



North  
2014-2015

# North Journal

## 2015

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## Letter from the Editors

Humanities students are odd creatures. Generally fuelled by some caffeinated beverage - be it coffee, tea, or even RedBull - we gather in hordes in the lounge, settling into chairs that are probably older than we are, and we talk. Of course, we do discuss relevant and contemporary issues, touching on politics both domestic and foreign, various cultural memes, and the absurdities of sinkholes. But we also discuss what we read. More than just a perfunctory, "Did you do the readings and could you synthesize two hundred pages of Augustine's whining into two minutes for me?" Which isn't to say that doesn't happen. We also engage with our material, grapple with the ideas that we learn and try to apply them to the world around us in many ways.

Someone once said that each time you read a book you were let into that club. You understood all the cultural references that book made, however subtle they may be, and you were privy to all of its inside jokes. HUMS is the ultimate club experience in that sense. Not only are we admitted to the inner sanctum of books that have been crucial to the formation of the modern world (according to our professors, at any rate), but we also understand their jokes. We see how the Old Testament reflects into contemporary culture, and we empathize with Job when we are swimming in papers and assignments. We notice Platonic turns of phrase and feel all the wiser for recognizing our double ignorance (take that Meno). We learn Machiavelli's way of shaping his Prince into the perfect ruler and wonder if we can apply these principles to our careers. We don't, of course, understand Hegel, because - *no one* understands Hegel.

What do we do with all this information? We talk, we laugh, we write poetry and prose, and we create works of art. We leave traces of ourselves behind in Paterson Hall as some of us move on to our next adventures. We leave imprints of ourselves in North, to look back at years later. We hope this year's copy will keep these memories fresh in your mind, and when you go on to make new memories, that you will look back and fondly recall this year.

Thanks for sharing it with us,  
Your North Committee

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09.02.14

Arden Hody

the sky is drip-drip-dripping down the rolling hills  
the wind is screaming through the birch tops  
*nothing is silent here*

we are on our tip toes trying to occupy the space between land and sky  
we are on our backs trying to encompass the globe  
*nothing is silent here*

thunder echoes the constantly brewing storm  
the rain is painting masks on our damp faces  
*nothing is silent here*

we are flower picking as an act of preservation  
we are trying we are trying we are tired  
*nothing is silent here*

the trees are leaning towards each other, sharing secrets  
the rocks are green slip slides and giant warning signs  
*nothing is silent here*

we are diving into the deep hoping the water will soothe us  
we are naked to the wind hoping the world will move us  
*nothing is silent here*

*nothing is silent here*

Untitled 1  
Jon Brownlee

out in the snowfall  
wash every part of me  
flake by flake

Untitled 2  
Jon Brownlee

there are still ducks there  
in the muddy riverbed;  
they don't seem to mind it

A Paper Season Dream  
Hannah Flemming

I yawn, swallowing sleep and devouring weariness  
snow falls, gathering on the hills  
like the feathers in my pillow at home  
I long to curl up  
in a slumber that leaves me buried and forgotten  
dust settling on my back like a blanket  
shielding me until I awake  
rested, filled, made whole  
wearing new translucent skin  
that finally lets the morning in

Love Story  
Paige Pinto

I scissor  
Whispers of soft black hair  
from a pale skull

The sitting room is easter yellow  
and morning sunshine  
soaks my skin  
I go to the kitchen

I slice an old apple  
sever a wedge of giving flesh  
with my rusty penknife

I arrive at your doorstep, bearing gifts.

You let me in for a fortnight  
and I slide down you like a muddy slope  
flecks of dirt clinging to my skin  
Barely, just barely  
I catch myself on my feet

I skid through dark doors  
with dorsal fins and jet wings  
and leave the putt-putt trail of a motorboat  
as I stumble away.

We are sailors  
on an untamed sea

My flyaway hair sticks  
to strawberry lip gloss,  
and words are golden lines,  
                                unspool  
on deep-conditioned strands

I cast words  
into your open mouth:  
I am an Amazon;

sometimes, I think you are a fish.



Bullet Wounds  
Lindsay Tannahill

I could learn to love you,  
but that's not the point.  
It should burst out of my ribcage  
With flowers and knives  
Beautiful and bleeding  
Singing with joy  
And the pain of bullet wounds.

If we learned anything from love,  
Maybe we wouldn't love at all.

