

NORTH

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editors

Gabrielle Doiron

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Every year we are concerned with submissions: will we have enough? will they be diverse? will they be interesting, provocative, humorous? Every year we worry and yet every year we are amazed. After our first call for submissions, after a few deadlines, and after some gentle pushing,* we find ourselves overwhelmed with poetry, prose, photographs, and artwork. Humanities students, despite the rigours of the program, manage to spare some time for art, and we are most grateful.

Earlier this year, Eric Bélisle approach the North committee with an offer to produce a CD of songs performed by Humanities students. Many thanks to Eric for his initiative and for all the work that went into producing the CD. We hope you enjoy this new addition to North's repertoire!

Jonathan Franzen tells aspiring writers, "you have to love before you can be relentless."** Love precedes creation, and we hope this is the case with North. We hope that your love of the arts preceded your perusal of these pages, and that the thoughts and images here contained encourage further creation and celebration and love.

- the editors

*bullying

**Google Franzen, ten rules for writing fiction, Guardian. You'll get Margaret Atwood's words of wisdom, too!

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YOU KNOW YOU'RE IN HUMS WHEN...

A COLLABORATIVE EFFORT

- You've had serious arguments over philosophers' facial hair.
You can actually spell Nietzsche and Heidegger (and your phone probably can, too).
You know that there can never be enough security for protecting a lounge.
You have Plato, Marx, Aristotle, and Aquinas on your bookshelf, but you've only actually read two.
You've slept in an over-stuffed red leather wingback chair.
You remember the special effects in the movie version of the Bhagavad Gita.
You know where the best bar in Leuven, Belgium is, even if you've never personally been to Belgium.
Whatever you do, you do not show up late to Laird's class.
You've seen more Greek tragedies performed live than people who have actually studied theatre.
You've danced to Arabian music in the living room of the Director of the College.
You know the best part of Music Night is never the music.
You hang on to your old textbooks because you know you'll read them again.
You remember the dark days when the College was called 'umanities'.
You've made it a personal ambition to make it into your professor's personal lives.
You know how to draw a map of the Middle East that is virtually indistinguishable from a crude illustration of human genitalia.
You know that contrary to popular belief, Machiavelli may have been a crypto-republican.
You use terms like "crypto-republican."
You know what exciting things can happen when you walk down to the Pyraeus.
You are unemployed, but you know you COULD do anything.

GHAZAL #3
MEG RONSON

Ottawa teems with stains and grime in winter.
It might be sad, but not unkind in winter.

Colours knot together much like patchwork,
gravel, sand, and salt combined in winter.

Bedrooms smell of cold water and blankets,
the kitchens are all out of thyme in winter.

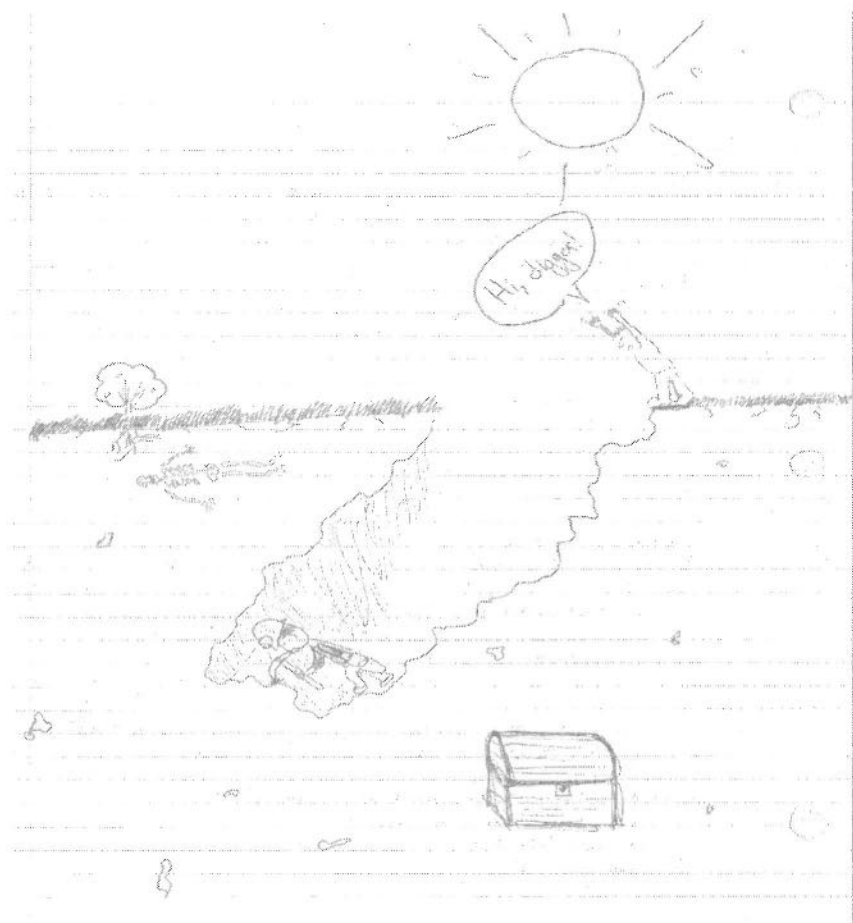
Love becomes lethargic and unbidden
when the rancour of the outside pines in winter.

Travel stays in textbooks and in chequebooks.
Elsewhere, it is hard to find in winter.

Darkness interrupts our fondest pleasures,
yet still the lights, sporadic, chime in winter.

Asleep tonight, my arms were back around you,
but waking up makes dreams unwind in winter.

HI-DIGGER
SHELDON PAQUIN



STILL LIFE
ZAK BLACK

I saw you today for the second time
And this time I could not believe the red
You had inside you.
(Titian himself could not have mixed it.)
As I washed you off the cutting board.
As I unmixed you,
I hurt.
I know I hurt.
And I thought of the first time I saw you
On Manitoulin, fenced into a farm field.
I thought you were fenced in.
You took three sauts, then glid,
Viscous, red maple syrup,
Through that air thick with Spirit
And I knew I had been silly
To think you were caught.
Today was different:
I saw your spine, and had no doubt
That you were free flowing
That you knew nothing rigid.
The air was thick today too
(Dishpit air is always thick-
But not with Spirit, I don't think)
Today you are on your way to a stew
Not a swamp
Where you will be appreciated by wolves.
I just thought, as I looked at you today,
How beautiful you looked, and
How out of place in this biome of
Plastic and steel.
And I was worried
That no-one had said a prayer for you
No supplication for the peace of your Spirit

So please accept these scattered
Bones of verse.
They are for you,
Red Deer.

