

In This Issue

Pro Tem Instagram Poll

@ProTemGlendon • Page 3

Campus Life

An Open Letter to the Glendon Administration • Page 3

Issues and Ideas

Call Rape By Its Name • Page 5

Center Spread

GCSU Halloween Pub Night • Pages 6 & 7

Arts & Entertainment

Ma passion pour les langues • Page 9

Metropolis

Should TPL take freedom of speech off their shelves? • Page 10

Health and Wellness

Healthy Femininity • Page 11

Expressions

Depression • Page 12

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NOTRE VOIX
NOTRE HISTOIRE



Cafeteria Mayhem: Conditional Passes and Prison Food for Glendon Students

Anonymous

Between the years of 2017 and 2018, I lived on the third floor of Hilliard residence and was subject to the mandatory meal plan. Not only were the options limited, but healthy options were even harder to come by. I spent the next eight months eating the same things for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Everyone on my floor shared the same complaints. People with dietary restrictions often found themselves aching in pain because of cross-contamination. Others had to resort to commuting to Keele campus to eat something a little more palatable. The problem got so out of hand that someone began vomiting in the sinks. They caused one sink to be out of commission for a full 24 hours. Nobody was happy with the smell or with the person who was too

rude to relieve themselves elsewhere.

That serial sink spoiler was me. The situation got so bad that I found myself nauseous and suffering through violent bouts of food poisoning at least once a week. I lost a considerable amount of weight in an unhealthy way and continuously felt weak and cold. I knew I was not the only one suffering from poor health due to a poor diet, so I decided to dig a little bit deeper. Why was the dining hall food causing severe problems for students, especially those living in residence? What justified the necessity of mandatory meal plans if there were barely any choices? After a few days of research, it became clear to me: our food supplier, Aramark Corporation, is one of the top providers of food to North American campuses — and prisons. Aramark has been riddled with controversies

and are infamous for low-quality food, poor sanitary conditions, and being the cause of numerous prison strikes.

Common complaints with the cafeteria include limited food choices (especially for people with dietary restrictions), subpar quality, high food cost in relation to low value, and inadequate staff training. The options not only lack quality and variety, but are severely inaccessible. Glendon Campus is a food desert. Besides the cafeteria, there is only a Tim Horton's on campus that serves food which might count as a meal. The limited options are not healthy enough for a long-term diet. Considering one semester is four months long, and a student who lives in a dorm will most likely dine at the cafeteria multiple times a day, the cafeteria's food will affect their health, mood, and energy

Continued on **PAGE 4**

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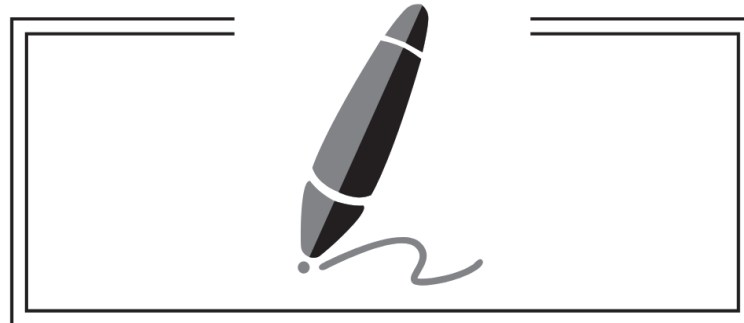
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pro tem

Avez-vous des opinions? Aimez-vous écrire?
We want to hear your voice!



Envoyez-nous un courriel à
editor@protemglendon.com

Salut, Glendon!

We hope everyone had a safe and exciting Halloween season this year. To jump-start the month, we have a great issue for you including a review of long-standing cafeteria controversies and a letter from one of the LLIR regulars on the importance of accessibility.

For this issue, we just want to remind our readers about the significance of the free press and freedom of speech. There sometimes exists a fine line between free speech and failing our collective duty to protect marginalized groups. Pro Tem is completely aware of this potential for conflict and would like to remind our readers of our commitment to respecting both freedom of speech and marginalized peoples. We cannot control the beliefs of our contributors, but we can ensure that we will not publish content which is dangerously discriminatory beyond speculation or which may incite violence. We would also like to remind our contributors and readers that Pro Tem reserves the right to remove lines from articles if they are factually incorrect or blatantly discriminatory.

