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La prochaine date limite:
le 29 septembre



NOTRE VOIX
NOTRE HISTOIRE



Wall of Separation: How Social Media Distorts Our Politics

Alex Freeman
Issues and Ideas

When we think about social media, most people in our generation see it as a force of good in the world. In the last decade, Facebook has allowed society at large to witness the documentation of police brutality, criminal activity, and acts of heroism alike. The creation of crowdfunding initiatives for individuals faced with insurmountable burdens is commonplace. Large corporations are now under the surveillance of their customers, and an inconsequential public relations misstep can easily spiral into a multi-billion dollar loss of equity. Twitter was especially instrumental in the mobilization efforts of protesters during the

Arab Spring in 2010-2012. At its worst, social media can often seem to be a monumental waste of time, but that's usually the extent of the criticism for our beloved social media platforms.

The election of Donald Trump and the noteworthy events occurring since his inauguration are troubling - to say the least. The recent "Unite the Right" rally and subsequent violence on the 11th and 12th of August in Charlottesville, and the President's inability to condemn white supremacy and neo-Nazis were both abhorrent and bizarre. So much so that several white supremacist leaders have taken to Twitter by thanking the President for his failure to appropriately condemn them or their actions.

Instead of blaming Russian

hackers or the emergence of alt-right groups in the United States for the current state of affairs, we should examine the ground upon which these battles are fought. Facebook and Twitter are not innocent and unbiased platforms. In particular, Facebook uses a series of complicated algorithms in the creation of a personalized "Dashboard" by suggesting those items most likely to appeal to the account holder. This is generally tied to commercial interests which target individuals with specific advertisements. I'm not suggesting that these corporations are openly promoting the destabilization of government or society, but these algorithms can still have significant, long-term consequences. **(continued on page 11)**

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Greetings Glendon!

Welcome to another year of learning! My name is Bruno Da Costa and I am the new Editor in Chief of Pro Tem! I am in my fourth year of Hispanic and French Studies, and this year I will also be finishing my D-TEIL Certificate. While Linguistics is my academic passion, Pro Tem has been the place where I have been able to explore my creative venues.

I am passionate about poetry and comedy, the welfare of cats everywhere, and the oxford comma. Working for a generic, corporate coffee company driving the bandwagon of ethical sourcing has made me aware of one thing: though we live in proximity to other people, it can often feel like we are worlds apart.

At Glendon, I have discovered aspects of myself in the most honest

ways possible, in lessons that extend well beyond the classroom. Being a Glendon student does not just mean you attend classes here; it will forever influence how you see the world and how you react to everything that happens in life. Glendon pride rests in the beautiful diversity of this campus, where difference is celebrated and unity is honoured. My hope, through Pro Tem, is to create a narrative for our campus that represents our unique and multifaceted community.

Taking on the role of Editor in Chief has made me keenly aware of the amount of pride that courses through the veins of Glendon students. I want Pro Tem to continue being a conduit for the expression of this pride and student involvement. I hope students find their inspiration here, and I hope that they document it. Pro Tem wants to hear the voice

of action at every level, so it's time to seriously consider everything we know and try to understand the intentions of our own actions before judging those of others.

On behalf of the entire team at Pro Tem, I want to welcome you all to another exciting year of student journalism!

Best wishes,



Bruno Da Costa
Editor in Chief

Vous avez des opinions? Vous aimez écrire? Vous faites de la photographie?
Pro Tem vous veut!
Envoyez-nous un courriel à editor@protemglendon.com pour apprendre comment vous pouvez vous impliquer!



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Health & Wellness



Ayla Slijvar
Expressions

Employment in a Time of Graduation: The Pressure to Have a “Plan”

Asha Collins
Contributor

Exams end in a whirlwind of late nights: scattered papers, empty mugs of tea, and a bed that has not been relaxed in for far too long. But then comes relief — it’s finally done! That last paper has been submitted, undergrad is officially over. You can sleep all day — heck, all weekend if you want. Then the alarm buzzes, and you’re off to campus again, but this time for work. Spring has sprung, the summer grind has begun, and now the wait for graduation day begins! That was the start to my summer 2017.

I finished my iBA in international studies this past June, and no, I don’t have a set plan for what I want to do, yet. In today’s culture, I find that students are under a lot of pressure when it comes to life post-graduation (and much of that pressure we put on ourselves!). Personally, I found the end of my degree daunting. I was ecstatic to have it completed, but I was also worried about what the future had in

store. Being surrounded by many close friends and peers applying to pursue graduate studies last spring, my feelings of confusion and anxiety only intensified. Add to that every beloved auntie and family acquaintance asking what I had planned for after graduation, and the self-doubt became so overwhelming that all I wanted to do was hide in a corner somewhere. All of this because I didn’t “have a plan”.

From April to August, I was hired by the Glendon recruitment department (who I had been working for since second year as an eAmbassador), to be the producer of this year’s edition of the Coeur de Lion Chronicles. This opportunity gave me the chance to work with a wonderful team of people, as well as develop my professional writing, digital media management, and video production skills, all while showcasing the beautiful place I have called home for the last four years to prospective students. I was living the best kind of life for me - I mean, how many people get to say they made a mini-series on YouTube for their summer job? Yet, as September drew closer, I began to worry what the start of the school year would have in store for me. In late July, I was contacted through LinkedIn by a bilingual headhunting agency called Bilingual Source. I chatted with the recruiter about my skills and interests, and was set up on a number of interviews. Un-



fortunately, none of those developed into a job offer. Luckily, the Glendon Recruitment department offered me a job working in a familiar environment that I adore — for now.

So what am I trying to say? That for those of you already thinking about where you’ll be this time next year or the year after, it’s OK to have feelings of anxiety and doubt about graduation, and the abyss that comes post-grad, and it is totally OK to not have a plan. Instead, I would suggest reaching out to your established connections, and focusing on the skills you already have to offer (I promise you have more than you think you do).

Even if you don’t immediately begin “working in your field,” recognize that you are doing something and in doing so, you are gaining new and valuable experiences and connections that may help you get exactly where you always dreamed you would end up. That said, if you’re anything like me, the way you define “your field” may grow and evolve from what you imagined it to be when you began your academic journey. You never know where life is going to take you, so seize every opportunity, work your butt off, and don’t forget to enjoy a taste of freedom every now and then as you work towards your own graduation day.

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“We Love Dick!”: An Ambivert’s Guide to Frosh Week

Mikaela Sabourin
Contributor

Even having known that orientation is intended to get froshies to break out of their shells, I never imagined that I would be parading through the streets of Toronto, chanting and screaming how much I love Dick (also known as Richard, Glendon’s favourite blue lion mascot). Most of all, I could never have anticipated how much I would enjoy it. So whether you missed out on Frosh this year, or your GLO-time has come and gone and this year’s social media hype has you waxing nostalgic, and especially if you’re a fellow Froshie suffering through the first weeks of class going through serious withdrawal, have no fear! Your friendly campus ambivert is here to give you a breakdown of GLO-WEEK.

1. Colour before blood.

I don’t care if you’ve never worn orange in your life, your vision will be tinted the shade of your Frosh group for seven days straight. For me, it was teal (#Teal-Team6), and although I’d never thought twice about the difference between blue, teal, and turquoise, I realized very quickly that there is a difference but, no, nobody really knows what it is. We all had our own definitions, but one thing we could collectively agree on was that “IF I WAS BLUE, I’D WANNA BE TEAL TOO”. All this to say that colour groups give you a sense of belonging, and you’ll grow very close to your team members and respective D-Frosh. And although cheer-offs between colour groups can get pretty heated, everyone knows: “WE ARE ALL BEST FRIENDS, WE ARE ALL BEST FRIENDS!” which leads me to my next point...