THERE IS JUST ONE THING
AMY NEAL

I have hidden
the plums
that were in
the icebox

because
i was afraid you'd
eat them
for breakfast

I don't know
what it was you ate
but they
were not plums

EVERLASTING
LUKE CHANDLER

When I see you standing there
I almost want to pause
The whole word
And make it wait

I want to stand transfixed
Forevermore

But the world keeps turning
And I'm spinning with it
Round and round
And back again

Would you spin with me
A while?

Simple beauty
You capture
Eternal bliss
You embody

Can I have one kiss?
Just one embrace?

I'll make it last forever
I swear I will
I swear
I swear

WE PRESENT SONS AND DAUGHTERS

HARRY WEAVER

We present sons and daughters
Live in too beautiful a world
for to sit and stare at lightshows
While humanity unfurls
Is a treat. We muse with laughter
At the sundering of men
Within whose emotions blow
From the pecking of a hen.
But that's just the fluff TV,
The good stuff's even worse,
Like a cheap Shakespeare with good sets
We find calamity and bursts
Of ecstasy as climaxed scene
With intrigue ever thickens.
Even history plays its best bets
As the adrenal music quickens
To a pulsing, peppered heartbeat
Throws the mind off slightly, slowly
Do we realize what's controlling
And why We are still so lowly.
But don't worry we can still meet
In a second, for distraction
Let's exchange some sups and lol'ings
Or we'll click to start some action
Within another separate world
Where we rule as gods of order
or of chaos if we choose
Cause we've built limitless borders
Throughout the night we hurl
Ourselves at the same steps of humanity,
That which we neither change nor lose
Only slightly shifting seasons of vanity
Now Accompanied by those lightshows.

Where have all of the Romantics gone?
Maybe it was just a human phase.
Maybe those that tired of lives that shone
Have wonders that grow and grow.
I wish I could remember my point, if only,
But it's killing me so slowly, so slowly
Fuckit, I'm off to play videogames

SEPTEMBER ELEVENTH, TWO THOUSAND ONE
JASON CARROLL

(Written 2001, edited October 24th 2010)

When death flies on black wings,
Destruction follows in its wake.
Pain, suffering, anger arise.
The world watches an untimely demise
of innocents, young and old.
None of whom could have foretold,
The damage that man can bring,
Harnessed by death's black wing.

As people around the world stare,
Hateful propaganda fills the air.
Can two wrongs make a right?
Is this why the world's populations fight?
Can one man be put to blame,
Or should each person feel the shame?

KAELA CADIEUX



MR. ROLLBACK
GABRIELLE DOIRON

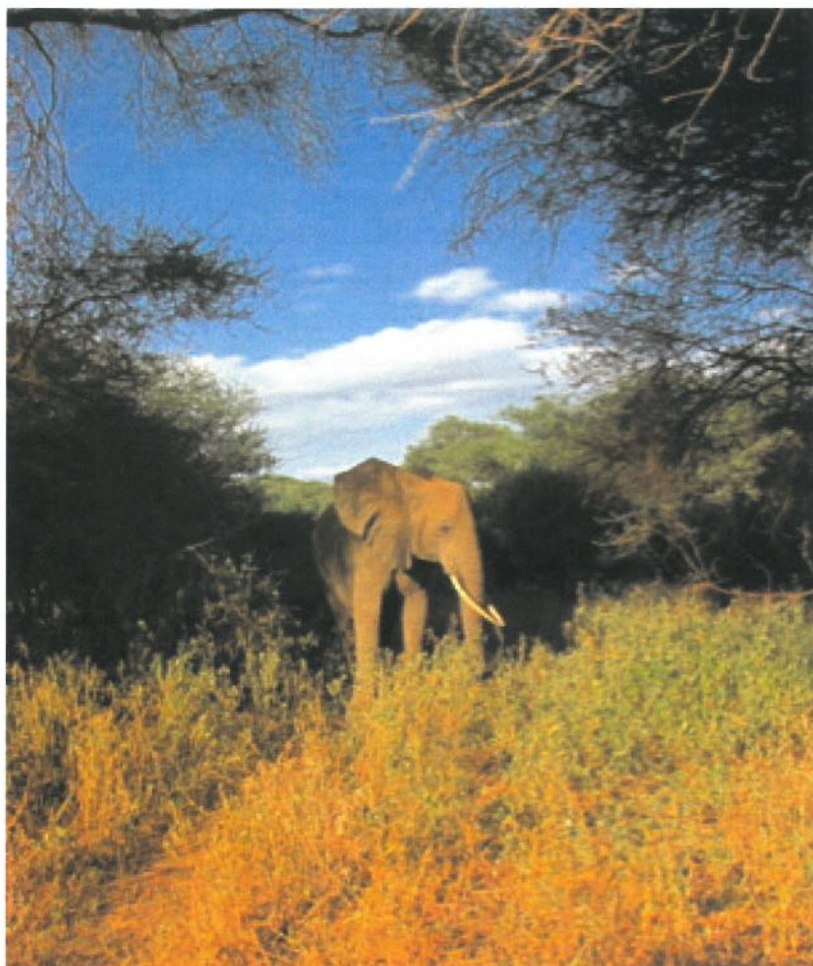
Dick is the owner of a pawn shop. A well-to-do woman is eyeing an antique lamp in his store. She takes it off the shelf and asks him if she can have it for a lower price. He tells her that she cannot. She tries to bargain with him, but it does not go over well.

