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• Distillery District / Dancemakers

The Year That Was

2003 2004
ed. note: we encourage you to respond to what you read in our pages and we’re always looking to create a dialogue for current events at glendon and beyond.

Dear Editor:

C'est l'histoire d'une paire de lunettes (à partir de deux on est déjà une canne à bâtons) qui s'amusent à jouer avec le pognon de leurs petits compagnons. La publisse s'insurge mollement, quelques bougons osent demander des explications, mais rien de plus, personne ne moutonne. Le flou tarifistique règne en triomphe. Les étudiants, gang d'innocents, se laissent manger la laine sur le dos. Toute la glendomerie semble occupée par des pantins. Toute, non! Un journal peuplé d'irréductibles grandes gueules résiste encore et toujours à l'encombrer. Superbe mauvaise herbe au milieu d'un sordide champ de courges, Protem continue à remettre le désordre établi en question.

Au cours de la présente année scolaire, le journal et ses modestes collaborateurs durent longtemps se battre pour la simple survie de leur institution. Une association de mal-fait-taire a eu effet tenté de leur couper les fonds. Face à cette mesquine tentative de censure, les journalistes n'étaient d'autre choix que de se serrer la ceinture. Résultat des courses; nous passames de 14 numéros dans l'année à 9. Le combat des scribouillards semblait perdu d'avance mais c'était sans compter sur leur noble persévérance. Que voulez-vous, les mauvaises herbes ont la vie dure; le journal fini par arracher son autonomie et le Protem perdure.

Le dernier numéro traitait presque exclusivement des élections du collège universitari-terre-à-terre Glendon. Sans partisariance aucune, les rédacteurs en chef parlaient un numéro haut en couleurs destiné à informer les étudiants, c'est à dire les votants, sur leur choix électoral. Un numéro peu original en soi mais estime nécessaire par la rédaction.

Depuis, les urnes ont parlé, ou plutôt chuchoté. Approximativement 385 votants sur 2200 étudiants, soit 1 étudiant sur 6. Même si le taux de participation est un peu plus élevé que les années précédentes, c'est tout simplement aberrant, consternant, nous pouvons être fiers d'avoir atteint le summum du ridicule. L’un de ceux que nous vilipendions par qu'il dilapidait notre pécule a été rédui, pire, promu! Qui l’est cru! Certainement pas ceux qui se sont abstenus... En notre âme et conscience, méritait-il d'être élu?

Le grand malheur des uns faisant le bonheur des petits autres, concluons cet article en nous adressant à notre nouveau président et félicitons le pour sa récente réélection, sa fulgurante ascension: Viva el presidente!!!

Julien Daviau

NDL : Toute ressemblance avec des faits détaillés dans cet article à propos d'une personne publique ou privée est pure coïncidence. (protem, 21 octobre 2003, « Café de la terrasse: pub ou club »)

The production team would like to apologize for the few mistakes – nonetheless important – that happened in the last issue. Apologies are in order to Ana Maria Rosian and to Michael Morsillo.

L’équipe de rédaction du Protem est fière d’annoncer que Gina Létourneau vient de remporter le premier prix du concours de nouvelles Michelene-Saint-Cyr avec Fondu au noir, texte publié pour la première fois dans ProTem (9 février 2004) dans le cadre du concours "Ecrire en couleurs". Voir pg. 4.

The letters page is open to all readers, contact us with your thoughts and questions.

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Hello Pro Tem!

Thank you for printing the letter in the last issue about Glendon’s relationship with mother earth (March 17/04, pg 3, Jacqui Simon). I’d like to respond by proposing a few ‘simple’ ways the glendonite could reduce their footprint on our short stay here...

Bring your own knife/fork/spoon combo with you when you buy food! If one is living in residence that can really add up; take a napkin, not a handful; ask your teacher if you really need that cover letter of 80% blank space; don’t use those paper towels to dry clean hands, let them air dry, whatever. Everyday every bathroom is full of clean, dryed up, but crumpled paper towels in the garbage; don’t buy a car, or if you’re already dependent, carpool!! bike, everywhere; eat less meat, no meat, and there’s basically, the idea is to consume as little as humanly possible in our consumer driven society. I have fun!

Natalie J

To Whom It May Concern:

I just wanted to inform you that I am appalled to see that the latest edition of Pro Tem has so many mistakes in it. The sections on the candidates for the GCSU election were full of spelling errors (particularly in candidate names) and many errors in regards to the positions that candidates are running for. I sincerely hope that you do a better job of proof-reading the paper in the future, and I think that apologies are in order for the poor candidates whose names have been misrepresented.

Sincerely,

Sarah Churchill

GCSU Spring Election Results 2004

POSITIONS

CONTESTED

President

Votes

Declined

Fiedtkou, Ron

237

17

Hustins, Todd

134

Vice President

Lavoie, Joseph

174

19

Stepnowski, Vanessa

194

Director of External Affairs

Cadieux, Despina

169

19

Dimity, Laura

203

19

Director of Communications

Bowers, Genevieve

141

14

Tarkany, Robert

132

Willis, Kyle

102

Director of Clubs and Services

Craig, Chad A

171

16

Iskric, Marko

117

Rosian, Ana Maria

83

ACCLAIMED POSITIONS

Director of Bilingual Affairs

Anton, Christian

Director of Academic Affairs

Moussa, Rhoda

Director of Cultural Affairs

Evans, Jessica

Please respond to what you read in the pages of Pro Tem.

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Letters to the editor may be edited for content or clarity.

All copy appearing in Pro Tem is at the discretion of the editorial team.
The Need for a Standardized System of Teaching Evaluations Is Becoming Increasingly Evident

Editorial: Glendon and York would gain from creating a truly accountable system

Don Tapscott and David Ticoll, in their book “The Naked Corporation” say that if a firm or university does not respond to its customers (or students) and address their concerns, they will take their concerns and have them addressed elsewhere.

When customers take their complaints and comments elsewhere there is always a good chance that it will be done inappropriately, and that unscrupulous groups will get involved. Teaching evaluations are an important component in students giving feedback to the university. Thus, it’s in a university’s interest to have the best possible evaluation system where students can comment on professors in a systematic and fair way.

Unfortunately, currently at York University and especially at Glendon College, there are no universal and standard teaching evaluation systems for professors.

The system that does exist is haphazard and run through the departments, which means that each department is supposed to individually set their own questions, collect, and then tally the results which will then normally only be used within the department. Results may sometimes also be used when preparing files that are reviewed prior to promoting or giving tenure to regular faculty.

The result of this system runs the range from departments where there is no consistency in evaluation forms (and in one case where a professor is allowed to set an individual form independent from the rest of the department), all the way to cases where departments have a very loose policy as to whether or not they will even have the forms done (this could be in contravention of Senate policy #30 which mandates teaching evaluations in all courses). In all cases, there is presently no way that the results of what was collected are communicated back to the students and the wider community.

The problem with this is that, as Tapscott and Ticoll say, when not given the chance to address their concerns and have some obvious input, students will go elsewhere. www RATEMyProfessors.com is just such an example — students who have felt that there was little opportunity to communicate their feelings about courses have taken their complaints to this private website.

The university would be better off creating a standardized system whereby comments are given their proper due, rather than having an outside group essentially doing this for them.

It seems that there should already have been just such a system. It would make sense that the deans who want to improve their teaching, changes as large as this should come naturally from the faculty as a whole. When asked about the feasibility of such a proposal, Principal McRoberts (Glendon’s Dean) said, “anything that happens would have to be in consultation with the wider college and would be useful to have a discussion or debate about this”.

Currently at Glendon, there is no group higher than the department level that systematically looks at the results of evaluations and identifies professors that need help to improve their teaching styles or delivery. The Senate Committee on Teaching and Learning (SCOTL) has formed a sub-committee that examines why this is the case at several faculties, and is looking at the way that the university as a whole handles evaluations of professors and who is responsible for them in the end.

Even though concerns exist, so far there has not been a large desire or outcry for changes in the way that evaluations are done. Principal McRoberts adds that, “from time to time there have been questions regarding the procedure around teaching evaluations, but so far there has not been a call for wider changes.”

However, as was shown in the case with RateMyProfessors.com, students (and customers) will go elsewhere if this is not being done through the institution. For example, a group of Saturn vehicle owners felt that the company was not taking their comments seriously and started up a website called “The Saturn Hate Page”, which customers are able to vent their frustration with vehicle faults in much the same format as Rate-MyProfessors uses.

Standardized systems are already in place in many other universities. Since the late 1990s the University of Alberta has had standardized evaluations. As well, the University of Toronto has standardized evaluations, which, once the courses are over, are turned over to the student union which summarizes and then publishes them in what is known as an “anti-calendar”. This book provides invaluable advice to students when they are trying to decide on which course, or section of a course, to enroll in.

It is not clear what the best possible system for course evaluations would be, however, it is evident that it is in the university’s interest to organize a proper system rather than having a haphazard group of independent companies doing this in their absence. There is a definite need to have a collegial consensus as to how the evaluations are to be handled and to have some oversight of the process.

Clearly there needs to be a method for reporting the results of evaluations and steps taken to resolve the problems identified. This also needs to be communicated clearly to students — right now there is no way of communicating these results back to the people who took part in the evaluations.

After-all, it’s only in Glendon and York’s best interests to organize a process themselves instead of having students go to outside groups which will do the evaluation in a much less professional and random way.

—Chris Spraakman

Response...

“This is kind of a delicate question. Some professors feel it to be a nuisance or even an insult to have evaluations managed in a more formal way. This system exists however — it might be useful to have a discussion or debate about this”.

—Cathia Badière

Potential Changes to the First Year Experience

Student Input Sought as the Policy and Planning Committee looks to recommend changes that could be made

This year’s Policy and Planning Committee (PPC) is considering the need for a standardized system of teaching evaluations at Glendon. As students and faculty members, we have had the opportunity to give feedback on our experiences at Glendon in the past, however, these responses have been made in a variety of ways and through different channels.

The PPC is currently working on a proposal to create a standardized system of teaching evaluations at Glendon. This system would involve the use of a standardized form to collect feedback from students on their professors and courses. The results of these evaluations would be analyzed and used to improve teaching and learning at Glendon.

The PPC is seeking input from students and faculty members on this proposal. They are particularly interested in hearing about any concerns or suggestions that students and faculty members have regarding the proposal. They are also interested in hearing about any recommendations that students and faculty members have for improving the teaching and learning at Glendon.

The PPC is planning to hold a series of meetings to discuss the proposal and collect feedback from students and faculty members. These meetings will take place during the upcoming academic year and will be open to all students and faculty members.

This is an important opportunity for students and faculty members to have their voices heard. It is an opportunity to contribute to the development of a standardized system of teaching evaluations at Glendon that will help improve the teaching and learning experience for all students.

—Shula Yamane

This month the Policy and Planning Committee will have to submit a final draft report with its recommendations at the last Faculty Council meeting this year (April 22nd), and thus would like to thank all those who took the time out of their busy schedules and contributed to this process by either attending the Town Hall Meetings, speaking at our meetings or sending their comments to the committee.
J'ai ouvert les yeux et, après plusieurs secondes de confusion, j'ai compris que quelque chose ne tournait pas rond. Je vais beau battre des paupières jusqu'à m'en fatiguer les muscles, rien n'y faisait. Partout autour, le noir. En tournant la tête, j'aurais dû voir la personne qui s'affairait à la droite de mon lit, près de ma tête. Mais je ne la voyais pas. Je ne pouvais qu'entendre ses petits pas rapides et le cliquetis d'objets en métal qu'on manipulait délicatement. Que le noir autour de moi, une obscurité profonde qui me blessait jusque dans ma chair. Comme lors d'une panne de courant, quand on ne trouve plus les chandelles. Comme lorsqu'on referme la porte d'une pièce sans fenêtre avant d'avoir allumé la lumière. La panique vous serre le cœur pendant ces secondes, ces minutes où tous les repères se sont évanouis. Cette panique s'installait maintenant en moi, démesurée. Il n'y avait pas d'allumette à craquer, pas d'ampoule à remplacer. Mon noir à moi persistait sans que je sache pourquoi, sans qu'une main bienveillante ne vienne actionner le commutateur oublié.