À l'exception de ces cas graves, Pro Tem s'efforce de publier du contenu — même s'il peut avoir un caractère controversé — afin de favoriser le débat et la discussion. Nous voudrions rappeler à nos lecteurs que si vous avez des sentiments bien opposés à un article, nous vous encourageons à écrire une réponse! En fait, vous trouverez une réponse dans ce numéro de Pro Tem.

Quelle que soit votre position idéologique, nous espérons que vous pourrez soutenir notre effort visant à donner une voix aux étudiants et à créer une plate-forme de discussion libre et démocratique.

À bientôt,

Amanda Sears
Editor in Chief

**Pro Tem Instagram Poll:
@ProTemGlendon**

Preferez-vous...



What is your favourite “hidden gem” of Toronto?

Favourite “hidden gem” of Toronto?

Soulpepper

@calvindevries

Favourite “hidden gem” of Toronto?

Fusaro’s. Not hidden but not known enough!!

@desjarika

Favourite “hidden gem” of Toronto?

TO Waterfront - Summer, Autumn - Broadview Bridge, Winter - Leslie Frost Library, Spring - High Park

@elton2bold

Favourite “hidden gem” of Toronto?

Rustle&Still – it’s a cute little café by Koreatown with the most delicious iced coffee.

@marya_log

Favourite “hidden gem” of Toronto?

Guild Park! It’s a former artists colony and is home to many beautiful old Toronto relics

@yourgoodpal

An Open Letter to the Glendon Administration

It has been my great pleasure to attend your campus at Glendon for the past five years. Having graduated from the University of Toronto almost 50 years ago, I am now a lifelong continuing student of the LLIR (Living and Learning in Retirement) program at the YorkU Glendon campus.

You have likely come across some of us on a Friday during the fall and winter sessions. We tend to walk more slowly than many of you undergrads and often use assistive devices such as canes and walkers. Our brains may remain sharp, but our bodies keep declining.

This, then, is the issue that compels me to write: the poor accessibility in various parts of the building. You have the most polite and caring students I have ever encountered, holding doors for us and waiting for us to get our coffees and to get to class. However, it should not be the younger students’ responsibility to get those doors for us and to make sure we are provided for.

I am particularly aware of the challenges as I now have to use a motorized wheelchair to move around.

Even prior to this, I was aware that there are no handrails on the stairs of the classrooms. On the second floor, the floor is very sloped. With nothing to hold on to, it would be a great challenge to walk to the back.

There is only one elevator in the new part of the main building with three floors to service. The one elevator at the back, in the older part of the building, is so small that I can barely get in alone with my wheelchair. It is doubtful that two people with walkers could fit. What if there had to be a fast evacuation from the building? This does not even address the positioning of some of the door openers on the second floor.

Then there is the problem of the washrooms, where there are no buttons to open the doors from the outside or the inside. (Thank goodness for the considerate and caring students of all genders). The newer washroom in the area across from the large classroom on the main floor has only one accessible cubicle in the ladies’, wherein the seat is too low for a person with mobility issues. The sinks are at the entrance end, interfering with those who are able to open the door. I personally cannot reach any of the soap dispensers from my wheelchair. The hand dryers are situated several feet away, on a mirror, behind people lining up to use the facilities. This alone causes those with disabilities great anxiety.



My hope is that students will motivate Glendon to become more accessible and safe. After 5 years, it appears that the push button to the front door has finally been made operative — for all the time before that it required students to hold it open for those with walkers and wheelchairs. It was propped open from September until last Friday. This concerns everyone who uses Glendon. Not only does this discourage students of all ages from using your building, but fines will be levied on all public buildings with accessibility and safety issues in the near future.

Sincerely,
L. Tobias

“Should I Post it?”: The Social Pressure For Online Perfection

Sabrina Gilmour
Health and Wellness Editor

Most people have heard the saying “Instagram vs. Reality” but many of us do not realize the extent of what it means. In the age of social media, many people try to present the world with an idealized version of themselves that can only be achieved online. In particular, famous people on the internet present their followers with seemingly perfect, yet incredibly filtered versions of their lives that steer the minds of the public

very far from reality. With this, young people especially, are being sold an image they cannot afford to buy. The majority of social media influencers and celebrities build their platforms on our insecurities, resulting in one’s self esteem and mental health taking a toll as it can lead one to aim for an unrealistic body image. Beauty on the internet can seem “too good to be true” because it is usually tainted with an unambiguous aura of money, photoshop, and forced happiness.