Dick: Lady — the price on the lamp is the price you gotta pay. I ain't about to change it for you. I ain't about to change it for no one. Forty bucks — that's it, that's all. I told you. It's non-negotiable. There's no way around this. If you want a cheaper lamp, go someplace else. I'm sure the folks at Crapmart have something real nice. Who do you think you are, coming into my store and asking for a lower price on this here lamp? Really, what kind of store do you think this is? I've been running this store for twenty years and I ain't ever lowered the price for nobody. Look lady, a few weeks ago some poor old lady brought this here lamp in, said it was her granddad's, said it's the only thing he left her. I could make a few hundred with this here lamp. See that on the base there? Yeah, that's done by hand — carved, painted, the whole lot. Looks like real oak. It's pretty darn rare you see something made from solid wood nowadays. Lady, this is the real deal. Forty dollars for an antique lamp ain't bad. It ain't bad at all. [The woman puts the lamp back on the shelf.] Oh, I see how it is. Jesus, look at you. If you can't handle forty bucks, no one can. What's the matter, having doubts? Not sure how nice this here lamp would look on your bedside table? Worried it's not spiffy enough for your living room? Thinking your husband might not like it so much? Maybe he'd think wow, what a lovely little lady I got, buying antiques, hand-carved and all. Maybe not. Maybe he'd call you stupid and pathetic for spending money on old crap—

Here's the deal. I don't care if you go home without this here lamp. So long as you don't give me forty dollars, I ain't gonna

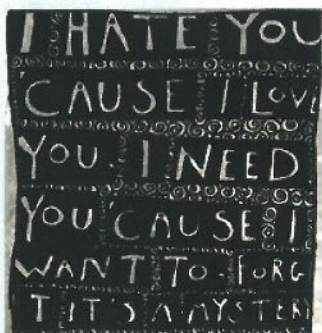
give this lamp to you. Heck, I don't care if it means you have to read your Good Housekeeping magazine in the dark. If you're lookin' for a discount, you've gone to the wrong place. I don't go 'round lowering prices like that. I'm no Mr. Rollback. If you think I'm some sort of a crook, if you think I'm ripping you off, you're wrong. [Dick approaches the woman, stares at her for a moment, and then grabs the lamp back off of the shelf.] This is a deal lady. A real deal. I could sell it for more, but the truth is... well, the truth is I'm selling it for less. Forty dollars, that's an easy sell. If you don't buy it, I'm sure someone else will. It's not by making your life easier that I'll be making things easier for myself. I don't make a lot of money here. The price of this here lamp is forty dollars. That's final.

TUSK TUSK
KATERI COUTURE-LATOIR

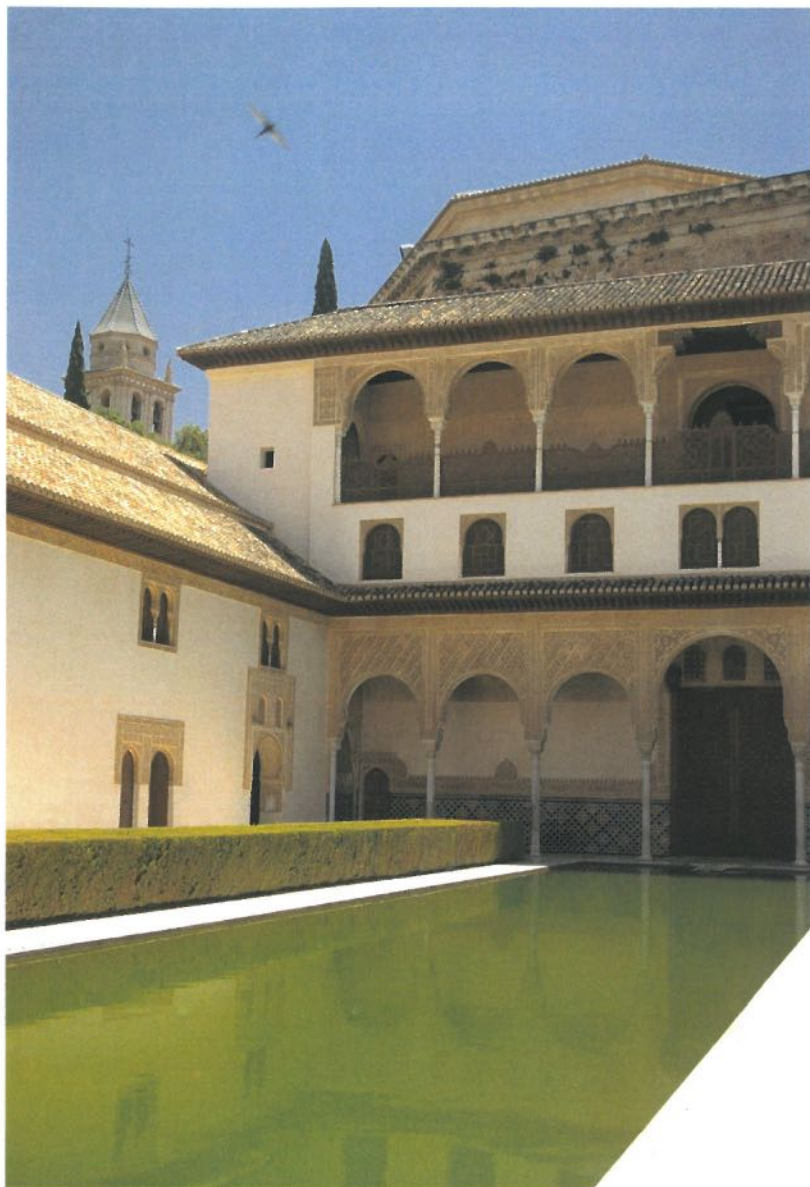


THESE PHOTOGRAPHS

CELIA STEPHENS



COURT OF THE MYRTLES, ALHAMBRA
ZALE APRAMIAN



BLUE
JULIE McCLEMENT



“HORSEHATER”

KARL MANIS

“Bats are the worst,” he said.

“Why?” She cocked her head to the side as she asked.

“They just turn everything on its head. Just when you think it’s night, like there can’t be wild animals out now, no more birds or chirps or sounds, like everything’s going to bed, then you get this creepy leathery flapping above your head. And you can never quite see them, they’re just up there fluttering around. And you never really know what they’re up to...”

“I don’t like horses,” she replied.

“Why?”

“Not leastwise cuz everyone seems to love them. And-”

“Leastwise?”

“Yeah. Leastwise.”

