



North

North Journal

2013

Editors:

Gabrielle Doiron

Jade Lillace

Isabel McMurray

Tristan Wicks

Cover artwork by Chris Love

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Letter from the Editors

Make no mistake about it; hums students are a rare breed. We love to indulge in wit, we can write papers in almost any discipline, and as North 2013 proves, we have a sensitive side, too. Look beyond the critical-thinking, essay-compiling, multi-tome-skimming machine that is a hums student and you will find a lovely human being in search of an outlet for all of the thoughts and feelings repressed by the formalism of academic writing. Look at the booklet you are currently holding in your hands and you will see that North *is* that outlet.

As this academic year comes to a close, we are forced to reflect on this home away from home whose lease, for some of us, is up. We hope with the most sincere wishes that this year's North bottles up all of the year's best memories for the nostalgic phases to come. As Brendan so eloquently put it, "North is the Music Night you can take home with you."

This truly was a fantastic year.
Thanks for sharing it with us.

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Reality Rain Cheque

Outside, it's raining.

We walked here once, did we not?

We did, my love.

When laughter spilled into the open air

When you touched my arm with the lightest of touches

When we strolled along the palisades,

Bathing in the unadulterated sun.

Before the barbed wire.

Before the soldiers and shadows and placards and pipe bombs

The Sun dares not intrude upon this sorry spot

Where rain

Pounds powerful, protesters, and pavement alike.

Where hope bleeds fear and anger feeds courage.

Where are you, my love?

I struggle to reply over the crescendo of cries

Smothered

By the sea of immutable humanity.

The inescapable

Anguish

Of your plea rises above the chaos

As a lone, grey dove

Soaring over our shortcomings

Suspended in mid-flight.

My love!

Sanguine water trickles, ever so softly, down the gutter as

The first shot is fired.

The Weltanschauung

Why cast your hours, my sweetest friend,
in tomorrow's barren fields?
But you will find before the end
today has better yields;
why pluck the grape or pray for rain
from Heaven stretching deaf --
but laugh at loss and mock at gain
and play at dice with Death.

Enough, my friend, of dying now --
to Life I raise this wine!
And let the drums in garden sound
while we drink each day in kind.
For have you not at table spread
a feast of Rome in splendour?
Let them clamour for your bread
the priest, the moneylender --

but we have hearts like brazen bells,
my friend, with gods to fall in love,
and tell me as you storm th Hells
if gold is bright enough!
No, raise your brimming cup and drink
of life, to Life, and cry,
"By Dawn and Dusk and Dark I think
to live before I die!"



First-Year Hums Superlatives

Kicked out of the college after tonight: *Will Potschka*

Pulled the most on-campus all-nighters: *Isabel McMurray*

Punniest: *Maggie Dewar*

Most athletic: *Maggie Dewar*

Best laugh: *Adam Finlay*

Most likely to become a professor at the college: *Alex Pilon*

Most likely to be arrested for protesting: *Gabe Hunt*

Most likely to end up on Wall Street: *Doug Dumais or Roy Segupta*

Most likely to become an ascetic: *Keegan Wight*

Most likely to do a reality show: *Doug Dumais or Daniel Fisher*

Most likely to start his/her own religion: *Keegan Wight*

Most likely to become a rock legend: *Mason Krawczyk*

Biggest optimist: *Tatiana Armengol*

Biggest cynic: *Will Potschka*

Biggest romantic: *Adam Finlay*

Prof you'd most like to be BFF's with: *Prof Stratton, better known by the first years as "K-Strats"*

The next Tristan: *Isabel McMurray*

The Throb

all it is, is its

doing

something you don't like
over and over again
intentionally
until you swear that
you won't

do it

anymore, but
you're numb to this until you've

done it.

Joey Baker

Fairytale

Once upon a time,
A prince divorced a princess —
That bitch was crazy!