With social media, there is a distinct pressure placed on us to have a perfect life and it starts to get disheartening when the only thing you see on your feed are these good looking men and women who post their flawless bodies, expensive vacations, and aesthetically pleasing breakfasts. It is a



trap most of us fall for as we begin to compare ourselves to others and make judgements on how we measure up. Our mental health starts to pay a price as mindless scrolling reminds us that

Continued on **PAGE 11**

Cafeteria Mayhem: Conditional Passes and Prison Food for Glendon Students (cont.)

levels for a very long time. Most students stay in a dormitory for a full year rather than one semester, which adds up to eight months of eating the same limited options every day. Pizzas, burgers, oil-laden dishes, and lack of fruits and vegetables in most meals are not sustainable and does not translate to a balanced diet.

Aramark's lengthy contract with Glendon entails that students who live in a dormitory are required to purchase their meal plans even if they are unwilling. As the Undergraduate Residence Glendon Campus Occupancy Agreement necessitates, "students who accepted a traditional-style room in residence are required to purchase a meal plan." The cheapest meal plan offered to students is the Bronze plan, which comes at a whopping \$3,500. If a student has no choice but to frequent the cafeteria, they will need either the gold or platinum plans, which go up to \$4,500 and \$5,000, respectively. Besides the forced meal plans and sub-standard dietary options, it is incredibly worrying to know that Glendon's cafeteria only received a conditional food safety pass in March of this year. They received three infractions: (1) food premise not maintained with walls in good repair in food-handling room, (2) failure to keep sanitary facility in good repair, and (3) failure to protect against harbouring of pests — considered a significant infraction. A quick Google search will turn up a long history of conditional passes at Glendon's cafeteria, including some reported by CityNews in recent years. Among the many health violations are rat droppings on the floor, neglected kitchen counters, and failure to clean equipment.

Interviews were conducted with several Glendon students. Names have been excluded to conceal their identities. Questions such as "do you live on residence?" and "have you experienced discomfort or illness after eating at the cafeteria?" were asked to participants. Responses to the interview varied greatly between those who lived on campus versus those who did not. The people who did not live on

campus ate at the cafeteria much less frequently and had more neutral/positive responses to the questions. They were indifferent towards the quality and also showed less shock or anger when learning about York and Aramark's several controversies. One person who commutes to Glendon and eats at the cafeteria once a week responded, saying, "I think that the food quality depends on which stand you visit. If you know what you're getting, you will be okay, but if you don't know what you're doing, you might be in for a nasty surprise." They added that around 20-30% of dishes were "edible" in their opinion. They and others who commute did not experience illness or nausea. However, one respondent mentioned Aramark's lack of proper zero-waste measures and how there could be better investments for sustainable packaging. The waste produced by Aramark on the Glendon campus alone is a big issue. The trash in the cafeteria is not always recycled correctly, as eyewitness accounts can confirm frequent instances of recycling ending up in the garbage bin (an effort which both staff and students could be more diligent with).

People who live or have lived on campus before, however, had much more negative responses towards the food and showed more anger. When asked if they had felt ill after eating at the cafeteria, one respondent said they got sick "around five, six times. Once was food poisoning; the rest was an upset stomach." This response was more common for current and former dormitory residents, with nearly half of the interviewed dorm residents admitting to feeling ill at least once. It is important to note once again that people who live on campus are required to purchase a meal plan, thus making it necessary to eat regularly at the cafeteria. They are subject to the food daily, and the limited options and mediocre quality of the food affect their responses to the survey. Students who live in dorms but do not frequently eat at the cafeteria had other options, but they are often even more expensive and/or time-consuming. These options included delivery



apps such as Uber Eats, meal delivery plans, commuting to Keele, and purchasing kitchen access. Not all of these options are available for other students. Third-party delivery apps and services are unaffordable to many students who rely on the prepaid cafeteria's meal plan. Commuting to Keele and back takes well over an hour, not including the time it takes to purchase a meal and eat it. Kitchen access is only granted to students if they pay \$130 and if they have a doctor's note stating they have a dietary restriction. These conditions do not apply to the majority of students.

Many campuses have gone on strike to protest the far-from-fresh food choices, including the University of Toronto. U of T students faced a long period of growing dissatisfaction. In 2016, U of T cut ties with Aramark after prolonged student protests and was no longer associated with its campus food service. On December 3, 2018, the Incarceration to Education Coalition of New York University began a lengthy strike in protest of NYU's ties with Aramark. The NYU protests began after Aramark organized "Black History month meals" in February of 2018. It involved using food items that perpetuated racial stereotypes such as watermelon-flavored water and kool-aid. After the embarrassing blunder, students took to the halls to protest not only their troublesome food options, but Aramark's contribution to the prison-industrial complex, known for its corruption, es-

pecially in the United States. They petitioned to permanently sever ties with Aramark, to stop supporting their links to federal prisons, and to introduce fresher foods on their campus.