He paused, waiting for an explanation, but she just stared back at him, silent. “Sorry. Nothing. Go on.”

“And there’s still like an animal side to horses. You know? I mean, sure, they eat out of your hand and let you ride them and all that, but those things can bite your fingers off! And when they get scared, they just go all wild and irrational, kicking anything that moves, jumping around and throwing a goddamn tantrum. Plus they shit all over.”

“That’s fair.” An uncontrollable frown had crept onto his face.

“You had a sister who was a horselover, didn’t you? Or a friend? Or your mom’s one? I can tell by the look on your face.”

The furrow on his brow vanished and he smiled. “My mom.”

“Ooo, sorry.”

“No worries. She just used to love them. She painted em, rode once a week, read about em. I’m pretty sure she’s been getting Horse Weekly, or whatever magazine it is, for longer than I’ve been alive.”

“That’s quite the horselover.”

“Yeah.” He paused and smiled. “But I never liked them much myself.”

“Really?” She grinned.

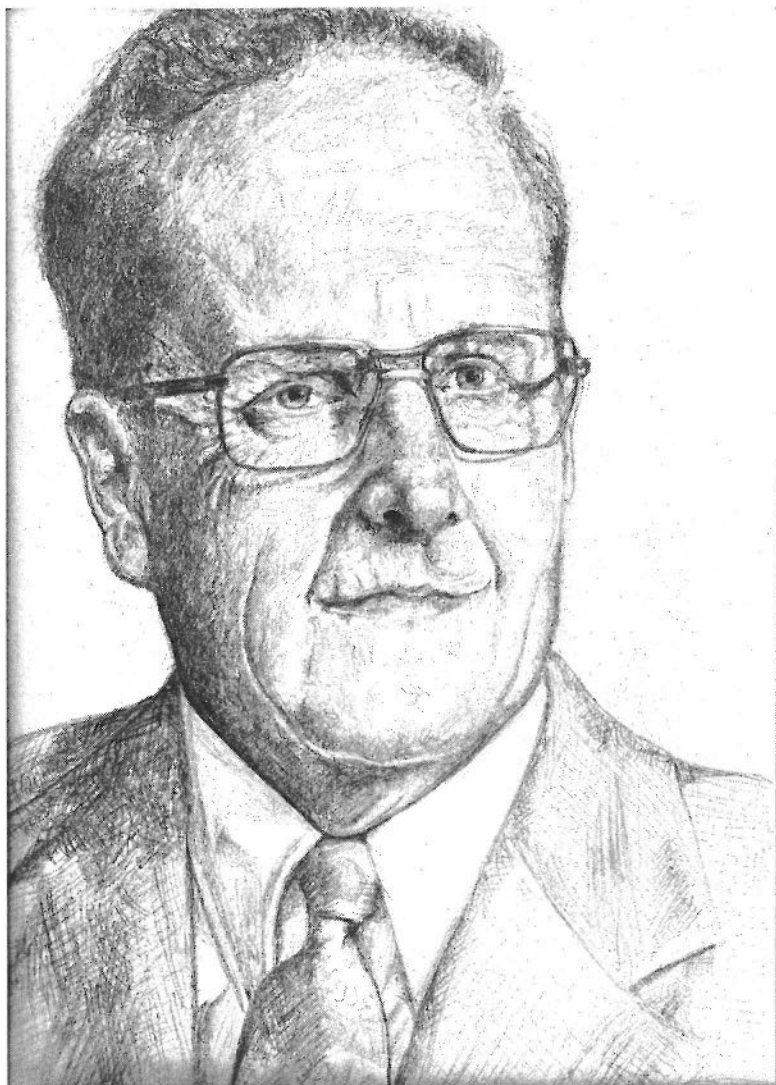
“No. Not really.” He noticed as the corners of her mouth turned down slightly. “I never really had much of an opinion. They seemed alright to me, you know. Pretty noble, nicely coloured, they move gracefully. But on the other hand, I never really worshipped them like my mom.” They were silent for a moment.

“They measure horses in hands.”

He looked at her, not sure if she was making a joke or just desperately trying to continue a conversation that had gotten a little out of her control.

Then they both started laughing.

PETER'S GRANDPA
PETER BERG



WIDER SMILES THAN ZARATHUSTRA

TRISTAN WICKS

I am glad that humanity has found a way
To bottle compassion
To throttle its fashions
To mottle and blotch and watch its own destruction.

The high men in caves imagine themselves
Greater and grander, apt and rightful in slander
Priding themselves as their verbal vomit veins meander
Dancing and praising the ass, as their prophet begs for air and
tears at his hair and bears his chest like Cleopatra waiting for an
asp who's never there!

These High men drive me mad!

And so I'm glad, that humanity has found a way
To bottle compassion
To do what it does and loves with its fashions
To mortify and glorify and engineer the torpid lies of its holy and
righteous destruction!

I am glad that humanity has found a way
To be a child
There are worse fates.

ELEGY
JASON CARROLL

(Written November 13th, 2009, edited October 24th, 2010)

As I sit alone again,
It consumes me.
That feeling that I hate so much,
It consumes me.
The need to leave my pain behind,
It consumes me.
Not forever, just for a time,
It consumes me.
Again my vision begins to blur,
It consumes me.
The need to continue that will never end,
It consumes me.
This time things are different though,
as it consumes me.
Tonight my life it will take,
As the drink consumes me.

GET RICH
LUKE CHANDLER

The memories that used to make me smile
Now make me double up and gag
I can't believe I hung around so long
I can't believe anything you've done

I feel you creeping round every corner
Waiting to stab me in the chest
With a few more words of waste
Go home, go home, go home

You're not wanted here anymore
You've overstayed your welcome
You've used up your last chance
And I'm never coming back

I'm never going to listen to you
I'm never going to wait for you
I'm never going to wish for you
I'm never going to try for you

I'm going away for a while
I'm changing the locks
Not changing my mind
Call on some other poor boy

This one's gone to get rich.

WHITECAP
TRISTAN WICKS

The best way I can describe it all, is this:

Life and being,
all of that,
is like a whitecap.

All of the atoms and quarks and watnot
of which the ocean comprises
have throughout the galaxy
been thrown
by the exploding suns
and they have somehow
coalesced into the world's oceans and its waters.

