

# Journal de Glendon

NOTRE VOIX NOTRE HISTOIRE

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**La prochaine date limite:**  
17 novembre



NOTRE VOIX  
NOTRE HISTOIRE



## The Fall of Raqqa: Understanding the Contemporary Middle East

Stephen Miles & Amanda Sears  
Contributors

On January 13, 2014, the Islamic State of Iraq and the Levant (ISIL) expropriated the Syrian city of Raqqa. The organization would maintain effective control of the city for a further two and a half years. This era was marked by numerous atrocities including ethnic cleansing, public executions, and torture of the civilian population belonging to this once influential city. This ISIL stronghold quickly became a priority target for opposing forces as the city provided numerous tactical, defensive and strategic advantages.

Raqqa was liberated on October 17, 2017 via a two-pronged offensive by the Syrian Democratic Forces (SDF) and the

elite US Navy SEALs special operations force from the Naval Special Warfare Command. Coalition forces also provided an immense and effective aerial bombardment of the city which contributed to the successful dismantling of ISIL control of Raqqa. The liberation of Raqqa could prove to be a decisive blow to ISIL, potentially symbolizing the end of an era of dominance for this notorious militant organization. This article seeks to assess the impact that this event will have in the ongoing conflict with the ISIL forces.

In recent months, there has been a substantive decrease in the territory controlled by the Islamic State in Iraq and Syria. Another decisive victory was the liberation of the Iraqi city of Mosul on July 9th, 2017. When combined with the fall of Raqqa, these defeats are particularly damaging for ISIL...

...as large cities provide resources such as financial assets, weapons and other logistical hardware needed to perpetuate a war effort. Having lost significant combat power during the fight in these cities, it appears that ISIL is unlikely to ever restore its influence in the immediate region and beyond levels not seen since 2014. It is reasonable to conclude that ISIL will now have greater difficulty exercising effective control in Syria since Raqqa was considered the de facto capital of this proto-state. However, there are a myriad of other factors that suggest that ISIL will still retain some capacity to engage in armed conflict for the foreseeable future.

The decentralized structure of this Islamic militant group makes it difficult to ascertain how damaging the loss of Raqqa will be for the organization.

(continued on page 11)



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## About Us

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## Safe Space, Freedom of Speech, and Hate Speech: The Tricky, Unholy Trinity

In the early hours of Sunday morning, two men in their mid-20s were fatally shot while walking through Chicago's Brighton Park neighbourhood. Over the weekend, 12 more people would be victims of a shooting spree happening in the city. Last week, Jordan Peterson, the alt-right poster boy for the University of Toronto, announced his plans to create an online database that identifies classes whose postmodern thought indoctrinates students with neo-Marxist content with the goal that parents and students will use this website to avoid said classes. Over the weekend, Warner Brothers studios suspended Andrew Kreisberg, the executive producer of television shows like Arrow and Supergirl, after an investigation was

opened into 19 sexual assault allegations surrounding the producer.

These are just some examples of the ailments hampering the general spirit and well-being of a society that is reforming in thought and expanding in consideration. These are few among many, but they serve their demonstrative purpose. We now live in a world that challenges policy, values compassion and social progress, and aims to undo entrenched values.

Universities, ours included, are epicentres of thought. This is where we question tolerance surrounding presumed norms, this is where we need to take what we believe in and put it to the test against reason, and this is where we have all the means to have a true understanding of what progresses and what inhibits our maturity and growth, at both

an individual and societal level.

Glendon, I urge you, do not let radicalism tinge how you perceive the fight to progress against those that aim to set us back. Ideas come and go, but the truth of the matter is that safety, security, and happiness are the most solid pillars upon which a society can stand. Stay objective and use common sense.

Until next time,

Bruno Da Costa  
Editor in Chief |  
Rédacteur en chef



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Envoyez-nous un courriel à [editor@protemglendon.com](mailto:editor@protemglendon.com) pour apprendre comment vous pouvez vous impliquer!



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## Underground Snapshot

### An Early Look at the York Subway Stop

Reia Tariq  
Campus Life

On October 25, if you had me as a friend on Snapchat, you would have seen me, some other students in PKIN 0750, as well as students from York, Centennial College, and George Brown take part in the Staged Emergency Disaster hosted by the TTC in preparation for the new subway extension opening on December 17!

Through a team effort of TTC staff; various first responders from the Toronto Fire Department, Toronto Police Service, the EMS; assorted community members; and nearly six hundred participants, the exercise ran from 6 A.M. until just a little after noon. For me and everyone else who

signed up from the PKIN course, we had to be there at 8 A.M. sharp, but weren't actually able to get into the subway until a little after 9 A.M.

And when we did finally go underground, after signing in and getting cue cards telling us our role, we all gasped at the splendor of the station—and let me be the first to say that it is absolutely gorgeous! There is a lot of natural light inside this incredible and sprawling station. If you have seen the videos posted online from various news outlets such as BlogTO, you know that the TTC has put in a lot of effort to not only have more stations built (after many years of delays and setbacks), but also to have them be aesthetically pleasing. I'm guessing quite a few people are going to be posting proud pictures when the

extension finally opens to brag about how pretty the Toronto subway is.

Going back to the exercise, it was quite short for us students. Much to my eternal chagrin, I missed the students dressed up in fake wounds and blood acting out as victims. In my emergency scenario, I was near the front of the subway car, which did have a small benefit in letting me be the first to leave. And let me tell you, I did get hit with quite a surge of adrenaline hopping off the ramp, onto the tracks, and then climbing up and out to the main concourse level. All in all, it was a pretty unique, once-in-a-lifetime opportunity that I got to take part in, and it did make for some pretty interesting stories. I hope you'll join me as I eagerly count down the days to the opening of York University Station!







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## Glendon Lion's Den: Student Testimonial

Hannah Kazemi  
Contributor

When I look back at my first day of university, all of the memories come flooding back: the anxiousness of making new friends to the confusion of finding my classes. Even though I had attended all of the pre-university activities, like March Break U and Jumpstart, I was still nervous about what the first day was going to entail. Luckily for me, the first day of university was one of my favorite memories. I made a lot of friends and knew that Glendon would be my second home.

That day was the first of many great memories and experiences that Glendon has to offer. One memory that stands out to me was the day that I decided to be a Peer Mentor! I became a peer mentor because I know from personal experience how hard the transition to university can be. For this reason, I wanted to help new Glendonites be aware of Glendon's resources and services, but most of all to be a supportive and approachable person that they can come to for assistance.



Hannah Kazemi



## Cs Get Degrees: A Challenge to Academic Apathy

Sarah Tadjana  
Chief of Operations

Last week, I received my first ever C on a heavily-weighted assignment. At this point, I realize most of you will be groaning and moving on, who wants to hear the goody-good complain about their 3.9 GPA not being a 4.0? I completely understand, and my point here is not to brag. What is my point, you ask? Well, to put it simply, I am noticing more and more that I belong to a dying breed of students who truly care about their education, throughout their education.

