

SINGING LARK



WINTER '13/14

WHEN POETRY RULES
THE STREETS
ANYTHING
IS POSSIBLE



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**OUR GLORIOUS LEADER: HIS FEATHERED MAJESTY,
THE ETERNAL PRESIDENT,
SUPREME DOUBLE GOLD STAR VICE-CHANCELLOR GENERAL
LARKUS, COMMANDER OF THE THIRTEEN LEGIONS,
ARCH-IMPERATOR, PRIME DIRECTOR, CHIEF CONSUL, AND THE
RIGHTFULL HEIR TO THE THRONE OF GREENLAND.**

**DISCONTENT
IS THE MOTHER OF
PROGRESS**



Defining Disability

CHRISTINE AZEVEDO

How does one define disability? It is important to recognize that this term has been defined, and continues to be defined upon regulatory norms and functions of the body. Institutional power, medical model and social model create health and body paradigms in order to establish bodily defaults, ideals and states of normal. I argue that a standpoint epistemology is necessary for the inclusion of individuals who are silenced, othered and marginalized from “compulsory able-bodiedness.”

I aim to reveal the challenges of regulatory norms, ableist value-systems, limitations and constructions of identity, as well as the abled/disabled dichotomy.

Within Shelley Tremain's *On the Government of Disability*, the persistent and historical naturalization of disability within the political, medical and social model is investigated. She infers that the attributes of 'impaired' or 'disabled' are constructed and regulated by institutional power. She highlights how the medicalization of these bodies contributes to the universalization of constructed attributes of disability. Furthermore, characteristics of disability are "materialized as universal attributes through the iteration and reiteration of rather culturally specific regulatory norms and ideals about human function and structure, competency and ability".

She states that impairment and disability ought to be seen as constructs of institutional power, rather than biological truths. This is important to consider because the medical model works from a value-system of privilege while being proximate to cultural attitudes. Individuals begin to embody these constructed 'normalized' bodily functions and attitudes because their environments are saturated in these norms.

Their identity is not only determined by the cultural norms of the society's context but is constructed with through the medical model to restrict, regulate and marginalize certain body types.

It is important for disabled individuals to share their personal experiences of constructed limitations because it contradicts with dominant ideologies. Moreover, I claim that an epistemic standpoint is an efficient tool to reject the supposed universal attributes of normal and abnormal.

This is also investigated through the theory of Susan Wendell. Susan Wendell reiterates the active production of disability throughout her work *The Rejected Body*. She points out that

identifying whether one's self is disabled or abled can be difficult because the characteristics of the abled/disabled dichotomy are dependent on context. This includes individual circumstances and dominant ideologies, cultural hegemony and attitudes that circulate the body. Moreover, disability is being continually defined and constructed and this process is not solely based on one's body.

Wendell concludes that people with disabilities have been stigmatized historically and othered as a result of dominant able-bodied ideologies.

**"Loree Erickson
is a 'poly queer
femmegimp porn
star academic' who
critically
theorizes
sexuality and
disability using her
own personal
experiences."**

Therefore, disability is not only difficult to define because bodies, circumstances and ideologies are constantly changing, but also because there is no universal experience of disability. She emphasizes this in claiming that "we cannot arrive at an understanding of a person's epistemic perspective or social position by recreating understanding of the effects of disability" just as we cannot "understand the effects" of race, class, gender and sexuality".

In Wendell's theory, "the interaction of social identities/positions means that we will not have an accurate understanding of what it is to be disabled until we hear from everyone who is disabled". Here, she advocates taking one's personal experiences into account and to value us to move towards imagining ways in which disabilities as a bodily difference can be valued on a social and political level. McRuer's crip theory, as he indicates in the beginning of his book *Crip Theory: Cultural Signs of Queerness and Disabil-*

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MDMAdness

CHRIS WALKER

With all the distress raised about the recent deaths at the Electric Zoo, many people are looking for something to blame, and as usual, fingers end up pointed at the substance ingested by the recently deceased. This finger-pointing is then followed by a flood of editorials about the “danger of drugs”, in this case MDMA, called “Molly” in the layman’s lexicon. But how dangerous is molly really? And how much did the substance really contribute to the deaths of two attendants of the EDM festival?

A recent study published in ‘the Lancet’ examines the harms of various drugs on the basis of their effects, dangers directly related to overdose and, in addition, potential for harm to others. It is interesting to note that while there are several voices condemning drug use and MDMA in general, it is rated as one of the safest drugs in the study, far behind even cannabis and nicotine.

So if MDMA is relatively safe, what were the other factors contributing to the deaths? One thing noted about MDMA is that with the influx of serotonin it produces in the brain, receptors can become blocked, a common side effect of which is accelerated heartbeat and rise of body temperature, leading to dehydration. This is what

caused these youths to collapse and eventually die. EDM festivals typically involve long periods of dancing and other physical activity, which no doubt was a contributing factor. Additionally, many festivals don’t allow participants to bring in outside water bottles, forcing people to buy drinks inside, yet another factor that can increase chances of dehydration.

These tragedies only reinforce the need for real drug education in communities. TRIP, the Toronto Rave Information Program, is an example of such education. TRIP provides drug education, water, condoms and other amenities to ravers at events. However, as great as that program is, personal safety begins with you. It is in that spirit that I implore you to do the following should you or someone you know be doing drugs:

1. Research what you’re doing. Academic journals are often a great source of info on the subject. Can’t be bothered to look those up you say? Erowid (www.Erowid.org) has everything you need to know about any substance you wish to imbibe: Side-effects, legal status, dosage and physical qualities. You can also contact your the DC/UOIT chapter of Canadian Students for Sensible Drug Policy (CSSDP) and we would be happy to answer any questions you may have.

2. If you aren’t going to research your substance of choice, or if you hadn’t planned on partaking and are offered something, bring a friend and let them know, the buddy system is often great at thwarting any mishaps. Although that is also applicable for planned substance use as well, it is even more imperative for impromptu drug use.

3. Be sure to stay hydrated. Many substances can often dehydrate the body through a myriad of mechanisms, so be sure to drink plenty of water throughout your use, especially if you’re clubbing, raving, partying or consuming alcohol. It could save your life.

