

**In this issue:**

- Principal McRoberts on the Glendon Manor
- Poetry Feature - Daniel Jones
- Working Poor Feature
- Student Survey
- Positive Space Initiative
- Glendon Fridge Festival
- Distillery District / Dancemakers

# Pro tem

le journal bilingue de Glendon • Glendon's bilingual newspaper Iss. 9 - April 7, 2004

# THE YEAR THAT WAS



**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:

### lections piège à Glandons

**F**c'est l'histoire d'une paire de lurons (à partir de deux on est déjà une cande de bons) qui s'amuse à jouer avec le pognon d'eux petits compagnons. La populasse s'insurge mollement, quelques bougons osent demander des explications<sup>1</sup>, mais rien ne bouge, personne ne moufte. Le flou tartistique règne en traître. Les étudiants, gang d'innocents, se laissent manger la laine sur le dos. Toute la glendonnerie semble occupée par des pantins. Toute? Non! Un journal peuplé d'irréductibles grandes gueules résiste encore et toujours à l'enconnerisseur. Superbe mauvaise herbe au milieu d'un sordide champs de courges, Protém 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 en effet tenté de leur couper les fonds. Face à cette mesquine tentative de censure, les journaliers n'eurent 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 Protém perdure.

Le dernier numéro traitait presque exclusivement des élections du collège univers-si-terre-à-terre Glendon. Sans partisanerie aucune, les rédacteurs en chef publièrent 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 estimé nécessaire par la rédaction.

Depuis, les urnes ont parlé, ou plutôt chuchoté. Approximativement 388 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 fier d'avoir atteint le summum du ridicule. L'un de ceux que nous vilipendions parce qu'il dilapidait notre pécule a été réélu, pire, promu! Qui l'eût 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 promotion, que dis-je, son irrésistible ascension: Viva el presidente!!!

Julien Daviau

NDL : Toute ressemblance avec des étudiants existants serait fort triste.

<sup>1</sup> Protém, 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 Pro Tem est fière d'annoncer que Gina Létourneau vient de remporter le premier prix du concours de nouvelles Micheline-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.



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 your 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 papertowel in the garbage; don't buy a car, or if you're already dependent, carpool!; bike, everywhere; eat less meat, or no meat, and there's basically, the idea is to consume as little as humanly possible in our consumer driven society. ;) 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 misspelled and whose positions have been misrepresented.

Sincerely,

Sarah Churchill

### GCSU Spring Election Results 2004

#### POSITIONS CONTESTED

##### President

Votes	Declined
Fiedtkou, Ron	237
Hustins, Todd	134

##### Vice President

Lavoie, Joseph	174	19
Stepnowski, Vanessa	194	

##### Director of External Affairs

Cadieux, Despina	169	19
Dimitry, Laura	203	
	19	

##### Director of Communications

Bowers, Genevieve	141	14
Tarkanyi, 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

Mousa, Rhoda

##### Director of Cultural Affairs

Evans, Jessica

## pro tem

Pro Tem is the bi-weekly and autonomous newspaper of Glendon College. First published in 1962, it is the oldest student publication at York University. En plus d'être gratuit, Pro Tem est le seul journal bilingue en Ontario. As a full member of the Canadian University Press, we strive to act as an agent of social change and will not to print copy deemed racist, sexist, homophobic or otherwise oppressive.

**Editor-in-Chief**  
Chris Spraakman

**Rédactrice-en-Chef**  
Julie Marion Sage

**Layout/Design**  
Chris Spraakman

**Cover Design/Layout**  
Jadzia Karas

**Photo Editing**  
Jadzia Karas

**Photographers**  
Julie Marion Sage  
Peter Garver

**Copy Editing**  
M.A Tamburro  
Ashley Beaulac  
Marija Repac  
Zac Fillingham

**Contributors**  
David Bouquerel  
Julie Ellis  
Cathia Badière  
Ashley Beaulac  
Andrea Spraakman  
Kristin Foster  
Jen Calder  
M.A Tamburro  
Shula Yamane  
Oneal Walters  
Irena Kagansky  
Julien Daviau  
Julie Ellis  
Matt Halse

Volume 43, No. 9, April. 2004

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

416-487-6736  
protém@glendon.yorku.ca

Pro Tem  
Rm. A202 York Hall  
Glendon College.  
2275 Bayview Ave.  
Toronto, M4N 3M6.

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 a 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 only 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](http://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 would have an interest in identifying the departments and professors who would benefit from help 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 – it might 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 is examining 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](http://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 web-site called "The Saturn Hate Page" in which customers are able to vent their frustration with vehicle faults in much the same format as [RateMyProfessors.com](http://RateMyProfessors.com) uses.

Standardized systems are already in place in many other universities. Since the late 1960's 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 best 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 in order to reward Professors who show a strong commitment to teaching and to their students' progress. Because we pay a lot of money to be here, I am happier knowing that my feedback on courses is properly noted and recorded."

— 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 of Faculty Council engaged the Glendon community (student and faculty) in a year long process of discussions and strategizing around some important issues which affect the College and which can help shape its direction in the future.

Last year's policy and planning committee first initiated these discussions by soliciting feedback from Chairs and other Glendon faculty members about the kinds of skills students needed to acquire in their first year and about General Education. In 2002/2003 some 1039 Glendon students (almost half of Glendon students) responded to a campus wide student questionnaire delivered and developed by

PPC, in the hopes of compiling information about what made them decide to come to Glendon, their opinions about Glendon, bilingualism and campus facilities, their experience during their first year here, their assessment of teaching and courses at Glendon and their personal living, working and studying habits

By thinking of ourselves as an academic community based on our own campus, we take advantage of Glendon as more than a place to take courses. A focus on Glendon as a place of study provides a theme around which to build academic strength and community together through academic use of the campus.

This year, four main themes were identified under the initiative to plan around Glendon as a place of study;

**1<sup>st</sup> year experience, General Education, Bilingualism, Glendon Campus Sustainability.**

During the first semester of this academic year, the PPC opened up these discussions by holding public forums inviting the Glendon Community at large (student and faculty) to three different town hall meetings where each focused one or more of the aspects described above. A dedicated email address ([ppctownhall@glendon.yorku.ca](mailto:ppctownhall@glendon.yorku.ca)) was also set up for those who couldn't attend and who wanted to address any observations/remarks regarding the topics of discussions. In

addition to these efforts made to engage as many members of the Glendon community as possible, a short survey currently being circulated by the student members of PPC which will be the last contributory factor in the final draft. **Please take the time to fill out this survey (on page 23 of this issue) and return it to the Pro Tem office – York Hall, A202.**

Student participation in these discussions has been hard to come by. So the student members of PPC thought it be best to circulate a short student survey to as many student members possible in order to get the essence of their thoughts and opinions regarding the areas under discussions in light of their experiences...after all any changes

to take place will undoubtedly impact the student the most! Additionally, student comments are also welcomed via email to [glendon\\_sfc@yahoo.com](mailto:glendon_sfc@yahoo.com)

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 schedule and contributed to this process by either attending the Town Hall Meetings, speaking at our committee meetings and by emailing their comments to the committee.

— Shula Yamane

# FONDU AU NOIR

Pro Tem est fier de publier le premier texte « en couleurs » par **Gina Létourneau**. Cette semaine, l'écriture est toute revêtue de NOIR et l'auteure nous invite à une descente aux enfers dans les méandres du lyrisme.