2. You will cheer. Even if you don’t know the words, you will cheer. Nothing - and I mean nothing - can prepare you for the whirlwind of cheers that will be thrown your way over the course of two to three days (or the first night if your First is really ambitious). While it was overwhelming in the

beginning, it didn’t take long before even the quietest members of our group were shouting along to full-on dance numbers and to-the-point cheers. The cheers are loud, they’re proud, and they’re a darn great way to make you feel like you’re part of something bigger than yourself.

3. Nothing can prepare you for the thrusts.

As somebody who usually only shows their “wacky” side to their immediate circle of friends, I can totally relate to those froshies who were hesitant to do a pelvic thrust punctuated by a grunt in the middle of a crowd of new faces. However, by Day Two, a sense of mutual understanding slowly begins to rain down over the group, and soon enough, you find yourself right alongside the rest of ‘em. I mean, what says “camaraderie” like hundreds of sexually frustrated teenagers repeatedly air-thrusting and grunting?

4. It’s give and take, mon ami.

You’ve already heard how great Frosh is for making friends and meeting new people, but it’s not always as easy as it sounds. It’s not difficult since there are tons of opportunities laid out for you, but you can’t expect relationships to fall in your lap. Sure, sometimes you won’t want to drag your ass out of your room, and that’s okay - trust me, we all need time to reboot after some of those events! But make sure that, whenever possible, you’re participating in activities and putting yourself out there. I don’t know how many times I asked people



Krysta Veneruz

their major or where they’re from, but it’s like an effective (and healthy) gateway drug for starting a conversation. You don’t have to be the first one to speak up every time, but just be open to meeting people from different circles.

5. We are Froshies & we are PROUD!

Sure, Glendon is roughly the size of a high school, but yes, you’re still going to get lost. You will get lost here, you will get lost at Keele. You will get lost everywhere. You will get lost on a train, you will get lost in the rain (you get the point, right?). In leaning on each other for support. Embrace your newbie status! You don’t have to worry about looking confused or feeling stupid for participating in first

year events, because guess what? This is (probably) the only time you’ll get to experience university life as a newbie, so ask questions, explore, and make mistakes! We’re part of a really cool community now and there’s no shame.

From what I’ve seen of this campus so far, Glendon doesn’t take itself too seriously. We’re a bunch of weirdos, for lack of a better word! We come from many different places and walks of life, but somehow we all ended up here: draped in brightly coloured t-shirts, screaming at the top of our lungs (bilingually, I might add), all the while trying not to think about OSAP and looming deadlines. As a proud member of #GL2021, I truthfully wouldn’t want it any other way.



Krysta Veneruz

Tips for Packing and Flying

Lauren Clewes
Contributor

It's September - a month that conjures up an assortment of images — final summer celebrations, supposedly cooler temperatures, hurricane season, and, of course, getting back into the routine of school.

Here at Glendon, for many third-year students, especially those in International Studies, September brings with it the excitement of preparing for a year (or semester) abroad. Personally, I am in the midst of last-minute preparations for a year-long exchange to England, which means I've had to start seriously thinking about packing and preparing myself for the long-haul flight ahead of me. So, as a way to procrastinate a little longer on actually getting to it, I've put together some tips and tricks for making packing and surviving a trans-atlantic flight a wee' bit easier.

Packing Tips:

1. Roll, roll, roll: I've been using this technique for years and it has yet to fail! I typically roll as many as four pieces together, but if you're really trying to save space, it's best to roll each item individually. Once you have a pile of rolls, just stack and squish and you're good to go!

2. Freezer bags: By now I'm sure many of you have seen the fancy packing cubes that cost a fortune. Well, since we're travelling on a student budget, let me introduce you to a cheaper alternative - freezer bags! I find it's especially effective for smaller items because it keeps them together in one space. Once you get all the air out it's amazing how much space you save! Pro Tip: Sit and zip! Sit on top of the bag as you zip it closed to save even more space!

3. Just stuff it: Stuff smaller items, like socks, into shoes. It's a classic packing technique, and for good reason!

4. Plan, Pack, and Repack: There are many ways to do this! In preparation for exchange, I've made a list of everything



Lauren Clewes

I'm bringing so I know exactly what I have (and what I may be forgetting). I've also been packing and repacking, basically doing a trial-run before committing. This way you not only realize if you've missed something, you may also realize there's some things you can leave behind to lighten your loads (and your baggage fees!)

Wear Your Bulk: If you find you have big, bulky items that you need to bring but don't exactly have room for, wear them! Remember you can always just stuff them under the seat in front of you without taking up (too much) of your leg room.

Tips for Surviving Long-haul Flights:

Layer Up: A carry-over tip from packing, wearing bulkier items like sweaters, coats, and boots on the plane keeps you layered and better able to temperature-control!

Dress comfortably: I will never understand people who dress up for a flight - if I'm going to be sitting for 7+ hours, I want to be comfy! Dress in layers with few buttons or buckles, bring comfy socks and a scarf that can double as a blanket, and a get a neck pillow or a small, easily squished pillow to save your neck.

Move it, move it: Get up every so often or at the very least stretch your legs while sitting - pointing and flexing your toes, rolling your ankles, etc. - just to keep things moving and avoid blood clots from sitting in a cramped space for hours on end.

Bring snacks: This is a good way to travel cheap and is especially useful for overnight flights. Bring some granola bars or other small, packaged snacks so that you'll have enough energy for a full day when you land. Pro Tip: Be sure to check your airline's regulations as to what foods you can and can't bring on-board.

Sleep is NOT for the weak: Unless you're a frequent traveller, chances are that nerves and excitement will make it hard to sleep. Having comfort items from home will help; pack a neck pillow, eye mask, and earplugs or headphones in your carry-on to make yourself comfortable. Keep in mind that for overnight flights the lights are dimmed so you should be able to get some rest (at least in theory)!

And there you have it, my five cents for packing and flying. Hopefully these tips come in handy for your next big adventure, and remember, you can always modify them to suit your own preferences. Most importantly, cherish your time on exchange because before you know it, it'll be flying by!

Bon voyage!

Article adapted from:
theglobblog.wordpress.com.

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A Film Festival For Everyone!

Reeda Tariq
Campus Life

So chances are you missed out on seeing the stars at TIFF again, even though you promised yourself you would take the time to go and check out that cool documentary or next summer's sure-to-be mega-blockbuster. If this sounds like you, don't worry! Despite what the popular media would have you believe, TIFF isn't the only film festival offered in the city! In fact, you might be able to catch the other TIFF - that is, the Toronto Independent Film Festival - and actually be able to say that you did go to TIFF.

Especially since Toronto often prides itself on its artistic flair, it's more than a little sad to see the diverse range of film festivals this city has to offer get brushed aside either by ignorance — "Wait, we have a Brazil Film Festival?" — or arrogance, in a more dismissive sort of way, "Yeah, like what Hollywood celebrities are gonna show up at the Scarborough Film Festival?"