If a student needs to or chooses to live in a dormitory, they are forced to eat what Aramark provides. Aramark gets a guaranteed income from students every semester. Since there are no exceptions and no other options on campus and it is a mandatory service, there is no incentive to improve food quality. A corporation directly responsible for the daily nutrition and health of its clients should be held accountable for their service and quality. Campuses across North America are campaigning to end their relationship with Aramark in exchange for fresher meals and better food options. These campaigns have been very successful for some. York University is responsible for taking our voices seriously and putting our well-being above the money they make or save. Whether or not you eat at the cafeteria often or feel strongly about Aramark's controversies, it might be time for Glendon students to do the same if they want the many thousands of dollars they pour into the cafeteria to be worthwhile for their health and their wallets. Until then, enjoy the looming threat of rat shit in your food.

Remember: you can always submit a complaint against Glendon's cafeteria to [DineSafe at toronto.ca](http://DineSafe.at.toronto.ca).

Call Rape By Its Name

Bruno Alexandre
Contributor

I have never been raped, but I can identify instances during sex where I have felt varying degrees of discomfort. I felt an unfamiliar type of fear, like an anxiety coming true. Lines of consent were never explicitly, fully crossed. I was making it very clear that I wanted him to wear a condom, but he kept trying to get it in without one, and that was a problem.

Eventually, he obliged, but it was hard to be in the mood when moments earlier, I thought I was about to have unprotected sex in a shed in North York. Within a few minutes, I told him I wasn't in the mood, so I left. It felt so

awkward, to break the fourth wall mid-thrust and — as politely as I could — excuse myself. That's not how it's generally supposed to go down.

I left in a state of limbo. As I made my way back home, I couldn't stop thinking, "Was that rape-y?" I didn't feel raped in the slightest, and to even contemplate the idea felt wrong. But I definitely didn't feel good, and in the moment, I didn't feel the safest.

This piece is inspired by an article published in the last issue of Pro Tem entitled The Lie of Rape Culture. In all frankness, I do not know what it is exactly that I am responding to. Half-baked ideas relying on the Latin origins of words to support misaligned rhetoric are difficult to palate.

If the Latin defines consent as meaning 'to feel together'; then, across most societies of the world, the definition of rape: "tended to focus around an act of forced vaginal intercourse

perpetrated through physical violence or imminent threat of death or severe bodily injury, by a man, on a woman." (Literally: Wikipedia)

It doesn't matter what the Latin origin of a word is. If we solely perceived rape through its socially recognized definition, we could also erroneously start making arguments for why men can't be raped. Pragmatic function has no say in how a word can be attributed to context, especially after Latin has been dead for nearly 1300 years. To pull at the Latin origin in this instance is to use it for rape apologia.

Consent is a required aspect of sex. If we are able to recognize and respect this, then you too can stop rape at the grassroots level! And it is not the lack of consent that makes sex transactional. Sex can be beautiful, but it is not the catch-all requirement for consensual sex, as such a description is largely subjective. It is possible to not 'feel togeth-

er' while having perfectly consensual, non-rapey sex. I'll get you off if you get me off. Consensual, transactionary, despondent sex is very much a reality of your 20s.

How would non-rapey sex differ from rape then? Thanks to Wikipedia, we can understand that rape is forcing someone to submit to sexual acts. When we say rape is violent, we deduce from anecdotal accounts of how that violence plays out. We refer to people that have been raped as survivors. Where there is no consent, there is rape. Even if rape is an impulsion, one still chooses to act upon it. To say that a rapist does not consent to what they are doing unjustly absolves them of consequence and responsibility, which is not something anyone can defer for any of their actions.

Intoxicating Masculinity

Zackery Walker
Contributor

There's a lot of talk going on at York about "toxic masculinity". I would like to propose an alternative: masculinity is intoxicating. To arrive at a place where the masculine can make our legs tremble and our mouths drool, we must first take a look at the feminine.

Goddess worship was common across the ancient world, and Pagan societies always had a male consort to their female deities... Zeus and Hera, Shiva and Parvati; even the Catholic Church holds Mother Mary as an expression of the divine feminine. However, I'm not convinced that it is something that can be associated with genitals or personal identification.