4. I CANNOT STRESS THIS ENOUGH. YOU CAN OFTEN AVOID OVERDOSE IF YOU FOLLOW ONE SIMPLE RULE. “You can always do more, but you can never do less.” If you space out your intake, you can avoid many of the adverse effects that come with OD’s. In the case of MDMA, it can take up to 45 minutes to an hour if orally ingested to take effect, and up to 25 minutes if insufflated. It is ALWAYS a good idea to wait before doing more of whatever it is you’re doing, because once it’s in you, there is no getting it out. There is no stomach pump equivalent for most substances.

Afghanistan: A Perspective

MANJULA SELVARAJAH

Chris Alexander, Member of Parliament for Ajax-Pickering, has penned The Long Way Back, a book on his experiences as Canada’s former ambassador to Afghanistan and the UN’s former deputy special representative to the country.

It is a serious tome full of descriptions of key players, frank opinions on wins and failures, personal anecdotes and his hopes for the country.

Afghanistan has a decidedly conflict-ridden history. Afghans have fought the British, Russia, Pakistan, in turns, and now battle the Taliban. The chaotic view most outsiders hold of the country is informed by media reports, and sometimes the tales of the battle weary that have left the country.

Alexander mentions stories he heard before he arrived in the country, from Russian taxi drivers who had spent time in Afghanistan. “They had been traumatized... most described it as a hellhole”, he said.

His view changed within the first few days, “I was amazed by the courtesy even of ordinary Afghans...to each other and us. That warmth and that welcome really took me by surprise.”

Though the complexities are many

in Afghanistan, from navigating tribal rivalries, bureaucracy and corruption, through to stemming opium production and Pakistan’s tacit support of the Taliban, Alexander is optimistic about the future of democracy in the country.

Alexander describes democracy as be-

“158 soldiers and 5 civilians have lost their lives there.”

ing second nature to Afghans. He spoke of the tradition of Jirgas, large tribal councils dating thousands of years, where every attendee has a right to speak, and no one left until a consensus had emerged. “That is profoundly democratic and also indigenous to Afghanistan,” he added.

He advocates for Canada’s continued involvement in Afghanistan. Around 40,000 Canadians have served in Afghanistan - 158 soldiers and 5 civilians have lost their lives there. In July 2011, Canada ended its military mission in the country and now helps with training, diplo-

macy and humanitarian assistance roles.

Another key point he advocates for in his book is a solution to Pakistan’s interference in Afghanistan. “They (Afghans) see the Taliban as a Pakistani proxy that wants to occupy them. They see the real threat as coming from there,” he said.

Though US President Obama and French President Sarkozy have spoken out about the need for Pakistan to stop nurturing proxy terrorists, Alexander feels words are not enough. He would like to see the international community tighten and enforce UN Resolution 1267, a sanctions regime against the Taliban. “With over 100 Taliban leaders on Pakistani soil, Pakistan is in breach of these sanctions. We need to take this to the UN,” he stresses.

Alexander was elected as MP Ajax-Pickering in 2011, in a tight race against Liberal incumbent Mark Holland. He was named Minister of Citizenship and Immigration in 2013. It is hoped that his experience in Russia and Afghanistan will bring needed Foreign Service savvy to the current government and enrich discussions around Canada’s influence on global issues.

The Mountain Spirit

ERIC TYUKODI

They say that nature is a mother to us all. She is the giver of life and the ruler of the wild places of the world. They also say that it is mankind's destiny to try and challenge nature, to tame her, to bend her to the will of those infinitely her lesser. Such is the folly of man. Like an indignant child, man always tried to prove himself above the natural order.

Humanity took great lengths to prove their dominance over their mother. Humans developed tools and harnessed the power of fire, carving out lives where she had done her best to test them. Whether it was the elements she conjured, the plagues she visited upon him, or the work of her other children to hunt him, man continued to survive. Humanity was determined to prove themselves above the rest of the natural world.

One day, while looking up at the sky, a young man pondered what it would be like to fly as the birds do, to look down upon the world with jubilation and feel the freedom that came from being upon the wind. He went back to his tribe and asked the village elder if it was possible for man to fly.

The elder scoffed at him and said that birds were able to fly because they were lesser beings and could not speak, nor could they walk or run very fast. Their domain was the sky, as was the domain of insects and bats. Everything had a place, due to their strengths. He told the young man that it would be quite unfair if humans could fly and talk and run and swim like the fish in the oceans. He then sent the young man away in shame, berating him for not hunting like the other young men. Irate at the dismissal, the man left in sadness.

That night, the moon was full above the small village and the inhabitants fast asleep, the man looked to the east, where a large mountain towered over the village and surrounding jungle. In his heart, he still yearned to see what the world looked like from above and to feel the wind billow about him. He decided if he could not fly, he would get as close to the sky as he possibly could.

Taking only a gourd of water, the young man set out into the dark of the night. He made his way into the dark undergrowth, the sounds and smells of the jungle blotting out the starlight and moon. Several times he was sure he was being stalked by one of the great cats that roamed the flatlands and made their homes in the vine canopy above. At one heart-seizing point saw a pair of shining eyes cross his path in fast pursuit of

another shadow, but it disappeared as quickly as it had revealed itself.

Despite the fears of the jungle at night, the youth found himself entranced by the beauty of what he saw around him. He could hear every leaf and reed rustle in the dark night breeze. The ground was a cool but comforting mass between his toes, making him feel a part of the jungle itself. Occasionally he felt drops of water fall down from the canopy above in a gentle rain, knocked loose by the wind from reservoirs in the leaves and flowers above.

After what seemed to be an eternity, the young man arrived at clearing in the undergrowth. Before him, in the near-dawn light, he could make out the foothills of the great peak. He undid the gourd from the leather strap on his waist. Taking a drink of the precious fluid, he began his ascent, finally swallowing the water only after it had grown very warm within his mouth. The climbing was difficult, his body inexperienced and as far as he knew, no one from his tribe had set foot around the mountain before. Zigzagging his way back and forth across the low rises, he sought the quickest way to the top, only to discover how incredibly hard it was on his knees.