Either/Or  
Graphite and Charcoal on Paper  
Chad Austin



## 1st Year Superlatives

Most likely to travel the world: *Lindsay Tannahill*

Most sarcastic: *Paige Davis*

Best eyebrows: *Paige Davis*

Best beard: *Ryan Dubney*

Most likely to end up on the side of a milk carton: *Charlotte Allen, Lindsay Tannahill*

Best dancer: *Kayla Dold*

Best drunk dancer: *Charlotte Allen*

Pulled the most in-lounge all-nighters: *Erik Pervin*

Punniest: *Katie Jourdeuil*

Best laugh: *Kayla Dold*

Most likely to become a professor at the college: *Sarah Adams, Erik Pervin*

Most likely to become an ascetic: *Jen Burns*

Biggest coffee TEA addiction: *Holly O'Neill*

Slept through the most classes/discussion groups: *Brighton Swan*

Spent the most \$\$\$ at Mike's Place this year: *Troy Curtis*

Most likely to leave everything they own in the lounge: *Erik Pervin*

Most likely to go to jail if Bill C-51 gets passed: *Paige Davis*

Most hated book from this year of HUMS: *Leviticus*

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

## The Willows

Troy Curtis

He told me to take cover  
Under the willows along the bay,  
The ones that wane in time,  
The ones that take pain away.

He told me to look out  
Past the rain clouds, past the seas,  
The willows hold me gently  
As they shiver in the breeze.

He told me to hold on  
While the willows sang their song  
Of the rocks that sank a boat today,  
Of a captain who steered wrong.

He told me it was fine,  
The willows hugged me tight,  
I tried to breathe for air,  
I tried with all my might.

He told me to close my eyes,  
While the willows sang me to sleep,  
I listened to my father  
As I sank into the deep.

The Garden of Tales  
Shanna Markee

I am the storyteller  
far from the world  
and the world can't touch me

I see beyond  
to the world past shadows  
where radiance blooms  
and that brightness does not burn me  
with the aching flame of eternity  
that graces the space  
between the worlds  
where stories lie

And there with my basket  
I harvest the fruit  
growing off of truth  
And off I go to market  
to the world  
to give my fruit away

For it is a magic fruit  
that not one can consume  
though all can taste  
but it must be passed on  
in order to taste the sweetest  
of the world's juices  
that live in stories

The Lark Descending  
Hannah Flemming

I look up  
glimpse a feathered sprite  
weaving through the wind  
the lark, alight on air

Its pattern indiscernible  
now up toward the sun  
then swift flight between branches  
whose leaves flutter in admiration

A shot shatters the clouds, scatters feathers  
cleaving wings in two  
and the lark descending  
shows how beautiful it can be  
to come crashing to the ground

Thistle  
Emma Rae



## The Sapling

Troy Curtis

A black sheet of wonder and fear  
Tucks in the fall, who's gone to rest.  
Red leaves tumble off hopeless trees,  
Birds fly south as light sets west.

Sing softly, cool wind  
As grey clouds pass you by,  
Push them past Apollo  
And show me auburn sky.

Swift comes the night in sudden, somber dance  
Bring forth father frost, lost in solemn trance.

Patient wait the stars  
To line up once again,  
Calmly do they lead you  
To where it once began.

Make regal crescent moon  
Who guides you like a king,  
On the waters of the winter  
Until your ship hits spring.

Father finds a friend in scorching sister sun,  
She melts away his punishment after everything he's done.

"Rest with us forever",  
Says the sapling in his seed,  
"Give me light and warmth again,  
Summer is all I need".



## Gone

Joey Baker

I must not think  
that to think is to  
produce,

that public,  
countable moments  
make truth,

that thought admits,  
beyond itself,  
of a limit

a time within which  
its moments  
should fit.

that Forms, to be,  
must find words  
on a page

that what genius I  
have, if untold,  
must be saved.

Its freely deepening  
moments can't  
stretch

to reach even a  
clarity-bound  
bench.

Only thought's  
own delving  
activity

can say what it  
must think,  
must be.

Such thoughts, though  
countless works  
they inspire,

and might win  
and have won, make  
my joy in thought

gone.