Je me suis tournée vers la droite, en quête de la lampe de chevet que je savais se trouver là, sur la table de nuit, seul remède à ma détresse. Il n'y avait pas de lampe. Des objets métalliques sont tombés avec grand fracas et une voix inconcevable m'a ordonné de me calmer. Comment pourrais-je être calme alors que le monde n'existe plus, que j'étais, que j'ai l'impression d'être à demi-mort ! La voix s'est rapprochée de moi (comment osait-elle dire que tout ira bien !) et je me suis mise à crier quand j'ai senti qu'on m'empoignait les bras pour me clouer au lit. Ce n'est pas que ténèbres autour de moi, une obscurité profonde qui me blessait jusque dans ma chair. Pas de nouveau, l'esprit s'est fixé sur certaines images, une succession d'événements se déroulant au ralenti : une foule, un soleil radieux, des jeux d'adresse, des odeurs de sucre griller. Une fête de quartier où les enfants pataugent dans les fontaines et s'éclaboussent en éclatant de rire. Une après-midi sans tracas, un de ces moments simples et joyeux où on est simplement heureux d'être en vie. Soudainement, un bruit très fort retentit. La foule tout à coup se tait et on sent monter l'inquiétude. Au deuxième coup, un vent de panique s'installe ; des gens se précipitent dans tous les sens. Mes souvenirs s'arrêtent au troisième coup, car aussitôt après l'avoir entendu, j'ai sombré dans l'inconscience et je ne me suis réveillée que ce matin. Tout cela aurait pu se passer hier ou le mois dernier, je n'en ai aucune idée.

Une semaine s'est écoulée depuis mon réveil et, à ce que l'on m'a dit, je suis restée deux jours dans le coma. Ma famille, mes amis, mes collègues sont venus me rendre visite et c'est par eux que j'ai appris ce qui s'était passé.

Une de ces tristes histoires d'homme désespéré qui a voulu crier sa colère et sa haine à la face du monde, qui a utilisé une arme pour faire mal comme on lui avait fait mal. Moi, pourtant, je n'étais pas désespérée. Mes collègues étaient rares et mes joies suffisamment nombreuses pour pouvoir me dire heureuse. Mauvais endroit, mauvais moment, ma peur se teinte maintenant de rage. J'aurais pu être ailleurs, il aurait pu prendre peur et renoncer au dernier moment. Il n'aurait fallu qu'un instant pour que mon corps devienne une prison et que ma vie se brise comme du verre.

Les voix tour à tour gênées, sanglotantes, choquées, commissant des mots que j'entends et leurs gestes de réconfort maladroits me permettent de rester en contact avec une réalité, une vie qui m'est devenue invisible. Alors que je caresse la chevelure de ma mère assise à mon chevet, je souhaite plus que tout au monde ne jamais oublier le sourire qui les accompagnent et que je ne verrai plus jamais.

— Gina Létourneau
Positive Space: Coming out at Glendon

Hello fellow Glendon students,

My first year at Glendon has been an amazing experience. I’ve met a lot of wonderful people, and have been involved with a lot of great events. As an openly gay student here, I must say that coming out at Glendon was not difficult in the least. I’ve noticed that a lot of effort has been put into making the residences a “Positive Space” as well as other public places at Glendon. Recently, I’ve met a few people who are either questioning themselves, or those interested in supporting GBLT issues. I’ve been compelled to share my “coming out” story with Glendon, hopefully creating a better understanding.

My story...

For a good part of my life, I never understood what a “heterosexual male” was. I knew the term had negative connotations, but I never considered myself to be “one of them”. Subconsciously, I used to convince myself that I would lead a “normal life” and get married, and have children. Flamboyant gay men used to scare me, and I never understood why. I know now it was because they represented a part of myself I didn’t want to discover.

As hard as this is to believe now, I used to come off as the stereotypical “straight acting” heterosexual male. My performance wasn’t perfect though. Some people questioned. Playing the part of a “heterosexual man” wasn’t easy. It tore away at my soul, making me depressed, isolated, and suicidal. Thankfully, I did not choose death, and become a statistic. (A large portion of teenage suicides are performed by GBLT teens)

In the fifth grade I developed my first crush, on my teacher. I’m sure he’d known, as he was gay too, though I only realize this now. His “long walks” with my French teacher during lunchtime, now appear to me as “much more”. I developed crushes on some of the boys at school too. I didn’t question it, but instantly knew I shouldn’t feel that way. So I directed my attention to girls, convincing myself that I had crushes on a few of them.

Growing up in Scarborough, a very homophobic environment, added to my fear. In the eighth grade, the other boys started to question my lack of interest in girls and my lack of a girlfriend. I half-heartedly developed a fraudulent crush on this girl named Myra. It settled people’s minds, but screwed up mine. As well, one my best friends at the time, Edane, provided the mask of “other boys” when they witnessed a couple of boys on the same W5H team as me. Kevin and Steven. They were flamboyantly homosexual. I was so embarrassed. I used them to my advantage, proving my “heterosexual-ness” by attacking their obvious homosexuality. I thought I was doing what was right.

My first years in high School were hell. I befriended a group of students who also did not fit the “Scarborough mold” on other levels other than homosexuality. Although I wasn’t completely alone, I still did not fit in. I transferred schools in 2000, because my family moved to Markham. My first year there was possibly the worst year of my life. I made no friends and went completely mute at school. I thought my life would be better by changing schools, but things just got worse. If there were a time I would have committed suicide, this would have been it. Something good did come out of this though. I befriended a guy named David in February 2001 in comm. tech class. He was the first openly gay man I’ve met.

Grade 12 was a turning point. I met this girl named Asia in my English Class in September 2001. Due to similar background, we connected on so many levels. We understood each other’s family problems, hated the same people at school, and had the same sense of humor. I was very comfortable around this girl. I shared my personal life with her. I had no idea what was yet to come.

During the winter holidays, I came out myself. Thanks to the Internet, and a bunch of anonymous people I got advice from and time to think, I accepted myself (not entirely) as a homosexual. Finally, a piece of the puzzle fit, a part of me that was empty, felt whole. For days, I couldn’t sleep. I trembled with fear and excitement due to this revelation. Still, I hadn’t said a word to anyone. But I felt the dire need to shout it out to the world.

After the holidays, January 2001, it happened. I remember the exact night I was on the phone with Asia. I remember saying the words I would forever repeat throughout my life: “I have something to tell you.” God, I was so scared. I had absolutely no idea how she’d react. I took the worst-case scenario into consideration. I came out (first as bi, then straight out gay) and she accepted me wholeheartedly. That one moment I felt a weight being lifted off my shoulders. Words cannot express the happiness I experienced. It was the moment in which everything changed completely. Furthermore, when she told me that she was used to being around gay people I was ecstatic.

That one experience got the ball rolling. I came out to my childhood a partner the following night. I met a bisexual girl named Caroline in class a month later and now am best friends with her. I discovered the gay village in Toronto soon after. I even had my first boyfriend in April. By then I came out to most of my family and friends (that’s a whole other story) and made friends with other a lot gay people, even David from comm. tech. is one of my best friends.

Although I still have challenges in life, nothing will ever compare to the coming out process and the experiences I’ve had. And although the process never ends, I can honestly say that I will never be ashamed of whom I am again. I’d like to thank all the people who have supported me and given me the strength and acceptance I’ve needed to be who I am today. I can only hope that my experiences can help someone else in a similar situation.

That’s my story. There is an abundance of GBLT at Glendon and we are a part of this community. As of right now the GBLT group has not yet been re-ignited, but actions are being taken for next year. Once again, I’d like to say thank you to all of you for providing support and making Glendon such a positive space. Yet another aspect of this beautiful community.

If you have any questions: markanthonyb@hotmail.com

My Summer Internment with an Owl

To many university students summer means one thing, a co-op. My summer co-op was a journalism placement at Owl Magazine’s downtown offices. As a freelance writer looking back on my unpaid work experiences I wince.

The children’s nature magazine welcomed me with open arms and promises of amazing stories, fun experiences and inside info on the publishing world. To my dismay I found that I was as important a part of the Owl team as the office plant that needed watering. That I had to water.

It’s not that I wasn’t given things to do. I was, it’s just they weren’t important things and not getting paid to do pointless work is pretty depressing and unimaginational. There were many pleasant, professional people at Owl. While they said they wanted me to gain experience in the publishing industry, they didn’t want to teach me enough to put themselves out of a job. And that’s the catch-22 of many co-op placements. Management wants as many free workers as possible and the paid workers do their best to make sure the free workers don’t do their work.

The work I was given to do was usually just beyond what you could make a secretary do and just below what you could make the staff researcher do. In fairness I did get to write a few nature and science stories. That said though most of my work was rather tedious.

Unsolicted manuscripts sorting was the strangest thing I did there. I could tell that most of the writers who never picked up the magazine and had no idea what kind of articles it published. Fiction stories were thirty or forty pages long, badly drawn and poems (never published) made up a good half of the letters.

My frequent ‘road trips’ as the publisher called them were invariably to pointless destinations such as Sugar Mountain to buy sample candy for a future candy bugs photo spread or to Staples, to buy staples.

My most important and least exciting job at Owl was going through mail-in surveys and tabulating them. While a stats or marketing student might find such a task interesting the reason that all j-students go into journalism is because they can’t do math.

There was a whole week where everyone pitched in and sorted through all of the old un-filed art work and photos. That was kind of fun. Sitting in a semi circle on the floor of the entire Owl staff we stacked thousands of brown ing art and photos that had been collecting since the seventies. The art director and other important people in the office should we do with unknown art and where we should file this or that. I began to suspect that I was caught up in a bureaucratic nightmare and should anything get mixed up that way she could blame mistakes on the ‘intern’.

As we bound the artwork by year and artist one name stuck out of the mountainous piles in the Z stack from the early eighties. Containing Zundel – Ernst, the infamous Holocaust denier. His ‘artwork’ if you can call it that, consisted of altered images cut out of text books and other magazines. The best of the worst was a cut out image of a satellite that had a few parts of it re-drawn and some of the writing whited out. Guess he’d been making stuff up for a while.

I spent an another eventful week looking up animal jokes for the magazine Website. Why did the intern cross the road? To jump in front of oncoming traffic.

As the summer progressed I began leaving the office earlier and earlier. I found that at four PM the subway is actually more crowded than at five PM. I was astounded. I thought everybody downtown worked nine to five. Not so. I blame my preconceived notions of working hours on Dolly Pardson and her hit song Working Nine to Five. Girls with big tits never know what’s going on.

By the end of the summer I longed to escape my downtown prison sentence. I longed to only travel downtown as part of the sea of beautiful boys and girls from the suburbs on their cultural mecca to Queen St. East. A land of MuchMusic, over priced vintage clothing, Star Bucks and quasi Canadian celebrity encounters.

Don’t get me wrong. I’m glad I worked at a childrens magazine. If I hadn’t of then I’d never found out that I never want to work at a childrens magazine.

— M. A Tamburro
The fading of the ‘American Dream’: the growing gap between rich and poor

Hundreds of thousands of Canadians spend their days (and just as often their nights) at jobs that pay less than $10/hour. This is despite the fact that the cost of living in most Canadian cities has been conservatively estimated to be at least $11.50/hr. These workers do this month after month by making do with very little, while, at the same time the people and companies they work for are announcing record profits.

At a time of great wealth in North America, these people have been left out of the dream and the prosperity. These workers do not attain one of the tenets that our system was built upon — that if you work hard, and do your best, your family will be rewar ded. These rewards have not trickled down.

Nevertheless, there are some companies in industries that traditionally pay very low wages that refuse to follow this line of thinking. Going contrary to the prevalent trends and operating their businesses in a different way, these companies may be able to improve the family lives, and the satisfaction of health, leisure time and healthy aspects of poverty that arise later. There are numerous research cases that show that there is a direct correlation between wage and conditions of companies and industries while at the same time celebrating the record profits of corporations and industries while at the same time turning a blind eye to the conditions under which these profits were created?

It’s a matter of deciding that, as a country, we see the other aspects of poverty that arise later. These are actually costlier in the long run and arise when people are not rewarded for their work in a fair way. There are numerous research cases that show that there is a direct correlation between wage and conditions of health, leisure time and healthy family lives, and the satisfaction of work and mental health. Companies may be able to improve the bottom line in the short term, but it is time for society to demand that people be compensated fairly so that the problems associated with poverty for these people can be avoided in the future.

— Chris Spraakman

Common and necessary jobs

Most of the working poor hold jobs that are all-together necessary and valuable: security guards, nursing home staff, child care workers, data-entry keyers, janitors, parking attendants, property maintenance, and the list goes on. What they all share is that they often work long hours, and in many cases in jobs that demand significant skill and physical exertion, and yet they are paid wages that keep them around the poverty level. This is because of a circle of low wages and a high cost of living that keeps them from getting ahead.

This problem is one that transends a single industry or company — it is pervasive across whole segments of society. Beth Shulman, in her book “The Betrayal of Work” says that “While one can argue that certain individuals should receive larger rewards than others for their contributions to society, it is quite another story to leave those who have worked hard without even the minimal necessary key goes on to argue that there needs to be a change in the way society looks at compensation, saying that “allowing these conditions to continue challenges our notions of basic equity and fairness as these workers play by the rules and get so little in return.”