He sat down, feeling overwhelmed by the enormity of the land form. Finally catching his breath, he resolved to seek the gentlest slope around the mountain rather than charge on directly up it. After an hour of circling the switchbacks and rises, he found a somewhat gentler path than the one he had taken before, which went back upon itself several times. Walking through the sparse trees and bushes, he marvelled at how nature could survive in the rocky ground. He also felt the breeze grow stronger, bringing with it a chill in the air. Far ahead he could see another change in the terrain, this time to what looked like an ocean of rocks. There were stones like pebbles and small boulders bigger than his head. Undaunted, he climbed through the last few meters of sparse vegetation.

Once he reached the loose rock of the scree hills, he turned his back to the peak and looked down at the earth. He became dizzy with the height and stumbled back to save himself. The climb had taken him as long as he had thought. Below him the jungle appeared as a grey-black mass, the tops of the trees rippling in the breeze as the ocean did on calm days. A great smile crept across the youth's face. He had never felt such uplifting joy and freedom. It made his heart race. He turned back to face the ascent again. He

had an urge to push himself on, harder and harder.

The next phase of the climb was more strenuous than before, constantly struggling to find a safe path through the dunes of gravel and eroded rock. Several times he slid back down on the scree, once nearly over a precipice, which would have certainly meant his death. It was tiring and painful for his bare feet and hands. Crawling along on all fours seemed easier than attempting to walk. It also added more stability, as the wind has began to howl the higher up he got.

At long last, the scree seemed to give way to solid chunks of boulder and rock. These shifted precariously despite their size, so the youth was extremely careful where to place his feet and weight. Despite the danger, his sense of wonder and awe was not hindered. He vowed that he would reach the top of the mountain before the sun was highest in the sky. Taking the last of his water from the gourd, he drained the last gulp and returned the container to his belt strap, not wanting to leave the object on such a primal place.

The sudden shift to slabs and boulders of rock required him to behind climbing. He quickly learned that not all the handholds he found were safe, many of them cracking and crumbling away into the darkness between the great slabs and boulders. Around him, the wind was now howling, and there were moments when he was certain he saw the white specks that the elder had called snow.

Shivering, he continued the vertical ascent, holding with all the strength he could muster. In his heart he was brimming with pride and determination. He would be the first member of his tribe to see his village from the air. He imagined himself at the top, cheering loudly before transforming into a bird and flying back down to the surface. The idea was so strange that he began to laugh despite the gale billowing around him.

As he pulled himself onto the frozen summit, he gasped at the sight before him. Dawn had broken over a world that seemed much smaller than he had believed, with a small string of smoke being the only marker for his village. He saw the dark blue of the ocean, the green of the forests and plains, the darkness of the jungle, and the foothills he had climbed to reach where he was. In the distance he could make out other great peaks, like the one he had stood on. The sight was so beautiful that he began to shout with glee in triumph.

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Defining Disability (continued)

CHRISTINE AZEVEDO

This type of epistemology also draws attention to repetitive dichotomies of ability and disability as well as reoccurring notions of the sexual body. When individual subjectivities and responses to “compulsory abled-bodiedness” are taken into account, sources of the problematic ideologies can be identified. To further emphasize this, I will draw on the media production of Loree Erickson.

Loree Erickson is a “poly queer femmeimp porn star academic” who critically theorizes sexuality and disability using her own personal experiences. She is a scholarly writer who creates photos, pornography and films to empower herself as a sexually avid and desirable individual. She also uses these outlets to respond and criticize cultural attitudes as well as dominant perceptions of sexuality and disability.

Erickson’s work not only stresses the interconnectedness of heterosexism and “compulsory able-bodiedness” but it is often a response to the moral regulation and stigmatization of certain gendered and disabled bodies. Erickson explains that she challenges the heteronormative assumption that she is lesbian when she is having sex with other women in her erotic art. She does this by consciously denying that she is a lesbian when people ask. It isn’t her intention to dismiss or degrade lesbian sex and identities, but rather she does this to complicate identity categories. She claims that her sexual acts and desires do not determine her sexual identity.

Erickson uses sexuality and gender as a tool as well as an outlet in order challenge hegemonic understandings of sexuality, gender, and disability. She is interested in complicating common assumptions, so she frequently critiques the heteronormative constructs by refusing to fall under a single circumscribed category.

Consequently, Loree pays close attention to the assumptions cast upon her on a daily basis. In her writing, Erickson emphasizes the common assumptions that disabled individual are often seen as asexual or ‘sexless’. She refers to the occasions where she is with her partner or a friend of the same sex in her article *Hot and Bothered*. “Strangers always ask my friends: ‘Is she your sister?’ or, occasionally, ‘Are you her worker?’ I can feel assumptions projected onto our individual bodies and how

they related to each other. People never assume we are dating, which causes me so much frustration.”

Not only is a romantic or physical dynamic overlooked but Erickson and her friend or partner’s dynamic is commonly perceived as the dynamic shared between guardian and dependent. Erickson says, “it is a common stereotype about disabled people: we are asexual, undesirable and in constant need of care.” Care and assis-

Erickson and her friend or partner’s dynamic is commonly perceived as the dynamic shared between guardian and dependent. Erickson says, “it is a common stereotype about disabled people: we are asexual, undesirable and in constant need of care.”

tance are often associated with disability and it is assumed that disabled people are child-like because they are ‘dependent’. This association can lead to a construct in which differently abled individuals are seen as infantile and inferior.

As a result, the individual sexual subjectivities are overlooked and any sort of sexual autonomy is immediately dismissed. In including her day-to-day experiences throughout her articles and pedagogy, Erickson responds to the dominant social attitudes and ideologies that regulate differently abled bodies. Additionally, Erickson’s erotic film and photographs challenge these common assumptions of her dependency and asexuality by explicitly

engaging in sexual activity, by being open about her sexual subjectivities within her writing and consistently portraying herself as a hypersexual individual. Her work aims to remind those who follow abled-body value systems that queer, disabled women are sexually avid and desirable individuals, regardless of their ability.