Frank  
Abion Osman



## Winter

Mason Krawczyk

december creeps blue through winter windows.  
peek sunken eyes above the sheets and sleep  
too much when alone (easy when it snows).  
the sallow cheeks that used to try and keep

the breath inside have blown, grown old and died.  
so mister death will walk the flowers home  
to rest and wilt in beds like me. I tried  
to bare the bluster, bare my bones,  
but — bleached by snow's soft saddened silhouette,  
i looked like lonely left lagging behind  
love's long and graceful strides with arms outstretched  
(then suddenly i saw that love is blind)

leaves left and so did everything except  
the memory of what i had back west.

## Summer

Mason Krawczyk

roll over write and rewrite our visits  
the fragile perfect parts of you i missed  
the delicate and doting play of wrists  
how fingers trace and clocks do not exist

i'm very much more complete when whole with you.  
your heart's my seasons (love's what feelings think).  
if one's half two then me and you are two  
together, breathless (& life is just a blink).

how timeless heaven-like and wholly bliss  
how lazy lovers laying longing lush  
how silence is a soft and pleasant kiss  
how tender skin i find begins to blush

how wonderful it is to be with you  
the beauty in my life is now in bloom

November 4, 2014

Adam Berk and Jon Brownlee (Mortals of Carleton)

*All of my peers seem to spend their free time 'chilling' with friends. But I have taken up a nobler path: the art of seagull spotting. Those sentinels of the clouds, unparalleled in power & majesty, king among the seabirds. These proud fowl bow down neither to Zeus or Poseidon, the divine masters of Heaven & Sea. Oh how I love you, matchless gulls! How I yearn to fly among you! Would that these arms were wings!*



## 2nd Year Superlatives

Most likely to travel the world: *Lauren M.*

Most sarcastic: *Katherine Clifton*

Best eyebrows: *Professor Stephenson*

Best beard: *Simon Coll*

Most likely to end up on the side of a milk carton: *Erik Pervin, Jeremy Bider*

Best dancer: *Ronnie Kunkel*

Best drunk dancer: *Emma Moratz, honourable mention to Emily Doerkson*

Kicked out of the college after Formal: *Thomas Milne*

Pulled the most in-lounge all-nighters: *Atanas Dmitrov*

Punniest: *The Mortals of Carleton University (Jon Brownlee and Adam Berk)*

Best laugh: *Morgan Drawson*

Most likely to become a professor at the college: *Kathleen Simms, Jon Brownlee*

Most likely to become an ascetic: *Simon Coll, Erik Pervin*

Biggest coffee addiction: *Simon Coll, Shannon Helm, Sean Illman-White*

Slept through the most classes/discussion groups: *Ally Dunn*

Spent the most \$\$\$ at Mike's Place this year: *Cody Pelletier*

Most likely to leave everything they own in the lounge: *Sam Lehman*

Most likely to go to jail if Bill C-51 gets passed: *Sean Illman-White*

Most hated book from this year of HUMS: *Eusebius's History of the Church, close second Thomas Aquinas*

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

Perpetually Homesick  
Lindsay Tannahill

I told him that my soul  
Was tired but he didn't understand  
How can you explain to someone  
That your light is dimming  
That the light bulb is burning out  
And the only way to change it  
Is to sleep  
Is to sleep or to  
Rip open your chest with a scream and a knife  
And to pull out the monster within  
Who is reading his book in your light  
Your precious light  
How do you explain this?  
And then explain that you can't  
You Can't  
Because he lives  
And you can only sleep

## Untitled

Hannah Flemming

heavy with you and gravity  
pulling lagging constantly  
drilling almost clinically  
doubt swallows my uncertainty  
there is a small hole in my skin  
and through it light of day comes in  
allowing me to hold on just  
the metal not yet turned to rust  
the shelves not yet consumed by dust  
I am still here, and finally  
I'll put one foot in front of me  
and walk, although I know I'll be  
heavy with you and gravity



Untitled 1  
Doug Dumais



Questions  
Joey Baker

What worth is there  
in Poetry —  
laconic, brief,  
obscure —

when our Lady  
Philosophy  
seems to grasp so  
much surer?

For all the  
radicality  
of its deepest drive  
for Form,

the deft power of its  
reaping of  
the Truth that was  
there sown,

is Philosophy yet  
strong enough  
to herald  
the unknown?

A Study in Minimalist Profiles  
Emma Rae



Jessica  
Isabel McMurray

The check-out girl at giant tiger's name was Jessica, today. She loves tall ships, but has trouble loving herself. She wears a necklace with a twisted wire tall ship and two sleeves of scars. Old white ones, worn with age; healing scabs, not old enough to scar; fresh red ones, still new. I wanted to tell her that she was beautiful, that she was okay, that I could help her find somewhere to be okay within herself. I ask her how she is, and she pauses with a wry smile before she said "I'm alright." Are you? I made conversation that felt meaningless.