Every few years the government of Canada conducts censuses which, among other items, look at the average income of Canadians and Canadian households. In 2001 the census found that the average income for a full-time job was $43,251. According to that same census, there are 1.4 million Canadians who are working full-time hours, yet make less than $20,000 per year. These are the most obvious working poor, and the easiest to quantify, but they are by no means the only who can be considered in this rapidly growing population.

Many of the people who make up the working poor are people who combine several part-time jobs. In many cases these jobs end up adding up to more than full-time hours. These workers are then worse off as they do not receive the benefits mandated by law for full-time employees. By combining several part-time jobs to get full-time hours, they are, in many cases, making it worse for themselves.

According to a long-term study recently included by Statistics Canada, (Survey of Labour and Income Dynamics) in 1996 nearly one-third of Canadian workers, or about 1.7 million, were in low-paying jobs. The most concerning conclusion was that less than one-half of the workers who had low-paying jobs in 1996 had managed to climb out of the cycle by 2001. The gap between the rich and poor is not only alive and well, it is growing.

It is time that we, as a society, start to think about the way that people are treated at both ends of the working/economic spectrum. In an age of unprecedented prosperity, does it make sense to celebrate the record profits of corporations and industries while at the same time turning a blind eye to the conditions under which these profits were created?

— Mark Kingwell

Millions of Canadians and Americans work for and live on wages that do not provide what the government considers a living wage. Low wage jobs, as well as being morally repugnant, also cost society more in the long run through damages done to workers and their families.

Some thing worth striving for...

Focusing on income levels while ignoring other factors can only lead to a skewed assessment of citizen well-being. But perhaps the time has come for those of us on the left to acknowledge that plunging average income is no longer something we can simply shrug off. Sure money isn’t everything, but declines in income, set against a cultural background of relentless wealth-celebration can’t help but generate relative poverty. Poverty creates envy. And envy, felt consistently and acutely enough, leads to many other social ills we cannot so easily ignore, like crime and riots and beggars in the street.”

— Mark Kingwell
The Language of Poverty

A Super-sized addition to the English Language

McDonalds Restaurant is not ‘mcm lovin’ the recent addition of the McJob to the Dictionary. The Merriam-Webster Collegiate Dictionary’s definition of a McJob is: a low paying, dead-end job with little chance of advancement.

The problem for McDonalds, says Glendon English and Linguistics student Fe Decona, is that with or without the definition becoming a legitimized part of the English language the word has been in popular use for more than a decade. “Once people start using a word to describe an idea or a thing, it becomes that word,” says Decona.

McDonalds CEO, Jim Cantalupo, says that the word McJob was copyrighted years ago and the definition chosen by the dictionary’s editors is not only wrong, but insulting to restaurant workers.

Calling it “a slap in the face to the twelve million people in the restaurant industry,” he demanded that the term McJob either be removed or given a different definition. So far Merriam-Webster has refused.

The term McJob was first used in academic research papers and news reports in the late 1980’s but owes its widespread usage to Douglas Coupland’s 1991 novel, Generation X. Since then the explosion of low paying, part-time work has been on the increase while full time jobs that pay a living wage have been on the decline. Add to that the proliferation of fast food chain locations and the term is now as common as the sandwich (named after an early or the once copyrighted terms for patented products such as kleenex or refrigerator that have since become generic terms.

As well, the growing frustration among minimum wage earners has led to high employee turnover as many chose to tell companies to “take their McJob and shove it.”

Minimum wage Dominion grocery store employee Matt Simmons says that the McJob is a widely accepted expression that sums up the type of work that he does. “A McJob, simply put, is any average service industry type job. I’m a student so for me, it’s a good job to have, basically. The hours are flexible and you earn a bit of cash. These types of jobs aren’t hard. All that you need to know is how to say is ‘Airmiles?’ and you’re set,” says Simmons.

The Ontario government’s decision to hike the minimum wage of little comfort to the many that work at $7.15 (or 7.20 for students). While the Ontario government is planning to gradually raise the minimum wage, Simmons argues that even the eventual $8 an hour is not enough for the working poor to make ends meet. “This whole $8 high roller-dream pay is just a giant kick in the balls,” says Simmons.

Simmons says that a McJob is a necessary evil for someone’s first job. “But it’s not like you could live on $7.15.” He says. “Unless of course you’re some kind of a master criminal on the side, like the Hamburglar. And even if you would, all you end up with was some soggy fries.”

— M.A Tamburro

We’re all Guilty of Poor-bashing

How our Everyday Language Reveals our Prejudices

Nelson Mandela tells a story in his autobiography that reveals that even someone who has fought all his life for a South Africa free from racism and apartheid can still unknowingly foster racist and prejudicial thoughts.

Once, while boarding an airplane he noticed that the pilot was black and immediately felt some apprehension. He had never seen a black pilot before and he wondered whether he could fly a plane. Mandela had subconsciously accepted the apartheid mentality that Africans were inferior and that flying was a ‘white man’s job’. Although he had spent the majority of his life fighting racism, these very thoughts had somehow permeated him so that just seeing a black man in a typically white job brought fear to him.

The problem is that even if we don’t hold these sorts of thoughts, the language we use helps to keep them alive.

Although I will not be looking at racism specifically, language is often used in similar ways when dealing with poverty issues. The language we use in everyday life, especially the language we are exposed to in the media, contains many sentences and expressions that ‘bash’ the poor and foster stereotypes. This is done unconsciously, and often with innocent enough intentions. When we stop to think about the sentences we use and the notions we express when we use them, we can tell a lot about the way we are socially or subconsciously conditioned to look at and interact with people less fortunate than us.

Poor-bashing is a term that is hardly ever heard except in anti-poverty circles where it has been in use for the past decade. So what does it mean? Poor-bashing was first coined to describe the hostility that is directed towards the poor simply because of their poverty. It describes what is happening when people who need to use income support programs, or actually do use them, are forced to feel humiliated and despised through the language of the wider society.

Many of these terms may seem strange and outdated now that a version of political correctness is the norm, but people often do not think about the language used when it comes to describing social programs that help the poor. A book released in 2001 aims to do just that. Poor Bashing: The Politics of Exclusion by Jean Swanson is a thorough analysis of the language we use and how it came into being.

Swanson explains in a clear way the issues surrounding poor-bashing, the language used, the ideas behind it, and some of the myths and assumptions that people use in an attempt to justify their language. A few of these are that:

- “Poor people need budgeting lessons” – Actually many are experts at getting the most for their money. You don’t hear the same thing said of very wealthy people who, nonetheless, live beyond their means and are heavily in debt.

- “Poverty does not affect me” – As recent trends show a decrease in the number of full-time jobs which pay a livable wage and an increase in the number of contract and temporary jobs, more people are at risk of finding themselves in the lower wage earning brackets. Family illness, accidents, or other unforeseen circumstances leave many with the risk of finding themselves in poverty situations and having to rely on government assistance programs. The stigmatization attached to these insurance programs makes collecting them feel like nothing short of a punishment.

- “Our country cannot afford welfare” – This is a line that corporate interest groups would have us believe while at the same time RRSP tax exemptions cost the economy about the same as welfare does. A report released in February 2002 by the National Council of Welfare showed that poverty is something that cannot always be measured in pure monetary terms.

- “People make the wrong choices and should live with them” – You’ll only believe this if you are with the conservatively minded media and you have the misguided impression that people are all equal and you believe that market forces alone should be allowed to make decisions about where to allocate resources. There is a fundamental assumption being made here: we all start out life in basically the same situation. This is simply not true.

As a consequence, the options people have in life are very different. Someone who is born rich has a lot more choices than those who have to work throughout their schooling. Many options are closed to those who do not have the money to pursue higher education. A person who is on welfare won’t have many choices left to make when he spends the vast majority of his monthly cheque simply to obtain basic shelter.

To find out more visit: http://www.btlbooks.com/New_Titles/poor....bash.html or http://www.ncwcnhes.net

— Chris Spraakman
The Have-Not’s in an Age of Prosperity:
Life is too Much a Game of Chance for those with Low Wages

New Canadians often bear the brunt of the labour market: low wages

There are over one-million people in Ontario earning wages that are below the poverty level. More than forty per cent of these people are recent immigrants.

Low-paying and low skilled jobs are usually the first kind of work that immigrants are able to find upon arriving in Canada. To many, this comes as a slap in the face as they find that their previous degrees, certificates, and even experience is useless here in Canada and they are unable to find well paid jobs.

Belinda (last name withheld by request) came to Canada two years ago on a live-in-caregiver contract. The contract stipulates that in order for her to get her permanent residency, she is bound to her employer as a nanny until the end of the contract. While the thirty-one-year old nursing graduate from the Philippines is grateful for the opportunity to live and work in Canada she nevertheless leads a difficult life.

“My employers are nice people but they are not very generous,” she says. In addition to Belinda taking care of the two children she agreed to take care of, she cooks meals, cleans the house, cares for two cats, and walks the family’s dog. Her average working day is twelve hours. For all this she earns only $800 dollars a month.

With such meagre earnings, recent immigrants such as Belinda find it a struggle to make ends meet. Much of the earnings immigrants manage to hold onto after expenses such as food and transportation go towards the sky high one-thousand dollar a month rent that is common in Toronto. This means that virtually no money can be put aside for a down-payment on a home, leading to the continuing cycle of poverty for new immigrants.

Despite the obstacles to becoming a permanent resident, Belinda is stoic in her determination to be successful. “It’s really hard but you have to sacrifice to live in Canada. You just have to keep on going.”

M. A. Tamburro

Employers are in a race to the bottom, and it is affecting us all

During the 1940’s as today, many immigrant women find themselves at the low end of the working scale. In this picture (left) by Margaret Bourke-White, women work in a Brooklyn warehouse sewing flags.

This is not a matter of just saying that there should be a higher minimum wage - it is a matter of seeing that the wealth in a time of plenty can and should be spread around more equally.
How often do we hear people being referred to as “welfare bums”? How many of us think that poor people are “lazy good-for-nothings”? These terms help ease our consciences from really being aware of how hard it is to be poor.

We know that poor people have a tough life but we don’t want to acknowledge this because we would feel guilty of our relative wealth. We also realize it could happen to us - and this is why we wealth. We also realize it could happen to us - and this is why we

In reality, many of us are one pay-cheque from being poor. Poverty can arise for many reasons. It is a strong possibility for someone who loses their job as a result of an economic recession, a drought, or a change in technology. Poverty can also happen to anyone if they have to stop working to take care of children or sick friends and family.

Our society does not see these people, who are often benefiting society by their free and necessary labour (for example, mothers raising children for our future workforce and society) as having the right to be free from poverty and deserving the best situation possible. Instead, we blame individuals for their “downfall” and think that they should “pull up their bootstraps” and get a job.

Poor people are constantly scrutinized in order to reinforce that they are “worthy” and “deserving” of our time and money. Society tells poor people that this manner takes away their independence and pride. They need to convince everyone that they are indeed worthy of monthly welfare cheques – something that was initially set up as a form of insurance – a form of help for people going through tough times.

Often their actions and behaviour are used against them as a means to take away the little amount that welfare provides at every turn. When asking for social assistance or welfare, people face a system which creates a hierarchy of those who deserve and those who don’t.

It is hardly worth being scrutinized for the small amount of money people on welfare actually have to survive on. It is nearly impossible to have a decent home, food, clothing, and similar chances in life that others enjoy while on welfare. For example, a report shows a single mother with two children receives around $900/month which has to cover rent, phone, hydro, food, personal care, transportation, and other necessities. In addition, according to one study in 1994 following the Canada food guide, a family of three must spend at least $331.20 a month for the least expensive meals which still follow the proper nutrition guidelines. In addition, with the average rent for a two bedroom apartment being over $800, how can anyone get by?

There are food banks, but in some places there are restrictions as to how often one can receive food. And how good are food banks for ending long-term or chronic poverty?

A better system that will help those in need without shaming them and taking away their pride should be put into place. We should treat others as we would want to be treated, and no one wants to feel unworthy or underserving of a decent standard of living.

If we truly care about people, our current welfare system would be abolished and replaced with a more egalitarian system of democratic socialism, such as what already exists in parts of Europe.

Are you ready to help end the scrutiny of the poor? Here are some questions to ask yourself:

- Shouldn’t we promote a decent standard of living for all?
- Doesn’t everybody deserve to live how the financially secure live? Shouldn’t everyone have a job and have family support to help raise children? Can you easily argue that certain people don’t deserve this? And what makes you more deserving and worthy of financial ease than the next person? Do you think that you are a better individual and more capable?