Alex Fleck



Your Breeze is Still

They speak their own language,
a sparkling tast of the unknown,
fiery movements,
twisting in the sun,
youn can hear them, the enticing-charmers,
do you wish you had no worries and a transient soul?

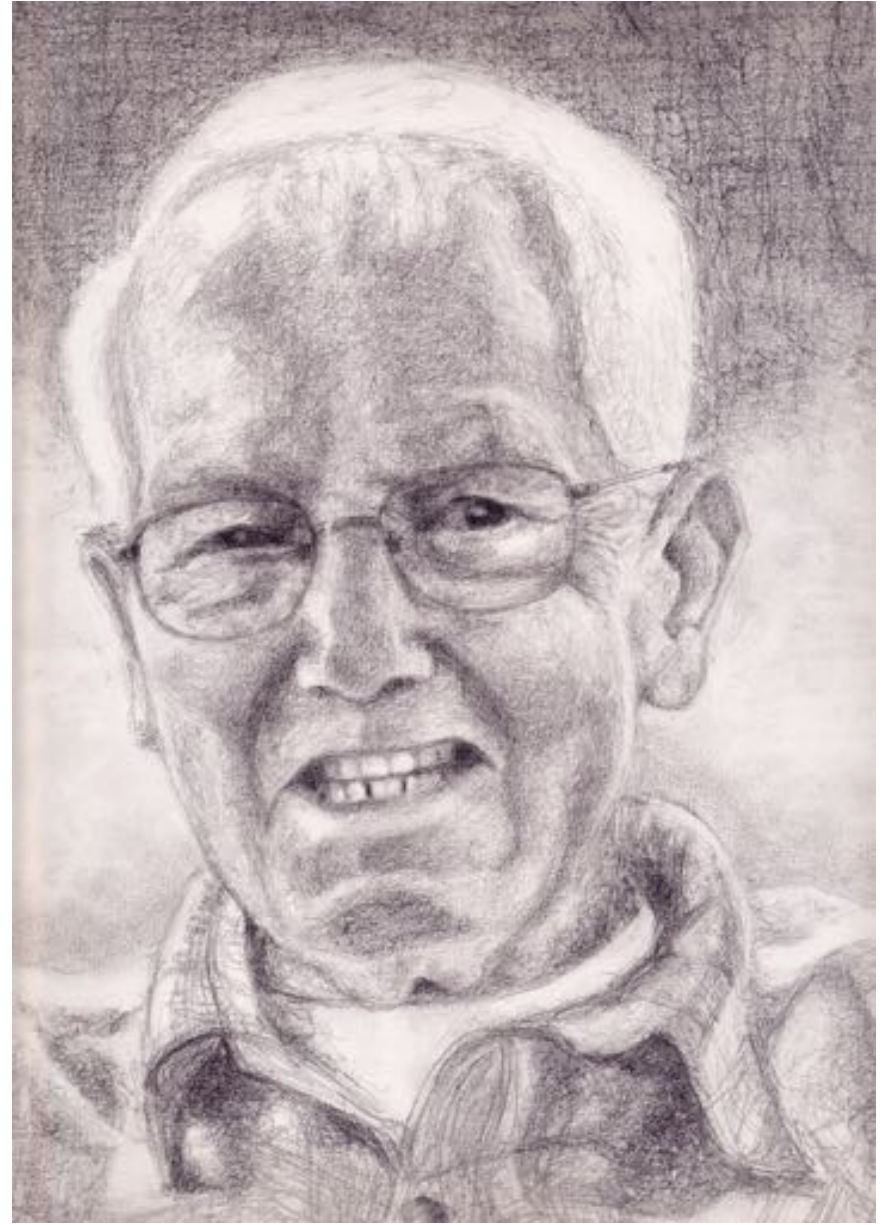
Smooth as blood silk,
they catch your heart,
gasp, a quick breath,
crooked smiles, and sneaky hands
long bones tell tall tales,
come play, come run wild,
as skirts flow in the wind,
time drops to the ground,
air becomes life,
freedom has a victim.