Jessica rings through two dozen eggs, six pounds of butter, two jars of peanut butter and two cans of Pam. I pack my own bag, hand over my 50.85\$, and walk out of the store and out of her life.

I hope Jessica can see that she is as beautiful as a tall ship, that she can love herself as much as she loves tall masts, laced with rigging and crowned with billowing sails.

Rage  
Hannah Flemming

My small voice  
against your raging fire  
a moth in suffocating darkness  
flying hopelessly into a bleak corner

I am the target at which you hurl insecurities  
the hole in which you throw uncertainties  
my protests fall on deaf ears  
small voice against raging fire  
you spit that word at me  
Bitch  
and I am a beetle crushed under your foot  
left to make sense of what you have reduced me to

## 3rd Year Superlatives

Most likely to travel the world: *Avery Steed, Maggie Dewar, Mason Krawczyk, Natalia Pochtaruk, Hannah Fleming*

Most sarcastic: *Alex Pilon, Avery Steed*

Best eyebrows: *Andi Finlay*

Best beard: *Joey Baker, Henry Bertoia (both of you, please bring it back!)*

Most likely to end up on the side of a milk carton: *Natalia Pochtaruk*

Best dancer: *Maddie Panta, Tatiana Armengol*

Best drunk dancer: *Doug Dumais*

Kicked out of the college after Formal: *Paige Pinto*

Pulled the most in-lounge all-nighters: *Henry Bertoia*

Punniest: *Maggie Dewar*

Best laugh: *Hannah Fleming*

Most likely to become a professor at the college: *Paige Pinto, Doug Dumais, Isabel McMurray, Alex Pilon*

Most likely to become an ascetic: *William Potschka (because he is actually planning to do so)*

Biggest coffee addiction: *Henry Bertoia, Keri Charlton*

Slept through the most classes/discussion groups: *Mason Krawczyk*

Spent the most \$\$\$ at Mike's Place this year: *Isabel McMurray*

Most likely to leave everything they own in the lounge: *Isabel McMurray*

Most likely to go to jail if Bill C-51 gets passed: *Will Potschka*

Most hated book from this year of HUMS: *A tie between Petrarch and Rousseau*

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

It Has Been Some Months And —  
Sophie Crump

where have you gone  
these past days

did you receive  
the parcel  
of kraftpaper wrapped

heart and  
well-wishes

(i did not know the address)

which roads have you  
crunched through  
these no more days

where has  
the black ice

slipped  
    you  
        up

are you bruised

which corner do you plan to turn  
next

do the streetlamps  
show you  
enough

have the elements  
blinded  
you

what's to come  
                    in  
these unknown days ?

it has been some months and —

365

Anonymous

Count the days  
Cherish the ways  
You spent your time with him  
Remember his smile  
And each and every mile  
You went with him  
All of the dates  
Meeting his mates  
It's all a part of him  
One whole year  
And still no fear  
You'll ever part with him

Somewhere In-between  
Lindsay Tannahill

I suppose I'm  
I wish  
sad since  
I didn't  
I realized I  
read  
was last I  
between  
liked being first  
the lines  
sorry



Untitled 1  
Colin Penny



## Ritual

Emma Rae

My ritual is something that's to be lived everyday  
 It's not a cult thing, to be clear  
 It's something that makes you yourself  
 Individualized; personalized  
 To you.  
 Ritual is a raison d'être  
 From when you get up in the morning to getting home at night  
 How you live your  
 life - live it everyday  
 Know yourself.

## Untitled

Jon Brownlee with quotation from Matsuo Basho, trans. Jane Reichhold

Basho says:  
 "viewing the moon  
 no one at the party  
 has such a beautiful face"

I have seen the moon, Basho,  
 raced homeward by its glow  
 through an unlikely farm:  
 amid stalks and the smell of earth,  
 I rolled ecstatic  
 on a bike now broken

I have been happy too, Basho,  
 finding a full moon to join me  
 in smiling at a stray kitten

and once, Basho,  
 I spent a night in contemplation  
 with the moon for company  
 and no love had ever filled me so

but tonight, Basho,  
 the moon is so far,  
 and she is so near,  
 that i will have  
 to disagree

The Lord of the Flies  
Angus Cairnie

I.