Through time and through chance
those particles work their way
spatially
to the surface of the water
by weather and by geological activity
and by even the ripples create
by fish and by passing boats,
two bodies of water smash
together and reach towards the sky.

We are that splash.

The two bodies of water,
the sperm and the ovum,
the mind and the soul,
which in the beginning, formed us.

We are the ocean's grasp
for a sky it will never reach.

Though we will never prevail,
our only option,
by chance given mandate
is to stretch in futility for things

we can never know.

INK IS ETERNAL
ALEXANDRA NAHAS

Ink is eternal,
a flower that does not wither,
a cloud that does not rain.

The page,
paper, ugly, blank, white sheet,
will burn, will crumple, crinkle, wrinkle.

Write your words in stone!
Etch them in your mind!
Tear them from your heart, your emotional bank!
Let them rip through your pen, staining the empty white abyss!

Do not abandon those words,
they will die and be forgotten,
they will be returned and stored in your locked bank of words,
remembered nevermore.

Steal them back!
Run wild like a thief in the night!
Run from the pure ecstasy of victory!
Run with those words you have nurtured into your own!
Run in the light of day!

Try to get caught,
show your spoils,
let the world know that you can slaughter convention!

You are not an ordinary word robber.
You will not be silenced!
You will not be hidden!

You WILL show what you have stolen, proud and clear!
You WILL present your treasures without

one

regretful

tear! I dedicate

this poem to you Mr. Burrows, for you contributed to it as much as I did.

TAPPED
GABRIELLE DOIRON

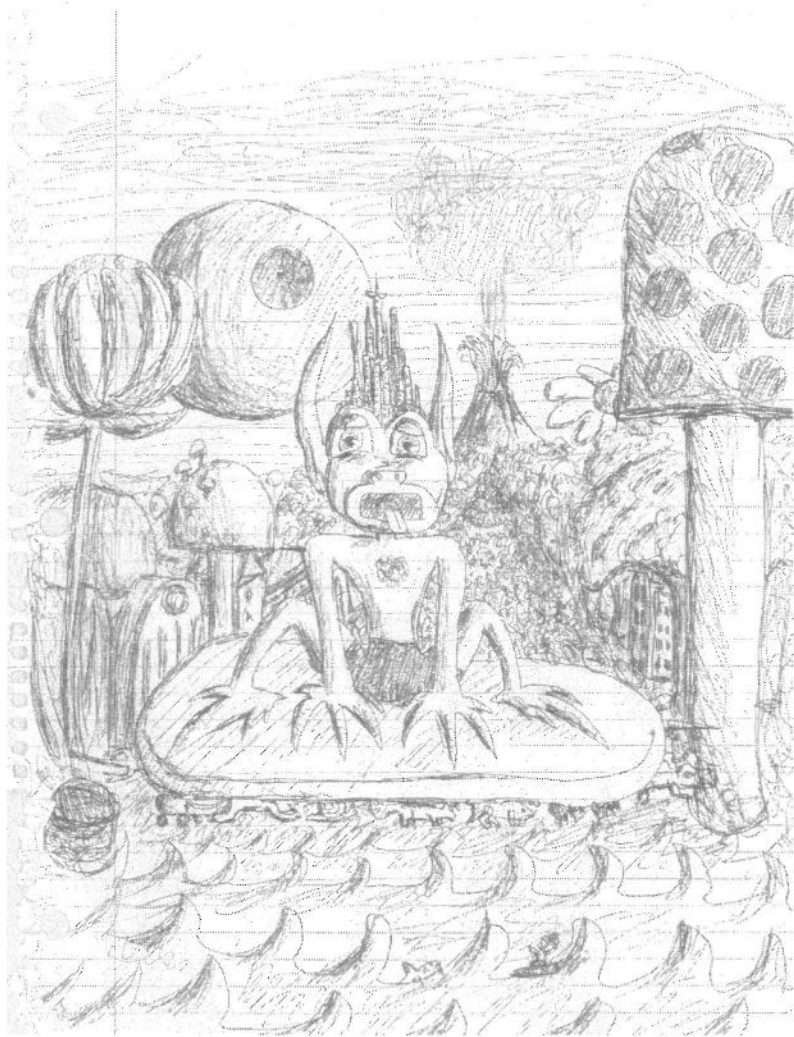
One thousand two hundred tapped trees drip sap into metal buckets. I can hear the drops of sap from inside the sugar shack built by my ancestor Jack Ambrewster in 1861. I open the front door and listen to the symphony of sap thirty yards into the woods. Bar the pitter-patter of sap, the woods are silent and the trees are bare.

Dad sees me leaning on the doorjamb, he sees me not working, and I see he is not patient today. I follow him to the boiler cabin. We pour buckets of sap into the boiler and wait. The sap gurgles like rapids on a river. Steam rages from the vats and we sweat. We wait for the liquid to reach two hundred and nineteen degrees Fahrenheit. The sap takes its time as it does at all times. Dad leaves to chop more wood for the boiler's fire.

The sap is no longer sap and is ready to be filtered and density-measured. Dad is back from chopping wood and he takes the job from here - he knows quality better than I do. We bottle the syrup, still hot, and store it in the shack. I ask if I can taste some, to see how it turned out, but Dad says I have to wait until breakfast tomorrow.

It's March twentieth today - the trees will break bud soon. When the rhythm of the sap stops and buds pop out of the trees, this sugaring season - this Maple Moon - will end.

SCIENCE SERIES, FROG SITTY
TIM OSBORNE



GONE
KATY BELSHAW

Is it gone?

When you shut the door

And walk away far far into the evening
To the other side of the earth

Where day is night and night is day

Can you believe in the opposite?

Pain into happiness
Loss to love

Reality becomes fiction

A box of your own creation.

DEVASTATION
ALEXANDRA NAHAS

To Whom It May Concern:

I am surrounded by a raging ocean and crumbling city walls.

*I hear a cry; the voice is stubborn, not calling for help.
I see a horrible sight; devastation.*

The bearer of the stubborn voice is in the core of the chaos.