Through her standpoint, we are able to see that she consciously complicates dichotomies and defines her own identity as oppose to falling under a category that is produced by oppressive systems of power. Erickson advocates this standpoint approach within her article *Out Of Line: The Sexy Femmegimp Politics of Flaunting It*. “Our bodies, identities, desires and experiences have multiple meanings, and thus we need multiple stories... We also need to look at the work that our stories do.”

Loree Erickson acknowledges the intricacies of different bodies and experiences of “compulsory able-bodiedness”. Her published works allow others to see her resistance to the moralizing and regulatory effects of heterosexist and ableist ideologies. Not only is Erickson creating a positive sphere for marginalized bodies and queer women but she also delivers a first-hand experience to theorize and inform her activism and uses it as a tool to deconstruct these ableist and heteronormative ideologies.

It is clear that the attributes of the disabled body are not universal and one’s embodiment of “compulsory able-bodiedness” relies on one’s social and physical location. An epistemological standpoint stresses the individual contexts and their importance whereas a strict model of medical positivist and pragmatic epistemology cannot.

Their lack of subjectivity contributes to sustaining binaries, promoting hegemonic norms and the empowerment of an oppressive value system. I urge that theory which includes the subjectivities of those who experience “compulsory able-bodiedness” and the marginalization of ableist value systems, is absolutely central in exploring ways to challenge and change the oppressive nature of hegemony.

As Erickson states, “We need stories of love, lust and other stuff. We need the success stories and the stories of pain and frustration.”





Phantasmagoria

GIORGIO BERBATIOTIS

I. APOPHENIA

Oneira woke up sitting cross-legged in the shower once more. She could still hear the soft somber toiling of a piano's strings ringing in her ears, as her eyes adjusted back to the brightness of her bathroom. She was waking from the calming serenity of a dream, and though the contemplative sadness that accompanied it was washing off her now, it seemed only a second ago that she had been immersed in peace, not the organized chaos of her morning routine.

Every morning had always been the same for Oneira, but ever since her father suffered a stroke, she had been unable to stay awake long. She had always been enthusiastic in the mornings; she would turn off the alarm, rush to the bathroom, grab her toothbrush and hop in the shower. Lately though, as soon as she turned on the water, and had time to think, she of course thought of her father. His doctor stated plainly he saw no scenario in which a man with her father's kind of brain damage could have survived a stroke, let alone wake from a coma. For him, having survived was miracle enough. Not for Oneira. As soon as she would think of her father lying there, she would start hearing the soft keystrokes of the sorrowful piano from her dream, and start to fall asleep, and now, as she had thought of just that, she heard the piano toil once more. The slow, sustained sorrow, that did not stop but lingered.

It was such an intense piece, moving and beautiful. Where others might have heard sadness, Oneira heard strength. The piece seemed like it had a chance, a hope for a happy ending. As she listened to the mournful procession of notes, Oneira realized that she had fallen asleep again, she was dreaming. The music stopped suddenly. She was alone in darkness, standing on some flat, cold hard surface.

Oneira had never experienced a dream this terrifyingly real before, yet she knew clearly that it was not. There was no way she could have been transported from her shower into this cold empty darkness. For a moment she panicked that she had in fact died, and that this was a sort of purgatory or punishment. At first, she nervously reached out into the darkness, taking small steps. After what seemed like far too long of feeling no change in the hard surface beneath her feet, and encountering only an empty emptiness, she felt anxious and started to run. She ran until she could hardly breathe. After the first couple minutes of running scared, she had yet to encounter anything in the vast emptiness of the dream. She had only been afraid. Now she was on her hands and knees, trying to regain her breath. She wished for water and felt a stream begin to pour past her hand. She drank from it, and reflecting off it came the light she sought. The beginnings of a skyline appeared in the distance, at first a dim red glow, then a slowly rising star, shining brightly into the sky above. Oneira realized she had created both the water and the shining star that lit up the dream like day, and had created with her mind, the vivid landscape that sprung up around her.

As soon as Oneira realized she could do anything in this world her mind created, her first instinct was to fly. So she jumped, and when she did, she flew. She soared through clouds, pushing herself faster and faster, watching her mind bring a whole world into existence. All it took was the will to do it, and she was in awe of what she could do in her dream. After some time however, her mind strayed from the initial shock and novelty, and she thought again of her father. She had not stopped flying at the time and fell, hitting hard into the earth of her own mind's creation. There was a lot of pain. Time stretched out endlessly and the dream was dark again, a creeping malaise fell upon her. She seemed to shrivel up and felt something begin eating her from the inside. A slow death. Then she heard the slow, sustained sorrow of the piano, that did not stop but lingered, and it reminded her of her father's strength.

Oneira woke up, but this time did not forget her dream, and she could hear the music continue playing as she finished her shower and dressed. She could not stop thinking about the pain she'd been in when she fell from the sky. The dream had been so beautiful until then, and if not for the mysterious music, that

she would have usually forgotten by now along with the dreams, she believed she could have died then, even knowing she was only dreaming.

II. APOTHEOSIS

In the last few months Eric had taken to smiling and nodding every time he passed Oneira. She had known Eric for years, but never well. He was an anti-social type, and a certain crowd enjoyed making his life miserable, which only hardened him to the rest of his classmates.

A group of boys sitting near the back of Oneira's class were mocking him that day, apparently he'd been punched in the face, and was bleeding rather badly. "Sadly that's pretty standard", thought Oneira. It usually started with Eric defending himself, and ended with some self-righteous asshole "teaching him a lesson" about the way high-school hierarchy works. As she sat thinking of Eric's plight, the piano returned, and it was louder than ever before. Each stroke of the keys resonated in her mind, making her visibly shake, she felt a great pain in her heart and fell asleep right there in class.

She awoke inside a dream again, but this time the music kept playing. There was heavy rain, but the storm could hardly be heard over the sound of the piano's lamentations. Lightning flashed and a heavy wind began blowing. When Oneira turned to shield her face from it all, she saw Eric, in the middle of the storm, playing the piano. The song was at its most intense, he struck each key with an intensity and anguish that again resonated so loudly within her that Oneira was visibly shaking. He did not notice her. As she slowly approached him through the rain and the wind, she saw that he was horribly disfigured in this dream. Where his eyes should have been there seemed to be only blood, which streaked down his cheeks. Parts of his face and hands were burnt to ash. His clothes were torn and burnt and scars that stretched out several inches peppered his body. He swayed as he kept playing the sorrowful tune manically. In one moment, where he seemingly threw his entire weight into a keystroke, a bolt of lightning struck him, but he kept playing, bloodied and broken, as his clothes burned in the storm. She screamed as loud as she could, and everything stopped.