Late – this holy dusk,  
supine, turned as though to say,  
“O, I have seeped across the day  
with all the burial myrrh and musk  
that Semiramis once let flow across her hair;  
but do you not, my oldest friend,  
when in your brooding seem to tend  
to stretch a hand out on my skin  
like a flute still void of air?”

II.

So the dust once cried to God!  
I paced the palace like a dream  
of blood and thunder, and it seemed  
that I have been spared the rod...  
But no. Silent lay the cursed stars,  
blinking in their shrouds -  
and only I – I know it now!  
I *know* the long inhumed arts!

III.

Bring my wine, that I might sleep.  
The dusk flows away, and like a fire  
the night steps close – and bursts forth like a choir,  
and lays her arms around my neck to draw me deep.  
That I might sleep? But oh, I pull her down  
and pour out cups of woe,  
and see! Now even God will know  
that the Devil is the Lake in which he drowns.

IV.

Then to empty Eden I turned my mind  
and my serpent’s heart uncoiled  
like a raindrop set in oil  
like a pearl that God has cast before the swine,

or a Garden built to house the apes that He despised!  
“Better to reign -” so spoke my Dusk  
and smiled her smile of secret lust –  
she hears the gods howl in the waste  
as wolves proud to hunt and proud to feast  
in the hall of the Lord of the Flies!

Fog, Foul Bay, Looking South  
Acrylic on Canvas, 12" x 36"  
Ryan Dubney



## The Exploits of Rabban Timotheos

### Timothy Pettipiece

One day in the assembly as Rabban Timotheos was giving a profound discourse on the Holy Mysteries, suddenly the disciples interrupted him and asked, “Rabbi, what does this have to do with our examination?” Rabban Timotheos sighed, “It has everything to do with it!” The disciples pressed him, “But, what do we *need* to know?” “Names,” he replied. The disciples looked at each other in confusion. “Names?” they said, “of persons, of things, of ideas? What sort of names? Names of universals or particulars?” Rabban Timotheos replied enigmatically, “Numbers.” The disciples became even more agitated. “What sort of numbers?” they protested. “Numbers of persons, numbers of years? Rational or irrational numbers?” After a short pause Rabban Timotheos said, “Ideas.” This enraged the disciples. “Lord God in Heaven! What sort of master have you cursed us with?” Some shook their fists, others wept, one curled up in a ball of despair. “Calm yourselves!” the rabbi said, “and harken to my words. That which you have written is that which you should know.” At this Rabban Timotheos left the assembly, only to fall violently down the stairs. Looking at the sky, he groaned, “Indeed, my Lord, you do know how to humble the proud.” Sometime later, Rabbi Gregorios ben Isaac stepped over him, mumbling some words from Aristotle.

## Judas Says He’s Sorry

### Isabel McMurray

Judas regrets the silver that he valued at the life of his brother  
regrets the soft chuckle of the coins as he toys  
with 30 pieces of false promises.

Regrets the taste of tears and the wailing of a  
leaderless people.

Regrets the bribe, the day, the world.

Judas regrets as he ties the noose, his brother’s words clear –

*Woe to that one by whom the son of man is betrayed! It would have been better for that  
one not to have been born*

Judas regrets as his feet kick against the air  
and his eyes bulge.

Judas regrets his last as his neck breaks.

Untitled 2  
Colin Penny



## Don't Trend On Me

Michael MacKinnon

Trends create loose ends in the fabric of society. Seriously, trends are an atrocity. I pity these poor victims of conformity. Look in the mirror and wash the face cream away. Take vitamins, drink orange juice, and then greet the day.

A flavourless wine of mankind. People rearing their children from front to behind. Talk is cheap but things are cheaper. It's hard to carry on while people gossip, chirp and peeper. It's your beliefs, and everyone's are getting feebler. But I agree though, that no man is truly happy until he reaches the point of mental tranquility.

Political figure in the picture, picture me politically happy. Seriously ... Really? Fuck me. Can people find the winding pathway to their own lives? While their desperation thrives they realize that this picture is slightly disfigured, trademark smile, with a face that's manufactured. You come to a point when you notice this path is not a path but it is a trail. An economic trail created by politicians with the ideals of faster transit ... MONORAIL.