*The bearer of the voice is the inflictor of the chaos.
The bearer - the inflictor - has brought the devastation.*

*I see the inflictor lashing out in the midst of his chaos.
I see the inflictor can grasp nothing.
The inflictor has led himself to devastation.*

I am afraid.

I am terrified that the first to offer help, to offer sanctuary, will be pulled into the chaos.

I am uncertain whether the inflictor aims to drag his salvation into his devastation.

I am afraid.

I am afraid because I do not know.

I do not know if my offered sanctuary, my promise of salvation, will be thrown into devastation.

I watch.

I see a mother put aside her child, in the chaos, to save the inflictor.

Her hand reaches out; her child cries out, she has slipped into the inflictor's devastation.

I cry.

I know more will try to help despite the chaos.

I know I will not risk the devastation.

DANCE OF LIBERTY
RUCHI MATHUR

My head is light, my arms outspread,
My bare feet on the cool hard rock.
My upturned being has no vision,
Only sensation...

The wind whips my hair to and fro.
It lashes like fire, trying to get as far as possible.
Wet fire. Cold fire.
A reflection of my soul.

Pinpricks of raindrop pierce my skin.
The cloth around me and my body
Form a single entity,
Shivering with excitement and cold.

I sway with the wind, dancing to its song.
I sway with the rain, dancing to its beat.
I sway with my body, dancing to
Its freedom...

A million bubbles of ecstasy burst from within –
And I am released!
Free from life... free from existence...
Free from myself...

I soar up onto the highest wind, and keep on dancing;
My body no longer mine,
Just a movement,
A movement of liberty...

The pure movement of liberty.

RUCHI MATHUR

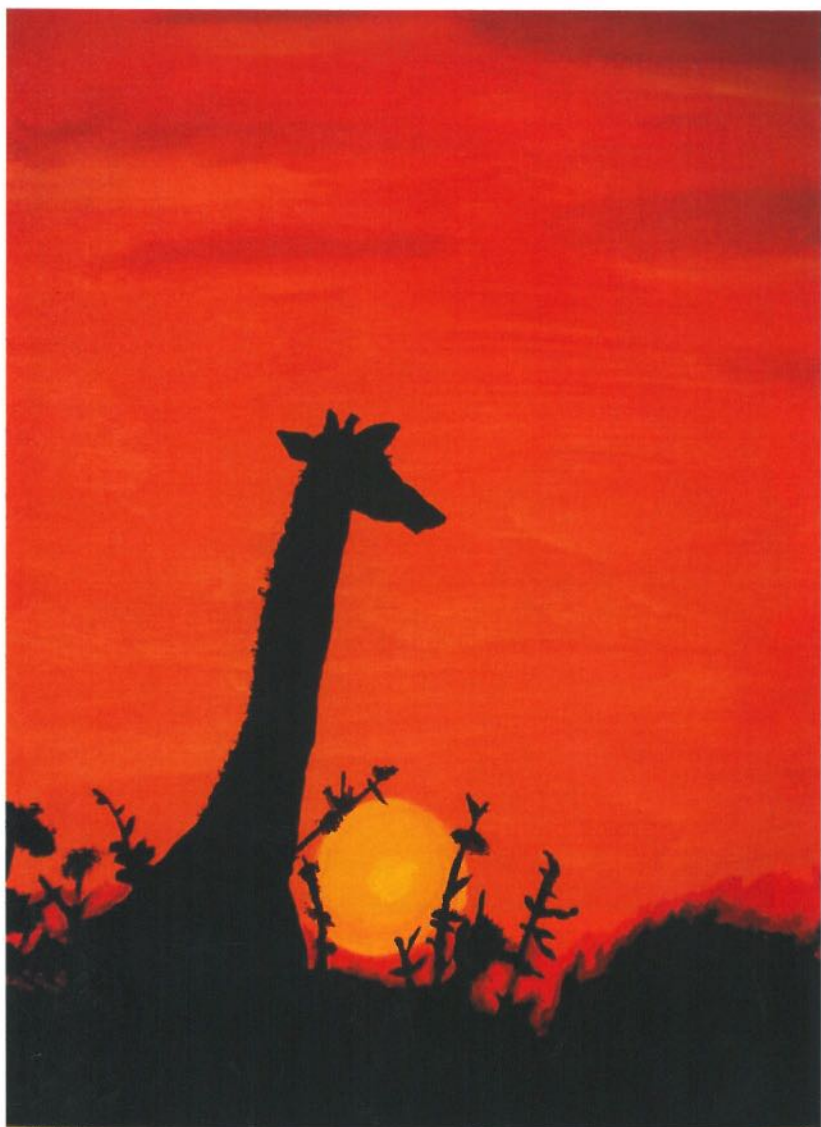


BUDDHA
LULU VULPE ALBARI



STEP INTO THE SUN

ÉMILIE TOWSLEY



TYPOGRAPHY
CELIA STEPHENS



APOTHEOSIS OF HERAKLES
ANGUS CAIRNIE

There is a wheel grinding deeper,
until grain of Man is bread of life,
until Sun reborn in flesh is slain at long last.
Hearken! Are our hearts the lamps that guide us
to thrones in the sky (or under hills,
like the stones we arose from?)

Half-god! You are not the serpent
but the stairway to salvation;
you are the mighty limbs and trunk
that was a root for the earth and sky.
You are not a coward of words and pages
but the heaviness of sweat and iron,
you are the cry of thunder in bone and meat!

IN THE DISTANCE

LEE-MICHAEL J. PRONKO

In the distance,
the snow lifting in pieces, cutting your view, into, arrangements
In the rear view,
the faint country house slides off

Behind the fence and down the faded tire tracked residue of a
lane way,
you notice the long passed obstacle of something undone

The snow capped trees,
perpendicular, horizontal, curvature

In that faint house
out in the middle of somewhere,
the centerpiece with smoke rising melts the top of a stacked roof,
while warm bodies hide in the womb

Underneath the bent pine,
in the middle of somewhere,
almost nowhere

And every passed snow trekked trail,
rusted down car, dilapidated barn,
every animal track and barred up window and door,
an imprint

She won't give it up though
her mystery,
not today, not any night
her children watch you, trying to watch them

You are just too fixed on this being, just somewhere, and not just
anywhere

The taillight winding down,
fading with your imagination,
you wandering down the snow road wondering,
who else would wake to this?