You see, when I received that C, I was devastated. And while I was sitting there, supremely disappointed with myself, a friend and classmate came over to check in on how I had done. I reluctantly showed her my paper and she responded in kind by proudly presenting me with her own big

red C. I forced a sheepish grin and laughed along as she recited the now-omnipresent adage, “Cs Get Degrees,” pretending like that made it all better. The reality was that I was still disappointed. I went home, read over the professor’s comments, and reviewed my notes for next time (lame, right?). My classmate, on the other hand, went to the movies with some of our other friends and, judging from their Snapchat stories around 1am, that led to the bar and several shots of Cuervo.

Now, let me qualify this by saying there is nothing wrong with going out and having fun—school night or not, we are in the prime of our lives and, hell, if we aren’t going to act like it! Indeed, Reddit and Facebook memes like to make it seem as though you can only choose between two of the crucial three: academics, a social life, and personal health. The truth is, if you find yourself having to choose only two, you just haven’t found the right balance that works for you. If social media is any proof, it would seem that we’re not trying half as hard on the former as we appear to be on the latter.

My question is why? We pay thousands of dollars a year to be here, yet we seem increasingly flippant in our regard for

academics. Hard work has become taboo, alongside consistent good grades and attendance. It isn’t ‘cool’ to go to class, let alone to be prepared and pay attention. But where has this attitude come from, and when did higher education become such a joke? Last I checked, the library was still full of fourth-years cramming to raise their ailing GPAs just high enough to get accepted into that fateful ‘next step’.

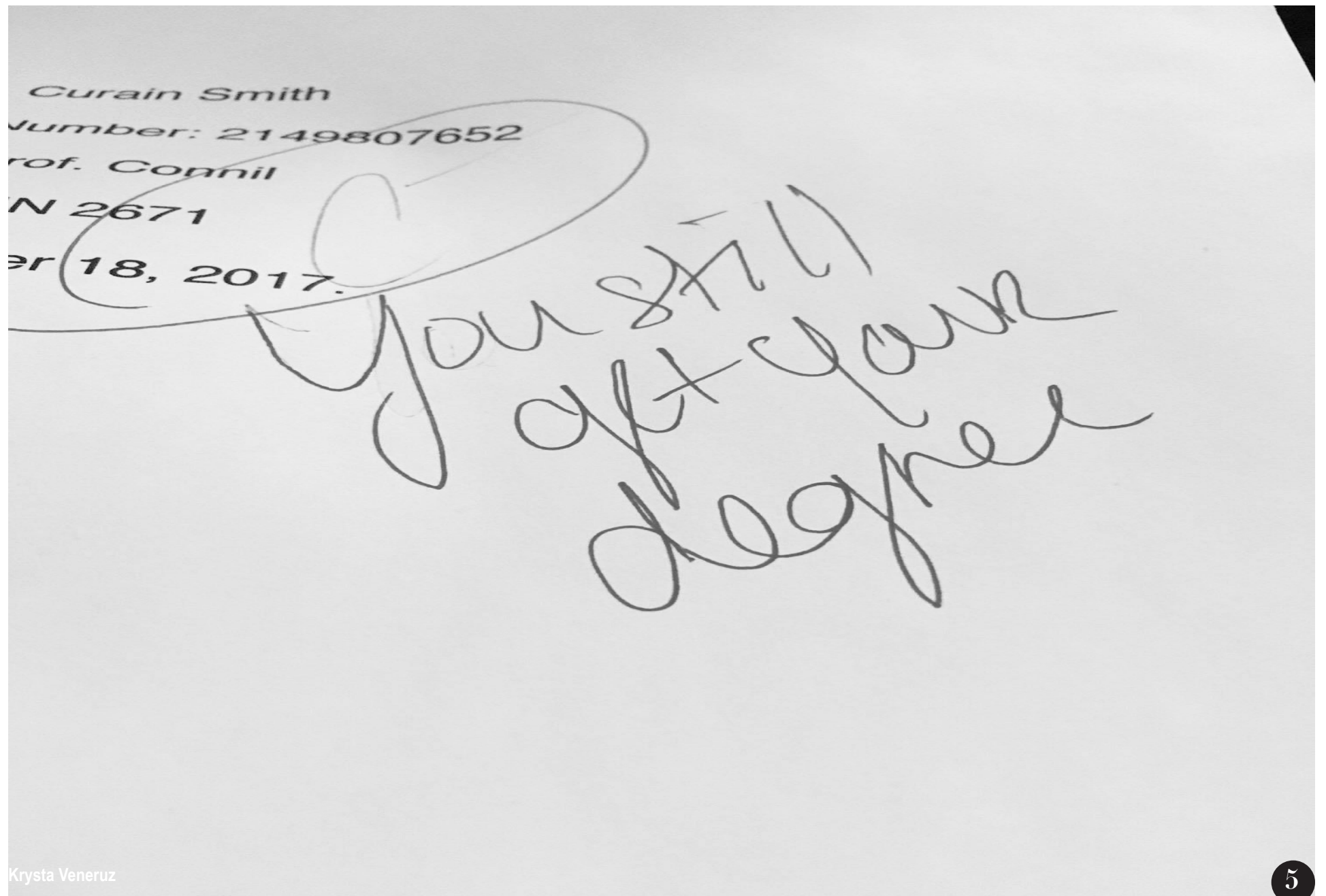
Indeed, fourth year would seem to be the only time when working hard becomes ‘the thing to do’. It was the same story in high school, and I see it playing out all around me now that I’m in my own fourth year. Now here’s some food for thought that won’t break the student budget: if you tune out for three years and scrape by with Cs and Ds, how do you expect to pump out straight As and Bs ‘when it actually counts’?

The way I see it, most students work hard in their final year solely because they see no other choice: they have to make something of themselves or else face the abyss. However, until that reality sinks in, it’s happy-go-lucky all the way to the bar. So I ask you, why wait? Why not work a little harder, or a little more consistently, throughout the year so you can reap

the rewards later?

For some, this message might be coming too little too late, but for those of you living it up in your first and second years: think twice about that third straight night of hitting the clubs and hit the books for a night instead. In the end, balance is the key and the sooner we learn how to manage work and play, the better suited we’ll be for life’s wake-up call that waits eagerly around the corner, ready to smack us square in the face with our C-worthy degrees.

All that said, Glendon, my challenge to you is to abandon this apathetic safety net mantra. Or at least to reconsider its truth, and instead say, “Bs Will Succeed.” It might not be as catchy, but it’ll be a heck of a lot more helpful when push comes to shove.



## Thoughts on Loving Vincent

Kaya Harris-Read  
Health and Wellness

I wouldn't say I grew up as an art enthusiast, I was encouraged in that direction by my art-enthusiastic family and all the galleries they have taken me to. Not that I complained, but it wouldn't have been my first choice for a Saturday afternoon activity. Nonetheless, it has helped me develop an appreciation for art, which, I think, is something that the more you know about, the more you can appreciate. It's like how jazz music became a lot more interesting to me when I discovered it's comprised mostly of improvisation. The same goes for visual art. Oil paintings become more impressive when you consider the science behind mixing the colours.