I choose drugs, hugs, the poor misguided thugs, condemned by society to a life of crime and thievery, but really, thievery is a modern-day commodity in the lives of the suburban neckties who don't understand this and choose to oppress with judgmental molest. High complex apartment occupied with cheap love and lies, go home to monotone family, but don't forget to remove your disguise. Open the door to life and realize that people are like millions of flies buzzing around the shit-filled society we call home. Flying around like mindless drones until they find another drone, because no marriage equals death alone.

Cry, die, try a piece of American-made apple pie. I have Wal-Mart to warm my heart, blind people pushing toppling shopping carts. Cough, and gag. Nowadays everyone's a fag. Burnt up. "Excuse me, got anything for the cup?" Placed in a place they call Earth. Beam me up from here so I may see clear, because I think that everything in this world is far beyond queer.

So bored. Board me to a crucifix, or make me one of the ancient Romans whipping down upon his thorny crown. Worship yourself, be king of your own town. "Go to college, university - just don't goof around", Class clown is really down. Turn that frown upside down, eat some kittens - only in china town. I feel like an electric eel, stinging my way through the dismal reptile-filled day. It never ends with trends. Tie up the loose ends and be your own person who never pretends. The end.

Untitled 2  
Doug Dumais







### Car in Still Ocean

Acrylic on Canvas, 12" x 32"

Ryan Dubney



Provence #1  
Acrylic on Canvas, 24" x 36"  
Ryan Dubney



An Ode to my Bank Account  
Emma Rae

Dear bank account —  
I'm sorry that you're so gaunt.  
I'm guessing all that tea and other crap I buy isn't helping you.

Don't blame me!  
I'm a university student —  
I have things to buy!  
The groups I'm in make me buy too many t-shirts;  
The long days of class call me to Starbs and Mike's;  
I buy too many books I'll never get to read,  
but I've little free time after struggling through readings anyway  
(and who wants to read for fun right after that?)

Maybe, bank account, you'd like me to be more creative?  
Find something else to do than starve you?  
But everything takes money.  
Money that I don't have.

...

Well, it could be worse.  
I could be swimming in debt at 19.  
So for now, dear bank account, you'll have to put up with your pitiful allowance.  
Come with me, and live life while we can!

## Tomorrow is Blank

Olivia Sykes

Whenever I try to get ahead,  
there is always something that holds me back.  
A rope is attached to my body -  
from it I cannot escape.

Sweat is forever upon my brow,  
the battle of wits never ends.  
No care is given to my effort -  
Lady Luck never smiles on me.

On the contrary - she is against me -  
out to spite me every time.  
As I try to rise up,  
she kicks me back down again.

When circumstances are destitute  
it is easy to lose hope.  
One must find something worth fighting for -  
it is this that makes life continue on.

The ambitious idea on the horizon  
is the best reason to live.  
Things may be difficult today,  
but tomorrow remains blank.

## Socks

Sophie Crump

It seems you have been  
overzealous  
in your creation

I cannot fill  
the space you have left for me

These socks are too big.

November 15, 2014

Adam Berk and Jon Brownlee (Mortals of Carleton)

*Things were simpler in my day. You'd wake up, eat a hearty breakfast of oats and then survey the mountains for gold deposits. Back then there was no social media, just you, your mule, and the indifferent beauty of nature. Men lost themselves out there in that wilderness; now they're losing themselves in cyberspace.*





## Caption Contest

This year, North chose some of the most random photos we could find on the internet that we felt related to the program. It was up to you, dear Collegians, to caption these oddities. Thanks for the laughs and excuses to procrastinate! Here are some of our favourites.



*"Come on, you lit on fire for Moses!"* - Chad Austin

*"You think it's okay to be in my way? I AM the way!"* - Lauren M.



*"Congress."* - Jennifer Kempster



*“There’s math in the Meno?” - Adam Berk*

*“The decoration of Bibles hit an unexpected snag when Jeff decided to add a crossword to his.”  
- Forrester Dunbrook*

Add your own caption!



“

”

Rope  
Sophie Crump

Coil the rope  
and lay it neatly to rest;  
do not search for its end

for I have hidden it.