Fierce eyes pierce the faults,
stripped, bare, and present
dirt engrained fingernails
find the truth -- deep, buried, born from the earth, a rich moisture
feral and hungry, the zingaro's, bejeweled-bandits,
exempt from your suppression.

Untitled

gleaning feels tracing
yawns along my back
piles of leaves
hours of sleep
rolling over
writing and rewriting
visits
your body wrapped acrylic with
bones plush and velvet
gorgeous skin and i'm blemished
bleached blonde prosthetic

cleaning sheets shaking
fists for comfort lacked
gentle things that
give us home
the blue in cold
borrowed or
lent
or
however you see it



Mason Krawczyk

Peter Berg

Patterns

we are between waking moments and drifting daydreams
your tender touch felt in my bones, i wish i could bottle up
with all the other spine tingling moments that pass
with the rise and fall of your chest

misty mornings are the bookends of our love
flittering eyelids keep away the thoughts
i run from in our shared dreams — creaking
realities heard as quite comforts
lies we told ourselves,
lies i believed,
lies i loved.

Tabula Rasa

white, static, breaths

like the universal ebb and flow so too am i
in flux, between a state of am and will be and lost

to zero i go again and must plant the seed of hope
hoping for a life devoid of regrets and could haves
would haves
should haves

half of living is no life at all and i'm ready to give it
everything i've got and yet not give it everything that i am
because i lost it all before and i'll be damned if i lose it all again.

Untitled

You start
too late it's a part of you
fatal to stop
the beat of the music is the flow of your blood
your body is no longer in control
it's an essence of the soul
no need to use your head
the steps can never be forgotten
Suddenly the music is turned off
you become lost
thrown into reality
face to face with fate
the steps once never forgotten
fade into the distance
you can no longer feel the beat that kept you breathing
stricken with fear
in the silence
you strain to find that faint remembrance
of what it felt like to be alive

Wotan Ponders

I have a verse like iron heavy
glowing on the coals,
a taste of woman hot and ready
stretching into my soul —
to the throb and flow of jungle drums
shattering the night,
the radiance of one million Suns
guttering delight —

I have a verse like river clay
dancing on the wheel
a gray boar brought at last to bay
a card Frère Death will deal —
to a song I sang before
to deaf days by and by,
Death can drink me to the floor
but my laughter never dies.

Second-Year Hums Superlatives

Kicked out of the college after tonight: *Carly Cushing*

Pulled the most on-campus all-nighters: *Jade Lillace*

Punniest: *John Ryan*

Most athletic: *Erin Benincasa or Emma Badgery*

Best laugh: *Josh White*

Most likely to become a professor at the college: *Alex Chaffey*

Most likely to be arrested for protesting: *Carly Cushing*

Most likely to end up on Wall Street: *Deepro Chowdhury*

Most likely to become an ascetic: *Sophie Crump*

Most likely to do a reality show: *Simon Zeldin*

Most likely to start his/her own religion: *John Ryan*

Most likely to become a rock legend: *Joey Baker*

Biggest optimist: *Sarah Cook*

Biggest cynic: *Jenn Chaisson*

Biggest romantic: *Jade Lillace*

Prof you'd most like to be BFF's with: *MacIsaac*

The next Tristan: *Alex Chaffey*

Music History Class Doodles (Composers are Studs)