**L'équipe de rédaction du Pro Tem est fière d'annoncer que Gina Létourneau vient de remporter le premier prix du concours de nouvelles Micheline-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 ». Ci-dessous nous republions le texte.**



*Orpheus*, Gustave Moreau (1865).

J'ai ouvert les yeux et, après plusieurs secondes de confusion, j'ai compris que quelque chose ne tournait pas rond. J'avais 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 coeur 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 inconnue m'a ordonné de me calmer. Comment pourrais-je être calme alors que le monde n'existe plus, que j'étouffe, que j'ai l'impression d'être à demi-morte ! 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 mon lit, ce n'est pas ma chambre, je ne vois plus rien, je ne comprends pas, qui êtes-vous, au secours, AU SECOURS !!!...

Lorsque j'ai ouvert les yeux de nouveau, l'esprit confus après un sommeil artificiel, il n'y avait toujours que ténèbres autour de moi, un noir total, silencieux et effrayant. Puis j'ai commencé à me souvenir. Des bribes d'images se formaient dans mon esprit, des portraits fugaces, comme des taches de lumière sur un fond de velours sombre. Peu à peu, j'ai reconnu ma mère, mes amis, mes collègues de travail, les lieux que je fréquente régulièrement. Les gestes du quotidien, les objets familiers. J'ai même revu la plage et le soleil de mes dernières vacances. Puis mon

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 et de viande grillée. 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 colères 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, compatissantes de ceux que j'aime 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 accompagne et que je ne verrai plus jamais.

- Gina Létourneau

# Positive Space: Coming out @ 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 "homosexual" 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 "decoy chick". I remember meeting a couple of boys on the same W5H team as me. Kevin and Steven. They were flamingly 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 few 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 backgrounds, 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 sharing my personal life with her. I had no idea what was yet to come.

During the winter holidays, I came out to 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 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 friend Ryan 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: [markanthony16@hotmail.com](mailto:markanthony16@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 winced.

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 neither profitable nor educational. There were many pleasant, professional people at Owl. While they said they wanted me to learn and develop my skills 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.

Unsolicited manuscript sorting was the strangest thing I did there. I could tell that most of the writers had never picked up the magazine and had no idea what kind of articles it published. Fiction stories were thirty or forty pages long, illustrations were 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 artwork and photos. That was kind of fun. Sitting in a semi circle on the floor with the entire Owl staff we stacked thousands of browned art and photos that had been collecting since the seventies. The art director kept asking me what we should do with unknown art and where we should file this or that. I began to suspect that I was being cast a culpable offender 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 during rush hour, 5 PM. I was astounded. I thought everybody downtown worked nine to five. Not so. I blame my preconceived notions of working

hours on Dolly Pardon 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 of 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 rewarded. 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 re-pays them many times over in the long run. One such business owner is Gus Peters who is the owner/operator of several highly successful "Pete's Drive-in" branches in Alberta.

Rather than seeing employees as simply a cost of doing business, Peters sees them as assets

to his business, and pays them accordingly. His wages run in the \$15-20/hour range. When asked about what he thought about the discrepancies between his wages and the standard for the fast-food industry he replied, "you'd be stupid and we don't take advantage of people. I don't see how people can live on that."

The results are seen both in his bottom line (as one of the most successful of the small chains in southern Alberta) and in his employee retention. In an industry that commonly has a very high turn-over rate, at one branch a quick survey revealed that he had four employees who had worked there 30, 28, 18, and 15 years respectively. Tracy, an employee of Peters' said that "he pays us good wages, and we give it back to him." Peters cites a recent example of employees coming in before their shifts start in the morning to help clean up from particularly busy nights as an example of the increased reliability and responsibility that properly-paid employees can show.

His philosophy is simply to see people as more than commodities – and to always look at them as family instead of human resources. If this is done, Peters has shown, then you will see improvements the whole company.

The same goes for society in general.

## 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 transcends 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 necessities." She 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 govern-

ment 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 \$43,231. 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 concluded 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?

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



**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.**

## Something 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 'mmm lov'n' the recent addition of the word '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 Decena, 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 Decena.

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 earl), or the once copyrighted terms for patented products such as kleenex

**"A McJob, simply put, is any average service industry type job... All that you need to know is how to say is 'Airmiles?' and you're set," says Simmonds.**

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 Simmonds says that 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 Simmonds.

The Ontario government's decision to hike the minimum wage is of little comfort to the many that work for \$ 7.15 (or \$ 6.70 for students). While the Ontario government is planning to gradually raise the minimum wage, Simmonds

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 Simmonds.

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 Ham-burglar. And even if you were, all you'd 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.

● **"People make the wrong choices and should live with them"**

— You'll only believe this if you are with the conservatively minded Fraser Institute 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 we 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.

● **"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.

The National Council of Welfare is working on challenging the views that the poor are to blame and looking at why corporations and governments use this sort of language.

Their report looked at areas such as health, justice, human rights, and productivity. It found that everyone loses when the gap between the richest and poorest members of

society grows. "The cost of poverty is one that Canada can ill afford" said John Murphy, the National Council Chairperson. "I hope this report will challenge our assumptions about poverty and whom it hurts so that we can invest wisely now, for positive results that will benefit all Canadians."

Even in this article there was an innocent enough looking sentence that was slightly poor-bashing. Check at the end of the fourth paragraph. It is a value judgment to say that people who are poor are "less fortunate than us." They may be less fortunate in terms of having less disposable income, but they may be more fortunate in many other ways.

The point is not to over-analyse everything we might say but rather that poor-bashing is more prevalent than we think. People need to look at what they say and how their language reflects who they are, and they need to examine why society views discrimination against some groups as wrong while overlooking others.

To find out more visit:

[http://www.btlbooks.com/New\\_Titles/poor\\_bashing.htm](http://www.btlbooks.com/New_Titles/poor_bashing.htm)  
or  
<http://www.nccwb.ca>

— Chris Spraakman

# The Have-Not's in an Age of Prosperity: Life is too Much a Game of Chance for those with Low Wages

## Gross Inequalities: Immigrant Workers

### 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 work 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.

"I came here to work as a nanny at a great expense," says Belinda. Leaving behind her family and friends to come to a country where she knew few people was just one of the emotional costs she paid. Financially, she paid \$ 5000 US to a Philipino job agency to be placed with a Canadian employer. Upon arriving she found that her promised work placement had vanished and had to pay out another \$ 850 to find a new employer.

"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.

Breaking the cycle of low pay and high rent is no easy task. Immigrants seeking to upgrade their credentials in order to find higher paying jobs face financial as well as institution challenges. Professional associations and unions have been

moving very slow towards accrediting foreign gained qualifications. Anyone involved in the process of accrediting credentials knows that it is difficult and expensive.

Mounting tuition costs and not being able to afford taking time off work to study compound the obstacles to higher paying jobs. For Belinda to upgrade her skills and become a Registered Personal Support Worker she'll need to take a six month course which costs three-thousand dollars.

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.**



#### A UNE MENDIANTE ROUSSE

Blanche fille aux cheveux roux,  
Dont la robe par ses trous  
Laisse voir la pauvreté  
Et la beauté,

Pour moi, poète chétif,  
Ton jeune corps maladif,  
Plein de taches de rousseur,  
A sa douceur.