We are witnessing a revival of goddess worship in the western world, or at least a renewed interest in it. The dimensions of life that are beyond logic are struggling to find expression through wicca, witchcraft, divination, and crystals. Astrology is a rather pop-

ular area of interest at Glendon. We all long to explore dimensions of life that are beyond logic. When people become wealthy and their survival process is no longer the main concern, they explore these things. They travel, and they buy art, rare artifacts, and luxurious items. Maybe some people do this to show off, but these people do not come from wealthy families. Always when the survival process is no longer a concern, people will look to explore other things.

The feminine is in huge crisis in North America. HUGE crisis. This is the reason for all the rage about the patriarchy and toxic masculinity: we know the feminine is in crisis, and we're trying to solve it as though it is a puzzle.

The feminine cannot be puzzled out. It's not a problem to be solved. It's a mystery to be lived and wondered at and experienced. Whenever the feminine is approached with logic, analysis, with a thinking mind, ugly things happen. Wise women are burned as witches; the indigenous peoples of Turtle Island are nearly wiped out and brutalized onto reservations; the rich cultures of Africa are seen as tribes of monkeys to be plundered and raped and left to shudder in poverty.

In most indigenous languages,

there is no word for vagina. Only when genitalia becomes an object of identification does 'vagina' become a word with all sorts of meanings and feelings attached to it. Femininity is the expression of ultimate giving, of harmony, of all that is beautiful and natural and life-giving. It cannot be rendered to any one sex or gender or culture or thing, because it is the life-giving force, and it finds expression through the masculine.

Because of this, the feminine is vulnerable. But femininity can also become aggressive and fierce when threatened. Durga can turn into Kali, Hera can turn the beautiful maiden Medusa into a terrible gorgon. It is because of this that masculinity is intoxicating: it allows the feminine to flower.

To have beautiful flowers in your garden, most of your concern is actually not about flowers at all. The gardener must concern himself *[sic]* with soil, water, sunlight, manure, and then naturally flowers will happen. Like this, when the masculine aspect of life is robust and healthy, the feminine can flower. Art, music, dance, literature — all that is beautiful and enriching, all that can be wondered at and appreciated — all this can only find expression

when the masculine is cared for.

The masculine is birthed through the feminine, and the feminine finds expression through the masculine, and so on. Feminine energy is pure creativity. Even on the physical level this is so: a man is worth nothing more than a spoonful of semen for a fresh life to be created. It is from the womb of feminine energy that all things come... at an even larger level, this is the earth. All things come from her and all things will return to her. We have forgotten this; we're trying to figure it out. It's not anything that needs to be figured out, because if we try to figure it out anymore, she'll certainly find a way to figure us out!

Attacking men and blaming the white colonial cisgendered *[sic]* heterosexual patriarchy is not going to solve our problems. Even this so-called 'reconciliation' is a doomed approach: encouraging everyone to blossom into the full exuberance of their own potential is what will make life beautiful. Let us allow all unpleasantness and all suffering to starve itself to death. There's no need to feed any of it. It's already gobbled up enough of our world.





“Either I’m nobody, or I’m a nation”: on Walcott, Identity, and Representation

Jasmin McMullan
Contributor

As with the deaths of so many significant people, I learned of Derek Walcott’s passing on a social media news feed. This time, it was Twitter. Derek Walcott, Saint Lucian poet and Nobel laureate, died in March of 2017 in his home at the age of 87.

Walcott’s work came into my life during high school. I was one of a mere handful of brown kids: the only non-White girl in my year. Being of mixed-race in a less-than-diverse community, every space I occupied was defined by my otherness. But none of that mattered to me when studying literature. I loved Shakespeare, Edward Lear, and Lewis Carroll. I could recite large passages of *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* from memory, I composed limericks for fun, and I rewrote classics from minor characters’ perspectives. I loved to write, but so rarely found characters or authors I could relate to. I remember being five years old and poring over an adaptation of a Persian folktale, the illustrated *Lemon Princess* being the closest likeness to myself I’d ever seen. At ten, I found a children’s story set on a fictional Polynesian island, and the similarities to Caribbean culture were tenuous, but I clutched at them in delight. It was not until my General Certificate of Secondary Education (GCSE) English class began work on a specific anthology of poems written by immigrants and *People of Colour* that I was exposed to the notion that people of colour from non-Western countries could be included as authors in capital-L Literature. That revelation began with Walcott’s poem, “Love After Love.”