Toronto is able to offer so much more than just glossy, big budget Oscar-hopeful movies, and that is something to be proud of! So, here is a small sample of the various film festivals that have been held or will be held in the not-so-distant future in Toronto:

Toronto Independent Film Festival: Unfortunately, this great festival was held September 7-16 this year, so by this point most of you have missed out on two TIFFs. However, there's always next year, so why not check out both? TIFF 2 is one of the biggest celebrations of independent, low-budget films in North America, and the fact that that this festival happens right around the same time as the International TIFF makes it a great foot in the door for emerging filmmakers to get noticed by the big budget producers in town for the more well-known TIFF.

Open Roof Festival: A not-for-profit film and music festival that happens towards the end of June. Offering an amazing experience for attendees by combining two art forms together. It's a great event for the people to come together as a city and as a community to watch good films and

listen to some sweet beats.

Toronto After Dark Film Festival: Halloween is almost here, so tell that one friend who's been spamming your page with Hocus Pocus GIFs ever since that one leaf fell in their front yard. The Toronto After Dark Film Festival is what they should be checking out if they're oh-so anxious to get their spook on before the 31st. The dates this year are October 12-20th.

CineFranco: This organization organizes various film-related activities throughout the year, making it perfect for anyone looking to get more practice with their French, or if you're just into French movies. Unlike some other French-oriented film festivals, the whole Francophone community is invited to contribute submission. This, gives the festival a nice cultural range including films from France, Belgium, Algeria, Senegal, and many other French-speaking nations from around the world.

ImagineNative Film and Media Arts Festival: A celebration of films and various media forms submitted by both Canada's Indigenous peoples and other Indigenous groups from around the world. ImagineNative exists to give these artists the chance to promote their own stories, allowing for a greater understanding of Indigenous culture across the board.

TIFF Presents: *Jésus de Montréal*, Part of Canada On Screen Summer '17

Sarah Ariza-Verreault
Assistant English Editor

Québécois filmmaker Denys Arcand tackled artistic and provocative storytelling long before our beloved prodigy actor/director, Xavier Dolan, was even born. I stumbled into TIFF's screening of one of Arcand's most notable and iconoclastic films, *Jésus de Montréal*, completely on a whim this summer and completely fell in love with it.

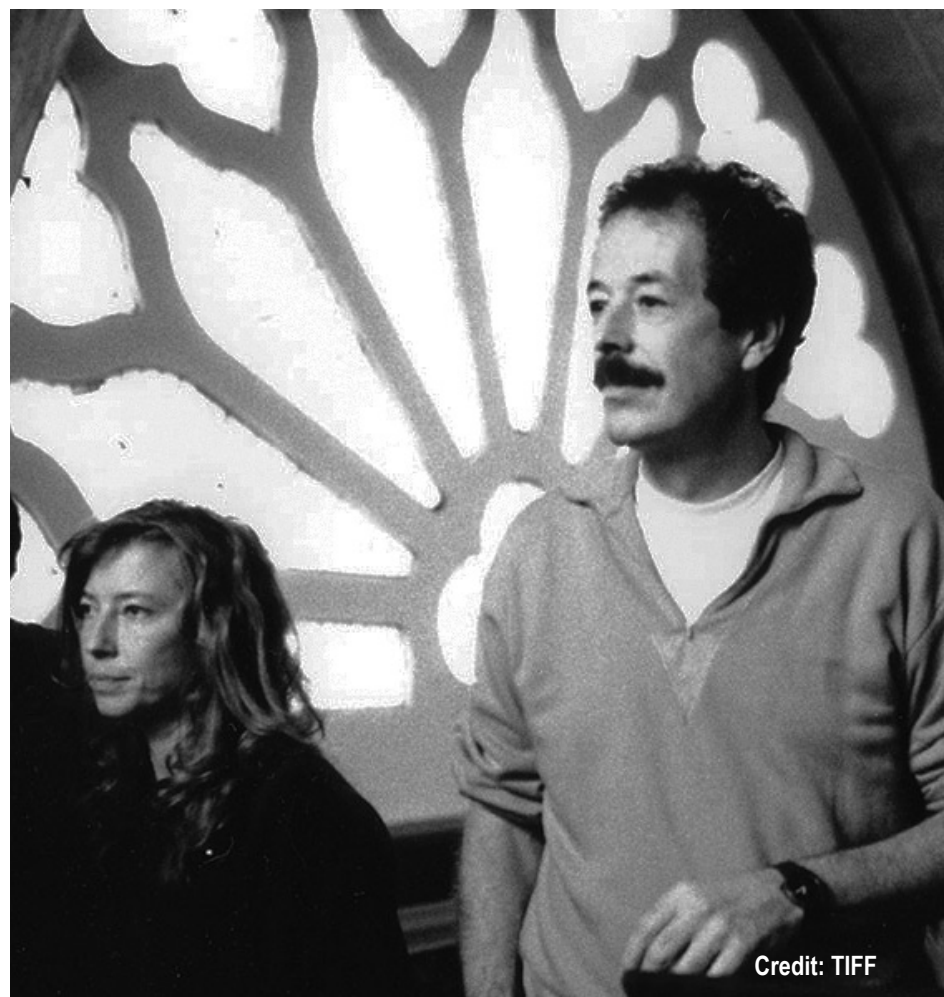
The satire, *Jésus de Montréal*, shocked audiences in 1989 (following the success of Arcand's previous film, *Le déclin de l'empire américain*, in 1986), and it still maintains its effect today. The film follows the story of budding actor, Daniel Coulombe (Lothaire Bluteau), as he and a group of fellow actors (a Québécois star-studded cast including Robert Lepage and Rémy Girard) create a rather unorthodox reimagining of the yearly Passion Play on the hillside of Mont-Royal in Montreal. While facing much opposition from the Catholic church and the police force,

the troop of actors holds true to their art. Through this journey, the fates of the characters in the film begin to resemble Biblical figures.

In an audience talk-back after the show, Arcand noted the different reactions he had received from film-goers throughout the years, reporting to have received both hate mail and stories of born-again Christians simultaneously. In my opinion, however, Arcand did a fantastic job of tastefully telling this story in a thought-provoking manner. As a disclaimer, I am not a particularly religious person. That being said, I did not find this film in any way overwhelmingly religious or at all offensive. This film, in fact, reminded me of what films are meant to be: art. They are supposed to make you think, feel, act, and even criticize the world on-screen and around you. We live in a society where the film industry cares more about creating cash crop at the box office (some high budget action-thriller with a recycled plotline) than it does about creating anything with actual substance.

Despite its title, I would argue that *Jésus de Montréal* is not a religious film at all, although the plotline presents many parallels to the Bible. Through the allegory of Jesus, Arcand documents the struggles of an artist — or, specifically, an actor. The film showcases a constant duality of art and money, presenting them as two very separate entities. Daniel's troop of actors leave paying — yet unfulfilling — jobs to be part of Daniel's Passion Play, a virtually unpaid engagement. Throughout the film, the actors are tempted to leave the production by finding other paid jobs (such as commercial acting) and by being offered corporate business offers. While these are obvious allegories for the Temptation of Christ, they also highlight a prevalent issue in our society: corporate greed and capitalism. Evil is manifested as those who seek to capitalize on everything in life, including an artist's basic needs to live and create.

Now, who's going to step up to the plate to satirize the struggles of being a student?



