beat still resounds in my chest, like someone banging away in there with a hammer. The beat's inside me, throwing me my own special little party. But it's a party that none of the invitees came to. In fact, none even bothered to RSVP. The phone didn't ring – or vibrate – even once. I flush, zip, and walk back out to the dance floor. I stand right in the centre of the waxed wood. There's no one here. No guests, that is. Along the side of the floor, the bartenders and bouncers are lined up. But I already have my handstamp, and I don't want anything to drink. The smell of alcohol makes me sick. The DJ stands stock-still on stage, mechanically pushing a key behind that floating luminescent macintosh apple every once in a while. But I don't want music. The music picks up, and the rate of the beat in my chest increases. A tidal wave washes over me. I suddenly hear shouts and cheers, even conversation in the distance. But that seems impossible. No one came. No one showed up. I tear my eyes from the DJ and look around. There're all here! All those people I don't even really know.... But they're moving strangely beneath the oversized novelty disco ball. They move quickly, but their limbs jolt and jerk. Their smiles are robotic: I can hear the creak of their skin as it stretches to reveal unreasonably white teeth. Their clothing hangs at odd angles on their shoulders. Their wrists are painfully contorted into illogical angles. They dance, but they don't really dance. They go through the motions, but only in an artificial, disconnected way. I spin around, anxious to suddenly be in the midst of such a crowd. Out of the throbbing, pulsing electronic beat emerges the sounds of a string quartet, each plucked string resounding like a slashing blade. Soon, the beat is gone and there are only strings. The jerky dancing motions of those around me suddenly change into graceful, circular waltzes. And I seem to be the one they're circling. All eyes are on me.... I spin around, hands held rigidly

at my sides. The bartenders are back behind the bar. The bouncers are nowhere to be seen. And the DJ is thrashing wildly on stage, somehow in sync with the solo that comes from an unseen violinist. I turn one more incredulous circle, trying to find a way out of the tight knot of waltzers around me, and every muscle in my body tenses up. There's a sharp pain in my calf. Like nothing I have ever experienced before. The sheer energy of the pain surges through my entire body. It's terrifying. But most frightening of all...something about the pain is appealing. Alluring. "DANCE!" someone shouts. Then, they're all shouting it. No. More like chanting it. The sound is fierce. Almost like a battlecry. I look down. An emaciated old man lies sprawled out beside me, his teeth buried in my calf. I cry out, but still all you can hear is "DANCE! DANCE! DANCE! DANCE!" And then the volume of the music rises so you can't even hear that. There's no longer just a string quartet playing. There are a dozen songs blaring over each other, all in competitive discord. I tear my leg from the man's mouth and try to run towards the orange exit sign. But it's gone. The entire exit door is gone. The restroom too. Just me in this room. And they're upon me. All of them at once, tearing hungrily at my flesh and muscles. Their teeth burn like icicles. Their hands grip so firmly that I feel my bones breaking. I'm beyond pain now. Soon, their work is over. I stand, and they all back off. At first, it feels strange, but then I lose track of everything else. I dance. Dance. DANCE.

Sonnet V

by Patrick Juskevicius

How far can you go, until you have crossed
The line between friendship, and love? Does spur
When the lips first lock, and doubts are so tossed
As the world becomes just a weary blur?

Or is it when three little words escape,
And "I love you" becomes all so much more?
Is it when a gaze incapacitates
Both in a superfluous, true adore?

Does true love come from sweet words; flattering
Statements or even exaggerations?
No! It comes from the heart, and its mooring
Roots deep within our fascinations.

Is the boundary lips, words, or small lies?
Or is it just a collection of tries?



Offenburg residents dislike tourists
by Andrea Debbané

Stratford in the Fall

by Rosemary Lazier

I would like to build a house here.

A town that overflows

In

Fall

Then empties.

It would be

An ocean of

The sudden rush

And withdrawal.

And I

Would grow strong

On transience.