In that class, something significant slotted into place. Suddenly, the literature I was immersed in had points of reference I could relate to: in Walcott’s writing, I recognised the dialect, the geography, the lyricism of my Caribbean ancestors — even references

to the Savannah I have so often walked around. Walcott’s poetry encapsulates the grandeur and complexity of the Caribbean, the dignity and grace so deeply embedded into the archipelago; it weighs the ambiguity and complexity of identity that comes with colonisation. My mother was born one year after Trinidad’s independence. She frequently comments on the similarities between the Caribbean culture she was born into and the British culture in which she raised her children.

Despite my English accent, Northern Irish surname, and Canadian citizenship, anyone who knows me knows how proudly I wear my Trinidadian heritage. It is an unrequited love. The island calls me “beti” and “doudou,” only from a distance. My grandmother insists that the way I knead roti dough is hereditary, that it swells on the tawa just like my great-grandmother’s used to. My aunts frequently mistake me for my mother’s 20-something likeness, and I grew up listening to a cassette tape of Sparrow’s greatest hits — but on returning to the island it reminds me, as Walcott writes in *The Star-Apple Kingdom*, “I have no nation now but the imagination.”

Since moving to Toronto, I am orbited by two questions: “Where is my accent from?” and “What’s my background?” Because, you know, I look like I could be from anywhere. The latter has followed me since birth, and I imagine will be a lifelong companion. We are lucky, here, to live in one of the most diverse cities in the world. When I tell my Toronto-born friends how my family used to drive to the next city over just to be able to buy spices at the West Indian grocer’s, they are incredulous. They are amazed that until I came to Glendon, I knew no one in the Trinidadian diaspora that wasn’t somehow related to me. And yet for people of colour, particularly those of us who do not fit comfortably into an ethnicity category when filling out paperwork, we are so lacking representation in media: the existing literature is often overlooked, PoC characters are cast to white actors, and we exist in a middle ground.

Poetry is the great love of my life. It is what I turn to for solace, for escape, for inspiration. In the years that followed that pivotal high school English class, I’ve devoured the works

of incredible poets of colour, from Maya Angelou and Alice Walker to Khalil Gibran and Ben Okri; Rumi, Warsan Shire, John Agard. Yet to the teacher who first introduced me to Walcott I will always owe something profound. His work was the hinge and threshold of my own awareness of what people like me

are capable of. That identity and history are forever intertwined. That no one can take my identity from me, even if they cannot see it. That quiet revolution was how I learned the desperate importance of representation — something I will advocate for the rest of my life.

Love After Love

Derek Walcott

The time will come
when, with elation
you will greet yourself arriving
at your own door, in your own mirror
and each will smile at the other’s welcome,

and say, sit here. Eat.
You will love again the stranger who was your self.
Give wine. Give bread. Give back your heart
to itself, to the stranger who has loved you

all your life, whom you ignored
for another, who knows you by heart.
Take down the love letters from the bookshelf,

the photographs, the desperate notes,
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Ma passion pour les langues

Kia Skeete
Contributor

Bonjour, je m'appelle Kia Skeete, maintenant je sais parler trois langues; le français, l'anglais et l'espagnol. Vous vous demandez probablement comment je suis arrivée ici? Pourquoi suis-je en FSL1200? Eh bien, j'ai une passion inexplicable pour les langues. Comment suis-je arrivée à avoir cette passion? Peut-être que je ne le saurai jamais. Avec deux parents anglophones et une soeur semi-intéressée, comment créer un enthousiasme linguistique? Ma langue maternelle, c'est l'anglais. Je m'identifie plurilingue ou trilingue, mais il y a personne dans ma famille qui est vraiment bilingue, je suis la seule. Ma soeur a une bonne compréhension du français, mais c'est

tout! Je pense que j'ai un niveau intermédiaire en français, avancée en anglais et quelque part entre débutant et intermédiaire en espagnol. Mes deux parents sont nés au Canada. Mon père est d'origine jamaïcaine et guyanaise et ma mère est canadienne écossaise. À la maison nous parlons seulement anglais.

Quand j'étais petite, j'étais en immersion mais après trois ans, ma famille a déménagé et j'ai dû intégrer une nouvelle école. Cette école n'avait pas de programme d'immersion, donc j'ai dû m'inscrire dans un programme de Core French. J'ai eu beaucoup de chance avec mes professeures de français qui étaient toutes passionnées par le français. J'apprends également l'espagnol depuis la dixième année de l'école secondaire. À mon école secondaire les deux langues, l'espagnol et le français étaient enseignées de la même manière. Les professeurs nous ont fait faire beaucoup d'activités de grammaire et des présentations orales.