When I first heard about the film, *Loving Vincent*, I thought it seemed too good to be true. You can imagine my excitement when I found out that not only was it real, but it was also already playing in theatres. Naturally, I had to go see it. The film, as suggested by the title, honours the artwork of Vincent Van Gogh. Although this is not the title's context within the film, it works perfectly with a double meaning. The film is

evidently reverent to his art work. Throughout the movie, Van Gogh's paintings are worked into the scenes, including some of his most famous works such as *Starry Night Over the Rhône*, *Café Terrace at Night*, and *Starry Night*. Whether the scene was inspired directly from one of his paintings, or was extrapolated upon to add the actions of the characters and movement of the plot, it always stayed true to Van Gogh's brush stroke style and unique use of colour.

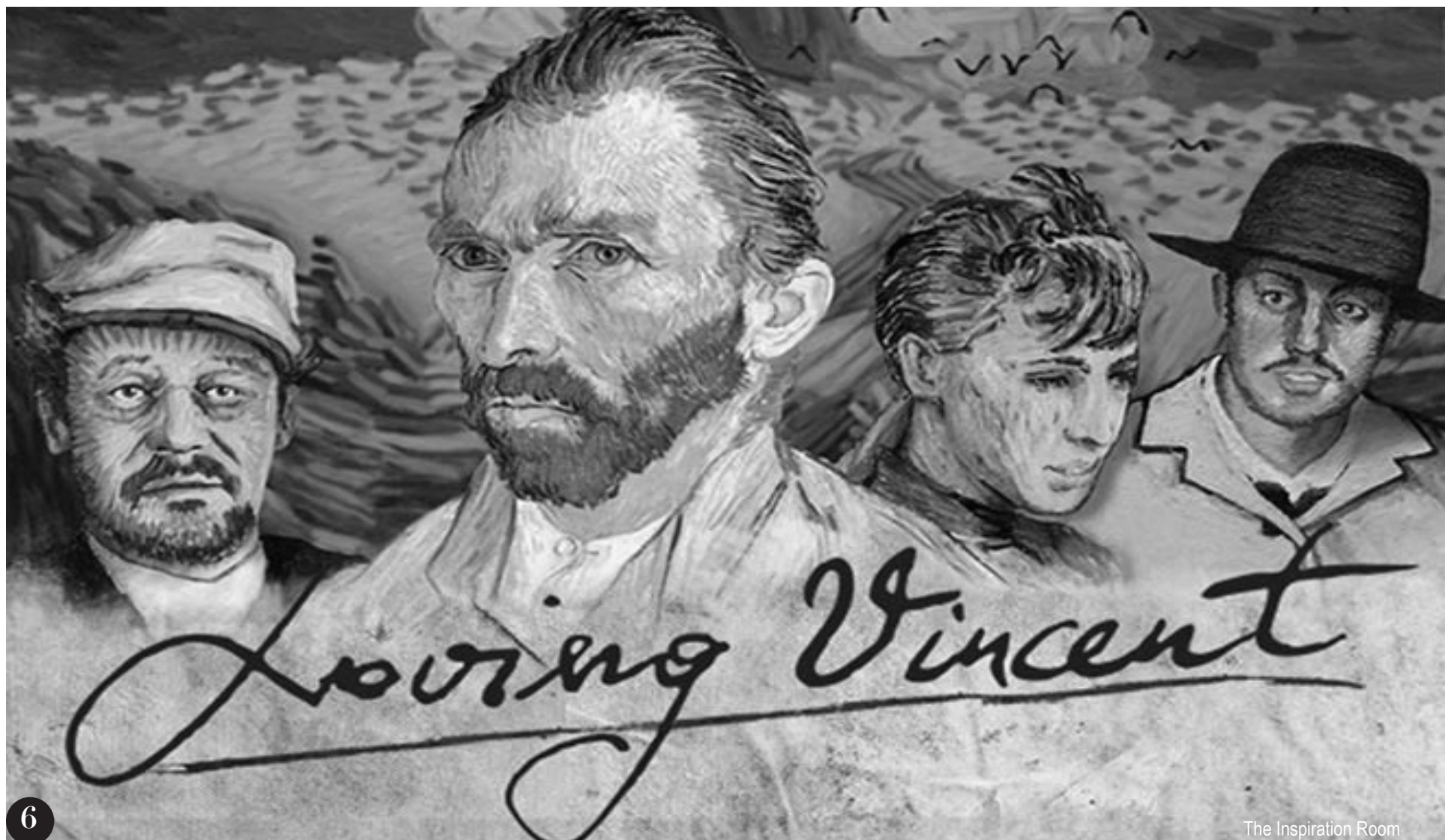
The film also impressed upon the viewer Van Gogh's talent as an artist. This was done in a subtle way. Rather than telling us, the movie showed us, breaking the fourth wall in a tasteful way. During the movie, the purpose of the dialogue was not to rhapsodize about Van Gogh's talent as an artist. The focus was placed on the mysteries surrounding the artist's death. The way they expressed his talent was by choosing to put the effort into making this movie. A group of artists would not have created 65,000 separate oil on canvas paintings based upon Van Gogh's originals had he not been a phenomenal artist. While the characters explore his life, his past, and his death, the film itself is telling us how amazing of an artist he was. The tragedy of the film is that although we can revere Van Gogh today, while he was alive he only ever sold one piece of work (having painted approximately 800 throughout his lifetime).

A common complaint about the

film is that the plot is very slow moving, and this is something that I would agree with. Had it been a live-action film, I would have found the pace of the movie a bit too slow and might have lost interest. That being said, since it's a film that is completely animated by oil on canvas, this puts it in a completely different boat. The plot is slowed down for the sake of enjoying the artistry. The transitions from scene to scene involve extraordinary flow of colour, and the field of vision moves slower to allow the audience the chance to take in and appreciate the artwork. Time is taken to highlight small details that one would not expect in a live-action movie because they aren't things that add to the plot. Steam rising from coffee, the reflection of stars on water. These are things that we are all familiar with in real life, but watching this movie gives us a new set of eyes. We are given the chance to see the world, interpret nature and colour, as Van Gogh himself.

In the end, for art to be successful, it has to leave you with something. Whether this is a feeling, a mood, or new ideas and thoughts, it needs to leave an impact. For me, the film did this in multiple ways. What made it most thought-provoking was how the conclusion was left slightly open-ended. Despite the melancholy that *Loving Vincent* evokes, there is also a feeling of closure, provided generously by the mirroring of the opening and closing scenes. By beginning and ending the film with the two *Starry*

Night paintings, the film gives the audience closure, even though the plot cannot quite say the same. In the end, I would definitely recommend this film. Even if action and fast moving plots are your preferred genre of movie, *Loving Vincent* is worth the watch, simply because it is an incredible piece of artistry, and easily the most unique film I've seen.







Krysta Veneruz

## Make Your Thursday Nights Better Than Average: TO's Best Craft Beer Houses

Krysta Veneruz  
Photographer

I think it's safe to say that after your first few years of undergrad, you end up looking for something slightly more relaxing to do after classes and after work to catch up with friends. After spending a summer on the Explore program, and the majority of my "outside-of-Toronto-time" in Northern Ontario, I've developed a keen liking for a solid brew with even better company. I think it's important, though, to choose your spot wisely as every brew house has its specialties. Of course, we all know that in Toronto, a vibe can make or break your evening, so here are some of my favourite spots to grab a cold one with the boys.