To set the record straight, we all deserve to be free from scrutiny and ignorance by others in forms of stereotypes. We are all worthy of having pride and independence. There are no other standards to meet other than being human. We are supposed to take care of one another. It is clear that currently we are just not fulfilling our responsibilities to our fellow human beings.

- Andrea Sprakman

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**In Canada, Poverty is Alive and Well**

It is time to realize that the poor are neither “worthy” or “unworthy”; they are simply poor.

By Ginny Collins

**WORKING POOR FEATURE**

**CUP Central Bureau**

**WINNIPEG (CUP)**

What did Wal-Mart, the world’s largest retailer, get for Christmas?

Lumps of coal. Over 4,700 in fact, sent by consumers who are tired of the way Wal-Mart treats people being referred to as “Sweatshop Retailer of the year.”

A project sponsored by the Canada-based Maquila Solidarity Network allowed consumers to send a lump of coal to the company via their SendCoalToWalMart.com website along with a personalized message to Wal-Mart CEO H. Lee Scott.

People from 25 countries around the world participated in this unique initiative, including Canada, the U.S., Mexico, Turkey, Kenya, and France.

Ian Thomson of MSN said that for the past four years the network has asked people to vote online for the “Sweatshop Retailer of the Year.” Out of the four years the contest has existed, Wal-Mart has taken the prize three times.

“If you’re going to put your money on who will win next year, I would put it on Wal-Mart,” said Thomson. “It seems to be the hands-down favourite.”

He added the year that Wal-Mart didn’t win, the award went to Disney for the conditions of their sweatshops in China. In the third year of the project, Wal-Mart was a joint winner with the Hudson’s Bay Company.

After the lumps of coal were sent, MSN mailed a letter to the CEO of Wal-Mart, explaining the goals of the project and calling upon Wal-Mart to change their ways.

“They are so powerful that they could use their influence to improve conditions and set a standard we haven’t seen that yet,” said Thomson.

So far the network has not heard back from the CEO of Wal-Mart.

To highlight the issue of sweatshop labour in their own community, the Margaret Laurence Women’s Studies Centre at the University of Winnipeg held an Anti Sweatshop Fashion Show on January 23 where they got volunteers to model clothes made by companies that use sweatshops while explaining the conditions under which the clothes were made.

For the second year in a row Wal-Mart was a featured retailer in the show.

Jennifer Faulder, director of the Margaret Laurence Women’s Studies Centre at the University of Winnipeg, said they chose Wal-Mart because it is “one of the worst companies” in clothing retail.

“If it’s brought to their attention that one of their factories is a sweatshop they will cut and run. Then they just go to another factory with similar situations,” she said.

Faulder added that other retailers, like Victoria Secret, will at least stay with the sweatshop factories and work on improving conditions.

The anti-sweatshop fashion show is part of a “No Sweat” campaign that the Margaret Laurence Centre is running on campus to make students and administration aware of sweatshop conditions in Canada and around the world.

One of the most successful aspects of their campaign was that they got the university to adopt a policy that states goods and services produced from sweatshop conditions cannot be purchased by the university.

“They’ve included it as one sentence in a four-page-long document but in the future we’re going to look at turning it into a four-page document by itself,” said Faulder.

The policy applied mainly to the bookstore that imports some of their product from underprivileged countries. Clothing from the bookstore was featured in the anti-sweatshop fashion show.

The Margaret Laurence Centre has been working with the Maquila Solidarity Network as well as a group called No Sweat Manitoba that is lobbying provincial government to adopt anti-sweatshop policy.

They plan on expanding their campaign next year and furthering developments of the anti-sweatshop policy with the University of Winnipeg.
A Farewell to Thirty Years at Glendon College

By Professor H.S. Harris, Pro Tem, March 25, 1996

I first saw the Glendon Campus just thirty years ago (at about this time of the year). I came to be interviewed by the President, Dr. Murray Ross, for the post of Chairman of the Department of Philosophy, York University was completing the second year of its existence (and the first on its own site). Everyone was then teaching the General Degree on its own site). Everyone was then teaching the General Degree programme of the University of Toronto, while planning the curriculum for the new university.

Dr. Ross told me that it had just been decided that York University would have a large campus (with an appropriately massive enrolment) on the north-western edge of the city. I told him that I was not interested in moving from a large University that was well established (University of Illinois in Urbana-Champaign) to a new institution of the mammoth variety. What attracted me, I said, was the sort of liberal arts college that would exist on the Glendon campus, when the “main” campus was established. So he knew from the first time that I wanted to stay here; and after he offered me the post, and I accepted it, I went to work at once to find a good chairperson for the main department; John Yolton was hired only a few months after me; and I was “Chairman of Philosophy at York” for only one year.

When Escott Reid arrived with his plan for a small “Ontarian” college at Glendon, he was persuaded to include a Philosophy Department; and I became the first Chairman of Philosophy at Glendon. Two years later, he asked me to be “Academic Dean”, and I took on that post for a strictly limited term of two years. That was an exciting period, because on the side of the students the Paris revolution of 1968 inspired an attempt to replace the curriculum with a programme of “Student-generated courses”; and on the side of the University Administration, an offer was made to buy the Glendon Campus for a Civil Service College. Luckily almost all students preferred the established programmes; and the sale of the Glendon site founded on legal difficulties. (We thought that our protests made a difference; but I am now convinced that they were foreseen, and discounted).

After 1972, I retired from College and Departmental administration. Being a senior faculty member in a small college, I have always been able to do very much what I like. Thus, for some years I taught Medieval Philosophy (first to myself, and then to my students). I would never have been able to do that in a large department. In my own eyes, the most important teaching I have been able to do has been on the boundaries of philosophy and literature. If I had opened a few minds to the genius of Dante and Goethe, I can look back with on satisfaction my decision to accept the offer that Murray Ross made to me.

Since the year that Escott Reid appeared (when I was away enjoying my first Sabbatical Leave) my own research has been concentrated on the early work of Hegel. In this connection I have been very lucky to be in a city with two large universities having graduate programmes in Philosophy. No college or liberal arts college could have given me the research opportunities and advantages that I have enjoyed here.

In 1969 (or the winter of 1968) I wrote a short piece for Pro Tem, out of which the college motto Alteri Saeculo was born: Alteri Saeculo. As I pass from the scene, I know that the academic tree that Escott Reid planted will reach “another generation”. But unlike the farmer in Cicero’s Latin tag who “sows an abundant crop”, I fear that I may live to see the tree cut down before “another century” down (and that is an alternative meaning of the motto). The shadows of death have always been over the College ever since 1968. There has not been much reason to fear the actual sale of the site since then. But the problem has been “the basic income unit”. Escott dreamed of an “elite” college with 1000 students; already when I was Dean, we began to look like it. By 1978, we had reached 2,000. But we have found that we cannot reach the enrolment targets that we set. With a full-time faculty of nearly a hundred, and a government that is determined to cut its budget (particularly the higher education budget) we must attract enough students to justify our existence. Otherwise, Escott Reid’s tree will be cut down.

At present, there is a lot of controversy about a new “vision” of Glendon. Not surprisingly, I am myself wedded to the older “vision”. But all arguments about that are a waste of breath in the present “crisis”. Whether we are top, have a “national” college, or a provincial “Ontarian” college is an academic question – and the encouragement of discussion on this question is a smokescreen – until we have shown that we deserve to have a liberal arts college at all; and there is only one way that we can do that. We must begin, once more, with the good students who want to come here, but who do not want to become bilingual. We have had a “unilingual” stream in the past, as a solution for our enrolment problem; so we do know that there is a constituency for it. But now we must look at it differently, and examine the problem of how to attract students with an open mind.

There are many students who can recognize the educational advantages of a small college (just as I did in my own education, and in my teaching decision thirty years ago); and it is difficult to imagine a more attractive setting (in a metropolis) than the Glendon campus. We must always continue to give preference to qualified applicants who want to enter our official “bilingual” programme. But we cannot close down the alternative programme once it is in place. Even when we can fill our enrolment targets with well qualified applicants for our main curriculum, we should continue to accept a small number of the best applicants for the open degree; (when the bilingual programme is closed). We must do that. We must begin, once more, the alternative stream will be converted, and will seek to become bilingual. We should never close down the alternative programme once it is in place. Even when we can fill our enrolment targets with well qualified applicants for our main curriculum, we should continue to accept a small number of the best applicants for the open degree; (when the bilingual programme is closed).

The college will have heavier teaching loads, and less release time for administrative work. If we survive at all in to the next century, that is a certainty. But we must strive to increase the range of options available to students in every way possible. Cuts there obviously must be; but some of the cuts made this year have been rather dangerous from this point of view. We must have more programmes; and they must be recognizable to students as traditional subjects within the range of liberal arts. How is this to be achieved in a time of universal downsizing? I cannot presume to answer this question: but I know that the problem must be solved somehow.

I shall be teaching my last class on my seventieth birthday. I shall not be here to see what happens. Indeed, I can only hope that I shall not see what happens: and that the college as I have known it will outlast both my generation and my century. But the community will need to be united about this. If we are not united, the tree will be cut down; and it will be partly our fault.

H.S. Harris was a professor of Philosophy at Glendon College and one of its founders. He retired in 1996 and this article appeared in the Monday, March 25, 1996 issue of Pro Tem.

Two years after professor Harris left Glendon, a new lease on life was given to the College. This was called “Affirmation & Renewal: A Planning Framework for Glendon” which was approved by the York Senate in 1998. This has guaranteed a stable level of funding for the college based on enrolment targets which, with the double-cohort, Glendon is on target to meet. This also reaffirmed the bilingual mandate of the College. The unilingual stream which Professor Harris spoke about is no more, having ended in the late 1980’s under Principal Garigue’s watch.
The transformation of Glen-don Hall is now well under-way. Workers have already removed temporary walls and partitions to restore the principal rooms to their original dimensions, and grandeur. Soon the design-ers will start to work on the areas throughout the building to which each of them has been assigned. By early May, all this activity will have reached an end. For the next month, a transformed Glendon Hall will be open to the public, including of course the Glendon community, as the Junior League Showhouse 2004. After that, the building will be returned to Glen-don.

Not only will Glendon Hall have regained its original grandeur, but it also will much better serve our needs. The principal rooms on the first floor will be fitted for use as classrooms, thus providing critically needed additional space. They will also be available for conferences and special events that will strengthen Glendon’s national profile. Especially dramatic is the change that is occurring in space previously occupied by the Art Gallery: restoring the room to its original size and opening up doors and windows to flood the room with light. The Café de la Terrasse will be enhanced. The east wing of the second floor, which has been vacated by the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, will be the new home for the offices of the Principal, the Associate Principal (Academic Affairs) and the Director Advancement. In effect, the Glendon Hall will be once again the focal point of campus activi-ties that it was when it housed the Principal’s apartment.

In sum, Glendon can only be strengthened by the transforma-tion of Glendon Hall. The building itself will at last regain its former beauty and grandeur. There will be new rooms available for classes and seminars, as well as conferenc-es and public events. With central administrative offices located there as well, Glendon Hall not only will be restored as the jewel of the cam-pus but also will be very much at the centre of Glendon’s activities as a bilingual liberal arts college.

—Principal McRoberts

The Revamping of the Glendon Manor

Glendon’s Principal stresses benefits that the Junior League renovation will bring to the community.

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Il s’agit d’un projet d’envergure. Le premier grand chantier sur notre campus depuis sa création au début des années 60. Ce projet n’aurait pas vu le jour sans l’expé-rience et les ressources de la Junior League, qui a déjà restauré plu-sieurs grandes demeures de Toronto. La Junior League Showhouse 2004 terminé. Grâce à ce travail d’équipe, le manoir de-vrait donc parfaitement répondre aux besoins de Glendon.

Pour réaliser ce projet, certaines unités qui se trouvaient dans le manoir ont été transférées ailleurs. La librairie a déjà réouvert ses portes dans un lieu plus central du Pavillon York. Pro Tem a aussi dé-ménagé dans le Pavillon York. La Galerie Glendon a suspendu ses activités, mais réouvrira à l’autom-ne dans le Pavillon York. Il en va de même pour le GREF. Glendon ne perd donc aucune de ces organisa-tions importantes; celles-ci seront simplement situées dans d’autres endroits du campus qui seront peut-être plus à leur avantage.

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Not only will Glendon Hall have regained its original grandeur, but it also will much better serve our needs. The principal rooms on the first floor will be fitted for use as classrooms, thus providing critically needed additional space. They will also be available for conferences and special events that will strengthen Glendon’s national profile. Especially dramatic is the change that is occurring in space previously occupied by the Art Gallery: restoring the room to its original size and opening up doors and windows to flood the room with light. The Café de la Terrasse will be enhanced. The east wing of the second floor, which has been vacated by the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, will be the new home for the offices of the Principal, the Associate Principal (Academic Affairs) and the Director Advancement. In effect, the Glendon Hall will be once again the focal point of campus activi-ties that it was when it housed the Principal’s apartment.