From of Old
by Joel Balkovec

Tossed by the waves,
She does not founder
Battered by the storm,
She does not falter
Despised by the world,
She does not fail
Beset by enemies,
She endures
Surrounded by fools,
She remains wise
Though the world is faithless,
She is ever faithful
Though it is a lonely road she walks,
She does not stray from the straight road
She upholds her duty
As she has from of old



by Martain Pearson

Being in this house
by Lee-Michael Pronko

The house is ever alive

The house being so inviting,
ear angled to the floor hard pressed,
can I rest for a minute?
I picked up the warmth and put down my shrugged shoulders
Camouflaged in these walls,
where else could I take my thought's weight?
Who else would listen to me listening?
A heart beat of its own,
this house has my secrets and I its space
Can I cling to the buzz of fridge-hum or the mellow draft of cracked
door, winter air?
The square vents bearing a multitude of rusted paints,
bring on the comfort
I shall sleep now,
the house is ever alive

Through the half cut shadow, my shaky hand and the wine glass,
I observed the door in an illuminated square un-encountered before
I've been here all day I tell you,
I've been here all along
It required the passing from light to night,
a solitude,
the transition of familiar to confining
When I re-awake will the walls speak again?
When I re-awake will I see the light?

The sounds of France echoed throughout the halls,
no closer could I have been than the radio
When my suit jackets have become torn with no more money to fix
them,
when my shoes have withered away from salt stained pavement of side-
walk thought,
when my plant, holding onto sunlight, sees the window no more,
(for the curtain is on its last drop)
I will pick up the bootlegged chest
books and all,
composure tall
The floor creaks of my escape



by Doug Allen

Pax Oculorum Tuorum

by Connor Steele

De si amore cano melior quam te dolor
Meo corde in cur ferro cupio te nunc
Captus pulchra bonam es me facie tua
Noctem nos et amemus simus saepe laeti
None amo cum magnam vi et cano pro Deo
Sum illa pacem actus ob Vivendi magnam tecum

Sit amamus se viros num rogo te illud nefas
Nam si es tum proprium ero cor meum tibi atque
Nunc te vi ab ex deo de ob virum caesium laudo
Te et putas si feminas non es amare sapiens
Uno quia amas quem sum tantum, sum homo
Dic esse hoc non pro deo crimen, O Jone

If I sing about love greater than you suffering
In my heart I would carry which is why I want you now
You have been captured by me and your beautiful face
Let us love the night and let us always be happy
Do I not love and do I not sing with great strength in front of God
I have done that thing because of the peace of living with you

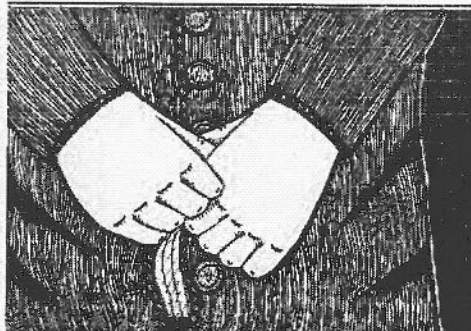
If we love men I ask you whether it is against the divine law
For if you are my own heart I will give praise to you and
Now I will praise on account of a blue eyed man and be happy
If you think that you love women, you are not wise
Because I am the one whom you love so much and I am a man
Say that this is a crime in front of god, O John

The White Rose: The Dangers of Distribution

by Celia Stephens

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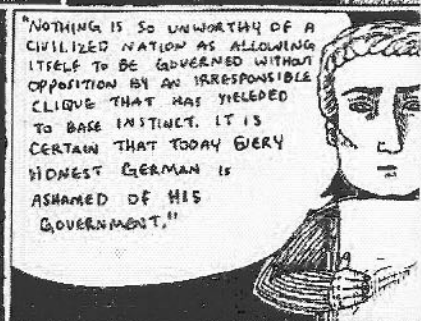
~ THE PLAN COMES INTO EXECUTION ~



FINISHED.



WELL? LET'S
HAVE IT!



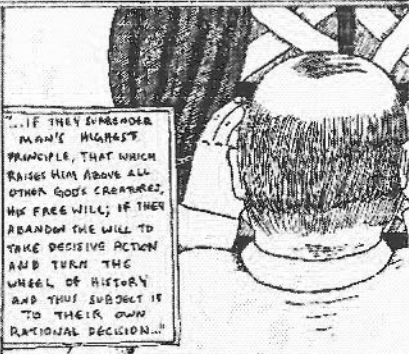
"NOTHING IS SO UNWORTHY OF A CIVILIZED NATION AS ALLOWING ITSELF TO BE GOVERNED WITHOUT OPPOSITION BY AN IRRESPONSIBLE CLIQUE THAT HAS YIELDED TO BASE INSTINCT. IT IS CERTAIN THAT TODAY EVERY HONEST GERMAN IS ASHAMED OF HIS GOVERNMENT."