Credit: TIFF

A Guide to Toronto's Top Three Thrift Stores

Jessie Lou HelmKay
Contributor

Whether it be for the practical sake of saving a dollar, the nostalgic thrill of hunting down a hidden treasure from decades past, or a simple desire to avoid the ethical controversy of “fast fashion”, buying second-hand has become more than just a fad popularized in a song. No longer solely for those tight on cash, thrifting has evolved past its former stigmas and stereotypes to secure itself a place in the mainstream culture of our generation. Personally, my own love of thrifting was born when I became obsessed with the style of eras long past, and when I realized I could get my hands on authentic one-of-a-kind pieces for \$1.99. For those of us who have developed our own strategic rituals of scouring the racks for the perfect find, thrifting goes way beyond “picking up the necessities” — it’s a full-blown hobby.

Being from a small town, and moving to Toronto at the age of 18, I

was initially thrilled by the thought of having access to greater pastures than the good ol’ Salvation Army, but was quickly overwhelmed by the selection I was finding — and overwhelmed by the prices! Now, with a few years of city thrifting experience under my 50 cent belt, I’ve made a pastime out of finding the best— and most reasonably priced— thrift stores in Toronto. The key is to frequent the unknown, un-trendy, un-Queen West shops, which are usually worth the extra 15 minutes on the subway. These stores are less picked through, meaning that there are more than just flannel shirts and unisex tees leftover by the time you get there (yeah, I’m talking to you, Black Market), and the shop owners haven’t adopted the “vintage boutique” mindset (AKA \$75 for a tattered t-shirt).

My favourite thrifting location, where I have had the best luck in Toronto, is the Value Village at Lansdowne Station. This huge warehouse building is about as un-Queen West as you can get, and draws in all walks of life. My first time there, I watched a toothless woman of about 75, crawl out of the back of a transport truck that was stationed in the parking lot, wearing only a bikini top and shorts that said “Juicy” on the rear. You’ve got to see past that

though. We do it for the clothes, people. This store is massive, never busy, and has everything from home décor to Halloween costumes. They are constantly receiving new donations, and are never running low on racks upon racks of clothes to search through. Although their lack of curation requires a bit more time and effort, with an open mind, you’re sure to stumble upon that perfect vintage piece you’ve been searching for. We’re talking ‘70s suede skirts, designer menswear trousers, and authentic band tees. I have found my most enviable thrifted gems at this first location. My tip is to go often and allot at least an hour to search through everything. If you happen to run into her, say hi to the “Juicy” lady for me!

My next recommendation breaks my avoiding-Queen-West rule, but for good reason. Tribal Rhythm, just a minute’s walk west of Osgoode Station, is completely underrated and unknown to most of the thrifting community. All of their pieces are carefully curated and chosen from auctions and estate sales by the store’s owner. The store is categorized by decade, ranging from 1920 and all the way through 1990, so you can choose the time period you want to browse. The store’s owner is extremely personable, and loves to get to

know customers and their tastes, often suggesting pieces that you might have overlooked. Due to its carefully curated and authentic selection, as well as the guarantee that all clothing is in optimal condition, the prices at Tribal Rhythm are a bit higher than Value Village, but are still worlds more reasonable than what you would expect from Queen West’s typical vintage selection. I visit Tribal Rhythm when I’m looking for something particularly special or hard to find, like overalls that actually fit, or a velvet prom dress from the ‘90s for \$40. This store is perfect for that one item you’ve been in search of for years, but haven’t quite found the perfect version of yet.

Last, but not least, my third locale of choice is Exile Vintage, located in Kensington Market. This place was one of the first second-hand shops I visited upon moving to Toronto, and definitely encapsulates the quintessential Kensington Market experience. With a price range sitting somewhere between my two previous suggestions, this location can be described as a Black Market that *hasn’t* been completely raided of anything worth buying. It exudes grunge vibes, stocking a much more interesting inventory. Exile is perfect for vintage Levi’s and patched-up army jackets. They also have an expansive formal wear section in the back, laid out according to decade (similar to Tribal Rhythm), as well as a unique collection of eccentric costume pieces, making it an ideal destination with Halloween just around the corner. This store is perfect for outfit-completing odds and ends, like vintage motorcycle patches and perfectly worn-in (but not worn-out) ‘70s leather purses. Exile Vintage is a must-visit, not only for its selection, but also for the classic novelty of Kensington Market.

So, whether you’re looking for a back-to-school essential for \$1, or are on a hunt for that perfect vintage piece, this guide to Toronto’s best thrift shopping should have you covered. Now get out there and get searching, and remember to have the same level of confidence in your outfits this year as our beloved “Juicy” icon had in her own daring ensemble.

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September Events in Toronto: What Not to Miss This Month

Toronto Beer Week

September 15 - 23
Various venues around Toronto

Go Global Expo

September 23-24
Ryerson University, Kerr Hall

Word on the Street

September 24
Harbourfront Centre

in/FUTURE : Music & Art Festival

September 15 - 25
Ontario Place

World Cup of Hockey Fan Village

September 16 - 25
The Distillery District

Canada's Walk of Fame Festival

September 20 - 29
Yonge-Dundas Square

Francophonie en Fête

21 - 25 septembre
Various venues around Toronto

Just For Laughs 42

September 21 - 30
Multiple venues in Downtown Toronto

Drugs & Driving: Panel Discussion

September 21, 5:30-7:30pm
Toronto Reference Library
Spaces are limited; RSVP required
*Note: This event will be live-streamed

Absolute Pro-Am Night

September 21 @ 8:30pm
Absolute Comedy - \$6

Invictus Games

September 23 - 30
Various venues around Toronto

Ontario Culture Days

September 29 - October 1
Various locations across Toronto

Salvador Dali - Fashion Week

Through until September 30
Yorkville Village Shopping Centre

Nuit Blanche

September 30 from sunset to sunrise
Various locations across Toronto

Les Belles Soeurs

Dates through until October 1
The Village Playhouse

Cirque du Soleil's Volta

Dates through until November 26
The Portlands

The Edge of the Earth: Climate Change in Photography & Video

Through until December 4
Ryerson Image Centre (33 Gould St.)

Chihuly Exhibit

Through until January 8
Royal Ontario Museum

If you hear of an event happening in Toronto that might be of interest to our community, let us know at: metropolis@protemglendon.com.

B2B: A Sanctuary

Fernando Luna
Contributor

Toronto is a city where emotions are constantly colliding. It is a city where one can find refuge, while also feeling alienated and alone. This city will bring out feelings you never thought you had. You will experience falling in love in the most unusual places. Cultivating an unbreakable bond with particular neighbourhoods where you and your significant other spent memorable times. Places where the end of the night isn't until five in the morning. You will also experience meeting new people whose value will rise above all else - people who will teach you a lot about life and contribute to your growth.

Toronto offers a wide range of attractions for people of different backgrounds and walks of life, be it at the Harbourfront, where you can spend time by the lake and enjoy the warmth of the summertime; or in Chinatown, where you can enjoy a cheap drink with new friends. Whether you're in the west end or the east end, there's no doubt that you will find a plethora of places to experience friendship. Even in the core of downtown where buildings seem to overlap the clouds, every individual has a hidden gem that helps them stay grounded.