Gabrielle Doiron

Photography by Nikolina Vujosevic



Nikolina Vujošević



Samantha Somerville



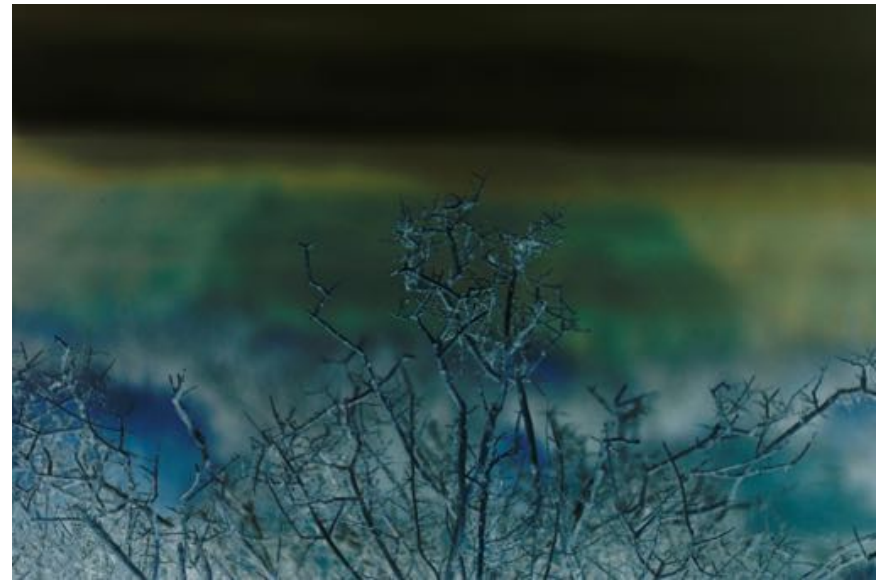
Chris Love



Nikki Morton



Krista Broeckx



Nikolina Vujošević

A Childhood Memory - An Homage to Nikita Mikhalkov



Peter Berg

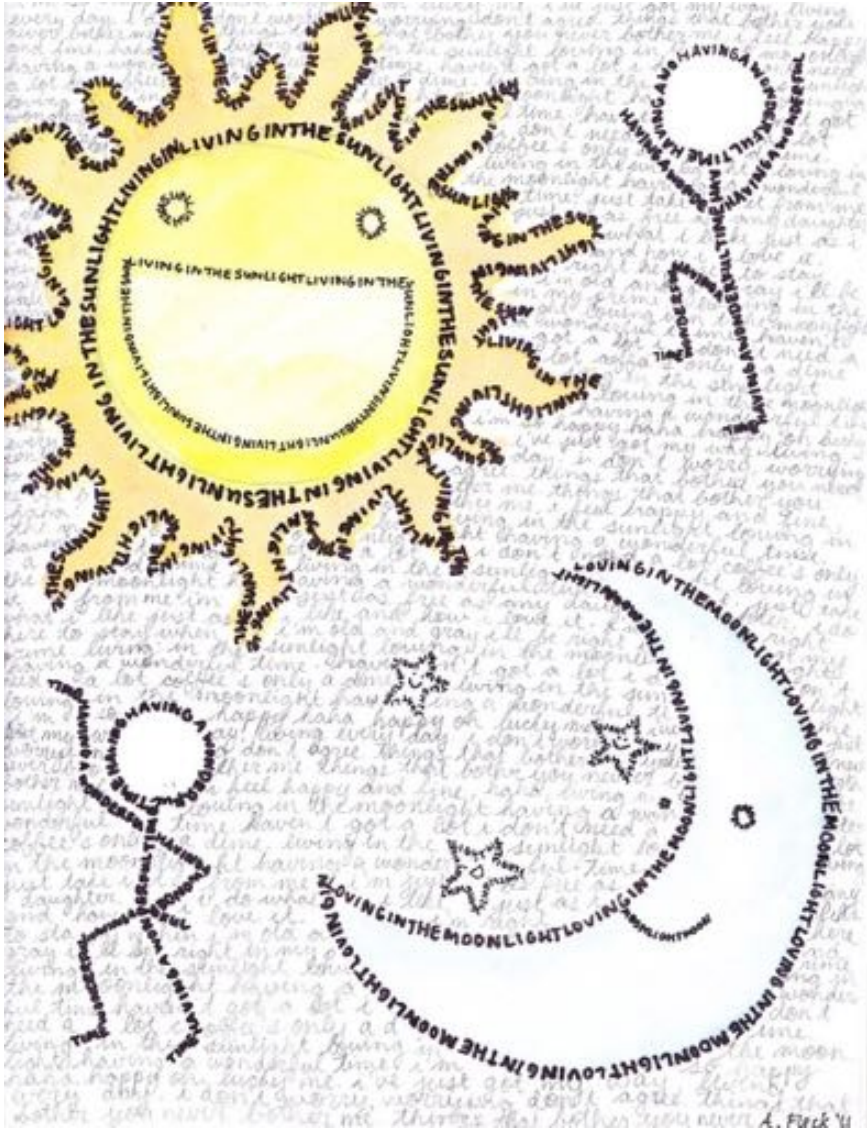


Grazia Hanea

Living in the Sunlight, Loving in the Moonlight



Nikki Morton



Alex Fleck

O Leo, in excelsis Leo

The star gone down into darkness
my heart descended in shade,
through a day's last perfection of sadness —
a son of the cursed house of Cain.
And the worm-men have clucked at my passing,
knowing not what red pleasure is for,
or the cruelty I drink everlasting
from the moans of some girl on the floor.

This age is gulping the dregs now
and I have lived far, far too long
and like flames that have sat on the Sun's brow
I long for the rise of the strong.
The coyotes, they grin and the pester
like maggots, they've nothing to tell,
and they reel at the stench as they fester —
but I am a cold day in Hell.

I will dig up the axe when it's ready
but today in hell's throat I will rage;
let my hand on the rudder be steady
as I shipwreck this worthless, sad age.
And lions shall then not with lambs lie,
but rise from grim pharaoh's sands
and I vow that long ere my flesh dies,
I'll achieve that fierce Overman!

Sonnet

The leaves in autumn are aflame, as burns
Young love when in its prime. Their colours loud
And free, like lovers, tress cannot discern
The gloom that waits and counts its days to cloud.

As two who're bound in the writhing joy of lust,
The trees do burst with equal life and fire,
Their leaves their burning fingers that they thrust