Tu portes plus galamment  
Qu'une reine de roman  
Ses cothurnes de velours  
Tes sabots lourds.

Au lieu d'un haillon trop court,  
Qu'un superbe habit de cour  
Traîne à plis bruyants et longs  
Sur tes talons ;

En place de bas troués,  
Que pour les yeux des roués  
Sur ta jambe un poignard d'or  
Reluise encor ;

Que des noeuds mal attachés  
Dévoilent pour nos péchés  
Tes deux beaux seins, radieux  
Comme des yeux;

Que pour te déshabiller  
Tes bras se fassent prier  
Et chassent à coups mutins  
Les doigts lutins,

Perles de la plus belle eau,  
Sonnets de maître Belleau  
Par tes galants mis aux fers  
Sans cesse offerts,

Valetaille de rimeurs  
Te dédiant leurs primeurs  
Et contemplant ton soulier  
Sous l'escalier,

Maint page épris du hasard,  
Maint seigneur et maint Ronsard  
Épieraient pour le déduit  
Ton frais réduit !

Tu compterais dans tes lits  
Plus de baisers que de lis  
Et rangerais sous tes lois  
Plus d'un Valois !

-Cependant tu vas gueusant  
Quelque vieux débris gisant  
Au seuil de quelque Véfour  
De carrefour ;

Tu vas lorgnant en dessous  
Des bijoux de vingt-neuf sous  
Dont je ne puis, oh ! pardon  
Te faire don.

Va donc, sans autre ornement,  
Parfum, perles, diamant,  
Que ta maigre nudité,  
O ma beauté!

-Charles Baudelaire



# In Canada, Poverty is Alive and Well

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

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 believe it's an individual's flaws that cause their poverty, rather than factors out of their control.

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 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. Scrutinizing poor people in 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 so-

cial 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 \$900, 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 shunning 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 Spraakman

## MSN puts coal in Wal-Mart's stocking Company called ‘sweatshop retailer of the year’

By Ginny Collins  
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 its workers.

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, but 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 volun-

teers 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 adapt 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

## Alteri Saeculo

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

**I first saw the Glendon Campus just thirty four 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 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 small 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 chairman 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 "National 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 foundered 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 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 done has been on the boundaries of philosophy and literature. If I have opened a few minds to the intellectual adventures offered by Dante and Goethe, I can look back with 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 York's 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 ordinary 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 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 another generation", I fear that I may live to see the tree cut down before "another century" downs (and that is an alternative meaning of the motto). The shadows of death have brooded over the College ever since 1968. There has not been much reason to feat the actual sale of the site since then. But always 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 think of 1,500. Now we have 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 to admit 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-four 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. That is what constitutes our distinctive identity; and after our thirty years of devoted work there is no reason to doubt that the college will steadily continue to be – as it is now – an effectively bilingual community and environment. We may even hope that some who enter the alternative stream will be converted, and will seek to become bilingual. But 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 prospers as we hope and expect that it will, this group will naturally become very small).

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



**Escott Reid - Glendon's first Principal whose vision for the College and whose legacy is still felt today.**



**Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson & Principal Escott Reid at the opening of Glendon College, September 30, 1966.**

## The Revamping of the Glendon Manor

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

The transformation of Glendon Hall is now well underway. Workers have already removed temporary walls and partitions to restore the principal rooms to their original dimensions, and grandeur. Soon the designers 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 Glendon.

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 activities 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'expertise et les ressources de la Junior League, qui a déjà restauré plusieurs grandes demeures de Toronto. La Junior League travaille en étroite collaboration avec Glendon, principalement représenté par son directeur général, Gilles Fortin, et avec la Division de l'équipement, de la planification et de la construc-

tion de l'Université York. Pendant les travaux, toutes les parties s'assurent que chaque pièce du manoir répondra au mieux à ses futures fonctions une fois le *Junior League Showhouse 2004* terminé. Grâce à ce travail d'équipe, le manoir devrait 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 déménagé dans le Pavillon York. La Galerie Glendon a suspendu ses activités, mais réouvrira à l'automne dans le Pavillon York. Il en va de même pour le GREF. Glendon ne perd donc aucune de ces organisations importantes; celles-ci seront simplement situées dans d'autres endroits du campus qui seront peut-être plus à leur avantage.

L'Institut canadien des affaires internationales n'est plus à Glendon depuis l'automne. En Septembre dernier, le président de l'ICAI avait indiqué qu'au lieu de déménager

ailleurs sur le campus, l'institut s'installerait au centre-ville. Cela faisait déjà plusieurs années que la direction de l'ICAI avait exprimé sa préférence d'occuper des locaux plus près du centre-ville.

In sum, Glendon can only be strengthened by the transformation 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 conferences and public events. With central administrative offices located there as well, Glendon Hall not only will be restored as the jewel of the campus 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 Fridge festival de Glendon s'inscrit dans la tradition théâtrale du « Fringe festival » qui fut créée à Édimbourg en 1947. Il est intéressant de souligner que le Fringe se définit littéralement en marge des productions officielles et aussi des lieux de représentations traditionnels. Depuis plus de cinquante ans, cette formule théâtrale essentiellement « libre » — les productions ne sont pas soumises à un jury de sélection mais à un système de loterie — a connu un véritable succès. Le Fringe originellement écossais s'est répandu dans le monde entier et se conjugue désormais au pluriel. Vancouver, Philadelphie, Seattle, Londres, Melbourne et Dublin 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 Fridge festival de Glendon a su célébrer une fois de plus cette année. Organisé par Dan Cohen et Mellissa Major, le Fridge transforma pour quelques jours le théâtre de notre collège en un lieu de pure création qui offrait alors un reflet de l'imagination parfois pétillante de nos étudiants.

— Julie M. Sage

Pour en savoir plus sur le Fridge festival de Glendon avec photos : [www.glendon.yorku.ca/theater](http://www.glendon.yorku.ca/theater)

Pour plus d'informations sur les Fringes : [www.fringetheateradventures.ca](http://www.fringetheateradventures.ca)



Yarana Stupified -- Meredith Marr, Cory MacMillian, Naomi Knight, Mel Couture, David Fournier, Kevin Friedberg

## Plays reviews by Kristin Foster and Jen Calder

Last week the annual Fridge 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

### 27 Wagons Full of Cotton

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 Vicarro, 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 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), (Noémie Olibera-Dorn), James (Egiz Bulgaretti), Sarah (Marija Repac), Carlos (Srimoyee Mitra) and Billie (Monica Moses) all seem to be speaking from some far-away place. Repac played an oddly convincing elderly woman who had been institutionalized by her dead husband. With placid eyes she would drill the same 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 the stage, using each section as an area to perform different scenes. The back curtain remained open, creating a wider, empty space for the actors to float and creating a sense that the characters were alienated. In the end they were all lost souls, and each actor was key in bringing the audience into his or her nothingness.