Il s’agit d’un projet d’envergure. Le premier grand chantier sur notre campus depuis sa création au début des années 60. Ce projet n’aurait pas vu le jour sans l’expé-rience et les ressources de la Junior League, qui a déjà restauré plu-sieurs grandes demeures de Toronto. La Junior League Showhouse 2004 terminé. Grâce à ce travail d’équipe, le manoir de-vrait donc parfaitement répondre aux besoins de Glendon.

Pour réaliser ce projet, certaines unités qui se trouvaient dans le manoir ont été transférées ailleurs. La librairie a déjà réouvert ses portes dans un lieu plus central du Pavillon York. Pro Tem a aussi dé-ménagé dans le Pavillon York. La Galerie Glendon a suspendu ses activités, mais réouvrira à l’autom-ne dans le Pavillon York. Il en va de même pour le GREF. Glendon ne perd donc aucune de ces organisa-tions importantes; celles-ci seront simplement situées dans d’autres endroits du campus qui seront peut-être plus à leur avantage.

In sum, Glendon can only be strengthened by the transforma-tion of Glendon Hall. The building itself will at last regain its former beauty and grandeur. There will be new rooms available for classes and seminars, as well as conferenc-es and public events. With central administrative offices located there as well, Glendon Hall not only will be restored as the jewel of the cam-pus but also will be very much at the centre of Glendon’s activities as a bilingual liberal arts college.

—Principal McRoberts
La Vague du « Fringe » à Glendon

Le Fringe festival de Glendon s’inscrit dans la tradition théâtrale du « Fringe festival » qui fut créé à Edinbourg en 1947. Il est intéressant de souligner que le Fringe se définit littéralement comme le plus de Fringes ! Le festival international du Canada est, dès lors, le pays au monde qui organise le plus de festivals de théâtre. Dès lors, Philadelphie, Seattle, Londre, Melbourne et Dublín font partie des grandes villes qui organisent des Fringes chaque année.

Dans ce mouvement artistique désormais international, le Canada occupe une place tout à fait privilégiée puisque depuis 1984, la vague du Fringe est à l’origine d’une vingtaine de festivals de théâtre. Le Canada est, dès lors, le pays au monde qui organise le plus de Fringes ! Le festival international d’Edmonton est certainement le plus fameux en Amérique du Nord.

Comme le souligne Duncan Appleton du théâtre de Glendon, les festivals Fringes canadiens sont une opportunité unique pour le public de découvrir de nouvelles créations et ce dans toute leur spontanéité. Le très bon, le mauvais et les glorieux désastres ont leur place sur scène ! Les frontières entre la scène et la salle s’effacent peu à peu pour laisser place à l’expression de la créativité.

Et c’est bien ce que le Fringe festival de Glendon a su célébrer une fois de plus cette année. Organisé par Dan Cohen et Melissa Major, le Fringe transforma pour quelques jours le théâtre de notre collège en un lieu de pure création qui offrait alors un réflet de l’imagination parfois pétillante de nos étudiants.

- Julie H. Sage

Pour en savoir plus sur le Fringe festival de Glendon avec photos : www.glendon.yorku.ca/theater

Pour plus d’informations sur les Fringes : www.fringetheateradventures.ca

La Vague du « Fringe »

Playing reviews by Kristin Foster and Jen Calder

Last week the annual Fringe Festival came roaring into Glendon. Glendonites and their friends had the chance to put together wonderful pieces. Shows were free during the week and pay-what-you-can for the weekend, making this event very accessible for students. A ton of people were involved in the Festival, and familiar faces turned up on- and off-stage. Here’s a rundown of the events:

27 Wagons Full of Cotton -- Carla Person, Luigi Saterno, Carlos Finch

A Stale Tale

Written by Tennessee Williams during WWII, this one-act play was directed by Christopher Floyd and starred Carla Person as Flora Meighan, a blushing Southern lady. Luigi Salerno as Jake Meighan, husband to Flora, and Carlos Finch as Silva Viracooro, owner of a cotton gin that is running Jake’s gin out of business. Jake burns Silva’s gin down, and Silva decides to put his own spin on the “good neighbour policy” by, we assume, raping Flora. One of the features of this play is its long bouts of dialogue between a near-hysterical Flora and the slimy Silva which makes everything deliciously tense. Although they certainly played their parts, the actors could not create that feeling onstage. Finch could not quite nail the creepiness of Silva’s character, although he tried. There were some directions that were difficult to digest, such as a moment where Flora sat on a bench behind Silva and he stood in front of her, awkwardly half facing the audience with his upper body twisted so that he could speak his lines to her. It was as if Silva couldn’t figure out what to do. Person had her Southern accent and Flora’s nervous belle-esque character nailed, right down to her manner of sitting. She helped push the story along and gave a convincing performance, raising the level of drama in the play. Salerno played a vicious husband, calling Flora by her pet name at one moment and screaming into her face in the next. His Southern accent was healthy on Tuesday but Salerno seemed tired on Thursday and often said his lines a bit too quickly. Overall, the cast likely needed more rehearsal time but put on a decent show nonetheless.

Elsewhere, Fast

Shannon Maguire’s Elsewhere, Fast was as complex, poetic and well-written as the rest of the work for which she is known. Evie (Andrea Watson), Olibera-Dorn (Noémie Olibera-Dorn), James (Egidio Bulgaretti), Sarah (Marija Repac), Ciri (Srimoyee Mitra) and Billie (Monique Moses) all seem to be speaking from some far-away place. Repac played an oddly convincing elderly woman who had been institutionalized by her deaf son. With placid eyes she would drill some questions to whomever was around and suddenly become anxious when she kept finding out that it was a week before Christmas. Then Olibera-Dorn entered as H and wove a heartbreaking narrative into the story. They made good use of stage, using each section as an area to perform different scenes. The back curtain remained open, creating a wider, emptier space for the actors to float and create a sense that the characters were alienated. In the end they were all lost souls, alone, each actor was key in bringing the audience into his or her nothingness.

27 Wagons Full of Cotton -- Carla Person, Luigi Saterno, Carlos Finch
One Butterfly

In its earlier days, this play was described to me as “very sensory.” I’m no stranger to Major’s work, but I couldn’t fathom how one could create a sensory-based play, since my relatively narrow experience of theatre is so cut-and-dry with dialogue and a plot, like a typical short story. Take any crazy theatrical challenge, throw it at Major, and watch the magic unfold. Major obviously researches her work, and the result is continuity within the play. She seems to be fascinated with the darkness in humanity, based on this work and on pieces like 2003’s A Silent Scream. Her small cast consisted of Jason Babbs, Jen Calder and Valentina Plessy as darkly hooded apparitions and herself as a character based on Briget Bishop. One of the remarkable aspects of the play was the use of live vocals; Calder, Plessy and Babbs each have strong voices that were used to create an eeriness.

Major managed to find a revolve machine and used a tiny hidden microphone to launch her voice into contortions that would send chills up any spine. Voices wove in and out in an asymmetrical rhythm, and I finally understood what they meant by “very sensory.” It was like looking into a memory, all of the mental photographs are simplified and the colours are bright, the words sound like you’re listening down a long cave, sometimes they’re clearer and sometimes they shriek and jar you. You don’t necessarily know what is going on, but all of these things put together make you feel something. Major managed to make me feel something intangible during her show.

Yaran Stupefied

Around the Table of Cohen, a dispute erupts and Yaran is thrown out by this Godly peers. David Fournier, Cory McMillan, Mel Couture, Meredith Merrin, Kevin Friedburg and Naomi Knight have been on TheatreGlendon’s stage before but no amount of experience could make sense of this play. Taking odd twists and turns, we see the actors in togas then sheets, and finally during. I assume, the part where Yaran is going through his “personal journey.” The only reason I can put this together is because it was written in the programme. Fournier yukked it up as a goofy Yaran, staring wide-eyed at the audience with a bashed expression, Cory followed suit for the most part although his better roles, so far, have been the ones where he is more tongue-in-cheek. The play rolled along like the prop tumbleweed, which was actually some sticks bundled up with some purple tinsel. Someone in the wings would toss it out where the wings would toss it out and instead of being funny, it would kind of just play in the stage and everyone would stare at it. And then the play would continue, making no more sense than it had before. Many personal jokes were written into the script. Anyone who isn’t familiar with the writer likely had no idea what “Damaniness” or “The Table of Cohen” are. Actually, I know Dan and I have no idea what they are either. When I went to see it on Tuesday, the writer/director was sitting in the small audience laughing loudly at intervals. This was a play written for the amusements of the writer. Too bad.

Penetration

Penetration asks many questions, and leaves you feeling as though you have only scratched the surface of some much larger question. Elliott knows how to do a one-person show - the minimal set, the chalk line, dramatic mood lighting, an ingenious costume design- and her theatre experience has served her well. She holds the stage with a veteran’s grace; every action is purposeful and deliberate. She slips between an aggressive ‘girl’, shaking her fist in protest, to a more withdrawn, suffering woman seething at the humiliation of having to justify her ‘stalker’ and her terror with ease and fluidity. The association of penetration to rape is glaring: the unwanted invasion of societal messages into the very core of our being is destroying our souls and our minds. As a woman, perhaps that’s what made Elliott’s acting and writing so accessible to me; she was telling the stories that women have been sharing for years. Clearly this was a show intended for a female audience; she relies on a ‘male’ intruder as her threat and the ‘rape’ police officer as her accuser. Yet that does not weaken the central focus of her performance. One leaves the show contemplating the very nature of a spiritual ‘clean-sweep.’ How do you begin to separate what you have heard, what you have been taught and what you know to be true? Enough to keep your brain twisting for hours.

Written and performed by Erin Elliott
Directed By Todd Cleland

The Bush Administration:

The Bush Administration is a funny piece that has nothing to do with the government and everything to do with “internal affairs”. The play follows the daring mission of one sperm (portrayed surprisingly well by Carly Kannegiesser as a slick and arrogant male) as he attempts to reach the elusive Egg (a dashing Adria DiMaggio). This show was adapted from a previous performance; Unfortunately, you can see that it has been altered slightly which resulted in some long pauses and the feeling that I missed the original gag. The subject matter alone allows the actors to fool around; the hippie uterus (a decked out Marina Long), the impatient and stressed temp secretary (a high-pitched and hypersensitive Tara Gerlich-Fitzgerald) all contribute to creating the fast-paced and complex world that is creation. Though the show relied heavily on the same gags; the smooth-talking clueless male, the highly stressed and overwhelmed female reproductive staff, mounds and mounds of paperwork, it makes you laugh. I especially enjoyed the curtain call - very slick.

This is a Play

Daniel MacIvor’s script is brilliant: It’s short, concise and hilarious. Anything that good has potential to go very wrong. Luckily, Chelsea Iretton is a smart director and she knows that she’s working with material that’s gold. She lets the actors take over the show - their energy and timing are perfect. This is a play is a cleverly written comedy that is a play within a play; the actors switch between speaking the “script lines” and their own interior monologues. The cast is sharp; the transitions are quick and since they understand the gags, they make it hilarious. The over-the-top acting required to make this kind of show work is demanding, yet the cast does it with ease. One wonders if they spent an entire day working on the facial expressions alone, they are so good. Anyone who has ever worked in theatre can identify with the actor’s observations, their jabs at the director and their own egotistical views of their own performance. The absurdity of a play about lettuce and triplets set in the south only adds to the laughs. An excellent effort.
The Poetry of Daniel Jones

Better Living Through Chemistry

Toronto was starting to get to me,
I was feeling hemmed in, bored,
Maybe even murderous. I went to see
A shrink
‘What seems to be the problem?’ he asked.
‘Well,’ I said,
‘It’s like this, everyone I meet seems
To want to write poetry. They’re everywhere,
They’re suffocating me, you can’t know
How awful it is’

He wrote
A script, shook my hand & went back
To his notebook. I looked down
As I was leaving; he was writing a poem.
I rushed to the pharmacy

I went to a
Coffee house a few weeks later. There
Were 30 people sitting around, drinking
Herbal tea, looking bored, hunched over
Notebooks & briefcases. One by one they
Went up to the mikes & read from pieces of paper:
One man’s woman had left him & he
Couldn’t find another;
Another had experienced
Some sort of existential enlightenment while
Sniffing a pine cone;
One woman remembered,
With tears in her throat, the death of her grandmother

It was all very beautiful. I
Felt wonderful. I sang quiet praise to the
Stelazine. There wasn’t a poet in the bunch.