Toward each other in tender, kind, desire.

But Winter creeps her clammy claws to steal
Away that warmth and light. She strips them bare
and leaves them wanting. Like the way tha Fate reveals
His plot to wreck the love that's born from human care.

And so like winter trees do we now stand,
All alone: Fate, your victory was grand.

Third-Year Hums Superlatives

Kicked out of the college after tonight: *Will Patton*

Pulled the most on-campus overnights: *Emily-Lauren Simms*

Punniest: (tie) *Samia Bhuiyan, Gabrielle Doiron, Will Patton, Quinn Smith, Emily-Lauren Simms, Peter Berg*

Most athletic: *Sam Tibshirani*

Best laugh: *Angus Cairnie*

Most likely to become a professor at the college: *Gabrielle Doiron*

Most likely to be arrested for protesting: *Seneca Overduin*

Most likely to end up on Wall Street: *Laura Mitchell*

Most likely to become an ascetic: *Jeremiah Smith and Will Patton*

Most likely to do a reality show: *Emily-Lauren Simms*

Most likely to start his/her own religion: *Aaron Elie*

Most likely to become a rock legend: *Will Patton*

Biggest optimist: *Ruchi Mathur*

Biggest cynic: *Iman Mohamed*

Biggest romantic: *Nome Reaka*

Prof you'd most like to be BFF's with: *Neven Leddy*

The next Tristan: *Emily-Lauren Simms* (Honourable Mention: "Tristan qua Tristan")

The Sky is Falling

If I could hold you any tighter, I would.
But then you'd wake up,
and your hair wouldn't be just so on the pillow.

There are fires outside,
Licking the stars,
crackling through the night.

Let them burn.
Tomorrow's a long way off, and besides,
Tonight won't last much longer anyway.

Departure

I didn't mean to wake you
but
the screen door I never fixed
and the hinges I never oiled
creaked.