## Glendon Fridge

### A Stale Tale

One of the many original plays in the Fridge Festival, A Stale Tale is about two sad little people who live in the same apartment building and have no social graces. Bill, played by David Fournier, wants to be a writer but he doesn't have the drive to get out of his housecoat or turn a lamp on in the morning. His female counterpart, played by Naomi Knight, is a woman who speaks quickly and sternly to hide the fact that she has no direction in life, and who lies about owning a bookstore because she recently lost her job at Walmart. The dialogue was fetching and the scenery was oddly dark but the story was just a bit too long, however the seasoned actors kept it moving. Both Fournier and Knight were comfortable with their lines. Knight was quite good at playing the secluded loser and knew how to enunciate her lines to fit that character; Fournier moped about in pyjamas and a housecoat, at times speaking aloud about his problems to his typewriter, like a lonely cat lady who has no one else to talk to. This is the type of play that likes to take the things we hate about ourselves and wallow in it, making its characters become poetic in their pathos. There is no adventure or literal goal, other than perhaps to point a mirror at the spectators. In order to achieve this, Fournier and Knight will have to learn how to delve deeper into the weaknesses of their characters in order to make us feel like we've been pulled through the mud with them.



## 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 Babb, Jen Calder and Valentin 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 Babb each have strong voices that were used to create an eeriness.

Major managed to find a reverb 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 exactly 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.

## Yarana Stupefied

Around the Table of Cohen, a dispute erupts and Yarana is thrown out by his Godly peers. David Fournier, Cory McMillan, Mel Couture, Meredith Marr, 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 street clothes during, I assume, the part where Yarana is going through his “personal journey.” The only reason I can put this together is because it was written in the programme. Fournier yucked it up as a goofy Yarana, staring wide-eyed at the audience with a baked 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 and instead of being funny, it would kind of plop onto 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 “Danmaniness” 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 amusement 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 ingenuous 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 ‘grrl’, 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 ‘male’ 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



One Butterfly: Jen Calder, Melissa Major, Valentin Plessy, Jason Babb. Also, Melissa Major as the Butterfly appears in the centre of this page.

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 fun 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 Ireton 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



Elsewhere Fast: Marija Repac and Noamie Olibera-Dorn

# on's Festival



pro tem  
Presents

# The Poetry of Daniel Jones

This past November, Professor Robert Wallace put on an original work called *Daniel* which explored a selection of the late Toronto poet Daniel Jones' work. Daniel provided a well-written and witty summary of his life up until that time in the introduction to his 1985 book, *The Brave Never Write Poetry*. He said:

"In the summer of 1982, I decided that I would be A Poet. Since arriving in Toronto in 1977 (ostensibly for the purpose of studying the humanities at the University of Toronto – a worthless undertaking from which I many times withdrew and finally abandoned), I had already written several hundred poems. Yet while many of my friends thought of me as a poet, I had little interest in refining my piles of scribbblings, publishing them, or reading them in public. For five years I worked at more than twenty odd jobs, spending my many free hours and days reading widely, traveling, wandering the streets and hitting the bars of Toronto, each day drinking excessively – a habit I have indulged in since adolescence. My friends, with youthful aspirations to literature, were mostly off searching for something in Europe; I thought that I might have found whatever it was in the cantinas of southern Mexico and Guatemala. Mostly I wished to do as little as possible in terms of being a productive citizen, and Toronto seemed as fine a city as any for this. If I had any credo, it is best summed up by John Glassco in his Memoirs

of Montparnasse: 'What do I mean to do with my youth, my life? Why, I'm going to enjoy myself.' "

Since watching Professor Wallace's play several times online and reading every one of Daniel's works that I have been able to find, I have begun to really enjoy his work.

Daniel Jones lived much of his life in the same physical, and more importantly, the same mental space as many students at this college. Even though it has been ten years since he died, his voice and ideas still speak to those who are nearly the same age as he was when he wrote these poems.

Nevertheless, it is unfortunate that his work, though highly regarded and influential among his peers, remains largely unknown in the general population.

It is hoped that through this small selection of his work, part of the talent that Daniel Jones had is evident.

-CPS

## 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 write poetry. They're everywhere,  
they're suffocating me, you can't know  
how awful it is'

The shrink leaned back  
in his chair & closed his eyes. After  
a while he stirred & began to mumble:

'Um...  
schizophrenic paranoia ... stelazine'

He wrote  
out 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 mike & 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. The brave have children, relationships,  
mortgages. The brave never write these things  
down in notebooks. The brave die & they are  
dead

It takes guts to watch television,  
get your hair done, have a barbecue. It takes guts  
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.



We're all travelling somewhere

## 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.

Bathurst St.



Avenue Rd.

Bloor St.

## 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 books 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.

## The King Car



## 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.



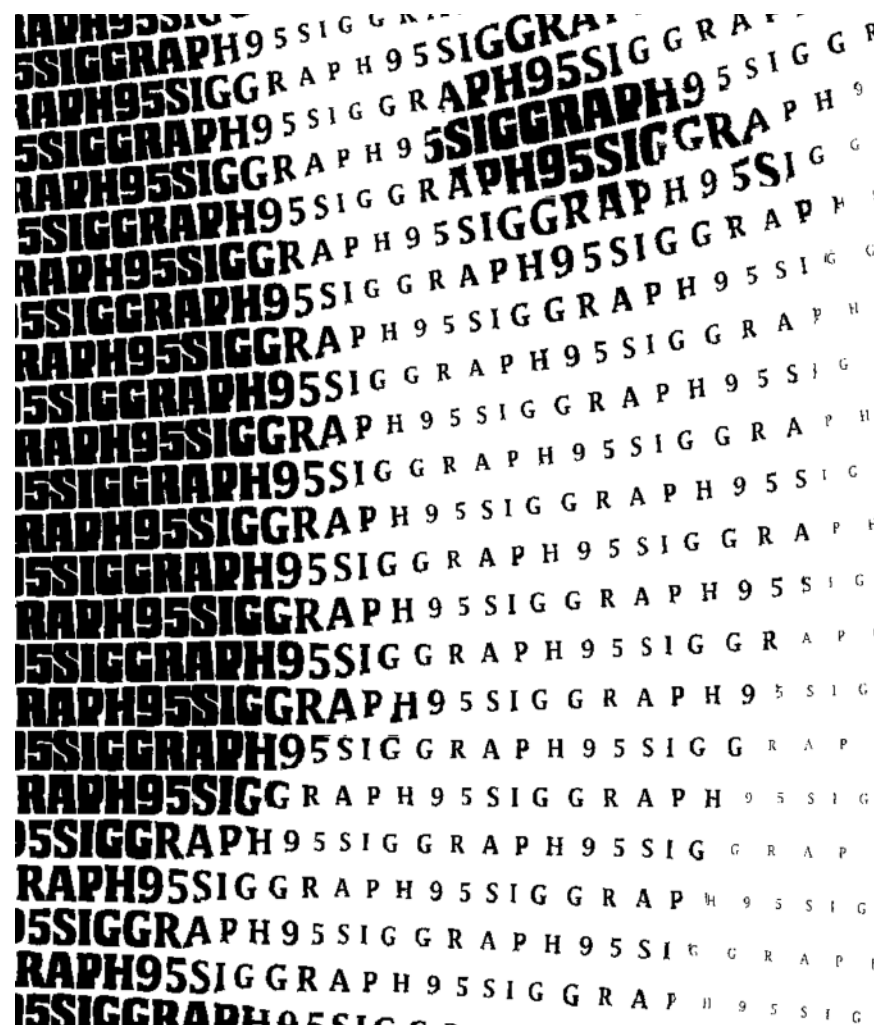
## This Summer in Rosedale

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:

with  
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.