In the distance,
you fade out with it.

THE EROTICS OF THE BELLTOWER

KIRSTY SCHUT

I took up ringing on exchange in England last year. Church bell ringing. Change ringing. Campanology. It seemed the right sort of skill to acquire while abroad: an esoteric, uniquely English art that I could claim to have mastered and never have to demonstrate back home. Once or twice a week I'd walk halfway into town, to the grey Victorian church affectionately known as St. Dave's, enter a little door at the base of the tower, climb several stories' worth of spiral staircase, and pop out onto the roof. A few steps through the open air take you to another door, which opens into the ringing chamber, a square, carpeted room dominated by eight thick ropes that disappear up into the ceiling. By the time I arrived, the ringing chamber was usually occupied by a collection of folks of assorted age, sex, religion, and sweet preference: the ringers.

Phallic overtones aside, the tower is a sexy, sexy place. I was always fond of the little two- or three-person niches around the walls of the ringing chamber. With eight bells and at least a dozen regulars, the fluctuating line-up of ringers means that one's current seatmate may be replaced by another at a moment's notice - an informal kind of speed-dating, if you will! Moreover, the close quarters in the tower all but prevent the changing of seats while ringing is in progress, ensuring a few uninterrupted minutes with whichever fellow ringer has been lured to one's side.

Ringers work from memory, not sheet music, so the eyes are free to wander. And wander they often do. For those who get hot and bothered at the sight of flexing muscles, ringing provides ample opportunity for ogling. The rhythmic movements of the ringer's arms, down-release-up-down-catch, is reminiscent (to the wandering mind) of certain other rhythmic motions. The split-second precision the art requires does not prevent the

occasional glance towards those sitting on the edges, and a stare of intense concentration can easily be directed at an attractive ringer across the circle. Most predictable in my tower was the young man nicknamed Bungle, who, it was frequently observed, liked his fruit, and liked it large.

And let us not forget the opportunities for trysting. "What, in a church-tower?" my scandalized reader cries. Far be it from me to make accusations of impropriety, but it cannot be denied that a certain amorous couple was only too willing to climb up and make the bells ready for tied-bell practice (silencing the bells so as to spare the neighbours from beginners such as I). And more than one young man invited an innocent female fresher up to the rooftop to see the view, only to come down a little more dusty and tousled than the spiders' webs accounted for.

I would be remiss to neglect the role of the post-ringing pub session in my account of what official literature refers to as "a beer and curry society with a change ringing problem". More than one ringer brought to my attention the ubiquitous proximity of tower and pub in the layout of the English town. It has long been customary for the less pious ringers to skip church altogether and head to the pub for a fried breakfast on a Sunday morning. Our weeknight practices invariably ended in one drinking establishment or the other, providing ample material for gossip: who sits with whom, who left the pub together, who has been avoiding the attentions of Bungle this week. Ringers are an inbred bunch, unwilling to seek outside the fold, and I knew one girl who had gone through three or four male regulars of the same tower in the past few years. Over the course of six months, I observed two engagements, one marriage, the initiation of three serious relationships and the dissolution of two.

COLLECTION
KATY BELSHAW

Come untied.
Unravel your soul.
Is it necessary to be coiled so tightly?
Let everything fall.
The dirt, the tears, the hurt.
Place it on the table,
Examine it.
Like trinkets found on the beach,
Broken shells with ragged edges.
Tiny grains of sand found in every last crevice.
One by one take these collected objects into your hands,
Brush off the sand,
Smooth the edges.
Take time.
Move slowly.
Become whole.
Put yourself back together.
You are a collection.

FOUND POETRY.
SURREALIST MANIFESTO, ANDRÉ BRETON, 1924.
KAELA CADIEUX

believe in most frank, may trouble assessing Man that
inverate dreamer his nonchalance his own efforts, his own
work he has to try his best (or what he calls his luck). At this point he
knows what women he has had, what silly affairs he has been involved in; he is unimpressed
with lucidity then back toward I confess
the absence of any current restriction
the perspective of general lives lived at once Children set of each day without a worry in the world. Everything is near at hand.
one will never sleep.
a portion of a distance
imagination allowed to be
arbitrary it is capable of
abandon
will together losing by slow degrees all reason
to rise to some exceptional love
body and soul
expansive generous real or imagined
What am I saying
one of these events whose consequences are
his salvation

PROSERPINE
ANGUS CAIRNIE

“Step into the evening,” she says,
and stands in her skin, and eats a seed
from a pomegranate.
Then her laughter is cool milk,
or old wine left in the cellar;
as for myself, I keep silent.

“Why don’t you say anything?”
Her hand is an open flower
between my fingers, her mouth is a soft red orchid
on my eyelids. What could I say to that?

“Tonight, I shall be a bird upon your branch,
a wind across the storm-tossed waves
of your deep, gray sea – ”

AMY NEAL

Dear English,

I can't remember a time when I wasn't with you. We've been together almost two whole decades. Even when I was first getting to know you, I knew there was a connection between us. You've helped me break out of my shell and be confident in myself. You've helped me express myself when I'm having trouble. You've always been there for me.

Lately, though, I feel like we're growing apart. When I break down, I can't find you. It's like I don't know you anymore. When I'm most upset, it's like you were never there and I'm left to cry out wordlessly. And when I'm most stressed out, it's like you're playing a mean game of hide and seek with me. Just when I need you most, you're gone.

I can't let you hurt me anymore. I used to know you so well - Hell, I used to be the one using you - but now it feels more and more like I'm the fool; I'm the one being used.

I'm sorry, English, but I don't ever want to speak with you again.

Don't call me, write me, or try to add me on Facebook.

You've hurt me and I need to find a language that will love me for me, always and forever. I need a language that cares about me - like you used to.

I wish I could say there was something left to save. I wish I could say that we could still be friends. You'll always be my first, but this will be the last time.

Adieu.

ELEGY
JASON CARROLL

As I sit alone again,
It consumes me.
That feeling that I hate so much,
It consumes me.
The need to leave my pain behind,
It consumes me.
Not forever, just for a time,
It consumes me.
Again my vision begins to blur,
It consumes me.
The need to continue that will never end,
It consumes me.
This time things are different though,
as it consumes me.
Tonight my life it will take,
As the drink consumes me. _

CONTRIBUTORS

Zale Apramian is the amoral police.