I'd say I'd miss you
but
I know you can't stand it
when I
Lie.

Untitled

O God, What
lazy lovers laying longing
fu-
-mbling
with Facility, fingers finding
tender spots to blush and
make bloom (or
with er)

What Awkward kisses like
lips Leaving might I
ask to stay
with you

God, i like
being alone
when I am with You;
someone new

like You

HUMS 1000



Eternal Union

It's all with soul, lonesome highways always end
at the gentle shores of unconsciousness
It's there, in every strand, an elegant eternal shape,
no beginning no end
Nothing of hers is marked with a brand, only
sustenance is patent
But they'll tell ya she'll gladly turn tricks, tear out
your eyes to see her smile
Stand above her, screaming they whisper, this is
the best, it's the only way
Unabated light, recognized hurt and jealous acts,
the soil screams relent, relent!
No resonance underneath the raging fire, collateral
damage the ties that bind
Blinded ambition bereft of sight, but take pause,
they are still there, see them with inherent vision.
The beautiful uplifting union, no beginning, no end,
the serpent eats its tail, again, again, again.



Whispers on Airwaves

words held by memories flow
lost in the abyss known as the
between of happiness and loss

laughter drifts through the cracks
created by shouts of anger
and passionately hurling hate
and love and confusion about

moments of static white noise
interspersed with thought up
conversations we maybe had

and maybe didn't (to be honest,
i don't know what reality is anymore)
but they are there and i am not
and one day static will be all that is left



Nikolina Vujosevic

Photos by Graham Pressey (above) and Nikolina Vujosevic (below)

Symphony

Play on, play on — what happens next in the score,
What codas and crescendos does the composer have in store?
Come whisper the chords of your love to the harp,
Cup your body in your hands and make music in the dark.
Make real the melody of our minds
Close your eyes as the music winds,
Follow the diminuendo, the pianissimo to the end,
The conductor — a flourish and one last bend
Before the jangling jarr of the tune
Dies down.

Isabel McMurray

School of Thought

If you put your head to the piano,
you will hear it,
and feel it and find it,
fingertips to keys,
and forehead to cold, hard mahogany,
down, up and out,
pound it into your head,
ask yourself, has it been hammered in yet?
lost to the air as it slips out from under,

put your hands behind your back,
the world we live in is full of progress,
we fix all that appears to be —

B R O K E N

Katy Belshaw

Fourth-Year Hums Superlatives

Kicked out of the college after tonight: *Adam Salmond*

Pulled the most on-campus overnights: *Tristan Wicks*

Punniest: *Adam Salmond*

Most athletic: *David Blair*

Best laugh: *Brendan O'Kelly*

Most likely to become a professor at the college: *William Bredeson*

Most likely to be arrested for protesting: Tie: *Chelsea Ljutić, Aaron Elie*

Most likely to end up on Wall Street: *Aleksandra Baic*

Most likely to become an ascetic: *Lee-Michael Pronko*

Most likely to do a reality show: *Danielle Ring*

Most likely to start his/her own religion: *Lee-Michael Pronko*

Most likely to become a rock legend: *Luke Chandler*

Biggest optimist: (tie) *Megan Van Massenhoven, Eleni Kachulis, Brendan O'Kelly*

Biggest cynic: *Lee-Michael Pronko*

Biggest romantic: *Harry Weaver*

Prof you'd most like to be BFF's with: *Kim Stratton*

The next Tristan: *Tristan: "There Can Be Only One"*

Silly Professors Pt.1

HUMS SUPERLATIVES

Your year: _____

Please list the name of one person from the College in your year for each category. Winners will be revealed in North 2013.