# Black Sheep

Ok. 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 some rah-rah pep rally. You all looked lost. You go around and shake hands with names attached that you'll never remember. Everyone kinda-sorta-maybe looks at you funny 'cuz you're wearing that black shirt and not the white ones supplied. You know, the white ones that they gave you when you got here. The white one's they want you to be. It's 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 knew 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 ground but you're sure that you saw them twinkle like in the sappy movies your mom used to make you watch on Sundays. You keep playing but The Girls see you stare, and they're not stupid. They invite him over.

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.

You keep playing, but you make sure he's on your team. At supper, you sit at the end of the table with him while The Girls chat amongst themselves about God-knows-what. You two make small talk. Just when you feel yourself reaching for a topic but never quite getting one, someone on the far side of the table comments on your shirts and you would be mad, but you're just glad you 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 desert 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 you. 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.

Dishes are cleared and students are heading to the dorms in search of their combs and their gels and their brand new brand name shoes. You linger with Jonathon and he kisses you like he's known you for a lifetime. You have to leave to get ready despite being weak at the knees. You stumble into your room and see your pushy new roommate so you leave to go settle yourself. You know this is too much.

At dawn, you see the masses rush down to the dance, all in their white shirts and their done up hair bobbing in the last of the sunlight. You run your hand over your head and straighten yourself up without the luxury of a mirror. You trudge down the hill to go join them. The DJ is playing and Jonathon taps you on the shoulder.

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.

- Matt Halse

## 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 the sauce that changed color when you poured the festive 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 invigorate 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, Molly, no big deal" I soothingly told 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 squished, refusing to let me consume its fruity goodness, denying me access with its big bold letters saying "Capri Sun." The letters twisted and spelled out a profane string of words involving ducks...I lost my concentration...the straw snapped in half. Capri Sun leaked out of a tiny hole onto the table and onto my shirt. I frantically tried to glue the straw back together with rubber cement and some Elmer's extra strength glue, but the straw was dead. I said a little prayer and chucked it into the trash. It was just the Capri Sun and me now. It was down to the wire.

"Do you think I'm afraid of you??" I said to the Capri Sun, trying to sound brave and confident. "Do you think I can't handle your plastic shenanigans with pleasure and ease??" The Capri Sun packet stared back at me, its cold label shining. It was still enough to puncture the scaly hide constructed in the forges of corporation hell. Roughly I grabbed it by the top and held it firm, plunging the knife into the quark-sized drinking hole. Capri

Sun spilled out everywhere, on the curtains, in my hair, on the rug. If this thing wasn't going to kill me, my mother surely would when she got home. I thought it had done the trick...I thought I would be able to finally finish off my Lunchable experience with a refreshing drink of Capri Sun fruit punch, or what was left of it. But I was wrong...Oh how I was horribly wrong. Seeming to laugh at my sad attempt at breaking through its unholy barrier, the Capri Sun packet sat there on my kitchen table, severely squished, but barely punctured. I couldn't take it anymore. Grabbing the entire fruit punch packet in my hand, I crammed the entire thing into my mouth. I wasn't going to let this plastic minion of luncheon hell get the better of me. I squeezed my cheeks together as hard as I could, feeling the fruity, juicy nectar of kings seep down my throat and into my stomach filled with artificial green pizza. I can only imagine what I must have looked like, standing in the middle of my kitchen, half drenched in fruit punch, my mouth near bursting with the pernicious packet, trying hard to resist the pain of the protruding edges of the fruit punch that fought against my effort at victory.

Finally, it was all over. The entire Capri Sun pouch was depleted. I heaved a great sigh of relief as I slumped to the ground, exhausted. I had come out bruised and nearly beaten, but I had overcome the obstacle that had plagued me like no fruity beverage ever had plagued me before. The Capri Sun punch had been defeated. Like a war scene on a bloody battlefield, the Lunchable pack sat empty on the kitchen table, and the bodily juices of my worthy opponent dripped from my curtains and ceiling. I was victorious. Why do I share such a story with my fellow peers you may ask. I'll tell you. My purpose is to inform the masses about the destructive powers of the Capri Sun pouches. If one pouch nearly cost me my very mortal soul, imagine what an army of one hundred could do. An army of one thousand! Imagine if the Capri Sun pouches manage to get the support of other juice products on their side! (The thought of Capri Sun pouches with an arm of Squeeze-its sends shivers down my spine.) The threat of Capri Sun pouches is very real and very terrifying to imagine. I propose that we strike before they can get a chance to. We must build a giant living Capri Sun straw that can travel backwards in time, before the juice pouch was ever invented. It must then go on a courageous quest that spans across several continents to destroy the Capri Sun juice pouch before it can unleash its unparalleled fury upon the human race. Only in this way can the chaotic, violent plague of the Capri Sun juice pouch be remedied. Join me in my crusade!!!

- Julie Ellis

# T'iras pas bien loin...

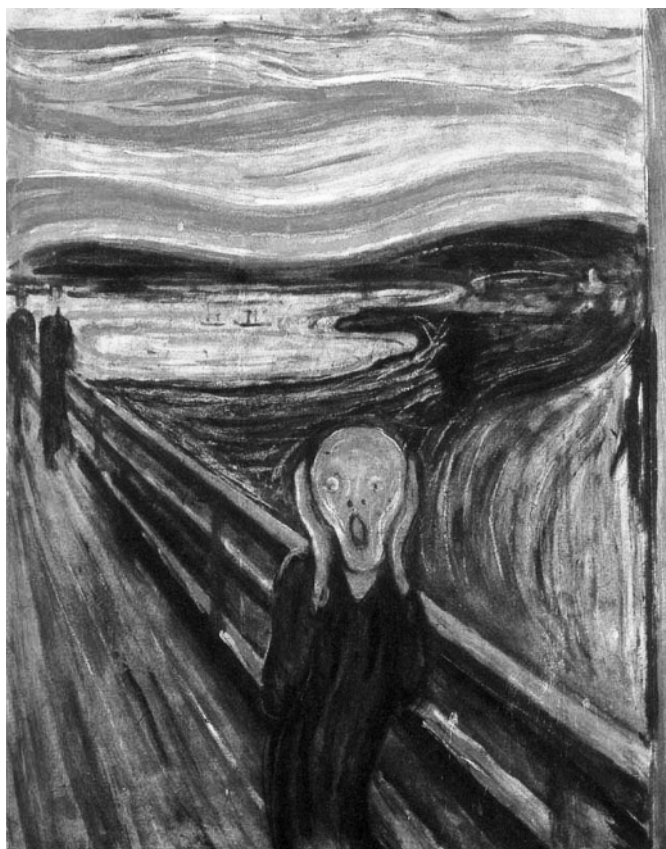
Teufer du samedi soir, doigt appuyé sur l'allume cigare  
 Dans quelques heures il sera trop tard, dans quelques heures tu broieras du noir.  
 Une caisse de merde dans un parking, une tente pourrie dans un camping,  
 Une boîte à côté d'un bowling, toi tu t'en fous tu veux qu'ça swingue.

Ça y est, t'es dans ton monde, complètement barré dans la ronde,  
 No soucy pour quelques secondes, t'as envie d'te 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 fiante.  
 Mais combien de temps ça va durer, tu t'rends pas compte que t'es camé,  
 À force de vouloir trop kiffer, au fond des chiottes, tu vas clamser.