"WHO AMONG US HAS ANY CONCEPTION OF THE DIMENSIONS OF SHAME THAT WILL BEFALL US AND OUR CHILDREN WHEN ONE DAY THE VEIL HAS FALLEN FROM OUR EYES AND THE MOST HORRIBLE OF CRIMES - CRIMES THAT INFINITELY OUTDISTANCE EVERY HUMAN MEASURE - REACH THE LIGHT OF DAY?"



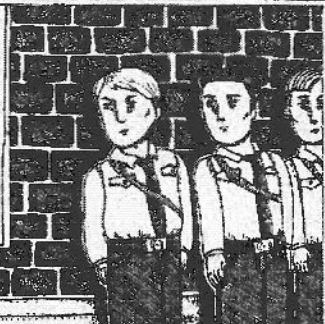


IF THE GERMAN PEOPLE ARE ALREADY SO CORRUPTED AND SPIRITUALLY CAUSTIC THAT THEY DO NOT RAISE A HAND, FRIVOLOUSLY TRUSTING IN A QUESTIONABLE FAITH IN LAWFUL ORDER OF HISTORY...



...IF THEY SURRENDER MAN'S HIGHEST PRINCIPLE, THAT WHICH RAISES HIM ABOVE ALL OTHER GODS CREATURES, HIS FREE WILL; IF THEY ABANDON THE WILL TO TAKE DECISIVE ACTION AND TURN THE WHEEL OF HISTORY AND THIS SUBJECT IT TO THEIR OWN RATIONAL DECISION...

"...IF THEY ARE SO DEVOID OF ALL INDIVIDUALITY, HAVE ALREADY GONE SO FAR ALONG THE ROAD TOWARD TURNING INTO A SPINELESS AND COURAGELESS MASS - THEN, YES, THEY DESERVE THEIR DOWNFALL!"



I'M NOT QUITE SURE WHERE TO GO FROM HERE. I WAS THINKING MAYBE A QUOTE FROM GOETHE OR SOMEONE...

THAT WAS EXCELLENT, HANS. TRULY EXCELLENT.



REALLY?

YES!

YES, IT WAS WONDERFUL!



IT LOOKS LIKE THIS MIGHT REALLY WORK!

Small Song For Lucifer

by Ally Shaw

If Lucifer had a say in the Bible,
he would tell of how sharp stars can be,
points drawing blood like thorns,
fires burning flesh.

He would speak of the taste of salt water
and how he dissolved into the sea
unhindered by commandments.

If Lucifer had a say,
he would tell of his fall from grace
and how he did not slip;
he let go.



by Mikaela Marchuk

Choking on fears implanted in childhood, we live hate-filled, burdensome lives. Labouring within stone or jib rock walls, colourless and cold, we're alone. We live for nothingness. We live for illusions of happiness, joyless and meaningless pleasures. We let time race pass, not infusing even a single moment with meaning. Lie in the streets, doubled over, vomiting the putrid by-products of artificial happiness. Choke in pain of synthetic relaxation. Bleed; destroy our gifts for false energy and false sight. Push away humanity, the only reality, for more illusions: drinking, drugs and capital. We're happy, we say. Good jobs, fighting jobs, alone and cold in stone walls. Wasting hours, wasting years, in life un-lived. All for money, security, freedom—we insist. Life un-lived out of fear, we look upon it, depressed and hopeless.

Dream. Hope and live, despite all consequences. Dare to paint and sing and write. Create. Dare to wander: travel. Dare to think. Be authentic. Speak for or against, knowing why. Cease the blind walk from day to day: be inspired. Risk, or lose everything that has ever mattered. Risk or live for nothing. Risk or be nothing. Think. Argue. Dream.