My Baptismal Lullaby  
Josh White

This will be done  
This will be done  
You will have your peace  
A foundling in the eaves

Drink up your breath  
Drink up your breath  
Wet your arid throat  
Reclaim what was your own

New air to your lungs  
A cadence to be sung  
This is your rest  
This is your rest



## 4th Year Superlatives

Most likely to travel the world: *Kat Huybregts*

Most sarcastic: *Euan Wheaton, Deepru Chowdhury, Maria Bajwa, Anaïs Schiffer*

Best eyebrows: *Simon Zeldin*

Best beard: *Chase Langlais, Joey Baker (although the latter is a retrospective prize)*

Most likely to end up on the side of a milk carton: *Jennifer Chaisson*

Best dancer: *Simon Zeldin*

Best drunk dancer: *Kat Huybregts, Alex Chaffey*

Kicked out of the college after Formal: *Carly Cushing, Euan Wheaton*

Pulled the most in-lounge all-nighters: *Jade Lucas*

Punniest: *John Ryan, Aleksander Godlewski*

Best laugh: *Josh White*

Most likely to become a professor at the college: *John Ryan*

Most likely to become an ascetic: *Joey Baker, Sophie Crump*

Biggest coffee addiction: *Anaïs Schiffer*

Slept through the most classes/discussion groups: *Deepru Chowdhury*

Spent the most \$\$\$ at Mike's Place this year: *Maria Bajwa*

Most likely to leave everything they own in the lounge: *Alex Chaffey*

Most likely to go to jail if Bill C-51 gets passed: *Euan Wheaton*

Most hated book from this year of HUMS: *Anything Hegel has ever written*

Prof you'd most like to be BFF's with: *Professor Geoffrey "Fresh" Kellow*

Seeing (Doodle from Religion)  
NotesPlus for iPad, Bamboo stylus  
Emma Rae



Three Songs for Dhul-Qarnayn  
Angus Cairnie

I. Jahiliyyah

One night, the first night in all the worlds  
(I declare, all Night is One)  
the Door of God was open  
and swinging on its hinges.

The slither of some *shahadah*  
curls in the heat of the naked Sun  
as though pages burned  
and were blown away in the sand.  
O my infidel heart,  
I think my soul is sand...

Somewhere in the holy city of my ribs  
a drum is beating War.

Does God's Mouth grow thirsty  
in the desert that you chose?  
I pace the desert with the sighing stars for lovers,  
keeping time with a call to prayer  
torn from the throat of a wolf.

And to the grind of year on year  
rustling like a dry leaf  
through the houses of my gods,  
I turn slow as the mirth of oceans,  
I turn blindly, I overflow.

II. Haram

Yes I heard – blistering from the minaret –  
the tidings. “What does the Deepest Deep contain?”  
Jackals, and ruin, and forever in sunset  
hemorrhaged the world – in pain, in pain.  
In Paradise, in the Fire that licks,  
and laves the wounds that yet *Recite* –  
behold, the very heart of me is sick –  
bestir! and yet hotter wars incite.

### III. Jannah

On the rim of empires  
I rolled like a drop of wine,  
or dice. I think that God  
plays games with me, gambles worlds,  
stars, and a Prophet on the tip and roll of my heart.  
I danced in Suns, conjured devils from star-dust,  
filled a cup with gods, sex, woodsmoke  
and poured it out on sand.

Then a wind whispered in my ear,  
“I have found a rotten tooth in the Mouth of God.”  
The silent, headless idols have told as much to me,  
woman. No gods live here anymore.

### Author and Artist Bios

**Abion Osman** is a 3rd year humanities student and child of the ever growing Somali diaspora. She gets emotional over sunsets, and drinks way too much cranberry juice, but is content.

**Adam Berk and Jon Brownlee** are the *Mortals of Carleton* guys, made famous on Facebook. Through this humble medium, they have managed to ‘plumb the depths of the human condition and crystallize moments of enduring beauty.’

**Angus Cairnie** is the final argument of kings.

**Arden Hody** is of great spirit; loving the outdoors, animals, and cozy sweaters.

**Chad Austin** prefers to be called The Avenger. He’s in second year Hums and really enjoys it. He hopes one day to find absolution in the contemplation of the unmoved mover.

**Colin Penny** was really bored during a lecture one day and so instead of taking notes, he just drew lines on the page. After he looked at it he thought it looked pretty cool so now he does it when he’s bored...or watches Netflix.

**Doug Dumais** is a \_\_\_\_\_ (you decide!)

**Emma Rae** looks forward to nicer weather for hiking in the spring and will continue to hibernate with tea until then, while contemplating life as usual.