Mais pourquoi ce bonbon, pourquoi cette infraction ?  
 Un besoin de pilules ? Ton monde, c'est une bulle.  
 Pourquoi te défoncer, pourquoi t'atomiser ?  
 Tu cherches ton chemin, mais t'iras pas bien loin.

— David Bouquerel



## 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  
 When the intensity soars,  
 Then she rubs her chest,  
 "This is too much for me."  
 She says.

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

— Oneal Walters

## 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, crim-  
 son girl—  
 A beautiful, crimson lady with fragile  
 hands and weeping willow eyes.  
 Simon knew that loved filled his crimson  
 hear 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 beau-  
 tiful 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.

— Anonymous

## 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 dying is living,  
 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?

— Irena Kagansky, August 7<sup>th</sup> 2001

# Rwanda : 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'échec des missions de maintien de la paix. Ce pays est, dès lors, devenu un véritable casse-tête judiciaire. Rétablir la justice — alors que les criminels sont si nombreux — est une priorité des plus délicats. 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 sert 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 définir un nouveau modèle juridique.

## La faillite de l'humanité<sup>1</sup>

Lorsque le Lieutenant Général canadien Roméo Dallaire a accepté sa mission au Rwanda, le Conseil de Sécurité de l'ONU et le département des opérations de maintien de la Paix estimaient que la situation rwandaise tendait vers un accord de paix auquel les deux partis étaient favorables. Les divisions de races entre Hutus et Tutsis ont toujours existé, mais la colonisation européenne les ont aggravées.

Entre 1959 et 1963, 300 000 Tutsis environ se réfugièrent en Ouganda, au Burundi, au Zaïre et en Tanzanie. Ainsi, la moitié de la population tutsie vivait à l'extérieur du pays.

Une guerre civile a commencé en 1990 avec les Forces Patriotiques du Rwanda (FPR) — groupes rebelles composées majoritairement de Tutsis et de Hutus modérés — qui revenaient alors au Rwanda. Lorsque le Général Dallaire se rendit compte de la gravité de la situation au pays, il se trouva sans aucun soutien des grandes puissances et sans mandat permettant une intervention efficace qui aurait pu éviter le génocide sou-jacent.

En l'espace de quelques mois, 800 000 personnes sont massacrées lors de la tentative d'extermination de la population Tutsi. Les massacres, viols et meurtres, ont commencé dans les collines de la région des grands lacs. Les femmes qui ont survécu aux viols sont maintenant contaminées par le SIDA, et se retrouvent pour la plupart, sans famille. Des milliers

de familles ont été complètement exterminées.

## Quelle justice?

Pour les survivants, la vie se doit de continuer. Dans les universités canadiennes caractérisées par une population étudiante internationale, les Rwandais s'intègrent à la vie universitaire comme tous les autres immigrants. Les Africains qui vivent au Canada offrent un accueil chaleureux toujours avec un sourire et sont toujours prêts à s'entraider.

Parmi les étudiants occupés par les dissertations et les examens, nous avons rencontré un jeune Rwandais particulièrement éloquent qui a accepté de partager ses expériences. Il demande toutefois à garder l'anonymat. Nous vous proposons une retranscription de



Nick Danziger, photojournalist, BBC - Nyarubuye Church

notre conversation :

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

Étudiant 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. Étant 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'a envie de parler de ça. Des fois on peut deviner... peut-être moins chez moi, mais chez certains, on peut reconnaître tout de suite. »

Cathia : « Comment expliquer

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 le tribunal. Si c'était pour punir tous

chose?

Peut-être c'est une bonne idée d'essayer d'amener les hauts-responsables devant le Tribunal, mais on ne pourra jamais le faire avec tout le monde. »

C'est justement le devoir du Tribunal Pénal International pour le Rwanda. Aujourd'hui, on entreprend à Arusha en Tanzanie la tâche presque insurmontable d'amener les instigateurs de ces actes devant la justice. Mais à quel prix? Et dans quelle mesure les Rwandais vont-ils en bénéficier? 18 sentences ont été prononcées depuis 1997.

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 cacher sa part de responsabilité dans le génocide ou, au moins, de dissimuler le fait de ne pas avoir agi. »

Selon Sperfeldt, le coût du Tribunal est de environ 170 millions de dollars américains par an et il emploie 800 personnes. Toutes ces ressources sont utilisées pour juger les 70 accusés. Ces accusés qui doivent comparaître au Tribunal International sont considérés 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 — soit loin de l'endroit où les génocides ont eu lieu — crée (fait qu'il y a) un mécontentement croissant chez les Rwandais. La diffusion de l'information sur les accusés et leurs procès 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 a servi de base pour la création de la Cour Pénale Internationale à La Haye.

Toutefois, les Rwandais demeurent les premières victimes de ce conflit et il semble que, bien souvent, les structures internationales ne suffisent pas à panser un tel traumatisme. D'une façon ou d'une autre, la vie doit continuer car la reconstruction se fait une âme à la fois.

« Pendant les semaines du génocide » raconte notre étudiant anonyme, « je priais simplement de pouvoir voir la



fin. Je ne voyais pas plus loin que ça. Et me voilà aujourd'hui, dix ans plus tard, toujours en vie. Ces dix ans sont comme un « bonus » — tout ce que je demandais, c'était de pouvoir voir la fin. » Toute perspective change après avoir connu le génocide; on ne voit plus rien de la même manière. L'étudiant poursuit : « Une chose qui est différente chez nous, ce sont les enterrements. Plus personne ne pleure maintenant aux enterrements. On arrive, on discute un peu avec les amis, ensuite on amène le cercueil, on est silencieux, on enterre le mort et c'est fini. Des fois, le soir même, on sort faire la fête. On a vu tellement de morts au Rwanda, des fois, je me demande si nous sommes toujours des être-humains. »

Le 7 avril 2004 marque le 10<sup>e</sup> anniversaire du génocide au Rwanda.

## Bibliographie

● Dallaire, Roméo, J'ai serré la main du diable : la faillite de l'humanité au Rwanda Libre expression, 2003.

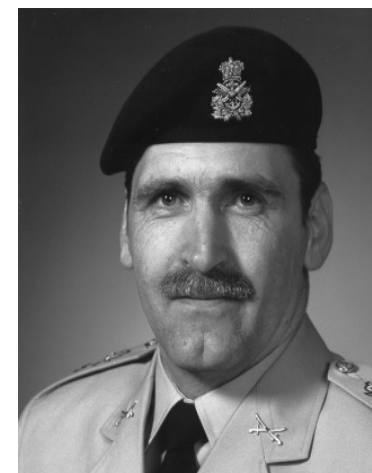
● Gourevitch, Philip, We Wish To Inform You That Tomorrow We Will Be Killed With Our Families, Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, 1998.

● Tribunal penal international pour le Rwanda : <http://www.ictj.org/FRENCH/index.htm>

● Plusieurs étudiants rwandais du Collège universitaire Glendon, qui préfèrent garder l'anonymat.

(Footnotes)

<sup>1</sup>Dallaire, Roméo, J'ai serré la main du diable : la faillite



Lieutenant-General Roméo Dallaire

## Génocide rwandais : le temps des bilans

Ces jours-ci, le Rwanda fait la première page de la plupart des journaux alors que viennent d'être inaugurées les commémorations du dixième anniversaire du génocide. La question de la responsabilité du conseil de sécurité de l'ONU s'impose.