Near the entrance of Kensington Market, there is a little bar on Augusta Avenue by the name of B2B (previously known as Templeton's). For me, it instantly carried a spiritual aesthetic. B2B's drink selection, particularly the beer menu, has always impressed me. The Irish Stout is my choice beverage - and B2B, Irish Stouts and I have a long history together! This is a bar where emotions are present, a bar that brings out the best of you. Though the food is below par, the beer and the charm keep me coming back. The atmosphere is inviting, the service is fantastic and you are bound to strike up a conversation with someone interesting. B2B is conveniently located near College Street and offers a rich neighbourhood with a variety of characters coming and going, slowly evaporating as *la luna* rises higher in the night sky.

For me and many others, B2B is a sanctuary where there is always the possibility of meeting that beautiful person who will change the way you see life and be by your side for all of it's most wonderful moments. It's a place where you can sit for hours, discussing life, reading comic books, and enjoying endless pints of beer. All in all, I highly recommend B2B any time of year as it is thoroughly enjoyable both during the summer when the patio is open, and during the winter, when you can take refuge from the infernal cold by drinking a good ol' pint of Irish Stout surrounded by warm, welcoming faces.



Tinna Y.

Sarah's Spots: Exploring Toronto's Live Music Venues

Sarah Tadjana
Chief of Operations

The Rivoli, 334 Queen Street W.
Facebook @RivoliToronto
Twitter/Instagram @RivoliTO

The Rivoli is one of the go-to hangouts for those who frequent Queen West, and for good reason. With its classy, yet reasonably priced restaurant in the front (featuring great burgers and a good overall selection), its sleazy looking entrance to a solid music venue in the back, and its little-known swanky pool hall and bar upstairs, the Rivoli is undoubtedly one of TO's hidden gems.

As a music venue, the Rivoli's back room acoustics aren't bad, and they're great for seeing local or has-been bands up close. The venue's set-up is barebones, which means you're likely to bump into the bass player at the bar after their set. That said, the room features the perfect amount of sidewall seating for wallflowers and make-out sessions — or for when you've had one too many shots of Cuervo and need a break from dancing. Most importantly, the cheesy twinkle lights make it the perfect venue to grab that coveted Insta-worthy concert pic.

My Recommendation: Good venue for indie or acoustic artists. Bring a friend and enjoy a lowkey night on the town. Better yet, The Riv makes a great date spot. Grab dinner and see some local talent (be sure to snap a cute couple selfie under the lights!), then head upstairs for some (more) drinks and a game of good ol'fashioned billiards.



Credit: Blog TO

Wall of Separation: How Social Media Distorts Our Politics (continued from cover)

In 2008, constitutional scholar and law professor Cass Sunstein published his influential book *Nudge – Improving Decisions about Wealth, Health and Happiness*. The book uses studies involving psychology and behavioural economics to promote what he calls “active engineering of choice architecture”. The best example of this architecture is the decision to force people to opt-out of being organ donors when they receive their driver's licence, instead of asking people to opt-in. The results of such studies are staggering, and demonstrably defend the importance and benefits of choice architecture.

In a talk at the Harvard Law School in mid-2016, Sunstein was given the opportunity to re-examine his Nudge hypothesis within an entirely new political environment. He explored several new studies involving the psychological impact of political persuasion when surrounded by a majority or a minority opinion, and within a particular geographic location. Once again, his findings were breathtaking: when people are surrounded by other people who hold the same or similar political views, they become more likely to reject opposing views, or even entertain the notion that the opposing side might have something relevant to say. When minority views are held in places where the majority views are in direct contradiction (e.g. Republicans in California or Democrats in Texas), people actually become more open to hearing these opposing views.

In other words, the rising flamboyance of anti-Semitism and white supremacy on the alt-right as well as rising action from the far-left is a by-product of an entire generation of Americans who are no longer willing (or capable) of exchanging views with their political opposition. This is also a problem in Congress: in the 60s and 70s, Republicans and Democrats would often cross the aisle for a particular vote. Today, the ideological differences between the two parties are so pronounced that Southern Democrats are now more liberal than Northern Republican representatives.

So how does all this relate to our beloved social media platforms? In short, social media is making us more vulnerable to the rhetoric of political extremity. When those closer to the center work together, extremists are relegated to the fringes of what society deems acceptable. This ever-increasing polarization and partisanship is toxic to political debate.

Some potential solutions I have to put forth: don't scoff and scroll past things you disagree with, and don't unfollow those peers whose political opinions make you cringe - those are the very articles and videos you should explore. Seek out things that evoke a strong response in you. When you do read or view materials on social media, whether or not they support your underlying beliefs, check the facts and figures. In these complicated times, take the time to make up your own mind after having thoroughly examined the issues, from multiple perspectives. And last but in no way least, please do not rely on social media platforms like Facebook or Twitter for all of your news; while it might not be 'fake', it is personalized for your expressed political palate.

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A Desire I Had to Hide in a Hole: The Problem with French Language Teaching

Chloe Ip
Contributor

During my academic exchange abroad in Geneva, I had to take an oral exam for one of my courses. The course dealt with significant historical events and how they shaped literature. At the start of the exam, the students taking the oral exam received an extract of a text written in medieval French. One hour was allotted for us to read the text and make notes. Then, we each had a 30-minute session with the professor to describe how the extract related to the historic events we had studied and other literary extracts read in class. The professor assured us that it wasn't the level of our spoken French that interested him but whether or not we could comment on the text in an educated way. Sounds like an easy exam, right?

Long story short, I botched it.

I understood the text but I didn't know how to analyze it. I realized that up until that point, all my studies had revolved around memorizing and regurgitating information and not on learning how to think critically. When I opened my mouth to speak, no words came out. I had no idea how to express any of my ideas in French. That's when it hit me: My French was terrible.

The professor was nice about it and I passed with a rather generous mark in the end. To save the exam, he asked me questions, leading me through the text, and showing me how to make connections between my given extract and other pieces I had studied in the course. I was tearfully embarrassed - what little pride I had left went up in smoke.

That experience was hard. After more than 10 years of learning French, I couldn't handle a generic oral test. It wanted to crawl into a hole and call it quits after six months of living abroad. I thought to myself, What am I doing here? Physically, I was fine. Mentally, I was torn.

While sobbing in bed that night and doing some introspection, I realized my problem was not really

my problem: I had a theoretical knowledge of the language, but not enough real-life practice. Today's language courses focus on perfecting students' grammar and syntax, holding them to a standard which even native speakers rarely achieve; fill-in-the-blanks exercises, which help with conjugation but are hardly conducive to good sentence building abilities; and reading exercises that only focus on understanding the written language. All in all, I had a perfect theoretical foundation of French, but using it in a fluid, spontaneous francophone setting made me feel like a kindergartner.

I put things into perspective. Though this experience hurt, it eventually became a blip on the radar (compared to another experience of getting lost in Venice in the middle of the night with no place to stay). I wasn't a lost cause, I just needed to improve - and I did. I somehow managed to do three other oral exams in French and pass with pretty good grades.