Oneira woke again in class, it seemed like no time had passed. She was overwhelmed by what she'd just seen and couldn't bear to stay. Without concern for anything she picked up her bag, and left the room without explanation. As she ran down the hall she heard a piano, but this was not in her mind, it was coming from the music room, and it was playing the same song. She stopped instantly, almost falling as she hunched over, shocked and breathing heavily.

After taking a moment to let the reality of what was happening sink in, she walked slowly over to the door, as the song continued playing, and peered into the room. She saw Eric there playing the piano, with a bit of tissue sticking out of his bloodied nose and black eye to go with it. She could not believe that this was happening, "What the hell are you playing?" she almost yelled at him. He looked up at her, surprised.

"The adagio sostenuto," said Eric. "Your favourite."

"What?" exclaimed Oneira, surprised to hear him say that. The piece he'd been playing had become her favourite since she started hearing it in her dreams, but how he could know that was a mystery to her.

"You said it reminds you of your dad," answered Eric. He looked confused. "You still can't remember?"

"What the hell is going on?" asked Oneira. "How do you know these things?"

Eric paused for a moment, breathing deeply and exhaling. "I thought for a second that maybe you would actually remember today." Oneira stared at him blankly, she didn't know what to say.

Eric looked at her with concern. "Well since you asked, I'll just go ahead and tell you," he said. "We can consciously travel the landscape of our dreams, and go into other people's dreams, you've even gone into the minds of people who are awake, it's incredible. We've been doing it together every night since your father's stroke, although you didn't tell me about that right away."

Oneira couldn't believe it. What he said was insane, but it also felt true. Now that she thought of it, his face seemed too familiar for how little she knew him, as if a portrait she'd studied her whole life had sprung to life, and she seemed to have a sense of his personality, yet couldn't remember talking to him at school. But she was scared. "Your fucked up Eric," she said, then left the class and ran home.

When she got home, she slept for hours, and for the longest time she had no dreams. She slept undisturbed, for once at peace, refreshed, free from the haunting sounds of the piano. After some time though, she woke in her sleep into a conscious dream. She was in the hospital, beside her father, only he was awake, in this dream, with her. "Is it really you dad?" she asked. He looked up at her and smiled, reaching out and holding her face in his hand, and she held his hand there against it. Then he spoke. "I'm going to die tomorrow Oneira," he said. "You don't understand what your a part of, the power you hold. You shouldn't be able to enter the minds of others and certainly not mine here, at death's door."

Oneira was stunned. "What are you talking about dad?" she asked, her eyes tearing up.

"What you can do, it's the only reason I'm still here, you've been keeping me here, in your mind, hoping to put me back, but even you can't stop me if I want to go Oneira, and it's time. I've got to go. I can't keep talking to you here. I'm going to die tomorrow," he said to her, staring her in the eyes. "I love you Nira." She was sinking again into the darkness of a dreamless sleep.

She slept eighteen hours that day and night, and when she woke, she found her mother crying, her father had indeed died, and she now knew that all Eric had said was true. She could enter the minds of others at will. Through her dreams, even if another was awake, she could control their bodies. She'd found Eric in a dream, and tried teaching him to do the same, but Eric did his own things mostly, he'd learned the piano in his sleep, he said there was endless time to practice and it was true, she remembered everything now.

III. APOPLEXY

It was a long time before Oneira was comfortable around anyone again. She went back to school two weeks later, and except for a couple close friends, no one really knew anything. She didn't talk about anything to anyone. She had taken refuge in her dreams, and in her power, which had grown incredibly since she began to understand it. She didn't even have to be asleep anymore, she could bypass dreaming entirely and simply take control of someone's body. Essentially she would put a person to sleep by sending their conscious mind into a dream. When she entered the dream, she could effortlessly lead them on any adventure she dreamt up for them, disguised as anything, and get any information from them she wanted. Or, she could just leave them there, and send the dormant mind instructions for their sleeping body, and they would become her sleepwalking servants. But she never went that far, at most she'd make a person fall asleep for a split second, enough to make them trip and she'd chuckle. One day she made her friend fall asleep during a quiz, and asked her for the answer in her dream. Her friend later told her about it, saying "isn't that so funny? I literally dream of the quiz during the quiz, and you're there asking me all these questions!"

She hadn't seen Eric in her dreams again, but she knew that to be her own doing. He had been trying to help her realize her power in her waking life, but now she pushed out any thought of him or his music which had comforted her so much in the past, and she didn't see him at school. Apparently when she'd been gone he had taken a particularly rough beating and was skipping classes to take time off himself. She didn't understand why

people were so merciless towards him, even kids who weren't usually bullies seemed to think Eric was fair game. Knowing that he suffered like that only made her feel more guilty for ignoring him since her father died. Part of her wanted to blame him, even though this power was her own all along, he'd only wanted to show her.

Months went by and Oneira graduated with honours. She was ready for university, and getting ready for a final summer party in her hometown before moving away. Eric never came back to school, and she couldn't find him in her dreams either. She did try for weeks to find him, focusing so intensely that at one point, she had opened her eyes to find objects from her room telekinetically floating around her, but he had recessed so deep into his own mind that trying to access it was impossible, she'd given up. His loss. She regressed further into her own powers, often ignoring friends to spend nights making a tea kettle serve tea and watching the cup float across the room to her. She even brought the water to boil herself.

After a long and wild night, Oneira found herself walking home alone, rather drunk, when she saw Eric again for the first time. There was a crowd, a group of people from the party chanting, relishing the sadistic scene before them. Some drunken man, smiling stupidly down at the helpless boy before him, was holding what was left of a vodka bottle. He'd been fighting Eric and smashed it over his head, even from where she stood Oneira could see little shards shining in Eric's face, under the street lamp. She rushed over, and tried to push her way through the crowd, but saw that something was happening.