La répétition des temps de verbe m'a aidé pendant mes premières années d'apprentissage du français. Après ces deux années, j'avais un très bon niveau de compréhension. Je pense que je m'exprimais plutôt bien oralement et j'avais plus de confiance en parlant à l'époque que maintenant. J'adore le français et j'aime le parler. Mes enseignantes ont fait un bon effort, mais j'aurais aimé qu'elles mettent plus l'accent sur l'oral.

Ma professeure d'espagnol était colombienne, sa langue maternelle c'est l'espagnol et il y a des nuances qu'elle a partagé qu'on ne peut pas apprendre sauf d'une locutrice native. Par exemple, en Espagne ils utilisent le mot "vosotros" comme le mot "vous", mais en Amérique du Sud ils utilisent le mot "ustedes." Elle a mentionné que les Barcelonais parlent avec un zézaiement. Je pense que ma professeure d'espagnol a fait un bon effort pour parler autant espagnol que possible et cela a aidé ses étudiants avec

leur compréhension de la langue.

Ma passion pour les langues est venue de la compréhension des autres cultures. Le français m'a aidé pendant mes voyages en France, au Maroc et en Italie, car il y a des ressemblances entre le français et l'italien. De plus, quand j'étais en Espagne, j'ai parlé un peu espagnol et plusieurs fois je l'ai utilisé pour lire les cartes. Mais je manque encore de vocabulaire pour parler au quotidien. De plus, j'ai peur de parler en français avec des locuteurs plus avancés. C'est plus facile de parler avec ceux qui ne me corrigent pas.

Selon moi, les langues sont essentielles à la vie et qu'elles sont nécessaires pour la compréhension des autres. L'apprentissage d'une langue a une valeur inestimable et la possibilité de partager mes connaissances avec mes enfants m'est précieux. J'ai une nièce et je voudrais lui enseigner le français en utilisant les compétences que j'ai apprises dans ce cours.

Mon parcours linguistique

Ariana Ji-Kei Mah
Contributor

Ma mère s'appelle Erica. Elle est chinoise. Elle parle le cantonais hakka, c'est sa langue maternelle. Elle est née dans les Nouveaux Territoires de Hong Kong. Elle a terminé ses études primaires et secondaires dans une école de langue cantonaise. À l'âge de 13 ans, elle a déménagé au Canada pour fréquenter une école d'anglais langue seconde à Toronto. Ici, elle a appris l'anglais, mais a continué à parler le cantonais hakka avec sa famille. Elle a obtenu un diplôme en gestion de la mode du Collège Seneca (une université de langue anglaise) avant de commencer à travailler dans divers magasins de vêtements à Toronto. Pendant qu'elle vivait à Toronto, elle a rencontré mon père grâce à un groupe d'amis communs.

Mon père, Edward, est aussi

chinois. Il est né à Hong Kong et parle le dialecte chinois toishan, sa langue maternelle. Il a immigré au Canada tout petit et a grandi à Regina, en Saskatchewan. Sa famille a continué à parler le dialecte toishan qui l'a aidé à le préserver et il sait encore beaucoup à ce jour. Il a terminé toutes ses études dans des écoles anglophones. Il venait de terminer ses études de chiropracteur lorsqu'il a rencontré ma mère. Après quelques années ensemble, ils se sont mariés et ont déménagé à Saskatoon, où mon père a ouvert plusieurs cliniques.

Je suis né à Saskatoon, dans une maison pittoresque avec un jardin où nous parlions les deux dialectes chinois et l'anglais. Mes premiers mots étaient en anglais et j'ai ensuite choisi le dialecte de chacun de mes parents et je continue à apprendre l'art de les parler. À l'âge de deux ans, nous sommes retournés à Toronto et avons vécu avec mes grands-parents maternels pendant six mois. Pendant ce temps, je communiquais davantage en cantonais hakka. Quand j'avais presque trois ans, nous avons déménagé à Scarborough, où j'ai fréquenté une école primaire anglo-

phone. C'est là que l'idée d'un avenir en français a été évoquée lorsque mon enseignante de maternelle, impressionnée par mes compétences en anglais, m'a suggéré d'entrer en immersion française pour pouvoir commencer très tôt toutes ces langues. Ma mère, pensant que la maîtrise de l'anglais était plus importante, a décliné l'offre. Durant mon temps dans des écoles anglophones offrant le programme de Core French, je ne me suis pas intéressée au français et je n'ai consacré que très peu d'efforts à mes devoirs. Ce n'est que lors de mes dernières années de lycée que mon intérêt pour les langues s'est manifesté. Alors, je profitais davantage des cours de français. En 2018, lorsque je suis allée à Trois-Rivières pour le programme Explore, ma passion pour le français n'a fait que grandir et j'ai donc choisi de continuer à apprendre le français à l'université. C'est ce que je fais maintenant!