Brewhaha  
39 Prince Arthur Avenue

As the name might suggest, this place is a super fun, hole-in-the-wall find. They have an extensive selection of Ontario Craft bottles and cans as well as a pretty varied draught lineup. Their cans consist of mostly ale and their draughts are all lager. They

have an awesome playlist to compliment your evening and boast an eclectic food menu; spiced edamame to share and cilantro burgers if you need some snacks. They also have a new beer sample special each week.

My Recommendation: 8th Sin Black Lager

Belsize Public House  
535 Mt Pleasant Road

A great uptown location means it's perfect for our Glendon friends! This spot has a wicked classic and indie rock playlist, as well as a real "Northern Canadian" type of vibe with canoe route maps and lake photography décor. They keep the same menu for on tap, but rotate a seasonal selection. Their October seasonal consisted of a pumpkin ale as well as a lavender and rosemary amber ale. Their unique selections make this place a great go-to if variety is what you're looking for. They also have an absolutely awesome brunch if a boozy 11am is part of your agenda.

My Recommendation: Great Lake's Brewery Pumpkin Ale

Bellwoods Brewery  
124 Ossington Avenue OR  
20 Hafis Road

Already trendy just because it's located in Trinity Bellwoods, this joint is extremely popular in summer because of its massive patio. They do all of their brewing in house, and they also have rotating taps. Their food menu is slightly lacking, but their "smoothie" beers make up for everything. Brewed with lactose, they're creamy and fruity and perfect for your non-beer drinking girlfriend who's still complaining that you aren't bringing her to Warehouse for sour keys. Bellwoods also has a bottle shop in two separate locations if you're looking to take anything home. The Ossington location is fantastic if you're looking to bar hop as well.

My Recommendation: Fruit Helmet Pale Ale (with lactose!)

Batch  
75 Victoria Street

Batch is a sweet place if you're looking for a little more entertainment since they have some billiards, table tennis, and foosball ta-

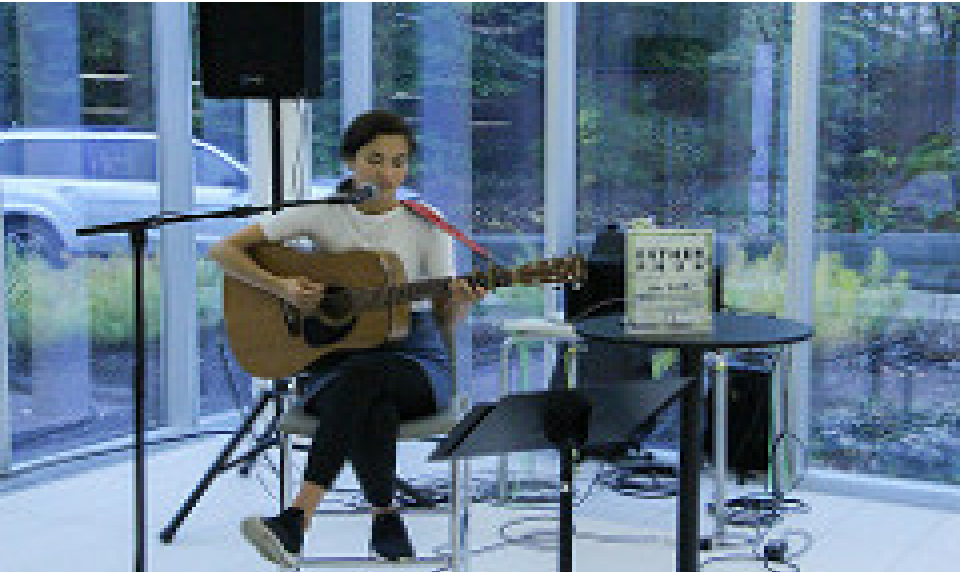
bles. A really nice touch is that they feature Ontario producer products such as teas, honey, jams, and oils to take home after you've readily sampled them with one of their charcuterie boards. Batch is based in Creemore, so all of their beers are brewed there in small batches for ultimate flavour. All of their brews are incredibly unique, which makes for a fun drinking experience. They also have a bottle shop, as well as a decent selection available at certain LCBO locations.

My Recommendation: Smoked Maple Marzan













## November Events in Toronto: What Not to Miss This Month

#FNLROM: Mic Drop - Celebrating Local Hip-Hop  
November 17 @ 7pm  
Royal Ontario Museum

Professional Development Conference  
November 18 @ 9am  
Accolade West Building - Keele Campus

REALization: Youth Convention presented by Skillsphere  
November 18, 9am-4pm  
YWCA Toronto, 87 Elm Street

Close Encounters... in Paris  
An Afternoon Concert Series featuring French Composers  
November 18  
Temerty Theatre at the TELUS Centre

Anishinaabeg: Art & Power  
Through until November 19  
Royal Ontario Museum

Santa Claus Parade  
November 19 @ 12:30pm  
Starts at Christie Pits Park

Toronto Cheesecake Factory Opens  
November 21  
Yorkdale Mall

The Notables: Awards Ceremony Celebrating Young Professionals  
November 22  
Evergreen Brickworks

#FNLROM: Chic - Celebrating Christian Dior  
November 24 @ 7pm  
Royal Ontario Museum

Waves and Whiskey - Part of the Splash! Prohibition Series  
November 24, 8pm-12am (19+)  
Ripley's Aquarium

Gentleman's Expo (AKA "The Bro Show")  
November 24-25  
Metro Toronto Convention Centre

Cavalcade of Lights  
November 25  
Nathan Phillips Square

Cirque du Soleil's Volta  
Dates through until November 26  
The Portlands

Toronto Chocolate Festival  
Through until Nov. 30  
Various locations across Toronto

Migrating the Margins: Art Exhibition  
Through until December 3  
Art Gallery of York University (AGYU)

The Edge of the Earth: Climate Change in Photography & Video  
Through until December 4  
Ryerson Image Centre (33 Gould St.)

Toronto Christmas Market  
Through until December 23  
The Distillery District

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

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

Sarah Tadjana  
Chief of Operations

REBEL  
11 Polson Street

Formerly—maybe even infamously—known as the Sound Academy, Rebel underwent a massive renovation in early 2016, to the tune of 10 million dollars. This transformed the space notorious for its awful sightlines and horrible sound system into a 7500 sq. ft. high-tech sound oasis. Now if only they could have used some of that cash flow to relocate this venue somewhere a little less sketchy and out of the way, and maybe hire someone to come up with a better, more descriptive name than 'Rebel'.

Acoustics-wise, this place is designed to be cranked up to 11. Popular with pop and hip-hop artists, Rebel is also a sweet venue for a heavy rock or metal show. I saw Coheed and Cambria there last Fall, and it's not hard to make those guys sound spectacular, but the Rebel techs did a solid job working with their range in such a large space. It also helps that the expensive renovation worked wonders on their sound and lighting equipment, which is now top-of-the-line, and it shows. That said, while the overall sightlines have definitely improved from the Sound Academy days, the main floor is still completely flat. If you get there late and you're not 6ft tall, be prepared to fight your way to the front if you want to see.