Pro Tem a donc choisi de vous présenter deux articles publiés dans le quotidien français *Le Monde* ([www.lemonde.fr](http://www.lemonde.fr); 04.04.04)

En décembre 1999, un rapport commandé par les Nations unies accusait l'institution d'avoir, avant les massacres, failli par manque de détermination et d'organisation, et de n'être pas intervenue lorsque les tueries ont commencé. En avril 2000, le Conseil de sécurité de l'ONU avait reconnu sa responsabilité pour n'avoir pas réussi à arrêter les massacres.

Le secrétaire général des Nations unies, Kofi Annan, a ouvert, vendredi 26 mars, une conférence sur le génocide de 1994 au Rwanda en reconnaissant que l'ONU et lui-même portaient une part de

responsabilité dans le massacre de 800 000 personnes, sur lequel la communauté internationale a, dans un premier temps, fermé les yeux.

M. Annan, qui à l'époque dirigeait le département des opérations de maintien de paix de l'ONU, a déclaré que la communauté internationale "a péché par omission". "Je croyais à l'époque que je faisais de mon mieux. Mais j'ai réalisé après le génocide que j'aurais pu faire plus pour tirer la sonnette d'alarme et obtenir de l'aide", a dit le secrétaire général dans son discours d'ouverture de la conférence commémorative du génocide au Rwanda.

### UN MANQUE DE "VOLO- NTÉ POLITIQUE"

Quelque 800 000 Tutsis et Hutus modérés ont été massacrés en une centaine de jours par des extrémistes hutus après la mort du président rwandais Juvénal Habyarimana, dont l'avion avait été abattu au-dessus de Kigali. Le génocide a pris fin lorsque les rebelles du Front patriotique rwandais, à dominante tutsie, ont renversé les extrémistes hutus,

dont bon nombre ont fui au Zaïre voisin, devenu depuis la République démocratique du Congo.

En décembre 1999, un rapport commandé par les Nations unies accusait l'institution d'avoir, avant les massacres, failli par manque de détermination et d'organisation, et de n'être pas intervenue lorsque les tueries ont commencé. En avril 2000, le Conseil de sécurité de l'ONU avait reconnu sa responsabilité pour n'avoir pas réussi à arrêter les massacres.

Le Canada, fer de lance des efforts d'autocritique de l'ONU, a déclaré vendredi que la communauté internationale n'avait pas encore appris comment construire des structures capables de faire face à pareille brutalité. "Pour dire plus crûment les choses, nous avons appris ce que nous devons faire, mais il me semble, chers collègues, que nous manquons de la volonté politique de parvenir à un accord nécessaire sur la manière de mettre en place le type de mesures qui empêchent à jamais un futur Rwanda d'advenir à nouveau", a déclaré le ministre des affaires



étrangères canadien, Bill Graham, lors de la conférence.

C'est un Canadien qui commandait la petite force de l'ONU au Rwanda, le général Romeo Dallaire. L'officier était rentré profondément marqué de Kigali car le Conseil de sécurité n'avait pas envoyé les renforts que les Rwandais lui réclamaient avec insistance.

### TRISTES BILANS

Le génocide du Rwanda a commencé le 6 avril 1994 après la destruction en vol de l'avion dans lequel se trouvaient les présidents rwandais et burundais. L'attentat avait joué le rôle de détonateur dans les massacres. Des extrémistes de la majorité hutue avaient tenté d'exterminer

des Tutsis et des Hutus modérés, espérant préserver la domination politique hutue ancrée depuis plusieurs décennies dans le pays de huit millions d'habitants.

En une centaine de jours, 800 000 personnes selon les Nations unies, 1 000 000 selon les autorités rwandaises, ont été massacrées, soit environ un dixième de la population de ce petit pays d'Afrique centrale. La plupart des victimes appartenaient à la minorité tutsie, qui représentait 14 % de la population du Rwanda.

Dimanche, un ministre rwandais a déclaré qu'un recensement réalisé en 2001 portait le bilan du génocide à 937 000 morts. Des bilans contradictoires du génocide ont circulé, les estimations s'échelonnant de 500

# 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 summer and having 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 adrenalin. You feel your heart pounding and your palms feel sweaty. This is called primary stress.

It can also be the result of situations where you choose to put yourself under stress (e.g. the

night before your wedding). This is called secondary stress.

Symptoms are increased heart rate or blood pressure, rapid breathing, sweating, decreased digestion rate causing "butterflies" or indigestion.

- 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.

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.

- 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 serious illnesses such as heart disease, ulcers and mental illness, as well as insomnia, errors in judgment and personality changes.

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." 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 requires 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 breath, 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  
The Link  
Montreal (CUP)

In town for a few days from Halifax 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 Canadiens game, but decided to extend the trip. They were stimulated by the city and the people so much that they sat down and wrote for the fifth season, which they will be filming this summer in Halifax.

The Boys also learned in late December that their mock-reality show is being picked up in the U.S. by BBC America, which will air the first season of the Trailer Park Boys this year starting on April 20th. The show has a cult following in the U.S. (read: downloading) with fans as wide-ranging as Eddie Murphy to Kid Rock.

"It's great," said Tremblay. "We're excited to see what'll happen down there."

Calling themselves "professional swearists," (using 91 F-words in one episode alone last season) the interview was no exception. The Boys got acquainted with Montreal at Pub Claddagh on Crescent Street.

"I fucking love it here," said Wells. "I'd love to move to Montreal. I could live here easily—it's great."

Norm Boyd, owner of the pub, is a self-confessed Trailer Park junkie.

"They're good guys," he said. "I thought they'd come off as any other cult figure—cloistered or withdrawn—but I was surprised, they are really down to earth, friendly guys."

At the next table, Torrens was excited. "Everyone here has been unbelievably hospitable," he said. "We're well into the writing process of the fifth season."

He and the other Boys have been sitting around with director Mike Clattenburg volleying ideas, though, Torrens said, sometimes they have to reign themselves in and downsize. "Our minds are bigger than [our] budgets," said Torrens. "We might conceive something like an on-the-water ferry-boat gun-chase, and then realize, well, its good on paper, but probably

a lot of money to pull off."

Torrens would not give too much away about this summer's filming season but hinted on some storylines that will involve an oil truck and one that involves a tank.

As for the fourth season, Torrens would only say that Bubbles will find things "a little traumatic, mostly having to leave his cats."

### Moral centre

Torrens called Smith's character, Bubbles, the moral centre of the show.

"It works best for him; he's a poet and philosopher and the most grounded and wise of the group." He said that the characters' morals and beliefs are fundamentally misguided but at their core, "they're doing what they think is right and true." He said that people relate to the Trailer Park Boys and that the show is about people who love each other and try to protect each other.

Torrens answered critics that say the show makes fun at the expense of others. "The trailer park is a microcosm of society," he said. "Some people think we're making fun of trailer parks or putting down people who live in trailer parks but we're not. Every community has a structure and a hierarchy whether it's a big city or small town...it's just a backdrop for really what is the essence of the show."

Smith said he never does an interview out of character—"only as Bubbles."

Bubbles went on to say that Montreal was a great city. In Bubbles' voice, (glasses on as well) he said, "Free liquor the whole time. I haven't paid for a drink or anything." He added that Montreal kindness has been evident in packages that have been repeatedly given to him. "People just come and throw bags of dope at us, and say 'will you smoke our dope?' And we're like, of course we will, and we smoke it and they seem to enjoy it, I guess."