Eric's eyes had rolled into the back of his head, and the man's stupid smirk was gone, he stood there frozen. Everyone wondered what was happening, but Oneira understood, Eric had entered his mind and stopped him. But Eric was still laying on the ground, eyes rolled back into his head, shaking, and he did not come out of it. The man continued to stand there frozen, and the crowd began to wonder what was going on. Oneira felt his mind call out to her, "help me, please, stop the hurt!" Outside their minds, the crowd saw a stream of blood begin to flow profusely from his nose, then trickle from his eyes, before gushing out his gaping mouth as he fell, dead, into a puddle of his own blood. The crowd ran away. Oneira walked up to Eric, knelt beside him in the dead man's blood, and put her head against his, willing herself into his mind.

She found herself in a burnt out clearing of a forest. In the epicentre of the hot coals and ash lay Eric, burnt, flayed, bleeding, broken. They were in total darkness, and total silence, there was no life in this world but the silent trees, whispering with the wind. She approached and knelt down once more beside him, and grabbed his hand. His face was charred by flame, and sitting there looking at its macabre elegance, she saw his beauty. In that moment his eyes opened and they found themselves in a shining light.

"Did I die?" Eric asked.

"Maybe," replied Oneira, she could see that he was healing under the light, and she smiled. "Even if you had, I could bring you back, I," she paused, taking a moment to think, "I don't think I can die."

"Are you going to take me back?" he asked.

"No," she said, holding his head in her lap, and gently brushing the ashes off his healed face. She realized that the light had been coming from her, in Eric's mind, she was an angel, glowing, with great feathered wings and the sun behind her head. She explained, "why go back, we can go anywhere, do anything, any world, see anyone. Let me take you to my world."

"Okay," he smiled. "I'm ready."

Back on the street a third body fell, and Oneira joined Eric and the man. She, like them, was dead. Their bodies laid there in the street, soaking in a pool of their own blood.

#4 Red Moon

Ty SIMPSON

I want to breathe lighting, and scream fiery gibberish at the world
I want to smash old beautiful things and make new beautiful things from the
pieces;

I want the moon to always be huge and red,

I want to pick fruit from the tower of love
I want salt from the sea and breath of the sky
I want to never have enough
-and live 'til I die.

Original Imitation 1930 Bottleneckslide Vision Number Twelve

Ty SIMPSON

Luther pass the ointment /for my back is getting Sore
there's doom on the horizon, and there's gypsies at the door
bourbon on our breath, and fire in our heart
You Say We're At the End

/but/

I Believe We've Yet To Start.

Aesthetic Protohominid Utterances

ARTIFICE CROWN

Look, in awe, at the intricate cerebral architecture
and arboreal locomotion of our remote ancestors.
Canopy living primates with an advanced repertoire.

Descended from the canopy,
into the grassland hunting grounds,
into the electronic global village;
thinking, striving, breathing.

In that foraging phase on the grassland
we caught a scent on the air, a sense of wonder,
and look where we are now.

The philosopher says, "Poetry is finer and more philosophical than history; for poetry expresses the universal, and history only the particular."

ough she could barely feel it, it made her nipples tingle beneath the confines of her satin bra. "Ingres," he said. "Ingres should have painted you. He could have captured your young rousiness. And that glow to your skin, that inner radiance. And your eyes, the way you look right at a man—like him."

David met her eyes in her reflection; she held his gaze for a long, breathless moment. Taking her purse out of his hand, he slipped the hair pick into it and tossed it onto the seat of her chair, followed by her jacket.

He bent his head. She felt the hot tickle of his breath on the back of her neck, and again, and again, and then he closed his hands over her.

She watched, transfixed, as he squeezed her lightly through her clothes, with a fullness, rubbing his thumbs over her rigid nipples. He pulled her back against the hard wall of the room. "You are so incredibly beautiful. I've wanted to have you this way since the first time I saw you."

He sounded almost weary, the soft breathing, the increase in tempo, took a sense of urgency in his caress. Lifting one hand, he tugged the straps of her dress and bunched it down over one shoulder. He slid his hand beneath the loosened garments and cupped her aching flesh.

She flinched in surprise when he pinched her nipple. "Easy," he murmured as the a burning torment and soothed her with those long, clever fingers. "Easy."

He gathered up her skirt with his other hand, which roamed up and over the band of lace at the top of her thigh, high, locking until it met her bare upper leg. He gave a little growl deep in his throat when he glided his hand over her bottom, finding it naked except for the slimmest of satin thong. Nora bit her lip to keep from

The Mountain Spirit continued...

ERIC TYUKODI

He realized then that, while unable to fly, man could still find a way to place himself next to the most privileged of all the world's creatures. He sat down upon the snowy ground and began to softly cry, the pure emotion more than he could experience thorough words. As his tears began to dry off his face, he realized that he was getting very cold and very tired.

Unable to make the climb back down to his village, he was trapped upon the mountain. The sun rising high above him did little to ease his frozen body, and he did not think he could stay away. As his eyes began to close, he thought he could hear a woman's voice, calming, and welcoming. He followed the voice in his mind as his body began to warm. Suddenly, there was a brilliant flash of white light, then he was gone.

No one from the young man's tribe knew where the adventurer had gone the next morning. They searched through the forest and the jungles, along the coast of the ocean and even sent scouts to villag-

es leagues and leagues away. There was no sign of him. The elder held a ceremony for his spirit, in the hopes that he would find his way back to the home of his ancestors. But that was not where the spirit of the young man went.

As he had loved the beauty of nature and experienced what no one else had seen before, the young adventurer's spirit was claimed by nature, not out of spite, but out of hope. For Mother Nature had chosen him, in all his wonder and appreciation for her works, not as an adversary, but as a guardian and protector. His quest to experience what it was like to fly, to see the world from above, was not a question of trying to challenge or defy Mother Nature. It was simply to experience something remarkable, something beautiful.

He gladly took up his watch upon the mountain, bearing witness to remarkable views every hour of every day. In time, other men from his tribe and from others he had never encountered before in life voyaged to the mountain. They came

wanting to experience the same things he had had that faithful night. With help from the spirit of this first mountaineer, these men grew in appreciation for the world they saw around them. When they returned to their tribes, they relayed fantastic stories of being grabbed by an unseen figure just as they were beginning to fall. Others remembered falling asleep on the summit and waking up on the foothills of the mountain, safe and sound. In time, respect for nature returned, and man began to understand that he could not always hope to force his will on the earth.