Finally, while their website might boast that they put on an "unrivaled concert experience", I would argue that there is a whole lot more that goes into the 'experience' part which falls pathetically short at Rebel. Here are my top three reasons for why Rebel doesn't live up to its lofty claims:

1. Drinks are ridiculously expensive for what they are: I'm talkin' \$8.50 for a 1oz mixed drink in a plastic cup, \$9.25 for a regular sized can of MGD (not even a tall boy!) and upwards of \$11 for Stella, Heineken or anything of the like that's imported.

2. The staff and security are notoriously rude and abrasive. My personal peeve with security was that after the lights came up, they gave the crowd of 2000+ people all of five minutes to file out of the venue before they started making their rounds and screaming at us to get moving—we even had to justify a stop at the merch table on our way out to the beefy security guy who was stalking us out the door!

3. It's a nightmare to get home! Quite possibly the worst venue location in the city. Rebel is waterfront, sure, but it's also in the middle of the Portlands, with the only way in or out being one long road lined with factories, studios, and parking lots—can you say sketchy?! If you drive, don't get sucked in by the call of abundant parking, it only makes getting out worse—and they're gonna charge you \$20. If you don't drive, don't be fooled by Rebel's "complimentary shuttle service"—it's only offered on #Revolution Saturdays when the space is used as a "premier" nightclub. If you're going to see a live show, good luck getting home 'cause you're on your own! My suggestion would be to schedule an Uber and hightail it out before the masses so you don't waste an hour of your life trying to get back to civilization.

My Rating: 2 out of 5. On the whole, you can bet on Rebel to put on a solid show if your favourite artist is playing, but I wouldn't suggest going (literally) out of your way to see a show here if you're not 100% sold on the performer because everything other than the acoustics are decidedly not worth the hassle.

Stay in the Loop!  
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Website: [www.rebeltoronto.com](http://www.rebeltoronto.com)







## Imperial Pub Cheers à Toronto

Fernando Luna  
Contributeur

Le Imperial Pub se trouve au en plein milieu de Toronto en face de l'Université Ryerson. Il se trouve à quelques pas à l'Est de Yonge et Dundas. Ce bar offre deux étages à explorer, mais le deuxième étage est celui qui mérite d'être visité. Lorsque vous montez les escaliers de l'Imperial, votre réaction sera inattendue. L'ambiance est un peu miteuse mais néanmoins très aimable. La décoration du bar donne l'impression qu'elle fait partie du set d'une épisode de Cheers; elle est composée d'une table de billard, quelques jukebox, plusieurs tables qui offrent la possibilité d'accueillir des groupes de personnes, deux paires de canapés. Enfin, la salle entière est entourée d'une bibliothèque de livres de genres variés. En général, il faut être bien bourré pour les comprendre.

Le Pub Imperial est un endroit idéal pour amener des amis ou pour tenir un rendez-vous avec une personne qui vous intéresse. La nourriture est celle d'un bar typique; il n'y a rien de vert au menu, mais cette nourriture laisse tout de même une touche de satisfaction. Tant qu'au menu d'alcool, personnellement, je le connais plutôt du côté des bières. Celles-ci sont pareilles à celles qui sont bues quotidiennement, lorsqu'on ne sait plus quoi

faire dans la vie, lorsque tout va mal, et quand le système éducatif n'arrête pas de nous décevoir avec ses fautes administratives.

Le Imperial Pub offre aussi des cocktails, des spirits et d'autre boissons classiques. Les prix sur le menu d'alcool sont raisonnables. Vous pouvez donc prendre un verre sans dépenser beaucoup d'argent, mais je vous avertis qu'il est peu probable de sortir d'un tel établissement ayant bu un seul verre. On ne va pas à ce genre de bar pour des boissons exceptionnellement spéciales, mais pour une expérience de pub traditionnel. Votre soirée au Imperial sera inoubliable, surtout si vous allez avec une personne que vous tenez à coeur, ou simplement un ami qui a une capacité incroyable pour boires des pichets. Les conversations resteront sans doute gravées dans votre mémoire, et la gueule de bois du lendemain ne s'oubliera pas facilement non plus!

## The Fall of Raqqa (continued from cover)

There are numerous ISIL cells capable of operating independently without centralized leadership, which suggests that conflict will continue to occur to some degree. Additionally, ISIL control over territory in both Syria and Iraq allows for the unimpeded movement of combatants across international borders. While opposing forces are combating ISIL in both countries, it may be difficult to coordinate attacks that will prevent forces from travelling freely between Syria and Iraq. This could potentially allow hostilities in both countries to remain unabated.

Dr. Jacob Shapiro of Princeton University has been following the development of ISIL for several years and recently offered his insights during an interview with the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs. Shapiro posits that major cities in Iraq will see an increase in attacks by the militant group. "In order to keep its remaining personnel motivated," he explains, "the group needs to remain active." Shapiro proceeds to describe what he referred to as "episodic terrorist attacks" being the response used by ISIL during former military defeats. Shapiro's position allows us to infer that ISIL will not be able to gain territory as it did in 2014, but will most

likely continue to be a persistent threat in the region until the organization can be permanently dismantled.

With respect to the city of Raqqa, there are several points of interest and concern. Prior to ISIL occupation, Raqqa was a flourishing metropolis with a population of approximately 300,000 people. Today, less than 1% of these individuals still reside within the confines of the city, and it is uncertain if any of these refugees will be returning to Raqqa as the majority of the city has been completely destroyed during combat. While ISIL may be a diminishing threat on a global scale, the ideology lives on, and the organization still has the capabilities to displace thousands of people and destroy some of the most important historical cities in the Levant.



## A Place to Put My Hat: Opening the Door on Hidden Homelessness in the GTA

Reia Tariq  
Campus Life

When it comes to the issue of homelessness, and more specifically the contemporary topic of hidden homelessness, not much light is shed on it. This in turn leads to more confusion and misunderstanding regarding this sensitive and pressing societal issue.

Also known as the “provisionally accommodated,” which in itself is one of the three main categories the homeless are put in (the other two being unsheltered and emergency sheltered), they are, according to the Canadian Observatory on Homelessness, “people who access accommodation with no prospect of permanent housing, and are therefore still technically homeless with no permanent shelter.” This, in turn, begets the question: is the term “couchsurfing” analogous to hidden homelessness? The answer is multifaceted: the ‘yes’ emanating from the lack of permanent housing for the

individual/group experiencing homelessness and is forced to spend time with either family, friends, or complete strangers. The ‘no’ is indicative of a lack of choice. Couchsurfing seems to involve willingly signing up and crashing on a stranger’s couch, usually while traveling, or when rent can’t be paid on time. This is generally a short-term endeavor, but for the hidden homeless, it can last years.