And here I sit, writing to you, having done as I have said. You aren't proud. You don't understand. You're afraid. And here I sit, dreams intact. Not a penny to my name, probably no chance of fame. My future is uncertain. No guarantee of success, but no guarantee of hopeless stone walls. I'm afraid, fear is human. Still, I apologize, only because you don't understand why I must live this life. I apologize, but I am happy.

by Elizabeth Provost-Maurice



Llyn Idwal, a lake in the mountains of Snowdonia, North Wales. Apparently it was named for a prince who was drowned there (oh, those

Welsh!)

by Kirsty Schut



My Feelings
 by Melissa Buajitti



The Light Between Aya Sofia and the Blue Mosque

by Nora Parker



The Artist's Friend
by Amanda Abdelhadi



Romani Non Erant Sine Culpa

by Pascale Arpin



Ganesh in Cake
by Amanda Devitt

Release

by Andrea Debbané

You came so suddenly
Obsessed over me
And I, innocently
Gave you my heart.
Once I tried to break free
But you held more tightly
And I didn't want to see
That you weren't meant for me.

And just as suddenly
You left and my heart was free
But I wasn't free
Because you broke me.
Broke my dreams to see
The two of us heavenly
As our love barrenly
Was trampled under your feet.

And I cried to see
That you believed in me
Believed my path to be
Leading where you couldn't see,
Believed my heart to be
Stronger than my tears.

All those tears because you hurt me
Tried to keep my body,
Hurt me with "forever and always"
That don't mean "some days,"
But then you hurt me and stopped
Those tears.

Because you made me see
You weren't heavenly
We weren't meant to be
You weren't right for me.

Now I thank you for leaving me
For believing in me
For setting me free
 From your capture.

People Moving People

by Emily Towsley

each second,
the window frames a new painting,
a once in a lifetime landscape

young couple lean on each other,
and drowsily watch
their first glimpses of Canada fly by

Grandma fidgets,
worried her grandson 6 years of age
won't like her birthday gift to him

man snores,
causing giggles and sighs
as his wheezes amuse and annoy

student studies
books falling to the floor
as her last moments before class tick by

front back side side
the movement of the train
crams people together
lulls them to sleep

sharing smiles or glares
stories or annoyances

people moving people
was never more true, VIA.

Maggie
by Marc Roy

She ended my summer of discontent:
instead a calm, cold, refreshing winter
of inner strength and smiling contempt.
Despite myself I love Lady Thatcher.

She is the dominatrix of my heart.
Bad habits break with a stern glare
or verbal jab. Of course the greatest part
is that she does it with perfect coiffed hair.

With smiling eyes, she's sure her path is right.
She'll never take me where I'd like to go;
thinking instead I may soon see the light.
Push her and she'll only say, 'No, no no.'

What use is the opposite point of view?
My lady's not for turning.

Four Days In

by Meg Ronson

I've been tasting my life as it's going bad.
I've been thinking and my mind's been going mad.

Fuck if I know why, but I put prices on
everyone who ever tried to get inside,
and they all cost more than my sanity could buy.

Let's go for a swim, 'cause I've got stories to drown.
I've gotta pull them under before they get out.
And if they struggle, then it would suit me well,
'cause I always liked to show, but never tell.

Don't know if it's my fault, but no one
ever seems to know what I'm talking about
anyhow.



Lyon, France, 2007

by Johann Kwan

Ode to "Ode to the Onion" by Pablo Neruda

by Megan Van Massenhoven

Ode,
the petals you peel
are so much more
gradual,
and graceful
than those of your counterpart.
The world has not seen
a craft such as you.
A mere appreciation,
appearing in sunlight
like sparkling glass,
stained
rich colours.
The cloud-like hands
which form your shapely figure
are ancient but mighty,
for you strike
hard,
like lightning,
and resonate
deeply,
like thunder.
Your honesty revitalizes,
not extracting flavour,
but essence.
Not hard as crystal,
but supple and
cascading
in a manner of melancholy,
and marveling
the birth, the life,
the silent merit,

of the finest yields
from dear, sweet Earth.
oh Ode, your garden stop and reflection
has left me paused in an instant,
moved by a brilliant blade of grass.
Resplendent grass, pristine, untouched.
And I try to find something
as nice as you would say
about it.

Goldberg Variations and Philosophy

by Patrick Eldridge

One should read philosophers the same way Gould reads Bach. His hand motions, the rhythm in his legs and his humming are not on the sheets. His convulsions are his own. As one reads, one should mouth words that are not on the page and sharply point at unremarkable comments. Gould is in conversation with Bach - he answers back. There are 100 pages beneath the single sheet showing. Gould reads through that particular page as though it were a lens. The music is the point where Gould's manic twists and Bach's text sing in unison.



by Doug Allen

Haunted on the Mediterranean

by Andrea Debbané

The constant rocking of this boat,

Your arms around me.