Kicked out of the college after tonight: Caravaggio
Pulled the most on-campus overnigheters: Rembrandt
Punniest: Magritte
Most athletic: Michelangelo
Best laugh: Salvador Dali
Most likely to become a professor at the college: Gauguin
Most likely to be arrested for protesting: Guerrilla Gifs
Most likely to end up on Broadway Wall Street: Mondrian
Most likely to become an ascetic: Agnes Martin
Most likely to do a reality show: Bob Ross
Most likely to start his/her own religion: Marcel Duchamp
Most likely to become a rock legend: Naguchi
Biggest optimist: Marc Chagall
Biggest cynic: Jeff Koons
Biggest romantic: Burne-Jones
Prof you'd most like to be BFF's with: Mac Isaac
The next Tristan: Tristan

Anonymous

Silly Professors Pt.2

HUMS SUPERLATIVES

Your year: 15th

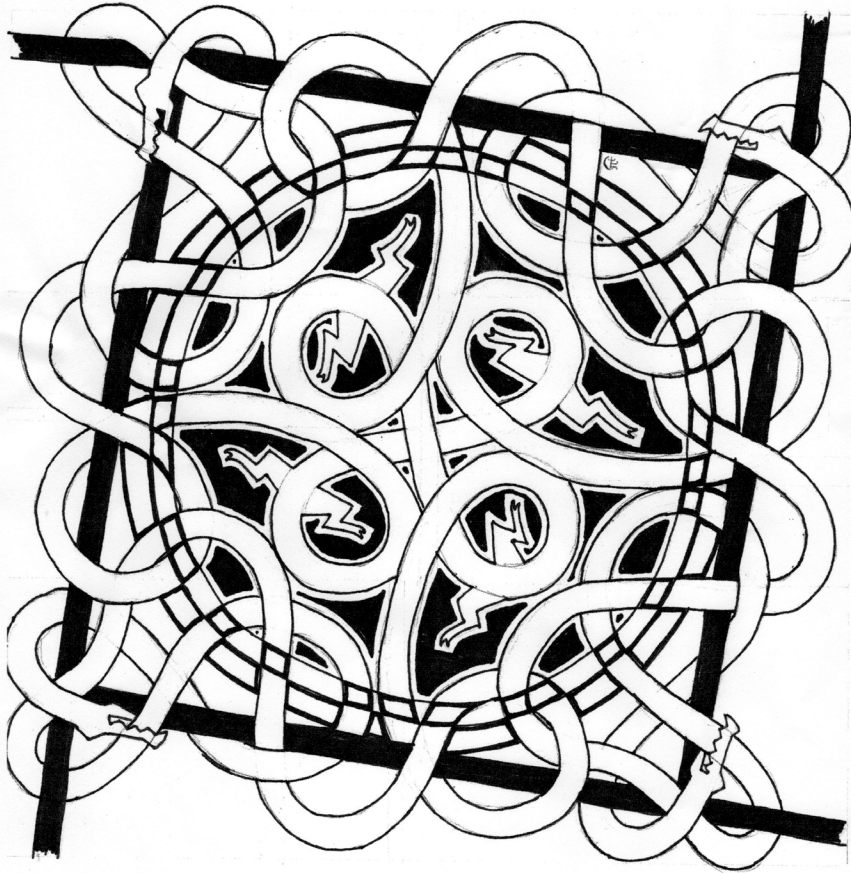
Please list the name of one person from the College in your year for each category. Winners will be revealed in North 2013.

Kicked out of the college after tonight: Alcibiades
Pulled the most on-campus overnigheters: Socrates
Punniest: Phaedrus
Most athletic: Achilles
Best laugh: Aristophanes
Most likely to become a professor at the college: Plato
Most likely to be arrested for protesting: Demosthenes
Most likely to end up on Wall Street: Polemarchus
Most likely to become an ascetic: Cephalus
Most likely to do a reality show: Plato (again)
Most likely to start his/her own religion: Plato
Most likely to become a rock legend: n/a
Biggest optimist: Dante
Biggest cynic: Thucydides
Biggest romantic: Dante
Prof you'd most like to be BFF's with: Dante
The next Tristan: Tristan

"Anonymous" (who else could it be...)