They say that he is still on watch, not just over this first mountain, but on all the mountains of the earth. Those whose heart and will are touched by reverence and respect for the natural world will feel him beside them when they climb. Only by understanding that we are but specks on something far greater than ourselves can we truly understand these giants, as well as the world Mother Nature built for us.

King Daddy Edition, Album Review

SARAH SAMUEL

Since Daddy Yankee's music producers announced the release of King Daddy Edition earlier this year, "Kill the anxiousness already, papi" has been a recurring phrase by reggaeton lovers in the GTA, especially at Luxy's where the dynamic duo, Los De La Nazza, made their debut last year. It has only been a year since Yankee's previous studio album, Prestige, took the reggaeton scene there by storm and left fans hungry for more. Lucky for them, the wait is over. King Daddy Edition was released on Oct. 29 this year.

King Daddy Edition caused quite a stir on social media, being the first studio album released world wide through Facebook and YouTube simultaneously.

The vocals on the album are typical Daddy Yankee style. La Nueva Y La Ex, the first single, boasts over 1.4 million views on YouTube and has been a big hit along with Calenton.

Tracks like Donde Es El Party, Rompe Carro and Dejala Caer give the vocals the signature underground style. While Una Respuesta and Nada Ha Cambiao' add versatility and taste to the album.

In previous years, Yankee's albums had clichéd commercial tracks and two or three good songs, but not this time. This one is well balanced.

Compared to Prestige, this track list doesn't compete in size. But then again, Prestige was over a year long in production and offered merengue and electronic blended with dembow, dubstep and Spanglish; while King Daddy Edition brings the old school reggaeton of Barrio Fino and Talento De Barrio back to life.

Musicologo and Menes (Los De La Nazza) outdid themselves by not sticking to the clichéd sound and venturing into the refreshing sound of reggaeton.

The best thing about King Daddy Edi-

tion is the originality. The voice talents of guest artists like, J.Alvarez, Farruko, Divino, Arca (Arcangel) and Yandel combining with Yankee's voice gives the albums soulful balance.

Many Reggaeton artists find staying consistent a challenge but Yankee and Los De La Nazza keep coming back stronger and fresher.

For the critics who say Yankee doesn't make music like he used to, King Daddy Edition is certainly a must listen. For the fans whose insatiable appetite can't be met, they can enjoy King Daddy Edition till Los De La Nazza and Daddy Yankee release another album (hopefully soon).

King Daddy Edition is a complete and a versatile album that is successful in bringing the old school reggaeton back to its former glory and can be purchased via iTunes.

The Road

KATRINA OWENS

Facing the road ahead
With a smile on my face
I'm not too sure where it's taking me
There seems to be a light at the end of the road
I'm curious to see what it is
I don't want to rush
I still have lots to see along the way
Sometimes despite our best wishes

We don't have a choice
Something rushes us on this road
By the time we get to the end we wish we could go back
To enjoy the smells of the trees, the wind on our face, the sun on our back
Enjoy the journey
Take everything in
Because by the time we reach the end of the road
We can only look back



Constellations, Band Interview

ASHTON WATSON

Have you ever witnessed a naked guy screaming into a microphone surrounded by 50 people throwing each other to the words he shouts out?

If not, you have probably never seen the band Constellations perform.

Constellations are a five piece metal group from Pickering including Dylan Cooper, Michael Cernigliaro, Michael Griffin, Nick Perovic and Greg Willhelm whom label themselves as Pickering scum, although according to Cooper, the band worships the ground they walk on, they just insist it's a humorous moniker.

As well, the guys like to throw a little humour into their set by screwing with each other on stage, Lead singer Cooper might get so amped up for a show that he'll trash the drum set the first song in. After that the guys will all be in their zones so hard that they feel elsewhere and suddenly they'll come back to reality to witness Cooper with all his clothes off.

Perovic says, "Our live show's interest-

ing because it's a little intense, overtime we realize it gets more and more hectic as we play, now its like we do our own thing like we'll throw shit, but then when it comes to him, (Cooper), he's just jumping off shit, taking his clothes off and screaming at people."

Cooper decided to up his antics while playing a show at a Burlington church, says Cernigliaro, "All of a sudden Coopers like 10 feet in the air on this balcony and were like how the fuck did you get up there?" The guys agreed that the fact the microphone cord was long enough it seemed fitting to climb on top of the balcony.

The reason the band go's all out at shows is because recording new material and showcasing it to the masses became rather difficult, in regards to time and money.

Cooper says, "for the longest time we were still riding on our old EP." When the band would do an event and promote it on Facebook, they had almost nothing recorded to give you an actual idea of what they

sounded like, so the bands live show was essentially designed to leave you with a memory or reason to come back.

The group pushed so hard to give the crowd at Petticoat Library in Pickering an experience they wouldn't forget that the crowd ended up destroying the venue and the managers of the venue decided to discontinue shows there forever. People were moshing so hard that the bottom end of the stage got ripped up, there were circle pits everywhere and mics were destroyed.

Throughout their randomness and often-obscene gestures while performing, the group has become so tight that they relate their friendship to a struggling monogamous relationship. Cooper says, "being in a band, it's like having 4 separate relationships, like having 4 other girlfriends. You love em but..." Cernigliaro says, "the only difference is you don't have to buy them gifts."

The band just finished recording a new single titled: From Nothing, and will be playing shows in the Ontario area.

The Mighty Jungle

SAM VANBEEK

A warm breeze blew through the jungle, gently rustling the exotic leaves. Vines swayed, disturbed by forces unseen, as Ed stalked through the underbrush. With his trusty sidearm in hand, he moved carefully to avoid alerting any possible threats to his position, stepping over tree roots and dry foliage. Eyes darting from side to side, taking in the surroundings; they froze on and widened at the sight of a large, sleeping lion. His pace slowed to a near stand-still as he crept by, his eyes never leaving the majestic killing machine, keeping a close watch for any signs of waking. Ed's sidearm remained trained at the creature's giant head until he was well past it, confident that he could pick up his pace a little more, but he still kept quiet.