What makes hidden homelessness so tricky to qualify (to understand the sheer number of individuals who have either gone through a period of homelessness or are still provisionally accommodated) is because of how hidden they truly are. These folks don’t fall into common stereotypes of homelessness. The incredibly tragic case of Rohinie Bisesar is a formidable example of this dilemma: despite drowning in debt and constantly couchsurfing, this case doesn’t automatically spring to most people’s minds when they hear the terms “mentally ill” or “homeless.” The hidden homeless use support systems and services that help them survive, even though they themselves are experiencing a lack of safe and long-term housing. This in turn continues to perpetuate the cycle of hidden homelessness while being left out of statistics measuring traditional homelessness.

According to Stats Canada from a study published in 2016, nearly one in ten Canadians have experienced hidden homelessness. These statistics were then categorized by gender (8% of males in con-

trast to 7% of females) and ethnicity (those with Aboriginal ancestry or background reporting that they experienced hidden homelessness at a staggering 18%, in contrast to those of non-Aboriginal descent at 8%). But these statistics don’t offer an answer to the how and why of hidden homelessness. How did they reach this level of poverty and dependence, and why was there no intervention beforehand? Personally, I’m a firm believer in more resources and management to combat and address societal ills before they reach that breaking/tipping point.

Abused children, the disabled, recent immigrants, and victims of crime are all candidates for hidden homelessness. People are often swept under the proverbial rug, and become incapable of accessing adequate housing, employment, education, and healthcare. Shockingly, students are also quite vulnerable to the perils of hidden homelessness. Think of how many people you know who seem to live at university? In quite a few cases, they actually do, using amenities provided by their institution and taking on many low-paying, irregular jobs to make enough to feed and clothe themselves, but not enough to have a permanent address in order to uphold a facade amidst their peers. It’s a heartbreaking reality for many, and one that we should tackle. We need to understand what might drive someone away from their home, if a place that makes you feel unsafe and unwelcome could ever be called that.

## Where is my Safe Space?

Kateryna Zagorulko  
Contributor

York University, like many other post-secondary institutions, works to promote a diverse and inclusive environment for students to safely learn and grow. However, in our pursuit for environments free from stigma and aggressions, we often don’t realize the insidious byproduct that manifests itself in the process. When these “safe spaces” are developed, we must ask ourselves: who are they made to protect? Indeed, these areas are places in which students are safe from homophobic, transphobic, islamophobic, fat-phobic, and a plethora of other “phobic” language that could potentially cause students emotional distress. The issue here is that this blanket-protection against what some deem as “problematic” speech, or even “hate speech”, has begun to smother intellectual

debate. It is becoming increasingly hard to express one’s opinion without the accusation of being something-phobic or violating another student’s emotional safety.

The lines between the individual and their ideology are being muddled in our predominantly left-leaning, “progressive,” university campuses. All too often, students are finding themselves in situations where their abstract, intellectual discussions about complex and sometimes uncomfortable topics are being perceived as a personal attack of the other student’s pseudo-intellectual beliefs. In other words, a critique or contradiction of one’s intellectual opinions is now seen as an attack on their fundamental being. This sets a dangerous precedent that encourages a small group of outspoken, dogmatic students to silence dissent and penalize students who may share intellectual opinions that are perceived as unacceptable.

Those in charge of running our universities, the faculty and administration, seem to do little to protect the rights of their students with conservative opinions that go against the current norm—either because they too fear the repercussions of eliciting the unholy rage of these hyper-sensitive

and unwarrantedly righteous groups, or they are colluding with and failing miserably to hide their unfair bias for their leftist comrades.

Universities were founded on the basis of intellectual exploration. They are meant to push the boundaries of what we perceive to be true, ask hard questions about why we believe what we believe, and encourage us to strive to reach a more profound understanding of the world we live in. And yet, these values and principles seem to be put on the backseat in favour of a system in which students are expected to police their language in accordance of the current politically-correct rhetoric.

If one does not agree with another’s opinion, it is much more constructive to discredit them through debate rather than assassinating their character with toxic and unfounded labels such as “racist” or “bigot.” One should destroy the other’s arguments with more thought-out and intellectually-sound arguments of their own. Attack the idea, not the person. It is only in this way that we preserve the principles of intellectual freedom by which our university systems were founded upon. Safe spaces can indeed be useful tools that allow students

to speak their mind without social repercussions. But that is only if they are made to protect the intellectual expression of all students, rather than the personal comfort of some. If you have disagreed with anything I have written in this piece, let’s forgo the name-calling and have a real discussion instead.



## John Kemp's Kitchen: Grandma's Mac 'n' Cheese

So, it has just hit me that it's November, which is not only shocking because of the bounty of Christmas décor in the stores, but also because it means I've been here for over two months! In that time, I've travelled to cities within Switzerland, to Scotland, to Norway, and I may have a potential Croatia trip in December. However, even with all the incredible experiences I've been having here in Europe, there really is no place like home, and what better way to remember it by than food? That's why, in this issue, I'll be sharing my Grandma's Mac 'n' Cheese recipe, a simple recipe that always brings me home.

My Grandmother grew up during the Great Depression, a period of incredible world-wide economic downturn causing millions of men and women to lose their jobs, resulting in widespread poverty across even the wealthiest nations. However, out of this suffering came some rather quirky but unforgettable gems in the world of food such as bread and butter pickles (this term coming from the cost-effective pickle sandwiches that were comprised of pickles, bread, and butter), milk toast (literally warm milk and toast with a little sugar), and my Grandma's Mac 'n' Cheese. Let's get to the recipe.

### Grandma's Mac 'n' Cheese

Yield: One 2-litre casserole of macaroni and cheese

Start to finish: about 1 hour

### Ingredients:

A standard wooden spoon of all-purpose flour  
1 tbsp. butter, plus extra to line casserole dish  
2 cups shredded cheddar cheese  
½ - 1 cup milk  
Freshly ground black pepper and salt to taste  
2 - 2 ½ cups elbow macaroni (uncooked)  
½ - ¾ cup Cornflakes, lightly crushed  
2 tbsp. butter, melted

### Method:

1. Boil the macaroni as per package instructions until al-dente. It is imperative that you do not overcook the macaroni as it will cook further in the oven later.
2. Set the oven to 350° F.
3. Meanwhile, in a medium saucepan with a heavy bottom, or a bain-marie, if you prefer, combine the flour and butter over medium heat. When a homogenous mixture is formed, add the cheese and milk. Continue to cook over medium heat, stirring constantly until all the ingredients have formed a creamy sauce. Add salt and pepper to taste.
4. Remove the sauce from the heat and add to the strained macaroni in the pot you cooked it in. Mix well until all of the pasta is coated with the sauce.
5. Butter the inside of a 2-litre ceramic or glass casserole dish. Pour in the macaroni and spread evenly in the dish. Set aside.
6. In a small bowl, combine the cornflakes and melted butter. Mix well until all the cornflakes are coated with the butter. Spread evenly across the top of the macaroni, making sure to spread from edge to edge.
7. Bake at 350° F for about half an hour to 45 minutes, or until the cornflakes have become crispy and just slightly browned.

Enjoy!