The Brave Never Write Poetry

The brave ride streetcars to jobs
Early in the morning, have traffic accidents,
Rob banks. They are not asked to blow up the Canadian bomb factory & plead guilty
to twenty-five years

Josef Brodsky was exiled for his poetry & now he
Lives in the land of the brave. They like his
Poetry there. But the brave don’t read it &
In Moscow they are lined up in the streets
to buy food. It takes guts to know some happiness
& not make a poem of it

& alone in my room
I am calling someone now, anyone. Someone give me
The strength to be & not question being. Someone
Give me the strength to stay out of the cafés &
Libraries. Someone give me the strength not to
Apply to the Canada Council for the arts. Someone
Give me the strength not to write poetry

But nothing. No one. The streets have not
Exploded. The streetcars pass. The clock has
Moved another inch

Ernesto Cardenal will no longer write poetry while
The U.S. makes war on his country. I read this
In Playboy magazine. Later I stare at the image
Of a naked woman, her legs spread across the
Centrefold & I know, as the semen runs into my hand,
That she would never write poetry

It is springtime in Toronto. I am in love.
Two Poets

A couple of afternoons a month, we run into each other at the post office. Silently we sort through the contents of our boxes, looking for the returned manuscripts, looking for the cheques & then the rejections:

'Sons of bitches don't know good poems from their arseholes'

'So so's too busy diddling his secretary to know when he gets the real thing'

Or:

'Goddamn academics, they should all be lined up & shot'

Sometimes a small magazine takes a poem or there's a cheque & we walk up the street to a bar & over beer the talk turns to the women that left, the races that were fixed, past due bills & whatever the bloody Americans are up to now

His hair is going & his stomach & his hands shake now when he lifts his beer & we drink the beer and talk until the bartender cuts us off & we stumble uncertainly onto the street & home to our separate apartments, where we will sit all night, drinking coffee & smoking cigarettes, writing the poems that will make us immortal.

Post Modernism

I was standing on the empty platform of a subway station in the suburbs of Toronto, thinking about the status of Modern Canadian Literature, of what it meant to be a Canadian – my friends had been asking why I hadn't shown them any of my newer poems, and I didn't know why – I wanted to make it big in The Toronto Poetry Scene; but really I was standing on the empty platform getting drunk. There were all these ads for different kinds of booze, big colour photos of glasses with big cubes of ice and lots of booze; and I was getting very drunk just being there and looking at them. And that was why I fell down on the tracks – my friends know my suicidal tendencies, but really that is why I fell. I didn't jump – but it doesn't matter because I wasn't killed. My head, without the brain, flew up from under the wheels of the train and landed in a plastic bag that was in the hand of an old wino standing there – he didn't notice, but in the morning he sold my head as a window piece to a vegetarian café on Queen Street, later drinking up the money he had made in the Blue Jay Tavern while telling this fantastic story.

The headless body, a bit bloody I can tell you, went on to do a Ph.D. in English Literature, and later gained a teaching position in the Linguistics Dept. of the University of Manitoba, and later still wrote an important book on the correlation between the prairie landscape and post-modernist literature. You might ask what happened to the brain. I told you about the suicidal tendencies, and there are a lot of things even I don't understand; because long ago I took the brain and some other parts that I wasn't using much, wrapped them in cellophane, and left them in the meat dept. of a Loblaws grocery; it seemed fair compensation for the three cans of tuna which I had stuffed in my pockets and made off with. Dear Reader, do you ever shop at Loblaws? I love you.

A Brief Affair

I got out of bed & went into the toilet to piss. When I got back, she was at her desk, writing in a diary. After a while, she went into the toilet. I opened her diary:

31 December 1984:

Sex with Jones. He was reasonably attentive. Quite pleasant.

We smoked a cigarette & went to sleep, back to back. In the morning, I went home & wrote this poem.
Our Generation

In the end it was the fear of annihilation that did us in. The vast majority never got over the second war & slowly melted into their television sets. For the rest the process was slower. It was the loss of hope that got us first & then the fighting among ourselves. We turned from our separate tracts & alone our livers died. We no longer slept or slept too much. Soon our nerve went & our limbs shook perceptibly. Our eyeballs, wild & loose in their sockets, popped right out. Our minds fused together into one repeated nothing. We collapsed from the inside. We’d forgotten how to love so there were no children. Only the roaches were left & a few scattered poems, testaments to our blindness.

Benzedrine

In the evenings we sit in cafés talking artists & revolutions, of what we could do, of what we will never do, drinking beer to mask the emptiness of our words

Sometimes

it is only the benzedrine that keeps us going & at night with lovers we no longer want but need

Or at windows with poems we no longer believe in it is the silence that we fear & the slow strangulation of daytime jobs that are not what we were taught

This is all that we want but this is not what we want

Perhaps only a little peace from a terror that we cannot comprehend

There is no terror

There is nothing

Give it back to us now, give it whatever it is, as beautiful, as brutal, as meaningless

Give it back whoever you are billboard signs, shopping malls, fire engines & the night.
This Summer in Rosedale

It was a nice day.
I took the Queen car to Yonge Street,
ate a submarine sandwich, and, later
walked north.
Somehow I found myself in Rosedale.
I was drunk.

Crossing a street, I was almost struck
by a black limousine which stopped
with its nose two feet inside of the
crosswalk.
‘Death to drivers,’ I screamed, pounding
on the hood of the car.
The passenger of the car got out: it was
Morley Callaghan.
‘You almost killed me, you fat old bas-
tard.’
He said nothing. I was mad.
‘If you can punch that drunken suicide
Hemingway, you can punch me,’ I slurred.
‘I’m an old man now,’ Callaghan replied.
I stepped on his foot.
‘I’m an old man and I’ve got a bad heart.’
I kneed him in the crotch.
‘I’m an old man now,’ he repeated.
I punched him in the face.

He fell back against the limousine.
My hand was broken.

Fried Chicken

Five girls in private school uniforms
in the back of the Carleton car, eating
fried chicken from a cardboard box:
manicured fingers they lift the legs
to their lipsticked mouths & tear the
juicy meat away. The smell of chicken
permeates the streetcar
I hunch down
in my seat, riding the car to nowhere
in particular, to do nothing in particular, mentally dividing my welfare cheque into
boxes of chicken

Madness will do this to you
& doing nothing & no money & no women, all
of this will do it to you
& the girls giggle
& make jokes about the boys in school. They
leave great pieces of flesh still on the
bones & toss them back into the box, among
greasy french fries & uneaten coleslaw
At a
stop I do not recognize, I leave the
streetcar to wait for another going in
whatever direction.
O

So if you're young and scared and it's your first day of college and you're at some loud-ass dance with a theme you could care less about but you have to be there anyways and the music is blasting out some song you've never heard of and damn it you don't feel like dancing and your boyfriend is getting real close with your roommate then you have plenty of right to bitch. But when you're just being pissy and they're just talking and you're wearing black when you're supposed to be wearing white then the world has plenty of right to bitch back.

That morning, you had met The Girls, as they've come to be known, while walking into the cafe for your rah-rah pep rally. You only looked lost. You go around and shake hands with names attached that you'll never remember. Everyone's kinda-sorta-maybe looking at you funny 'cuz you're wearing that black shirt and not the white ones supplied. You know, the white one's they gave you when you went got here. The white one's they want you to be. Its the same black tee that you will wear tonight, despite all of their efforts. But really, that black shirt is you, and you're not about to change. So you switch the topic and talk about your major and your hometown and why you chose this place and how its going to feel like home, you just know it! You'll talk about anything, really. Just not the tee shirt and how their looks are making you squirm.

You spend the day doing tour after tour and listening to the same stories over and over again. You'd bitch some more but you know what you were getting yourself into in the first place and it's not like anyone would listen anyways. There are some games happening in the field and you decide to go over and take a look. The Girls come join you and pretty soon you're playing a game you haven't played since grade school and you may actually be enjoying it but you're too afraid to admit it. You keep playing.

Part way through, you see this guy across the field looking right back at you and grinning. You only notice him because he's wearing the same black tee. He sees your eyes meet his, and his fall to the same black tee. He sees your back at you and grinning. You only know this is too much. You try to play, but you know what you're getting yourself into in the first place and it's not like anyone would listen anyways. There are some games happening in the field and you decide to go over and take a look. The Girls come join you and pretty soon you're playing a game you haven't played since grade school and you may actually be enjoying it but you're too afraid to admit it. You keep playing.

His name is Jonathon and he's an English major and he's from Montreal and he knows it's going to feel like home. And suddenly you are too. You can feel it. You're not the only black sheep in this place and suddenly you don't feel so fuckin' alone.

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When Juice-Packets Attack

This is a tale of woe and despair, a tale of anger and pain, but also one of inspiration and courage. This is the story of how a malicious Capri Sun juice packet nearly cost me my life, my dignity and my immortal soul.

It all started one day when I was sitting down to have a nice Lunchable at my kitchen table, home alone. It was the kind with the little pizza, the little packet of sauce and the super fun-sized stash of cheese and pepperoni. This was no ordinary pizza Lunchable, however, oh no. It was the very special kind that had that sauce that changed color when you poured the festuve orange powder on it, it turning it into a brilliant green, making my imaginary bow tie spin with delight. I was excited as I began to eat my glorious miniature green pizza but became ecstatic as I took a bite out of the “magic” crunch bar that fizzled and exploded in my mouth as the sweet chocolate melted. My mind began to race with gleeful anticipation when I thought of what was to come next in my merry state of Lunchable Utopia. It was truly a day to behold in the land of Lunchable. I had just finished off my super splendid crunch bar of cosmic champions when I pulled away the final piece of wrapping to reveal the bane of all Lunchable consumers’ existence: the squishy capsule of pestilence, bearing the deceiving silver lining that seemed to scream, “Drink me! I’m refreshing and will invogorate your mind, body and spirit! Drink me! Drink me!” It was the Capri Sun packet. Little did I know the pain and horror that awaited me as I detached the little yellow straw that would soon seal my fate.

I tried poking the straw into the hole that would make a molecule feel cramped. No dice. The packet just squished “All right!” I scoffed at myself as I tried it again...and again...and again. The hell-spawned packet seemed to mock me as I struggled to insert the skinny straw into the drinking hole. It mocked me as it twisted and bent and mocked me as I struggled to insert the skinny straw into the drinking hole. It mocked me as it twisted and bent and mocked me as I struggled to insert the skinny straw into the drinking hole. It mocked me as it twisted and bent and squished, refusing to let me consume its fruity goodness, denying me access with the pernicious squishy capsule of pestilence, bearing the deceptive silver lining that seemed to scream, “Drink me! I’m refreshing and will invogorate your mind, body and spirit! Drink me! Drink me!”

At dawn, you see the masses rush down to the dance, all in their white shirts and their done up hair. The Girls come join you and pretty soon you're playing a game you haven't played since grade school and you may actually be enjoying it but you're too afraid to admit it. You keep playing.

And there he is, changed into his white shirt to go with the flow, just like the rest of them and you feel yourself cringe 'cuz all of a sudden you really are alone and damn it all you can do is bitch.

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Black Sheep

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You keep playing, but you make sure he's on your team. At supper, you sit at the end of the table with The Girls while they talk amongst themselves about God-kno

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Dishes are cleared and students rush down to the dance, all in their white shirts and their done up hair. The Girls see you staring, you watch on Sundays. You keep playing, but you make sure he's on your team. At supper, you sit at the end of the table with The Girls while they talk amongst themselves about God-knows-what. You two make small talk. Just when you feel yourself reaching for a topic and never quite getting one, someone on the far side of the table comments on your shirts and you wonder why the hell you ever have something to talk about. Someone jokes about you two being the “black boys” but you don't respond 'cuz you don't want to be one of them anyways. You finally make it to dessert when you hear about this welcoming dance that everyone's going to, including your new boy.

They're all getting ready and the excitement is growing and you just might be excited too. There is talk about shoes and hair and how unflattering these white tees are but how they're going to wear them anyways 'cuz this is there chance to change. But damn it, you like. Jonathon’s not listening because he's staring at you and you seem to be lost in his stare. He's different, and you like that. Somehow he's the reason you're here.

But then you suddenly don't feel so fuckin' alone. You can do is bitch.
**T’iras pas bien loin...**

Teufer du samedi soir, doigt appuyé sur l’allume cigare  
Dans quelques heures il sera trop tard, dans quelques heures tu broieras du noir.  
Une caisse de merde dans un parking, une tente pourrie dans un camping.  
Une boîte à côté d’un bowling, toi tu t’en fous tu veux qu’ça swingue.

Ça y est, t’es dans ton monde, complètement barré dans la ronde.  
No soucy pour quelques secondes, l’as envie d’t’être taper une blonde.  
Mais regarde plutôt ton état, tu pues, tu bois, t’es même plus là,  
Ta mère te verrait sniffer comme ça, elle te dirait : « Pas de ça chez moi ! ». 