The endless reach to the horizon,

Your distance from me.

The gentle murmur of the waves,

Your whisper to me.

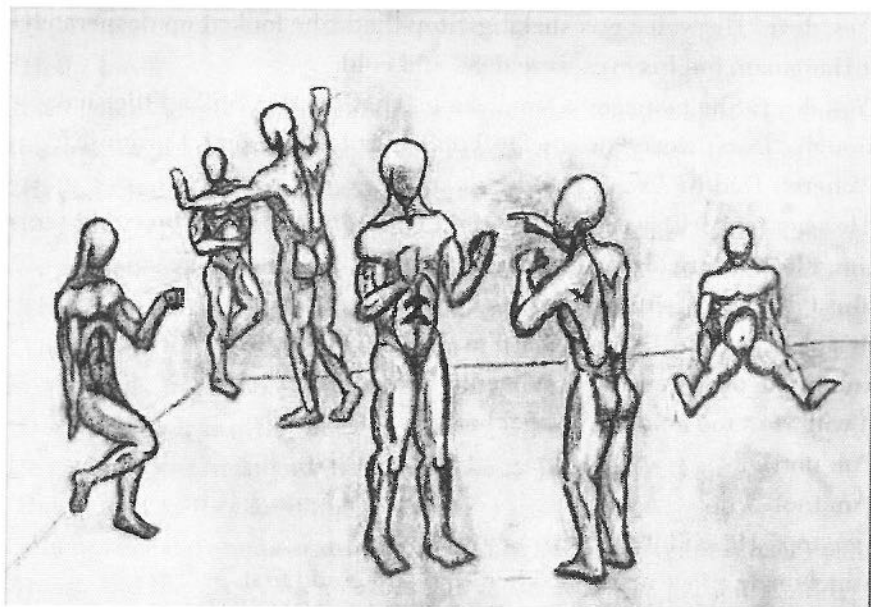
The harsh sun upon my face,

Your glare towards me.



Sean Conforti, 2009

By Johann Kwan



Go Panthers!

by Bruce

Behind Closed Doors

by Amy Neal

"Mommy?" A little voice woke Mother out of her reverie. "Mommy?"

"Yes, dear." Her voice was shaking. Stop that! She looked up desperately at Hangman, but his eyes were dead and cold.

"Yes, dear." She managed a small smile. That's better. Still a little shaky though. "Don't worry, sweetie. It'll only hurt for a second, I promise."

"Where's Daddy? I want Daddy."

"He's got to work, sweetie." He's right behind you, if only you could see him. Please, Hangman. Not this. Please?

"But I don't like getting shots."

"It's okay, sweetie, I know what I'm doing." Oh, do I ever. Please?

Numb, she prepared the first needle. "Who's first?"

"I will. He's too chicken." Angel hadn't spoken all day.

"Am not!"

"Am too!"

"Are too." He said it with extra emphasis.

Angel made a face at her brother. "I'm still going first."

Mother held her daughter's arm and found the vein she needed.

"Will you tell me about your day at school, honey?"

"Okay. Miss Holland told us a really funny story today about a panda in a zoo. 'Cause the panda wanted ..." She was in full medical mode now.

Nothing could stop her. She reached for the needle.

"... Mommy?"

"Don't worry, honey, it won't hurt too much. Look, your sister will show you."

"Mommy?"

"It's okay, honey, let me do my job."

"Mommy?"

"Yes! What is it?"

"Why are you crying, Mommy?"

Mother put the needle down and felt her cheek. It was damp. She wiped off her hand and grabbed the needle purposefully. "Nothing, sweetie. I just wish your father could be here. Now let me do my job." I

love you, my darlings.

From behind the children, Hangman laughed.

I hate you, she told him. I hate you.

Mother left the room alone.

"Hello, love!"

A ridiculous giggle came bubbling up from Mother's insides. She shut the door on it and went to greet her husband.

"Hello." She gave him her best smile.

He dropped his coat on his briefcase and made her smile wider. Letting her go, he looked up the stairs. "Where are those infernal children?"

"They have swimming lessons today, honey. You know that."