Last winter, the Boys toured with Our Lady Peace and audiences repeatedly threw bags of marijuana at them.

Bubbles said that in the new season, Ricky has some problems with his dope supply. "We had a mountain lion eating Ricky's dope this year and Ricky wanted to kill him, and I wouldn't let him," he said. "I took the big kitty back to my shed and put him through rehab. We did a thing with backyard wrestling. You're probably gonna see that too."

Bubbles runs into some trouble this season, but all he will say is that he gets separated from his cats. He said the worst part was that he did not know who was caring for them. "They were all licking chip bags and living under trailers, eating old rope and stuff to stay alive."

Asked what he thought of people that let cats eat rope, Bubbles said that it was "just not right." He added that "anyone that sees a kitty eating rope should pick 'im up and take 'im to the grocery store and buy 'im some Fancy Feast."

"I'd eat rope myself," said Bubbles, "before I'd let a kitty eat rope. And I have, I've eaten about 16 feet of rope so that kitties wouldn't eat it."

### Gettin' it done

Tremblay, who was extremely impressed with this city and the people, said it had been a productive time for the group. "We've had some great inspiration here and we cracked down and wrote our fucking asses off."

He said the new season is going to be crazy and that they are going to film eight to ten episodes this year with a feature film that will probably come out in the spring of 2005.

Saturday night. The Boys took in a Canadiens game and wound up back on Crescent Street at Ziggy's Pub. "The people are great here," said Wells. "I can't believe how



well we've been treated." He also said that Montreal reminded him of home. "It's like a big Halifax. Everyone is so fucking friendly. I don't want to leave."

Moving in and out of character, Wells, as Ricky, talked about his times of incarceration. "I've been in jail before, so it's not bad. I have a lot of friends in jail, so it's always good, I get to work out and watch TV," said Ricky. "The food was great."

Back in Wells mode, he would not give too much up about the new season, whether Ricky would be living in his car or not, but he did say that 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 won'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." He said that marijuana was no worse than alcohol and that in many ways, marijuana was better than alcohol. "People aren't out there getting stoned and killing people on the highways." He 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 begin filming the fifth season this summer while the fourth season kicks off Sunday, April 11 on Showcase.

Boyd, in true Trailer Park Boys fashion, said, "I can't fucking wait."

**CUT-OUT  
AND  
RETURN THE  
COMPLETED  
FORM  
ON THE  
RIGHT TO THE  
PRO TEM  
TODAY!**

**ROOM A202,  
York Hall**



Please indicate your year of study 1<sup>st</sup> 2<sup>nd</sup> 3<sup>rd</sup> 4<sup>th</sup> Other  
 Please indicate your program of study: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Please indicate if you are: Domestic Student International Student  
 Mature Student Other (specify) \_\_\_\_\_  
 Please indicate which is your first language: English French Other

**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 10-15 other first year students whereby you collectively attended the same first year courses?  
 Yes      No      Not Sure      Other (specify) \_\_\_\_\_
- 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      Specify \_\_\_\_\_
- 8) Over the past few years, would you say that the overall quality of student services available at Glendon has... (circle)  
 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) Instead of the existing Gen Ed programme, introduce a compulsory common year multi-departmental/multi-discipline 6 credit course which would encompass all disciplines taught at Glendon to be taken in the first year  
 Example: Fall Term: Philosophy/Language/History/Psychology  
 Winter Term: Sociology/Political Science/Economics/Math & COSC
  - c) Eliminate third year Gen Education requirement
  - d) Implement a set of courses from all disciplines that share a common theme that would incorporate General Education (see example below)  
 Theme 1: World and Nation      Theme 2: Individual and Society      Theme 3: Science, Society and the Environment
- 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 2<sup>nd</sup> 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 non disagree    4=slightly agree    5= strongly agree
- |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| a) I resent having to pay a deposit on bottles and other containers                         | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| b) The Kyoto accord should be ratified.   | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| c) York University should use only paper with high post - consumer content (recycled)       | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| d) My actions as an individual are unlikely to affect the bigger picture                    | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| e) Responsibility for maintaining sustainability standards should rest primarily with gov't | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| f) People should be charged for plastic bags at the grocery store                           | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| g) Jobs are more important than air pollution issues  | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| h) Technology will provide solutions for problems of sustainability                         | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |

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 whiskie, la distillerie est demeurée en exploitation ininterrompue pendant 153 ans, jusqu'à sa fermeture en 1990. Les besoins en munitions pour la Première guerre mondiale ainsi que l'essor du mouvement de prohibition au Canada entraînent une première conversion de la distillerie à la production de l'acétone utilisée pour les explosifs. ([www.heritagecanada.org](http://www.heritagecanada.org))

Comme il s'agissait d'une installation industrielle, la distillerie n'a guère accueilli de visiteurs pendant toutes ces années. Il est intéressant de souligner que le cinéma a été la première forme d'art à avoir valoriser cette architecture unique.

Michael McClelland, directeur d'ERA Architects, écrit : « Ce qui a attiré les caméras au complexe est son étendue, la



grande variété d'espaces intérieurs et extérieurs historiques et le fait qu'il était vide. Le tout permettait d'exploiter une atmosphère indiscutablement authentique et évocatrice. Cette ambiance particulière a toujours su captiver les rares personnes qui ont eu le privilège de visiter les lieux. L'allure victorienne richement détaillée de la distillerie, jusque dans ses rues et cours en briques, s'est infiltrée dans le champ perceptuel de nombreux Torontois grâce aux films et à la télévision bien avant qu'ils n'apprennent qu'elle faisait partie du patrimoine de leur ville. » \*

La production cinématographique se trouve donc à l'origine de la reconversion artistique de la distillerie qui a commencé dans les années 1990'. En dix ans, plus de 800 films ont été tournés à la distillerie et, aujourd'hui, ce lieu imprégné

d'histoire – rebaptisé Distillery District par son nouveau propriétaire Cityscape – entame une nouvelle existence en tant que centre des arts, de la culture et du divertissement. Le dialogue des arts et de la culture dès lors être le maître-mot de cette nouvelle destination culturelle toute imprégnée de l'histoire de Toronto.

Nombreux sont les artisans et les artistes qui ont choisi

la distillerie comme principal lieu de création. Dancemakers – compagnie canadienne de danse contemporaine fondée en 1974 ([www.dancemakers.org](http://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 « artistiques » de la ville se limitaient principalement 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.



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 Dupont 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 « pluri-artistique » 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 choisissant 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'ailleurs. Comme le souligne Serge Bennathan, « il s'agit moins d'une pièce sur les tziganes 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 dont l'itinéraire est dessiné par une liberté d'expression qui se déploie à la rencontre des arts. Cette production est, en ce sens, toute imprégnée du lieu qui l'a portée, la distillerie.

● *Tziganes* sera représenté à Toronto, au Harbourfront Centre, du 20 avril au 1 mai 2004, Première Dance Theater. (416-973-4000 ; [www.harbourfront.on.ca](http://www.harbourfront.on.ca).)

● Serge Bennathan a publié *Julius le piano voyageur* aux Editions du GREF.

– Julie Marion Sage  
\* [www.heritagecanada.org](http://www.heritagecanada.org)



Sandra Ainsley Gallery