While reflecting on all of my language experiences, Confucius' saying came to mind:

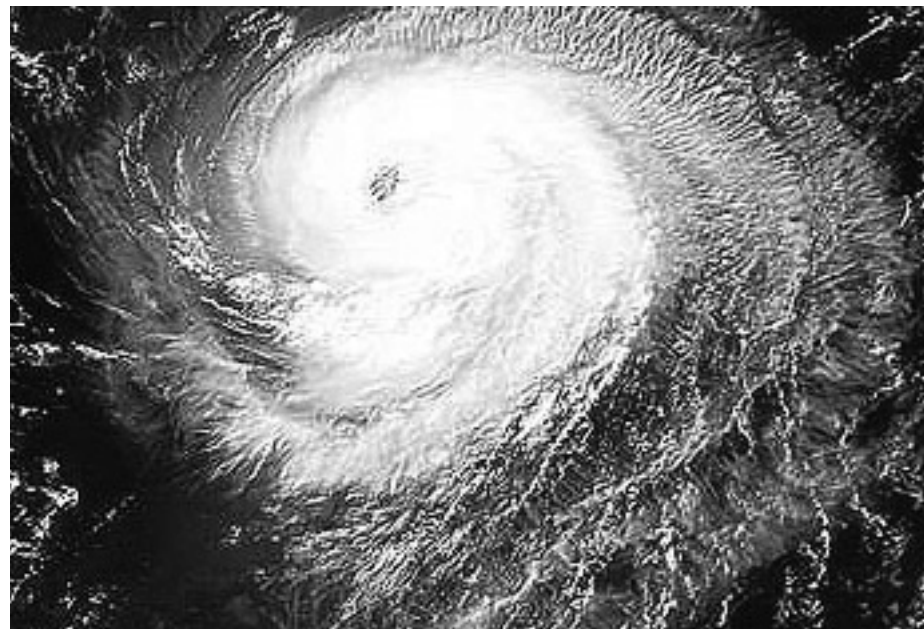
There are three ways in which we gain wisdom. One: By reflection, which is the noblest. Two: By imitation, which is the easiest, and three: By experience, which is the bitterest.

It was a bitter experience, no question about that. But the wisdom that comes afterwards, well, let's just say it was worth the experience.

Apocryphal Apocalypse: Hurricanes and the Human Condition

Alex Freeman
Issues and Ideas

Over the summer break, I helped a family friend move some boxes from a storage locker into his apartment. He's a reasonable, intelligent, highly educated man who happens to be a tenured professor at a reputable Canadian university. He is also a survivalist. In his apartment, he has enough freeze-dried food to last 10 years, along with cooking fuel and other equipment, and half a dozen legally obtained firearms. To most of us, this over-preparedness in anticipation for a post-apocalyptic scenario seems



silly, verging on absurd. However, the recent series of hurricanes battering the southern United States turned my past skepticism about survivalism into a new-found curiosity. Why do most of us feel like nothing bad is ever going to happen, and why are we so unprepared when it inevitably does?

Hurricane Harvey devastated much of the Caribbean and the Southern United States. Hundreds of thousands of homes and businesses were flooded, and at least 70 people died as a result. Estimates for the long-term economic impacts of this storm are already in the hundreds of billions of dollars. Only days later, Hurricane Irma began ripping its way through much of Barbuda, Saint Martin, Saint Barthélemy and the Virgin Islands. Puerto Rico was also badly hit. In Florida, 6.5 million residents, or two thirds of the entire state, are currently without electrical power at the time of this writing. The state of Georgia was also hit hard. The list could go on, and the damage has not been fully assessed; but there's no productive purpose in comparing which disaster was worse.

Inevitably, whenever catastrophic climatic events unfold, climate change activists come out of the woodwork, only to be challenged by climate change deniers. While most of the data suggests that climate change is indeed responsible for the ever-increasing quantity and magnitude of such events, we must also focus on improving our infrastructure, emergency services, and public awareness in order to tackle these issues as they unfold. This overall lack of preparedness is reminiscent of the North American ice storm that crippled Toronto in 2013. As we are forced to contend with such events,

something interesting happens. Our arrogance is shattered by the brutal indifference of the universe. This provides us with the opportunity to reflect on the fragility of life, and to appreciate what we have accomplished as a species. These disasters also offer us some insight into the best and worst examples of human behaviour.

On February 14th, 1990, the Voyager 1 space probe turned its camera around as it was leaving our solar system to take one last photograph of our planet at a distance of 6 billion kilometers. The now famous shot entitled *Pale Blue Dot* captured the Earth as a single pixel set amongst the vast backdrop of space. Renowned astronomer Carl Sagan reflected on the image, saying:

That's here. That's home.

That's us. On it, every human being who ever lived, lived out their lives. To my mind, there is perhaps no better demonstration of the folly of human conceits than this distant image of our tiny world. To me, it underscores our responsibility to deal more kindly and compassionately with one another and to preserve and cherish that pale blue dot, the only home we've ever known. (1994)

While "the great apocalypse" may not be imminent, we, as a species, might benefit from a change of perspective in the wake of recent natural events. We need to elevate our behaviour and discourse for the betterment of the planet we so often take for granted.

John Kemp's Kitchen: From Switzerland with Love

John Kemp
Contributor

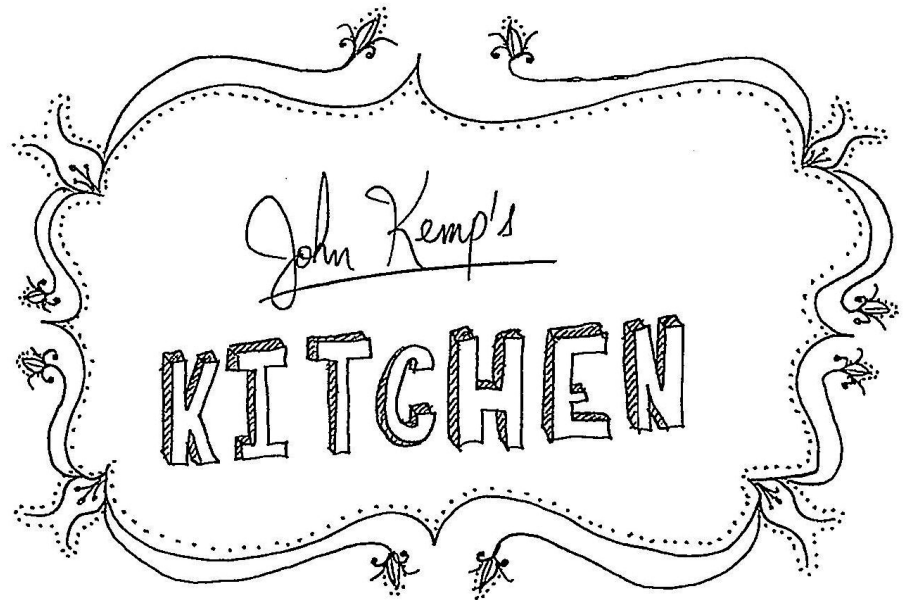
Welcome back to Glendon, everyone!

It is with some irony that I say this seeing as I am not returning to Glendon along with you this year. Instead, I am lucky enough to be on exchange in the beautiful city of Lausanne, Switzerland. Yes, that means I'll be spending the year in the land of expensive watches and fantastic skiing, and more importantly, delectable cheeses and decadent chocolates. Although this year's articles will be different in format from last year's (think: less recipes, more food journalism), I encourage you to take the experiences I will document to heart and continue to develop your culinary insights.

The first two weeks here have been no less than fabulous, if not surreal at times. I can't tell you how many times I've felt like I'm in a movie simply while walking down the street. Of course, the thing that has caught my attention the most has been the culture around food.