— John





## How to be Successful at the Gym

Emily Slonowski  
Contributor

As someone who played many different sports throughout high school, I was obligated to go to practice where I would get my daily dose of exercise. Now, as a second-year university student, I find myself slacking off by not getting a good amount of physical activity and not eating as healthy as I should be. After I completed first year, the toll of not participating in sports and going to the gym was noticeable on my body. Freshman Fifteen was becoming

more of a reality than simply a myth of first year. When I walked out of my last exam of first year, I made the decision to get a gym membership in my hometown of Mississauga, and this is how I found the key to being successful at the gym!

Choosing a gym that is close to where you live is essential so it doesn't seem like a mission to go. A close gym also helps motivate you to actually go because you can't use the excuse that it's too far, since it is within walking distance. My gym was on my way home from work, which was great because I could stop there on my way home, and if I tried to talk myself out of going, it was right there to taunt me.

After choosing an appropriate gym, pick a time of day that works best for you to go. Picking a scheduled time to go to the gym helps to keep your workouts consistent, as you can plan other events

around this time. Life gets busy and this past summer I found that scheduling my gym time made it easier for me to balance work, chores, and a social life.

Speaking of friends, find a workout buddy! Not just anyone will do, you need someone who has similar goals and has a motivating personality. I found having a workout buddy helped me get my butt to the gym, and if I wanted to skip the gym to go home and watch Netflix, what stopped me was the fact that I would be ditching her. She and I had a daily meeting time. To keep us even more motivated, we created a fitness account (@blondestakefitness) and kept it updated.

The final lesson that I learned this past summer was to find a workout plan that works for you, your body, and your goals. My workout buddy and I followed a pattern of push, pull, legs, off. We got this

idea from my boyfriend and our friend, who are 'wannabe bodybuilders'. They helped with our goal-setting by giving us tips and tricks on how to properly work out. This leads me to my final piece of advice: don't be afraid to ask for help. Be it from a personal trainer, a friend, or a family member, if you don't know where to start or how to begin, speak to someone who does.

Going to the gym can be fun if you set goals, find someone to go with, and motivate yourself. You won't see it as a chore, and you'll eventually want to go, rather than just drag yourself there. Don't forget, your form is more important than the amount that you're lifting. It doesn't have to be scary. Take it one step at a time, be safe, listen to your body, and be patient. Most importantly, have fun!

## Le rétablissement en santé mentale: pas seulement une question de pilules

Par Kharoll-Ann Souffrant, t.s. et étudiante à la maîtrise en travail social, Université McGill; Visage de la maladie mentale 2017 pour ACMMSM

Au cours des dernières années, il y a un intérêt croissant pour la prise de parole publique quant à la question de la santé mentale et de la maladie mentale. Des initiatives telles que Bell Cause pour la cause, la Semaine de sensibilisation aux maladies mentales ou encore la campagne des Visages de la maladie mentale lancée par Alliance canadienne pour la maladie mentale et la santé mentale en sont des exemples. Ces initiatives, à la fois saluées et critiquées, donnent lieu à des prises de position dans les médias et sur les réseaux sociaux, abordant des enjeux tels que l'accès à la psychothérapie, les listes d'attente dans le réseau public ou encore la prise de médication.

En tant que travailleuse sociale et personne en rétablissement d'un trouble de santé mentale depuis près de sept ans, je ne peux que me réjouir de constater que petit à petit, la maladie mentale et la santé mentale deviennent des sujets moins tabous. Néanmoins, je suis de ceux et celles qui avancent qu'il faut élargir notre compréhension de ce que signifie le rétablissement en santé mentale

ainsi que des moyens mis à notre disposition pour l'atteindre.

À l'heure actuelle, la prise en charge des individus vivant avec des problèmes de santé mentale repose sur un modèle hospitalo-centriste et biomédical (RRASMQ, 2017). Pourtant, bon nombre de chercheurs et d'organisations ont insisté sur l'impact des déterminants sociaux de la santé tant dans le traitement que la prévention des troubles de santé mentale (OTSTCFQ, 2013). Des éléments tels que "le chômage et la sécurité d'emploi, l'emploi et les conditions de travail, le filet de sécurité sociale, l'insécurité alimentaire, la petite enfance, le revenu et la répartition du revenu, le sexe, l'exclusion sociale, le handicap, les conditions de logement, la race, l'accès aux services de santé ou encore le statut d'autochtone" ainsi que le « réseau familial et social et le soutien communautaire » sont autant importants à prendre en compte pour analyser et intervenir auprès d'individus vivant de la détresse ou ayant un diagnostic en santé mentale (OTSTCFQ, 2013).

Ainsi, le rétablissement en santé mentale est influencé par des forces qui dépassent le simple individu et la notion d'une défaillance strictement personnelle. Les troubles de santé mentale seraient, en partie, le symptôme de dynamiques sociales, politiques et économiques que l'on ne peut occulter entièrement de la conversation.

En somme, sans écarter les explications médicales, il est impératif de miser sur des approches et des interventions holistiques qui observent les individus et leurs difficultés singulières dans toute leur complexité. Le rétablissement en santé mentale est un processus continu et non une finalité en soi. Il est atteignable en travaillant sur les liens qui existent entre la personne et son environnement.



ALLIANCE CANADIENNE  
POUR LA MALADIE MENTALE  
ET LA SANTÉ MENTALE



## OGBA

### A Product of Homesickness

'Mikun 'Molade  
Contributor

Home is ringed by four stretches native to a malevolent heat of which neither touches the other as most borders do. Celestial Church Street is a lady hidden from view, draped in muted colors except for her crowning jewel, an ivory tower in royal purple and metallic grey. She is wise and knowledgeable, the cradle in which Agidingbi's schools and churches find their being. She is perhaps most beautiful in the warm embrace of the daily sunset that rings her in a halo of vivid purples, pinks and golden yellows. Her perfume is the musty sweat of boys playing ball – slick and sweaty members of the youthful male specimen moving in an almost magical synchronicity – in the ruffles of her gown, laced with odorous smoke from the neighboring burning refuse heap and the sweet spicy cooking from the nearby buka. She needs this perfume to cloud the stench of a few open latrines and gutters around her feet, in every shade of

green blending into one malodorous cesspool that stubbornly clogs the nostrils of her visitors on their way in, and out. Her voice is the blended cries of students and their teachers during the day interspersed with the occasional clang of the bell, the slip slap of running feet on her roads by the eve and the steady whine of generators when the night comes to end the day. During the more festive periods and on Sundays, her tone turns celebratory. The Celestial Church for which she has her name throws away the hush of the evening and replaces it with the sounds of drum and loud riotous singing, the students in the nearby hostel join in, dancing.

Acme road is her nearest suitor, a man in suit on his way to work. His shoes are yellow and a bit worn, the coughing tricycles commonly referred to as, Keke-Napep. They sing too, varying tunes of 'gege a gege' and 'fagba fagba', declaring to all their chosen routes and asking for passengers, their drivers' voices a supplicatory melody. In the early hours of morning, however, all is calm and clear and that is when he is most open and honest. Businessmen, teachers, bankers and even the occasional church administrator or two, hasten to open their businesses and buildings, their eyes greeting in the twilight before dawn. They know the rules, for now they are just men and women, but with the rising of the sun

they must become their roles, charismatic and purposeful. Acme's suit is rough, sewn with patches that blend into each other; motorists take time and care to tread the tar. When the wind comes – as it is prone to do – on its back rides the smells from the food processing plant down the street and the scent of chocolate permeates the air, sweet and cloying.