**Graeme O’Farrell** was recognized in grade school as a talented writer and his life has been a pleasant hell ever since. After dropping out at sixteen to be a gardener he quickly found himself traveling around the country playing songs and reciting poems, earning a modicum of fame along the way. He has won numerous awards as a spoken word poet, released creative works, and studied at the Banff Arts Center. More recently he has grown up a little and become a father to the most adorable creature in the known universe, and even more recently became a student majoring in Humanities at Carleton University.

**Hannah Flemming** is inspired by eagles - purveyors of Justice and masters of the sky.

**Isabel McMurray** posits that we are saved — not by faith, as Luther would have you believe — but by tea alone.

**Joey Baker** is a fourth-year student in the College. He spent last year in Leuven and would perhaps like to return. Many of his personal hours are spent philosophizing about how to philosophize and live at the same time and as a result he lives a terribly imbalanced life.

**Jon Brownlee** is a second year student taking a combined honours in English and Humanities. He is remembered by his most distant relations as a nice blonde boy, and very tall.

**Josh White** doesn't know what to say.

**Lindsay Tannahill** says to insert a really original Humanities student bio here, involving peanut butter and strange house pets.

**Mason Krawczyk** 306.

**Michael MacKinnon** has since left the College of the Humanities, but would like to leave his work as his legacy.

**Olivia Sykes** is a second year student in the College. She is a Jane Austen aficionado, who prides herself on her ability to write mostly coherent papers in the early hours of the morning.

**Paige Pinto** is a third-year Bachelor of Humanities student at Carleton University. She has been writing poetry since she was eight years old and does not plan to stop.

**Ryan Dubney** doesn't believe in dogs.

**Timothy Pettipiece** is a Religion and Classics professor at Carleton University and was in an awesome band that shall not be named, but that we shall all keep asking him about.

**Shanna Markee** befriended the subway trolls in her hometown of Toronto, but has found that the O-Train trolls are not quite the same.

**Sophie Crump** is grateful for the words that have guided her through these past four years: the words of the ancients, the philosophers, the artists, the politicians - and your words, dear friends. She is grateful too, to share her words with you.

**Troy Curtis** enjoys piña coladas and long walks on the beach. He humbly suggests you follow him on Instagram at [TheLifeofTroy](#).

## Prof Quotes

Stephenson: *He's talking about bling. Thracymachus is gangster. He's championing the gangster life. Imagine him in a hip hop video!*

Kellow on hairline recession and high angle selfies: *Once it starts looking like you can show movies on that thing...!*

White: *Defecating on a crucifix is a really weird thing to do!*

MacIsaac as Thrasyachus: *NO, \*\*\*\* YOU! I WANT MY SHIT, SOCRATES!*

Rajae: *Dr. Phil is the great sophist of our time.*

Kellow: *That was my take on the Old Testament, just wha- WHAT whaaat?*

Ceetham: *"A block of... a lot of galaxies."*

Kellow: *It's not 'Education of a Christian Mailman' although that would be good.*

Higney: *What kind of Erlkönig is living in his mother's basement?!*

Stephenson: *That's my golden rule of thumb, to mix metaphors.*

Kellow: *Lying to Hitler is always the right thing to do.*

Stephenson: *If you're bowling but ignorant that your bowling ball's filled with dynamite and you kill everyone...that's a better example!*

White: *In the sixteenth century, everyone hates mountains. They just get in the way.*

Higney: *Nothing quite says misanthropy like a neckbeard.*

Kellow: *What's the appropriate tax level for misery and death?*

Rajae: *Then it hit him literally, well in a non-literal way.*

Stephenson: *That's what HUMS 2000 is — intellectual whiskey. No, that's lame, don't put that in the book!*

Kellow on being drawn to the wrong person: *Why am I with you? You are terrible. See you tomorrow. ...And you only say the last part.*

## Who Said It?

MacIsaac

“The fact that nobody loves you is not unjust.”

Moggach

“I am not a resource for God’s sake! I am a jewel!”

Kellow

"Eric, will you help me out in an example of a homoerotic exchange? Yes? Do you want to be the lover or the beloved?"

Rajae

“Hegel would be fine with vacations... Fichte might have a problem with vacations.”



### The Napkin

Every year North doodles on a napkin during our end-of-year editing session at Mike's. We read over all your submissions, choose their order and layout, and enjoy pitchers of beer. It's a grand time made even better by your work!