"Thank God. I don't think I could stand them right now. I've seen nothing but kids and needles all day."

"Don't say that, sweetie."

He grabbed her waist and drew her towards the closed door.

"But as long as they aren't here ..."

"Mmm ..." She drew away quickly, her voice suddenly very even. "I made a roast, and there's baked potatoes and beans from the garden. Could you fix the wall hanging in the living room? It's been driving me quite mad all day. Oh, and the kids have to be picked up before we eat."

The disappointment on his face quickly gave way to tolerant amusement.

"Yes, dear." He headed to his workshop. "Let me just get a hammer."

Oh, and Hangman? Don't forget to take out the trash. The kitchen reeks of unwanted leftovers.

Riiiiing.

Mother doubled over. What is that noise? Somebody stop it!

Riiiiing. Why won't it stop? Riiii-

There was a pause. Mother stood up, wiped her hands on her skirt, and checked on dinner.

"Honey?"

She could feel each thud of his torturously slow ascent.

"Honey? Did you know that the kids didn't get to swimming today?"

"What?" Of course they didn't, Hangman. Everything happened just as

you planned.

"Yeah, the instructor just called, wondering if we'd forgotten to bring them."

"Well, no ... it's right next door - they walk there themselves now. They're old enough."

"Well they didn't go."

"Well, they certainly didn't come here."

"Well, what now?"

Mother looked around for something to say and found it in the window. Security. "Call the police?"

"There must be someone else we can call first."

"Call the other parents."

Mother went through the address book and found the little slip of paper. "The Thompsons?" Her finger slid over the names. "Should I call the Thompsons?"

"Call everyone."

Yes, Hangman. Let's cover your tracks. Together. As a family.

Another of those silly giggles erupted from her belly and she threw herself into a fit of coughing.

"Are you alright, sweetie? Here, let me call."

Sure, Hangman. You be the good, worried parent. You call. I will make dinner for our family of four and act like I don't know what you've done to my babies. She put the potatoes and the roast in the oven to keep warm and returned to her bedroom. The closed door was a comfort, but Hangman was with her always. She couldn't look in his eyes anymore.

All she saw was the needle. Why, Hangman? Why them? Why us?

She picked up Lamb's blankie as though she had never seen it before.

Why me? She dried her eyes with the backs of her hands and stole out of the room, the now slightly damp rag in her hand.

Time to hide the evidence, Hangman. Into the bag it goes.

"What are you doing in the hallway, honey?"

She stood very still, staring at the door to the outside.

"Honey, I called everyone. I don't think they're coming home."

He turned her away from the door and they walked past the bedroom into the kitchen.

"I've called the cops. Let's try to eat something before they get here, okay?"

Yes, dear. Hangman always knows what's best.

"I'm going to have to take that blanket, ma'am. It's evidence." The officer spoke softly, but Mother continued to bawl into the blanket.

"Here. Take it. Take my husband too, the bastard."

"Now, ma'am, we have no proof yet, so let's not jump to conclusions."

"He killed my babies!" Hangman killed my babies!

The officer sighed and sealed the plastic bag.

"We'll be doing what we can, ma'am. Your husband will be going with us. We're going to have to keep searching the house, though - Is there a place you can stay?"

Mother mumbled something about a sister uptown, and the officer left her alone. You always did hate my babies.

Another giggle started up from deep within her and she hid her face in her hands until she was quite sure she was alone. Then she threw her head back and laughed as loudly as she dared until the laughing frightened her so that she began to giggle nervously, staring at the closed door in front of her.

Hangman, you frighten me. Leave me be! After all I've done, what do you need now?

He reached towards her, arms offering. There was something in his hands, but she dared not look.

Hangman, Hangman, let me be.

Say the noose is not for me.

Hangman, Hangman, go away.

Tell me you aren't here to stay.

Sway.

The swaying motion soothed Mother as she stood. She was dancing, now. Now he was twirling her, now dipping, now lifting higher, higher - too high. Her feet were off the ground, but the swaying didn't end. He muffled her words with his own and she swayed into a deep rest.

My babies ...

Hangman left the room alone.