After many essays, never ending readings, brain aneurisms, and of course, my hums chums, **Katy Belshaw** managed to survive first year. Hopefully as the upper years say, hums really does get better.

I am **Peter Isaac MacEwan**. I hail from Bytown and I am descended from the tribe of Berg. I am currently on lend, from The Source, to The Universe. I have yet to decide, upon conclusion of this particular Avatale whether I shall Moksha my arse back to The Source or zip around for another go. However, since this present trip is thus far a mere twenty five years in the making, I feel I still have ample time and power at my disposal to build up an extravagantly selfish Kingdom before I later forsake it all for the Desert of the Real. Capitalism has its perks peeps! But remember, when you are being coerced by the Charm of Kellow or any other Capital Kings who claim that 'currency' begins with a Capital 'C' ... REMEMBER, Moksha ain't for sale.

My name is **Zak Black** and I am a third-year Humanities student.

Kaela Cadieux keeps her feet on the ground and her head amongst the stars.

Angus Cairnie sailed down the Ottawa River from the north to Carleton at the stern of a dragon-prowed longship. When not plundering the urbanized shores of the trembling city-dwellers, consuming vast quantities of meat and mead, or lifting whole oxen onto his shoulders with barely a grunt of effort, he enjoys reading and writing poetry, and rubbing the heads of cats.

Jason Carroll is 26 years old and married with three children. He is a former computer technician who came back to school to further his education and when he stumbled upon the College of Humanities he decided that a complete life change was in order. Poetry has always been an outlet for Jason, sort of a personal therapy, but after receiving a fair bit of praise for his writing he has decided to share some of it with North.

Luke Chandler is a third year Bachelor of Humanities student at Carleton double majoring in religion. Originally from Bolton Ontario.

Kateri Couture-Latour likes stripes, messy buns, drawing naked ladies, smiling at strangers, skinny-dipping, and grilled cheese sandwiches. Among other things.

Gabrielle Doiron wrote raps in elementary school but has since abandoned this pastime, certain that she will never be able to match the perfection and swag of her hit from 1999, entitled "Joe, sittin' on the patio, eatin' Cheerios and marshmallows-No, No, No".

Karl Manis attends two schools. The first? Carleton University. The second? Life.

Ruchi Mathur is a first-year Hums and Bio student. Born and brought up in a residential school, Rishi Valley, in India, Canada has been her first jump out into the world beyond. She loves reading, the outdoors (in warm weather..!) and sleep. She hopes to join the art world in some way in the future.

Julie McClement is a third year Humanities student from Port Elgin, Ontario. She paints in her spare time, as well as vol-

unteering with children's art classes.

Alex Nahas is eighteen years old and finishing her first year of university. She used to hate reading before she was introduced to Harry Potter (yes, she is one of those) in grade four, now she has a six foot tall bookshelf stuffed with books, books beside her bed, books under her desk, and books floating all over her house. She was first inspired to write six years ago, when she was watching King Kong - weird. Anyway, she's been writing and reading ever since. If she could, she would pack up and leave for Europe (typical). Ich spreche auch ein bisschen Deutsch. Viel spaß!

Amy Neal's writing wavers between disturbing and vaguely humorous, and sometimes consists of response poems to William Carlos Williams.

Tim Osborne has a great butt.

Sheldon Paquin is a soon-to-be graduate of Humanities. His pet peeves include misusing apostrophe's and errors of grammatical. His favourite dwarf is Doc, his favourite Star Wars film is Episode 5, and his favourite Spice Girl is Scary Spice. If he had to choose, he would rather own a lightsaber than a tame dinosaur he could ride. Sheldon enjoys writing small descriptions of himself that become longer than expected, and he hopes you enjoy his awkward brand of humour. Also, he has a beard.

Lee-Michael J. Pronko

Meg Ronson knows how to smile, but only does so when she's happy, when she wants to pretend to be happy, when people she likes are around, when people she wants to like or she wants to

like her are around, and when she's wearing any article of clothing that has colours on it.

Kirsty Schut is a fourth-year student who misses having the free time to do anything other than school. She is not turned on by bell ringers. Really.

Celia Stephens is a third-year student in the B.Hum program who is engaged in a passionate romance with Boethius, while also possibly gettin' some on the side with Dante Alighieri. But not Petrarch. Nobody likes Petrarch.

Émilie Towsley is spending her third year of Humanities in the land of waffles, living in a tiny room next to a student pub, and spending all her free time with Lady Philosophy. While this impedes many painting opportunities, she considers it quite a fair exchange.

Lulu Vulpe Albari enjoys painting more than writing essays or indeed than writing about herself. She is not a Buddhist but is open to persuasion.

Harry Weaver is sleeping in the vineyard.

Also known to those who tread the path of divine light as Gaius Britannicus Ovidius Tristianicus, **Tristan Wicks** is a full-time adventurer, galactic trollop and warrior-poet. Hailing from the glorious land of Albiononia, Tristan enjoys last stands against barbarian hordes, weaving the threads of destiny and youtube videos featuring cute kittens. Having studied third dimension philosophy at the feet of the great Aristurtle, he seeks now to wrest the hearts and minds of those poisoned by the spiritual lethargy that rides upon the bilious back of the whore of anesthesia. Glory be thy name if thou walkst in the light of his glory.

Public service 1900-1901-1902

ANNOUNCE

MENT
(by a leo, a scorio, an aries, and an aquarius)

5 + A see a man in a cap from the past

CONSUME VS. (+remembers
^{few} it...)

Save me from the angel of the darkness

AHHHHHHH

Las I succumb to the dusty

(self)- Aristocratic
Special R-rites
K-SIDE (organism?)

Bring me my pen.

+ more WINE plz

brown brown brown
and red
are looking into all
your heads

1 glass 2 glass 3 glass

wish you'd all submit

Weyyyyyy muzz

We're lucky though,
that we have you
and without you
we'd be so blue!!

Thanks for all the enter-
and him going x
5 But the had 2 muzz
5