Ogba Market is his sister. She squats and a plethora of colours opens up from underneath her skirts, where all transactions take place. The chickens console the cattle during Ramadan and vice versa during Christmas. The traders converse in a language only they know; Yoruba giving way to Igbo and Pidgin underlying it all with Hausa sprinkled in and some of the more minor dialects. Their customers are an array of people, children with bladed tongues in worn clothes that hang a little large on shrunken bodies, housemaids with piercing eyes and fingers that roll relentlessly over their budget and theljobu madams of varying ethnicities who have left their jewelry and finer clothes at home – they want a fair price. Garri suns itself in large woven bags, giving way to dented Jerri cans and lush green leaves droop in homage to the darting flies. Crayfish is the prevalent smell, a sort of olfactory base that reminds everyone of dinner, soups in enamel bowls accompanied by mountainous mounds of

swallow. A spicy earthen smell that feels all at once deliciously familiar and slightly nauseating.

Daranijo Street and Oloko Crescent are the Siamese twins that hold court. They are two grown men with androgynous looks. Houses in various states of beauty and disrepair cling to their bodies, and here all is silent except for the occasional whine of the generator and the barks of Pa Oloko's dogs. They smell of everything the others smell of, for here is where the characters that populate the others, rest their heads. On hot afternoons, one might sometimes taste the delicious aroma of Iya Aboderin's baking from further down. The hibiscus tree also litters the front of Baba Yabere's house with a sea of red that never exists for more than six hours at a time, either the wind or Yabere sweeps them. The residents here rarely have parties and know each other almost intimately. This is their home.

Home is where I am most honest and free. It is a space delineated by more than just physical boundaries, more than these four stretches and the space in between. It is instead somewhere beyond and yet wholly within. It is the feeling of my heart beating in tandem with the sun. Ogba.

## Last Daylight

Eve Svetoslava Lovegood  
Contributor

What if tonight,  
Was the last time you saw daylight?

What would you do?  
Who would you see?  
Would you finally be true to yourself?  
Will you set yourself free?

Will you make a love confession  
To the one who stole your heart?  
Or plead forgiveness for your transgression  
To the one you hurt with a painful dart?

Will you go back to your dear mother  
Your father, your sister, or your brother?  
Or will you meet your dear old friend  
Whose friendship you thought would never end?

Will you go find some peace  
Near a lake, an ocean or a river?  
Or will you enjoy the bliss  
In the big city filled with party fever?

Or will you finally finish that novel of yours,  
Your artistic project or musical piece?  
And will you finally end that laid-back curse  
That shall make your laziness fall to its knees?





## Quantum Nights

Sarah Tadjana

You came into my life  
innocently enough;  
Mama thought you were “just a phase”  
And frankly, so did I.

But then you turned my life around  
and I fell hopelessly in love.

One year in,  
I was flying high.  
Drunk on the love and existential joy  
that came with being your girl.

Two years in,  
My confidence soared to new heights.  
You’ve encouraged and inspired me,  
every single day.

Three years now,  
and I still feel I’m in heaven.  
You are my love and my life:  
I couldn’t be any happier.

To this day,  
my heart flutters when I think of you.  
And even after all this time together,  
I long for more whenever we’re apart.

Our love is not for everyone.  
Some say we’re crazy,  
or that it won’t last.  
—but we don’t listen.

After all, some things are only made  
for two to understand.  
Like true love shared,  
and quantum physics.

So here’s to a lifetime of nights  
Spent in each other’s glow.



Alberto Campuzano

## Vide

Ayla Slijvar

Expressions

« Tout ce qui n’était pas essentiel serait enlevé, vous comprenez, Calla ? »  
Calla a hoché la tête en regardant le médecin. Allongée sur la table d’opération, la déclaration du chirurgien lui semblait terriblement extrême. Il s’est penché envers elle pendant l’inspection en appuyant ses mains froides contre ses jambes, son ventre et sa poitrine. Calla a constaté qu’il avait probablement été un bel homme, avant d’avoir commencé sa carrière exigeante en médecine. Elle se demandait s’il avait lui-même déjà subi une chirurgie, mais il semblait impoli de demander.

« Combien de temps cela prendra-t-il ? » demanda-t-elle.

« Il y a beaucoup à faire. »

Il a augmenté le dosage de l’anesthésie et Calla se sentit immédiatement comme si elle fondait dans une flaque d’eau sur la table d’opération. Elle essayait de prendre des respirations profondes quand le chirurgien a commencé à faire des incisions sur son abdomen. D’abord, il a enlevé deux masses qui ressemblaient au gras de la viande animale et Calla a tout de suite pensé à son père ; la première grosseur semblait infectée par son l’alcoolisme et son comportement abusif. L’autre lui rappela sa mère ; douce au toucher, mais aveuglée par l’amour pour son mari. Puis, le médecin sortit ce qui ressemblait à des rubans. Calla les associa à son parcours sur ce monde, les divers métiers qu’elle entreprit pour survivre, en tant que serveuse, femme de ménage et réceptionniste.

« Mon Dieu, qu’avez-vous subi, ma chérie ? » dit le chirurgien, en regardant ses mains salies de liquide. Il n’était pas rouge comme du sang, mais plutôt brunâtre, comme le ruissellement qui s’écoule de la viande cuite.

Le morceau suivant était considérablement plus grand : c’était une masse en forme de boule avec beaucoup de lobes. Calla a retenu son souffle ; celle-là lui rappela la fausse couche qu’elle a fait lors du deuxième mois de sa grossesse. Depuis, elle était incapable de concevoir un enfant indéfiniment. Le chirurgien a essuyé son front inondé de sueur en pensant à la souffrance que cette pauvre âme avait subi.

« Bon courage, Calla, nous avons presque terminé. »

Le chirurgien ralentit. Calla ne sentit une énorme pression, comme si quelque chose se faisait arracher par les racines. Finalement, avec un grognement, le chirurgien souleva une masse grise qui avait la taille de deux poings, ridée et striée comme un cerveau, ou un fœtus sous-développé. Celui-ci avait d’innombrables replis secrets, ses propres organes et cancers, que Calla pouvait reconnaître et nommer. Celui-ci, il représentait son viol.

Il était la seule personne qu’elle avait aimé. Il était censée de la protéger contre les ténèbres du monde. Ironiquement, c’était lui qui représentait cette force du mal à laquelle elle avait désespérément essayé d’échapper tout au long de sa vie. Elle se perdait dans ses pensées et ne s’était pas rendu compte que le chirurgien avait complété les points de sutures qui entouraient son abdomen dans un motif tourbillonnant.

« C’est fait, » dit le chirurgien. Des gommages verts avaient été éclaboussés du cou à la cheville.

« Comment vous sentez-vous maintenant ? »

« Vide, » répondit Calla.