The lion may be a threat, but stranger, more deadly monsters lurked, and to alert them would mean certain death. As if on cue, Ed heard the telltale stomp of one of the massive beasts off in the distance, moving rapidly closer. He had to think fast; sprinting on the balls of his feet to silence his movements as much as possible, he looked for any sort of shelter. While the monsters moved fast, they missed many of the details in their haste- there was no running, he had to hide.

Spotting a small crevice in the rocks, Ed dove inside quickly, pulling the hanging vines and leaves over the entrance to hide his presence. Waiting in panicked silence, struggling to slow his rapid breath as to not make too much noise, he peered through the crack between his cover. Finally the sounds got even closer, and he could see it; a massive beast, skin rough and sun-ravaged, patches of hair covering it pathetically. Four legs with massive, fuzzy green feet propelled it quickly through the jungle, a desperate rush to find whatever prey may stumble in its path. As it neared, Ed held his breath. Alerting the beast would guarantee his end.

The creature passed, and Ed counted a full fifteen seconds after he heard it no more before releasing his breath. He panted, heart pounding from his close encounter. Gathering his courage, he leaned forward and began to push the covering brush aside from the entrance to his hiding place. Poking his head out, he glanced around to make sure there was nothing else of concern nearby. His stare froze as he locked eyes with another one of the creatures- this one slow-moving and calm. It was clearly an elder amongst its race. It seemed to eye him curiously, taking its time to observe each detail. Slowly withdrawing back into the hole, he hoped that the creature would ignore him. Running would be certain death, as even in its age, the beast would have no difficulty catching him. Be inconvenient. Be more trouble than it's worth to catch. That was his only hope.

Pulling the brush back in place, he shrunk back as far as he could into the shallow hole, making himself as small as possible. He waited, listening with a pounding heart as the heavy steps moved closer to his place of hiding. He held his breath and prayed that it would lose interest, or somehow be unable to reach him, but still the steps came closer. He saw the silhouette filling the cracks between leaves and vines as the creature stood before his hiding place. He withdraw his sidearm and gripped it tightly, palms sweating as he saw a hand reaching down towards his cover. He pointed his gun at the exit, trying to still his shaking hands, and waited. A hand pulled the brush aside, and a curious head poked down toward him- meeting his stare with a large, toothy grin. He closed his eyes and fired.

"Hey now, come on, we've been looking for you! It's time for dinner!" an old man said with a warm smile. He reached in and plucked Ed from the cupboard he had been hiding in, hoisting him up onto his shoulders.

"Let's go put your dart gun away and get you cleaned up, alright?"

Ed holstered his plastic dart gun in defeat.

"Okay, grandpa," he said as he wrapped his arms around the top of the man's head to keep himself balanced.

The Post-Mortal, Book Review

ZACK LEVEQUE WILSON

If old age was not a factor in how you lived your life, how would life be different? If your life had no expiry besides freak accidents, disease, murder, or suicide, how would you live? These are the questions Drew Magary poses to readers in his dystopian novel *The Postmortal*.

Told through the journal entries of John Farrell protagonist (or antagonist depending how you look at it) of the novel, *The Postmortal* centers around a fictional scientific procedure named "The Cure". When the Cure is administered, the gene for aging is removed, meaning your body is frozen in the state it is at the time of curing. For John Farrell that age is twenty-nine.

The story follows Farrell as he seeks to live a life unbound by time, and figure out how to live forever. It follows as he experiences love, war, societal stigma and loss. Intercut by news articles and transcripts of new stories Farrell sees on TV, the novel has an eerie sense of realism. The author uses his experiences working as journalist to hypothesize how the world would react to such a life-altering discovery.

Countries go to war, populations boom to the point of collapse and morals are questioned throughout the short 369 pages. Population control, political and religious beliefs, marriage, euthanasia, and assisted suicide are all explored in depth as the world seeks to control humanity that goes unchecked by death from old age. A new plague arrives and governments are forced to take drastic measures. Nuclear armed countries are on edge as a new cold war erupts. New concepts of love, marriage and family structures are explored.

Set in the not so distant future, Magary's novel is fantastic. The characters are relatable, the themes are hard hitting and the pacing is good. Unlike most novels in the dystopian genre, Magary does a good job of not insisting the reader feel one side of the story. While reading you are left questioning your own morals and mortality. The chilling final question, never explicitly asked is the hardest to face.

Would you like to live forever?



THE SINGING LARK

EVEN THOUGH LARGE TRACTS OF MEDIA AND MANY OLD AND FAMOUS MAGAZINES HAVE FALLEN OR MAY FALL INTO THE GRIP OF CONFORMITY AND ALL THE ODIOUS APPARATUS OF THE MAINSTREAM MEDIA, WE SHALL NOT FLAG OR FAIL. WE SHALL GO ON TO THE END. WE SHALL FIGHT IN DC/VOIT, WE SHALL FIGHT IN THE CLASSROOMS AND CAMPUSES, WE SHALL FIGHT WITH GROWING CONFIDENCE AND GROWING STRENGTH IN OUR PENS, WE SHALL DEFEND OUR MAGAZINE, WHATEVER THE COST MAY BE. WE SHALL FIGHT ON THE BEACHES, WE SHALL FIGHT ON THE LANDING GROUNDS, WE SHALL FIGHT IN THE FIELDS AND IN THE STREETS, WE SHALL FIGHT IN THE HILLS; WE SHALL NEVER SURRENDER, AND IF, WHICH I DO NOT FOR A MOMENT BELIEVE, THIS MAGAZINE OR ITS EDITORS WERE SUBJUGATED AND STARVING, THEN OUR CONTRIBUTORS BEYOND THE SEAS, ARMED AND GUARDED BY THEIR CREATIVE MIGHT, WOULD CARRY ON THE STRUGGLE, UNTIL, IN GOD'S GOOD TIME, **THE SINGING LARK**, WITH ALL ITS POWER AND MIGHT, STEPS FORTH TO THE RESCUE AND THE LIBERATION OF THE STUDENTS.

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