Do Not Think
by Rosemary Lazier

Do not think
That my summer nights will
Rustle and murmur
Turning in their sleep
Shifted by anything
Other than the OM
Of a mosquito
Or the smell of burning
Sweet ruffled leaves
Mixing with the moist earth
Even if moments of your life
That I caught
And ran with
Were lived amidst
The stirring of
Proud poetry
Your memory will not linger
Mingling with these
Eternal things.



by Martain Pearson

Contributors

Amanda Abdelhadi, regrettably, will not be in the College next year as she is moving on to the greener pastures of Toronto. But as Hegelian philosophy has taught, she'll still be here as a universality of particulars, something something, etc. and Reason

Doug Allen has a camera and he likes taking pictures of people and looking for something fun to bring out in them.

Pascale Arpin is a fourth-year student in the college.

Joel "The Situation" Balkovec is a first-year Humanities student. He is a fairly boring, if rather strange individual. Mr. Balkovec hopes that his Humanities decree will be beneficial in the realisation of his life-long dream of becoming Queen of Pirates. Mr. Balkovec has been conclusively and scientifically recognised as the second-handsomest Catholic on Earth. Mr. Balkovec is Chaotic Neutral.

Melissa Buajitti: Right now, my favourite word is delicate, because it sounds delicate. It sounds like it is made of finely embellished porcelain that should be handled with care. I like my cursive writing and my favourite letter to write is g, lower case. Second year has changed my life. I think third year will too, though.

Andrea Debbané is enjoying every moment of her last year in the Humanities. An avid traveler, Andrea takes her notebook and camera wherever she journeys. One day, you may encounter her name on the sleeve of a novel, poetry anthology, or children's book. She may by then be the Canadian ambassador to Farlandia, or delegate to the UNEP.

Amanda Devitt is now concluding her fourth year in the Humanities program. Next year she is off to England to take a Masters in Greek and Roman Archaeology at Newcastle University. Amanda enjoys all forms of art including the culinary arts. A favourite medium is cake. Amanda

enjoys to bake cake, decorate cake, and at times even eat cake.

Patrick Eldridge thinks you should read Rainer Maria Rilke.

Bruce Gammie: Go Colts!

Patric Juskevicius Second Year in HUMS, going to Leuven next year for Philosophy, enjoys playing piano, good times with friends (and at bars), and Neo-Platonism.

Johann Kwan is a former humanities student, now in political science. We still like him anyway.

Rosemary Lazier is a 4th year student of the seasons.

Karl Manis is writing his NORTH bio.

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Mikaela Marchuk is a first-year student in the college.

Amy Neal, S.R.B. St.T., is in training to become an associate of a semi-secret Russian society.

Nora Parker talks with her hands.

Martain Pearson is a fourth-year student in the college.

Elizabeth Provost-Maurice is turning 20 April 20th and is a second year hums student. She's from a small town, and only slowly starting to see Ottawa as not-that-big. She is in hums to try to find something worth writing about in her fiction. She loves to hang out with people either playing retro video games or just discussing, whatever.

Lee-Michael Pronko

Meg Ronson is less awesome than Melissa thinks she is.
This why Melissa thought of this bio and not Meg.

Marc Roy has a great deal of affection for stern women named Margaret.

Kirsty Schut is spending her third year abroad at the University of Exeter, studying everything from Romanticism to Muslim philosophy to Medieval heresy. She's taken up folk dancing and change ringing and started playing in a ceilidh band. The British ideas of winter and wilderness never cease to amuse her.

Ally Shaw is a first-year student in the college.

Connor Steele is a second-year student in the college.

Celia Stephens is a second year student in the Bachelor of the Humanities program. She hopes one day to be a graphic novelist or a teacher. Her two graphic novels, "Theseus, Son of Aegeus, Hero of Athens!" and "The White Rose" have both been published by the Ottawa-Carleton District School Board for use as teaching aids in class rooms.

Emilie Towsley is a second year humanities student who spends way too long on trains, but has very interesting conversations with the people on them, and therefore gets less reading done than she should. (Ottawa-Windsor Corridor, any major holiday, middle row, window seat D)

Megan Van Massenhoven prefers red peppers to onions (sorry, Pablo).

Words on a Napkin

I am the bringer of jollity

I am a collector
of sauces.

I am the mapper of tables.

please don't look at my maps
never.

forgive me;

him.

The beer is cold.

And yet, it warms me.

I try.

"why try?" I cry.

I try not to forgive.

The beer is cold.

And they leave the table.

they will return. oh, how
they will