Winning Entry for "The Maze" Contest

The Biting of the Beasts



Sh*t Hums Profs Say

"Religion is an octopus"

"Christianity used to be punk rock"

"Ask yourself a very important question: do I have tenure?"

"Your brain is just going to leak out of your brain, I'm sorry"

"He's, uh, got Jesus in a little cup"

"He's not dead, he's just in heaven. So we're doing this long-distance thing"

"God must have the perfect doughnut"

"You never know when a heroic male nude will come in handy."

"I will reveal what is hidden"

"Futurism is like cubism on speed."

"Purgatory is like highschool; no one fails. Once you're in, you've made it"

"Meno is one of those annoying first-year political science students"

Biographies

John Ryan regrets Constantine's involvement in Christianity, and the burning of the library of Alexandria. Also, the series finale of Battlestar Galactica. And cheese.

Isabel McMurray thinks too much, sleeps too little, drinks too much coffee, and speaks in sounds. She loves.

Chris Love is a 2nd year Biohums student. In addition to painting he's interested in songwriting and natural history. After undergrad he hopes to study Animal Behaviour in a field biology context.

Nicole Morton, age twenty, feels more like fifty most days. From Belleville, Ontario found her odd artist talent at the beginning of grade ten and has over time developed her skills into what she has created for you here.

Angus Cairnie is a vulgar display of power.

Forrester Dunbrook is in second year Humanities, and wears swaggin' hats someday.

Mason Krawczyk: I'm from Saskatchewan.

Nikolina Vujosevic: If I could replace my eyeballs with tiny cameras and wear a baseball cap fit with a 1.8f 50mm lens I would. Those are the kinds of moments I love capturing. Lately I have been experimenting with taking these ordinary shots and inverting them, hoping to entice the viewer to enjoy even the simplest of photographs. Also sometimes I write words of memories I pretend someone else had.

Alex Fleck is a second year that likes to draw silly things, text in haikus, and breathe through her flute, although that pesky university thing often gets in the way.

Samantha Somerville: I'm a third year student who gets giddy at the thought of a new book or adventure. Here is a little insight into what inspires me. My wish is that you explore the world, whether through paper or lens, to find yours.

Krista Broeckx is a 4th year BHUM student. Favorite color: red, favorite season: summer, favorite food: food.

Maggie Dewar is in first year Humanities . She might also be a human Grumpy Cat. Ermagerd.

Ruchi Mathur: I'm a Third year Hums and Bio student (or Biologist, as Tristan occasionally insists!) powering through with the aim to finish next year. Apart from my love for the intellectual pursuits of Humanities and Biology, I enjoy the artistic sides of existence too, and do my best to find time for drawing, dance, and music. I won't say it's easy... but nor will I say I'm failing entirely! A big thank you to North for pushing us to stay in touch with that sides of ourselves.

Joey Baker is a second year Hums student originally from Toronto. Since he moved to Ottawa eleven years ago, he has founded a long-running local death-metal band and become interested in writing both poetry and fiction. Next year he plans to study philosophy at Leuven.

Katy Belshaw is in third year Humanities.

Grazia Hanea is in first year Humanities.

Blaine Cameron is in first year Humanities.

Peter Berg: Live a life worthy of interpretation.

HERE WE GO AGAIN...

IT'S
A COLOUR --- of horses,
neigh!
Mike's has
bought new
napkins.

WHEEE!!

Nifflebin.

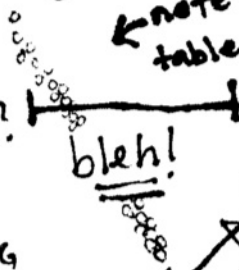
WOTAN!
♂
♀

They're cheaper.

↳ note the
table is visible



ARMOUR?
LAYERS
OF MEANING



pianomezzo fortepianomezzo



mezzo fortepiano

agh!!

Naughty
Sagton.