Finis, c’est la descente, rumine ton chewing gum à la menthe,  
Tu te venges maintenant sur les plantes, c’est sûr demain tu seras une fi ante.  
Mais combien de temps ça va durer, tu t’rends pas compte que t’es camé,

Message: Strength comes when two people can communicate and work on the aspects that provide comfort for their relationship.

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**The Relative Meaning**

Anger, frustration; there is no denying  
The relative meaning of living and dying  
Life is a cycle, a gray boomerang,  
A pointless recital for weak and for strong  
Death is a darkness; a one person show,  
There’s no time to be famous; it’s time to go  
Life is a spanning of virtual bliss,  
A deadly surrender, marked with a kiss

Living is dying and living is dying,  
An ironic exchange of two relative meanings,  
A rotten progression, yet everyone knows,  
We are in possession and that’s how it goes  
Life is an anchor, a token of birth,  
Birth slowly leads us right back into earth,  
Birth waits in silence, death’s silent too  
One script is written for me and for you

All is a moment, of a single breath,  
One tryout of longing and then; emptiness,  
All is a fiction, a foolish, sick myth,  
Playing a game that no man can resist

Black sky in the distance, no time to cry,  
The point of existence is so one could ask why,  
There are only two alleys in this “paradise”  
It is one we call “living” and death in disguise  
So we walk the line, slide from one to the other,  
From mother to father from sister to brother  
We are just puppets that walk on a string  
Like tired, weak clowns of an old circus ring

Life is a reason to simply ask why,  
Well, I’m asking you now why did he have to die?  
The world; dwells in silence, its blind and nude,  
All in its contest is being subdued

Life; a petition, a boundless claim,  
A fancy transition to the world of “the same”  
All that is precious and all that is dear,  
Just comes and goes like a song linked to fear,  
Nature; a figment of imagination,  
A merciless trip into infatuation  
Death; a release of a pointless illusion  
A devil with wings and a sorry conclusion

Oh… I want to turn loose, just give up and surrender,  
Drown myself in the booze, I am not a contender  
I just want to let go, I so wish I could cry,  
Life and death…I don’t know, all my feelings; gone dry

If life has a reason, I will simply ask why,  
I’m asking you now, why did he have to die?

---

**Simon**

They threw a basketball at me, but I was too amazed by its beautiful roundness,  
Its beautiful roundness,  
I was much too amazed to move,  
That basketball hit me in the face and I bled beautiful crimson,  
Bled beautiful crimson.  
I cried when that basketball hit me, not because of the pain, but because of the beautiful  
Roundness,  
The beautiful roundness of a basketball.  
On December 18, 1944, Simon Gustafson fell out of his mother’s uterus and hit his head on the Cement.  
Simon hit his head so very hard and bled beautiful crimson.  
Simon was never normal. Simon was very beautiful.

When Simon was ten, he finally learned to tie his shoes.  
Simon learned to tie his shoes.  
When Simon learned to make a bow, they gave him some ice cream,  
Simon got to eat some chocolate ice cream.  
Simon doesn’t like vanilla ice cream, he was never normal.

Simon fell in love with a beautiful, crimson girl—  
A beautiful, crimson lady with fragile hands and weeping willow eyes.  
Simon knew that loved filled his crimson heart to capacity.  
He dyed his canvas shoes just for her.  
He bent down to tie his shoes. She never came back.

When Simon was fifty, he forgot how to tie his shoes.  
Simon forgot how to tie his shoes.  
When Simon forgot how to make a bow, they put him in a home.  
Simon had to eat vanilla ice cream in the home.  
Simon only likes chocolate ice cream, you can’t make Simon normal.

When Simon died, they put him in a beautiful crimson casket.  
That casket was crimson, beautiful. They drained Simon pale. Simon was pale like vanilla ice cream.  
What happened to your crimson Simon? Simon was never normal.

---

**Long Anticipation Needs Attention**

Can’t take my eyes off her,  
Those lips, she’s kissable,  
My thoughts are desirable,  
Her thoughts are adaptable.  
We have communications.

It’s a touchable feeling  
That convinces my hands  
To roll up her shirt  
To massage her breast,  
She embraces these feelings,  
Our fire kindles and shines.  
She smothers momentarily  
Our fire kindles and shines.  
She embraces these feelings,

Long Anticipation Needs Attention  
Can’t take my eyes off her.  
Those lips, she’s kissable,  
My thoughts are desirable,  
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She smothers momentarily  
Our fire kindles and shines.  
She embraces these feelings,

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**Anonymous**

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**Irena Kagansky,** August 7th 2001
Rwand : quelle justice pour quel avenir ?

Alors que les commémorations du dixième anniversaire du génocide au Rwanda ont commencé ce dimanche à Kigali, la capitale, Cathia Badière nous invite à réfléchir à l’avenir de ce pays blessé.

Pays peu connu dans le monde avant 1994, le Rwanda sert aujourd’hui d’exemple à l’échelle des missions de maintien de la paix. Ce pays est, dès lors, devenu un véritable casse-tête judiciaire. Rétablier la justice — alors que les criminels sont si nombreux — est une priorité des plus délicates. Même si la comparaison avec le tribunal de Nuremberg au lendemain de la seconde guerre mondiale et avec le génocide de l’ex-Yougoslavie semble tout à fait pertinente, il n’y a pas de modèle de reconstruction ni de réconciliation adaptés au Rwanda.

Les efforts de la communauté internationale ont permis de créer le Tribunal Pénal International pour le Rwanda à Arusha en Tanzanie. Si ce dernier a été initié aujourd’hui de modèle de justice internationale, il reste néanmoins à savoir s’il répond aux besoins des premiers concernés : les Rwandais. Tous ceux qui travaillent au rétablissement de la justice et de l’ordre au Rwanda, le font avec peu de ressources et se voient obligés de finir un nouveau modèle juridique.

La faillite de l’humanité

Lorsque le Lieutenant Général canadien Roméo Dallaire a accepté de partager ses expériences au Vietnam, il nous a invité à garder l’anonymat. Nous vous avons rencontré un jeune Rwandais qui a accepté de partager ses expériences. Il demande toutefois à garder l’anonymat. Nous vous proposons une retranscription de notre conversation :

L’étudiant : « Je peux te raconter tout ce que tu veux. J’étais au pays jusqu’en 96. »

Etudiant en informatique, ce jeune homme compte finir ses études au Canada et acquérir une expérience professionnelle avant de rentrer au pays où vit encore sa famille.

Le 7 avril 1994, à l’aube du génocide, il avait 16 ans, et pour lui sa jeunesse l’a, en un sens, sauvée. Étendant Tutsi, sa famille s’est réfugiée chez le mari Hutu d’une tante et, puisqu’il était jeune, il a réussi à se faire passer pour un garçon Hutu.

L’étudiant : « Nous ne parlons pas de Hutu et de Tutsi quand nous nous retrouvons au Canada entre Rwandais. C’est mal vu, et personne n’envie de parler de ça. Des fois on peut deviner... peut-être même être mis en danger si on mentionne que quelqu’un de la famille est Hutu. »

Cathia : « Comment expliquer les coupables, il faudrait construire une prison autour de tout le pays. J’ai vu des milliers de coupables courir dans les collines à la recherche de proies. Quelle justice peut-on espérer ? Mieux vaut investir dans notre avenir, dans des projets de développement. »

En effet, aux 800 000 morts du génocide, il faut ajouter le nombre incalculable de détenus qui sont morts dans des conditions atroces au fond des prisons Rwandaises avant même d’avoir passer devant le juge. La description est presque insoutenable : les gens sont enfermés dans des cellules surchargées, les cadavres des prisonniers ne sont pas enlevés mais restent au sol à pourrir et ils sont ensuite piétinés par les survivants.

Et ce jeune Rwandais ajoute : « Tous ces gens là, ils n’ont pas vraiment mené le génocide, il y en a beaucoup qui ont été influencés. Ce n’est pas possible autrement. Et s’ils ont été influencés à tuer et à hair, ne pourraient-ils pas être influencés maintenant à faire autre chose ? »

Cathia : « Comment expliquer que depuis le génocide aux jeunes gens de l’Ouest qui n’ont jamais connu une telle situation ? »

L’étudiant : « C’est différent pour nous... on a toujours connu cette haine et cette idée qu’on n’avait pas de valeur. Ce n’est pas comme ici. Ce n’est pas non plus comme si la violence s’était déclenchée sans préavis. La haine était autour de nous, et elle n’était pas cachée ; elle faisait partie du discours politique et du discours quotidien. »

Cathia : « Que penses-tu des procès et des tribunaux au Rwanda ? »

L’étudiant : « Je ne vois pas à quoi ça sert d’investir tellement de temps et de ressources dans un tribunal. Si c’était pour punir tous

fin, je ne voyais pas plus loin que ça. Et me voilà aujourd’hui, dix ans plus tard toujours en vie. Ce dix ans sont comme un « bonus » — tout ce que je demandais, c’était de pouvoir voir la fin. »


Christoph Sperfeldt, stagiaire à Arusha et étudiant en sciences politiques et en histoire, offre un témoignage sur le procès et nous fait part de l’opinion des Rwandais qui sont toujours au pays :

« Pour la majorité des Rwandais, le Tribunal est un appareil de la communauté internationale qui a pour but de punir sans s’interroger sur les responsabilités dans le génocide ou, au moins, de dissuader le fait de ne pas avoir agi. »

Selon Sperfeldt, le coût du Tribunal est de environ 170 millions de dollars américains par an. Il emploie 800 personnes. Toutes ces ressources sont utilisées pour juger les 70 accusés. Ces accusés qui doivent être jugés, le Tribunal International est considéré comme les plus haut responsables du génocide. Le système de tribunaux locaux, les Gacacas, géré par les Rwandais n’a même pas 20 millions de dollars américains, alors qu’ils ont 100 000 accusés à juger. De plus, le fait que le Tribunal International se trouve à Arusha — loin de l’endroit où les génocidaires ont eu lieu — crée un mécontentement croissant chez les Rwandais. La diffusion de l’information sur les accusés et leurs proches n’est, de même, pas très efficace, et les Rwandais n’ont pas facilement accès aux détails sur ce qui se passe à Arusha.

La mise en place de ce Tribunal est, sans conteste, un progrès important du droit pénal international. De plus, il sert de tremplin pour la création de la Cour Pénale Internationale à La Haye.

Toutefois, les Rwandais démeurent les premières victimes de ce conflit et il sembler que, bien souvent, les structures internationales n’assurent pas à la fois un tel engagement. D’un côté, à un extrême, il n’est pas possible de faire autre chose que de continuer la reconstruction se fait une âme à la fois.

Le 7 avril 2004 marque le 10e anniversaire du génocide au Rwanda.

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• Tribunal penal international pour le Rwanda : http://www.ictr.org.
• Plusieurs étudiants rwandais du Collège universitaire Glendon, qui préfèrent garder l’anonymat.

(Footnotes)


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April's Weather: Rain & Stress Showers

Ashley Beaulac looks at some remedies for a time of the year that brings heightened stress for students

April showers (exams, assignments, essays) bring May flowers (summer holidays) but the last weeks of April sure rain down hard on the average student. Students are worrying about studying for exams and completing year-end assignments and essays, choosing courses for next year, finding housing (whether it be on or outside of the campus), financial issues, summer employment concerns, and the list goes on.

When the student is unsure how to handle the range of the perplexities listed above it becomes a problem. Worry then sets in, and one starts to feel "stressed."

"What stresses me out is making plans for the future, and at the same time worrying like a million things all conveniently due at the end of the year," replied Tasha McPhee, a first-year student studying Film at the Keele Campus. When asked what she does to relieve her stress McPhee responded, "The honest answer is smoking weed and hanging out with friends, but mostly sleep and lots of it."

Many people consider stress to be the physical wear and tear of the body after an event such as being fired or getting married. While stress does involve events and our response to them, these are not the most important factors. One’s thoughts regarding the situation at hand and how one copes with the stress is the vital factor. To effectively cope with stress one must have an understanding of the situations perceived to be stressful.

According to the Canadian Mental Health Association, there are three stages of stress. Individuals can experience one, two or all of the following stages.

- Stage 1: Mobilization of Energy
  All bodily activity is increased in response to a stressor that is frightening, such as a near car accident. This starts the body's "fight-flight" reaction, causing the release of adrenaline. You feel your heart pounding and your palms feel sweaty. This is called primary stress.

- Stage 2: Exhaustion or Consuming Energy
  If there is no escape from Stage 1, the body will begin to release stored sugars and fats, using up its bodily resources.

- Stage 3: Draining Energy Stores
  If the stressful situation is not resolved, you may become chronically stressed. The body's need for energy resources exceeds its ability to produce them.