I was at a birthday party with a friend last weekend which took place at a quaint little villa overlooking the French Alps — which are directly across from Lausanne, on the other side of Lac Léman. What's more, when we walked through the front door, we were greeted with the scent of homemade apple tarts baking in the oven. You can imagine my pleasant surprise, being used to the typical North American parties where the most you'll get is the sound of chip bags opening and the caps of beer bottles being popped off. Don't get me wrong, there was plenty of beer and chips to go around here too, but what struck me was how normal it seemed to everyone to have *real* food on the tables as well. The guests also brought their own offerings — including homemade brownies and lemon cake made from scratch, as well as what I'll call caprese skewers which were made up of halved cherry tomatoes, bocconcini pearls, and a balsamic glaze.

Apparently being the only one astounded by all of this, it occurred to me that food is much more than a basic need in Europe, but something to be celebrated. Following this initial realisation, I continued to notice this trend. Fast food is incredibly unpopular here and almost everyone takes a two-hour lunch break - at which point all work comes to a halt, stores close, and ev-



everyone either goes home or goes out to eat a proper meal with friends, family, or colleagues. In Switzerland, eating isn't merely a chore or a box to check off on your daily to-do list; instead, it is much more akin to a ritual, and one which is central to people's lives for a multitude of reasons, extending beyond basic sustenance. It's about slowing down and taking a break; it's about savouring life just a little bit more each and every day; and it's something this Canadian could *definitely* get used to.

Until next time, Glendon. Bon appetit,

— John

Pro Tip: For all of John's previous recipes, follow him on Facebook at John Kemp's Kitchen or on Instagram @johnkempskitchen!

A Recipe for Upside Down Pizza Loaf

Janine Cash
Contributor

Ingredients:

2 tsp vegetable oil
1 lb lean ground turkey
½ cup chopped onion
½ cup + 1 tsp flour
1 cup tomato sauce
¼ tsp basil
¼ tsp fennel
¼ tsp oregano
3 ounces mozzarella cheese
1 egg
½ cup 2% milk
1 tbsp parmesan cheese
¼ chopped green/red pepper (Optional)

Directions:

In a heavy skillet, heat ½ tsp of oil, add the turkey and chopped onion. Crumble the meat with a wooden spoon. Cook, until onion is tender and clear and until the meat is no longer pink, stirring occasionally.

Sprinkle 1 tbsp of flour and stir quickly to combine; cook, stirring constantly for a minute or so.

Gradually stir in tomato sauce, basil, fennel, and oregano; bring to a boil. Reduce heat and cook, stirring frequently for a minute or so.

Preheat oven to 425°. Spray 9x5 loaf pan with non-stick cooking oil.

Transfer meat mixture to the loaf pan and add mozzarella cheese on top.

In a small mixing bowl, beat egg and add remaining ½ cup of flour and 1 ½ tsp of oil, along with the milk and continue mixing until smooth.

Pour batter over the turkey and sprinkle with parmesan cheese. Bake until loaf is puffed and golden, 25-30 minutes (depending on the strength of your oven).

Serve with salad or on its own. Makes great leftovers and keeps well in the fridge or freezer.

Enjoy!

Starting School Stress-Free: Counter-acting Procrastination with Time Management Methods

Kaya Harris-Read
Health & Wellness

It's safe to say that the greatest opponent to time management is procrastination. Whether it comes in the form of sleep, pets, or Netflix, procrastinating has a snowball effect which is all too familiar. As university students with years of procrastinating under our belts, we know that the more we procrastinate, the more vicious a cycle it becomes, inevitably resulting in coffee-fueled *nuit blanches* come academic crunch times. Now perhaps the one good thing about this age-old opposition is that it works the other way around too: good time management practices can override bad procrastination habits.

One of the best ways to banish your procrastination addiction is to develop a positive work routine. For many people, things get easier when they become a habit. For example, if you have a break between classes one day, and you commit to doing your readings for a class you have on another day during that break time each

week, it means those readings are going to get done every week and you won't fall behind. Personally, I would recommend printing out a copy of your class schedule and, after marking down other weekly engagements like work or club meetings, take the time to mark down specific blocks of times to dedicate to classwork.

Naturally, things aren't always that easy and it can get a lot more complicated in a hurry if you have a fluctuating work schedule or if the amount of homework you get on a week-to-week basis varies greatly. This is when keeping a weekly planner or calendar (either on your phone or in your hand, depending on your preference) to schedule things becomes really useful. If each week you plot when you're going to do your homework, although it doesn't have the advantage of being consistent and habitual, it still gives you a weekly plan to stick to.

This being said, if followed too rigidly, even these weekly plans can become disadvantageous. Say you plot an hour to start working on an essay, you could very easily spend the hour trying to get that all-important first sentence down - this precious time could be better spent on other assignments - this also gives the back of your head time to sort itself out and pop forward the perfect opening line when you do come back to that blinking cursor. Alternatively, if you're on a roll, don't stop

just because the hour is up, you'll lose your groove and it's not always easy to get back. Yes, there will be times when sticking to your scheduled time blocks will work to your advantage, but be sure to allow for flexibility in your scheduling.

Finally, when deciding on the amount of time you think something should or will take, as a rule of thumb, multiply that number by three. If it takes longer than you originally thought, well you already anticipated that in your scheduling, and if doesn't take that long, you have some free time to watch that latest episode of your favourite series, guilt-free!

Whichever tips or strategies you choose to use to make the year go smoothly, find your own way to make the process (somewhat) enjoyable. Whether you find fun stickers or different coloured pens to help yourself coordinate tasks, or if you come up with a system to reward yourself for jobs well done, make sure there's something to lighten this long tunnel we're going down; because when it goes dark, procrastination takes over and come exam time, you may just find yourself forgetting what daylight looks like.

Thoughts from One Anxious Person to Another

Elizabeth Bazavan
Contributor

I will not pretend to know what your anxiety is like. I will not pretend to be some know-it-all on the subject of mental health. I will not pretend to tell you what you need to do to defeat anxiety. I can never tell you what to do.

All I can do is understand.

I can understand that all anxiety is different. Everyone worries about different things and their worry manifests in different ways. Some would call it a phase, some might call it an illness, and some even refer to it as a gift. But what would I call 'anxiety?'

MY anxiety.

Me.

Someone who suffers from multiple anxiety disorders. Someone who has lived a privileged life; only to realize that past situations have altered my state of being. My past situations have given me the gift society calls 'anxiety.'

I have been given the fear of being afraid.

I would call it hard. I would call it challenging. Painful. Breathtaking... I would even call it 'beautiful.' Why you ask?

Because I care. I care so much that my lungs need help working. I care so much that the buzzing in my chest makes my body feel light - like I am floating. I feel so much that my stomach forgets to remind me to eat.

Because I feel. I feel like screaming but my lungs can't hold enough air. I feel like crying but my body can't hold enough tears. I feel the things some people wish they could feel.

I feel *alive*.

I feel like I'm dying.

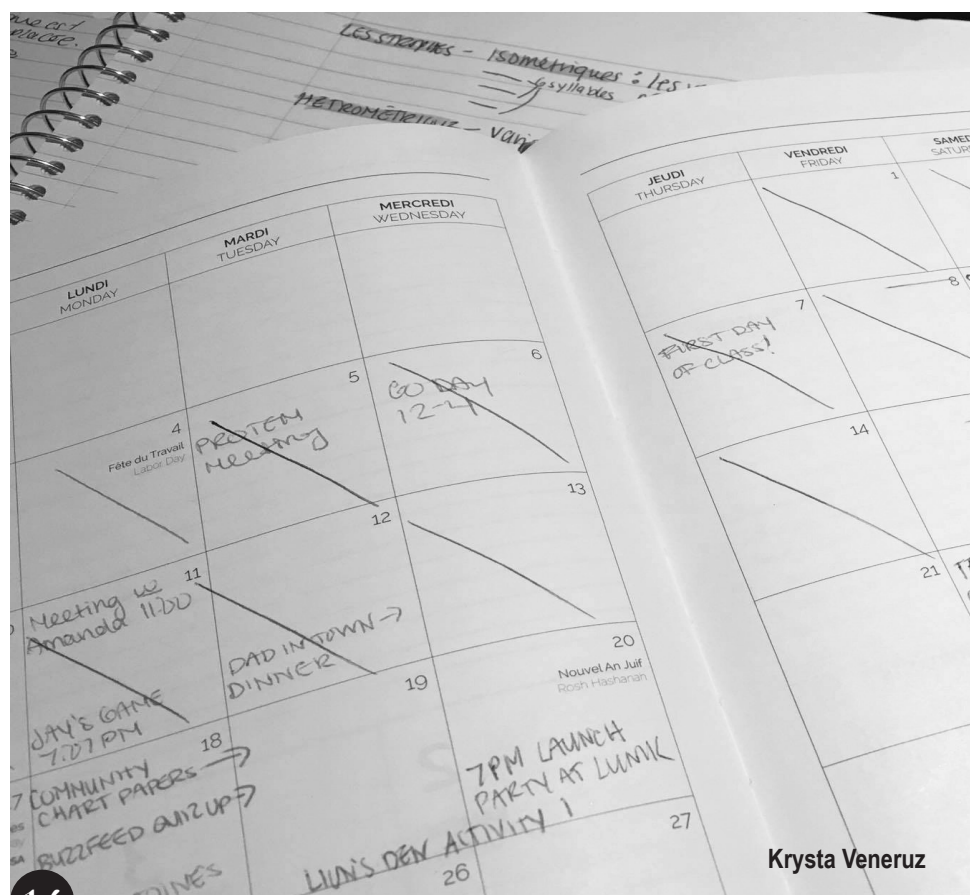
These feelings are different from anyone else's. My feelings do not dictate the symptoms of someone else's struggles. Whatever your struggles are, I can sympathize. I can understand. It's not easy to feel so much. To think too much. It's not easy just 'to be.'

One thing I can tell you is how proud you should be of yourself. You keep going. Through the pain; through the mess of thoughts; through this thing we call 'life.'

You are enough.

All you have to do is breathe.

Breathe.



Placidity

Melissa Paltanen
Contributor

The world was quiet when it snowed. Eugene had come to this conclusion after many days of walking home from the bus stop with his head down, as he watched his light-up sneakers glow bright red against the white frost that covered the grass. He had developed the habit of counting his strides in between the unevenly cut pavement — mainly because counting strides was part of his intrinsic nature, but it was also to pass the time and occupy his mind from the millions of snowflakes that barraged his cold, wind-bitten face. He mastered the time it took to reach the beginning of the catwalk before he heard the rumble and purr of the yellow bus behind him. Before he entered the narrow tunnel, he would inhale the acrid scent of gas that burned his throat and caused his eyes to water, as dozens of cars whizzed by like flies. Today, though, Eugene couldn't care less about the number of strides in-between the blocks on the sidewalk or whether or not he beat the bus to the mouth of the catwalk.

When his throat dried and itched

from the fumes, he thought to himself, "Good. That should stop the humming."

Eugene didn't understand why he counted strides or hummed. He also didn't understand why his small, barely noticeable head-twitches bothered so many of his classmates. He couldn't help it. It's not as though he meant to do it; not as if he wanted to purposely aggravate others. If he didn't hum, twitch, or count strides, an urge so strong would begin to expand from the pit of his stomach, like a balloon being filled with helium, and would grow so big that he felt like he was going to float up and away if he did not satisfy it.

Pop!

He'd hum.

The balloon would deflate back again and the blood that rushed to his head trickled back down into his veins. It provided Eugene with a temporary ecstasy, the feeling of relief that the balloon did not explode on its own. But soon, Eugene would keel over at the feeling of it swelling again. And again. And again. It was an endless cycle of blowing and popping. A vendless cycle that Eugene loathed.

Today, Eugene stormed into the catwalk, his sneakers' flashing red lights that bounced off the surface of crusted ice beneath his feet.

These were Eugene's indoor shoes; he usually wore his Spiderman boots his mom had given him last Christmas during the winter, but a kid at school had stolen them from his cubby. He had snickered, "Come and get 'em, Twitchy."

Unaccustomed to the lack of grip the shoes possessed, Eugene slipped on a particularly sheer patch of ice, his chin colliding onto the hard surface as a sharp pain shot up the sides of his jaw. The metallic taste of blood warmed his mouth as he cupped his chin with a trembling hand and heaved himself into a sitting position. He couldn't hold it in anymore. Tears gushed from his eyes and froze on the tender skin of his face as a wail surged from deep inside his chest. It echoed through the lifeless streets of the neighborhood. Eugene sat in the middle of the catwalk and wept for what seemed like hours. But not a soul heard.

Slowly but surely, the indignation that Eugene had tirelessly bottled up, day after day, began to dissipate. With each heavy sob, its strength would weaken; the energy flowing out of his body like a gentle river's current. Then, Eugene began to hum — a soft, rhythmic hum that had to be repeated two times. No more, no less.

At last —

A place Eugene could hum without the sneering glares of the other kids burning into his back. A sudden jerk of his head caught him off guard and caused the now-dull throbbing in his chin to reignite into a frenzy of needle-sharp stings.

Giddy with pain, Eugene giggled at the thought of how silly he must have looked right then: sitting in the middle of the walkway, alone, cupping his bloody chin with his left hand while he twitched and hummed and watched the red light from his sneakers glitter off the ice like a disco ball when he stomped his feet. Suddenly more aware, Eugene realized that the snow, once falling viciously, had calmed; as if it too had let out a storm of emotion that had been brewing inside.

All was quiet now. Although he could still see cars and trucks speeding by when he turned his head, their sounds were lost in the breathtaking silence of the snowfall. Eugene tilted his head towards the grey sky, allowing snowflakes to fall quietly onto his face; cooling his hot, sticky jaw.

He liked when it snowed like this. Eugene's world was quiet when it snowed.



Krysta Veneruz

The Hallway

Joshua Alcobendas
Contributor

If I said, "Hello",
Would you perhaps know
Of a way to justify my goal?
My mind does not align with the call of
my soul.

If I said, "Hello",
Something I should have done long
ago,
Would I be able to make you laugh?
Are you in fact, my other half?

If I said, "Hello",
Would you promise not to let go?
In my own cloud, I cannot see.
If I asked, would you walk beside
"me"?

Number One

MD Joseph
Contributor

Sin for sin.
Barter soul sold,
For sliver of sun
In sloped smile.

They do not hear
The looks between
The man in the moon and
Me. My reflection shouts.
Glass does not carry sound.

Stars on red carpets,
Glitz glints in scattered circles.
What's that in your eye?
Logs? Only specks of diamonds.
No brother to pry it loose.

Drift across — open-shut.
My heart is the cloud.
Endless bytes of secrets.
Time spins away, but
The wind refuses to dance.

Glendon

Salon Francophone!



Salle: YH B111

Lundi - Jeudi: 12h00- 18h00

Vendredi: 12h00- 15h00