Symptoms include feeling driven, feeling pressured, tiredness and fatigue, increase in smoking, coffee drinking and/or alcohol consumption, anxiety, memory loss, acute illnesses such as colds and flu.

Having a stress-filled lifestyle can make it very difficult to make or maintain resolutions to lead a healthy lifestyle. Instead of exercising to relieve stress some people respond by overeating, eating unhealthy foods, excessive alcohol consumption or smoking. Such negative actions taken towards the experience of stress will only increase ones susceptibility towards developing heart disease and stroke. It seems clear then that a healthy lifestyle requires an individual to pinpoint exactly what is causing him/her to experience stress. When the stressor is found positive coping skills need to be applied in order to combat the stressor effectively.

"Before I go to bed, I’ll read a book, not on my studies, but a book meant for leisurely reading," said Jozina Vander Klok, a French Studies major who offered her tips on combating stress. Vander Klok also said that a hot cup of tea also helps to soothe the nerves.

There are five types of coping skills: physical, mental, spiritual, social and diversions. Physical skills require going out for a walk, receiving a massage and exercising (one of the most effective stress remedies around). Mental skills entail relaxation techniques such as Yoga, chanting and breathing exercises. Spiritually refers to prayer, attending church or any other activity to which a connection to a higher being is felt. Social coping skills involve surrounding yourself with people that make you feel good and talking with others (relatives, friends, counselors, support groups, etc) about ones stress. Finally diversion skills work to take your mind off the situation, such as watching a movie or reading for leisure instead of studies.

Whatever type of skill a person may use, depending on their preference, as long as it effectively helps to alleviate stress it is one skill worth remembering. As the hectic month of April rains down on students don’t forget to laugh, study hard, and cope with stress appropriately as the sun will soon come out tomorrow.

- Ashley Beaulac
Chit chat with riff raff

Trailer Park Boys invade Montreal

BY MALIN JORDAN

In town for a few days from Hal- ifax where they film their show, Robb Wells (aka Ricky), Jean Paul Tremblay (aka Julian), Mike Smith (aka Bubbles) and Jonathan Torrens (aka J-Roc), all agreed that Montreal inspired them to write the first few drafts for their new season.

The Trailer Park Boys had originally planned to come down to Montreal for one day and take in a Canadians game, but decided to extend the trip. They were stimulated by the city and the people so much that they sat down and wrote the fifth season of the show. "I was surprised", said Tremblay. "We're like, of course we will, and we smoke it and they seem to enjoy it, I guess." Wells said he never does an interview without marijuana.

As for the forth season, Torrens would not give too much up about the new season, whether Ricky would be living in his car or not. "Ricky is looking at hard times when he gets out of jail. (At the end of every season the Boys go to jail.)"

Asked why people liked the show, Wells said that it comes down to its central themes. "Everyone can relate to certain parts of our show, or certain characters of our show," he said. "If you strip all the swearing, the guns and the dope away, it comes down to love."

Wells said that the people in the trailer park are simple people and that it does not take a lot to make them happy. "As long as they got a few drinks and people to hang out with, they're happy. I think people could learn a lot from them."

He said that Ricky may be stupid and not do the right kinds of things, but that he cares about his family and friends above all.

Weed is important

Wells said that marijuana means a great deal to Ricky, but that there were no real drugs on the program. "Absolutely not, there's no dope or alcohol on our show, its simulated, but some of the characters may or may not do some of that stuff when they're not shooting, and we don't get into that."

Wells said that marijuana is treated unfairly in Canada. "The dope laws are totally wrong," he said. "It should be legalized, it's ridiculous." Wells said that marijuana was no worse than alcohol and that in many ways, marijuana was better than alcohol. "People aren't out there shooting and killing people on the highways."

Wells added that alcohol was more of a problem than marijuana. "The problem is people group dope all into one category they think cocaine is the same as weed and hash, and that it's wrong—it's not. It's frustrating because people have been brainwashed into thinking that dope is [bad] and it's not."

The Trailer Park Boys began filming the fifth season this summer while the fourth season kicks of Sunday, April 11 on Showcase. Boyd, in true Trailer Park Boys fashion, said, "I can't fucking wait."
First Year Experience

1) What did you think of your first year experience here at Glendon? (Circle appropriate answer)

- Enjoyed it very much
- Wasn’t useful
- Needs Improvement

2) What did you like most about your first year experience?

- ____________________________________________________________________________
- ____________________________________________________________________________

3) What did you dislike most about your first year experience?

- ____________________________________________________________________________
- ____________________________________________________________________________

4) Were the advising services useful/adequate for your first year experience?

- Very helpful
- Somewhat
- Not helpful
- Not helpful at all
- NA

5) Would you have preferred to co-register in your first year courses together with a group of 10-15 other first year students whereby you collectively attended the same first year courses?

- Very helpful
- Somewhat
- Not helpful
- Not helpful at all
- NA

6) How do you think the first year experience could be improved?

- ____________________________________________________________________________

7) Which of the following services were most useful during your first year of study?

- a) Student Programme Advising
- b) Career and Counselling
- c) Peer Mentor (within your programme of study)
- d) Student Clubs
- e) Peer Mentor (within your programme of study)
- f) ____________________________________________________________________________
- g) ____________________________________________________________________________
- h) ____________________________________________________________________________

8) Over the past few years, would you say that the overall quality of student services available at Glendon has...

- Improved a great deal
- Improved somewhat
- Stayed the same
- Worsened somewhat
- Worsened a great deal
- Don’t Know

General Education

1) Did you find your General Education courses useful and/or meaningful? [Gen Ed=MODR/ NATS/ HUMA/SOSC]

- Yes
- No
- Somewhat
- Other: ____________________________________________________________________________

2) Do you feel that General Education courses have enhanced and/or improved your education?

- Yes
- No
- Somewhat

3) Should the General Education Program be modified/revised?

- Yes
- No

If yes, should it be modified by: [check the most appropriate]

- a) Reducing the number of credits (the number of courses) required to graduate
- b) Increasing the number of credits
- c) Adding to the course requirements
- d) Increasing the number of courses required in a bilingual format
- e) Increasing the number of courses
- f) Other: ____________________________________________________________________________

4) Please explain your answer per above.

- ____________________________________________________________________________

Bilingualism

1) Do you consider yourself bilingual?

- Yes
- No
- Somewhat

2) How do you think bilingualism could be encouraged?

- a) Increase number of courses/credit required in 2nd language to graduate
- b) Increase courses offered in a bilingual format
- c) Eliminate the bilingual requirements for graduation
- d) Offer more opportunities for French-Language entertainment and culture
- e) Other: ____________________________________________________________________________

(3) Is bilingualism one of the reasons, or the reason you chose to come to Glendon?

- Yes
- No
- Not Applicable

Campus Sustainability

1) Which of the following do you do on a regular basis? (Circle all that apply)

- a) Separate recyclable from trash
- b) Carry reusable cup
- c) Buy organic foods
- d) Use public transportation
- e) Refuse to buy certain products based on environmental criteria
- f) Compost organic waste at home
- g) Donate money to aid agencies for the developing world
- h) Consider the environmental impacts of actions
- i) Buy fair trade goods
- j) Volunteer time to non-profit organizations
- k) Plant a garden in the spring
- l) Purchase local produce when it is in season
- m) Participate in community events

2) Please indicate your level of agreement with the following statements by circling the appropriate number.

- 1=strongly disagree
- 2=slightly disagree
- 3=neither agree nor disagree
- 4=slightly agree
- 5=strongly agree

- a) I resent having to pay a deposit on bottles and other containers
- b) The Kyoto accord should be ratified
- c) York University should use only paper with high post-consumer content (recycled)
- d) My actions as an individual are unlikely to affect the bigger picture
- e) Responsibility for maintaining sustainability standards should rest primarily with gov’t
- f) People should be charged for plastic bags at the grocery store
- g) Jobs are more important than air pollution issues
- h) Technology will provide solutions for problems of sustainability

General Comments: ________________________________________________________________________________
Dialogue des Arts à la distillerie: Ou Le charme discret des briques rouges

De métamorphose en métamorphose, la distillerie est finalement devenue, depuis le printemps dernier, un des principaux centres de création pour la vie artistique et culturelle de Toronto. Les arts se rencontrent dans un constant dialogue dont Tziganes, la dernière production de Dancemakers, offre une illustration pétillante.

Depuis sa fondation en 1832 par William Gooderham et James Worts, la distillerie raconte une histoire qui est intimement liée à celle de Toronto. D’abord centre manufacturier pour la production de farine et de whisky, la distillerie est demeurée en exploitation ininterrompue pendant 153 ans, jusqu’à sa fermeture en 1990. Les besoins en munitions et en explosifs à la fin de la guerre mondiale, entre autres facteurs, ont conduit à la dernière production cinématographique se trouvant donc à l’origine de la reconversion de la distillerie qui a commencé dans les années 1990. En dix ans, plus de 800 films ont été tournés à la distillerie, dont l’itinéraire est dessiné par des artistes tels que Dancemakers, la compagnie canadienne de danse contemporaine fondée en 1974 (www.dancemakers.org) — a déménagé dans les locaux de la distillerie au printemps dernier. Serge Bennathan, chorégraphe et directeur artistique de Dancemakers, considère la distillerie comme la nouvelle destination artistique de Toronto.

Il est vrai que depuis plus de quinze ans, les quartiers dits « artis-tiques » de la ville se limitaient à Yorkville et à Queen street. De plus, la distillerie offre ce charme particulier des vieilles pierres qui est si précieux dans une ville aussi jeune que Toronto. La distillerie est un espace qui, littéralement, reflète elle-même le patrimoine de leur ville. »

Pour Dancemakers, la distillerie est un espace qui, littéralement, ouvre de nouveaux horizons et ce grâce à la communauté qui y vit. Peintres, dessinateurs, musiciens, acteurs et danseurs y trouvent une liberté d’expression qui se déployait à la rencontre des arts. Cette production est, en ce sens, toute imprégnée du lieu qui l’a portée, la distillerie. De plus, le dialogue entre les arts tendent, peu à peu, à s’effacer pour laisser place au dialogue qui permet à l’Autre et à l’Ailleurs. Comme le souligne Serge Bennathan, « il s’agit moins d’une pièce sur les langues que d’une mise en scène d’une liberté et d’une certaine spontanéité que l’on est en train de perdre ».

On retrouve cette spontanéité dans la structure même de la mise en scène. Serge Bennathan nous invite à transgresser les frontières entre les arts par l’exploration d’univers artistiques aussi variés que la poésie, la musique tzigane (composée par John Gzowski), la comédie et le café-théâtre : « C’est presque ma comédie musicale à moi » déclare le chorégraphe. Tziganes est un voyage poétique dans un univers artistique et à l’initiative de William Gooderham et James Worts.

Pour Dancemakers, la distillerie est un espace qui, littéralement, ouvre de nouveaux horizons et ce grâce à la communauté qui y vit. Peintres, dessinateurs, musiciens, acteurs et danseurs travaillent ensemble entre ces murs de brique rouge. Dès lors, les frontières entre les arts tendent, peu à peu, à s’effacer pour laisser place au dialogue et à l’exploration de l’entre-deux soit de la rencontre de ces différentes formes de création.

Serge Bennathan parle ainsi d’un « nouveau départ » pour sa compagnie qui, auparavant, se trouvait quelque peu isolée à Du pont et Ossington. Le changement géographique s’est ainsi accompagné d’une véritable évolution artistique qui se veut beaucoup plus totale. Serge Bennathan vient ainsi de créer Dancemakers Centre pour la création qui offre un laboratoire chorégraphique, une série de cours de danse contemporaine et des programmes de résidence pour accueillir d’autres artistes.

La dernière production de Dancemakers, Tziganes, reflète elle aussi à merveille cette tendance essentiellement « pluridisciplinaire » de la création contemporaine. Tziganes est, en ce sens, bien plus qu’une simple pièce de danse contemporaine. C’est un spectacle total. Le dialogue est constant. En choisisissant de mettre en scène les Roms, cette communauté à la fois énigmatique et chargée de légendes, Tziganes propose, dans un jeu de miroir pertinent, un support de réflexion sur notre rapport à l’autre et à l’autre. Comme le souligne Serge Bennathan, « il s’agit moins d’une pièce sur les langues que d’une mise en scène d’une liberté et d’une certaine spontanéité que l’on est en train de perdre ». La distillerie comme principal lieu de création. Dancemakers — compagnie canadienne de danse contemporaine fondée en 1974 (www.dancemakers.org) — a déménagé dans les locaux de la distillerie au printemps dernier. Serge Bennathan, chorégraphe et directeur artistique de Dancemakers, considère la distillerie comme la nouvelle destination artistique de Toronto.

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