Je parle trois langues: l'anglais, le français et le cantonais. Je ne parle pas assez les dialectes du hakka pour qu'il compte comme deux langues distinctes. Je suis plurilingue. Ma langue

maternelle est le cantonais, mais ce n'est pas la langue dans laquelle je suis la meilleure. J'ai un niveau intermédiaire en cantonais quand je parle, mais je ne peux pas l'écrire ou le lire. J'ai un niveau avancé en anglais et un niveau intermédiaire en français. Je parle principalement à mes amis en anglais, même si parfois nous parlons en français et utilisons Duolingo. J'aime le français mais la grammaire me trouble un peu. Je suis forte à l'écrit mais faible à l'oral en français et vice versa en cantonais. Mais j'ai l'intention de m'améliorer cette année en pratiquant la langue parlée et en mémorisant la grammaire. Je pense que j'écris, parle et lis parfaitement l'anglais. Cette année, pour le français, je veux m'améliorer à l'oral, et avoir une bonne prononciation. J'étudie aussi le coréen pendant mon temps libre, car je désire apprendre de nouvelles langues.

Selon moi, il est important que j'apprenne à parler ces langues. Cependant, j'aime beaucoup plus le français car j'estime qu'il est essentiel pour travailler au sein du gouvernement canadien.

Mezes: A Review and Thoughts on Shared Dining

Kaya Harris-Read
Chief of Operations

Although it may seem silly, at times I find the process of ordering at a restaurant to be stressful. This isn't so much because I'm worried about whether I'll like the plate I order — It's the fact that I find decision making in general to be daunting, and the fact that I have a list of foods I have to avoid due to minor allergies. Often, I end up ordering what I recognize, rather than being adventurous and trying something new. Recently I have been going to more restaurants that favour a shared-plate style

of eating rather than individual entrees. I prefer this style of restaurant eating for multiple reasons; not just because I don't have to choose a single plate.

I really enjoy the aspect of community it brings to the experience. Food has such a strong ability to bring people together, and I feel that an important aspect that builds connection is that of sharing. To me, separate entree eating almost feels like a book club meeting in which none of the members have read the same novel. Connection is created largely in part by shared experiences, which is why this type of meal makes me feel closer to the people sharing it with me. I love trying new foods — a big part of that is trying it with other people. This brings me to another reason why I love this style of dining. I love trying new dishes, but it can feel risky to order something you've never tried before

when you're committing yourself to an entire plate of it. Shared plates allow you to sample different dishes, (and if you don't like something you can count on someone else at the table to have it). I also find that it is much easier to order the right amount, as I find single entrees are often served in large quantities, thus preventing food from going to waste.

My most recent shared plate dining experience was at Mezes on Danforth. This place offers a cozy and relaxed atmosphere with friendly and welcoming staff. The emphasis of this traditional Greek restaurant is shared plates, and while they do offer entrees, the list of their smaller plates is much more extensive. My food recommendations would be Saganaki (a Kefalogriera cheese) which they flame before serving, Piperies Kaftes Gemistes for



those who like spicy foods (grilled hot peppers stuffed with feta cheese), and of course their Kria Poikilia, a plate with their most popular dips served with garlic pita. Overall the food was delicious and reasonably priced, and also offered many options for those with dietary restrictions. I would highly recommend this place, especially if you've got a large group to share with.

Should TPL take freedom of speech off their shelves?

Anastasiya Dvuzhylov
Metropolis Editor

The Toronto Public Library is facing backlash following their refusal to cancel an event featuring prominent trans-exclusionary radical feminist, Meghan Murphy. Mayor John Tory has publicly condemned TPL and they also face a pride ban. Many authors scheduled to speak at the library have also pulled out.

A petition started by a group of authors, garnering more than 2500 signatures, failed to sway their decision. They argue that the library is giving transphobic speech a platform. Murphy herself wasn't surprised by the backlash. She didn't organize the event, but was invited to speak by a group identifying as Radical Feminists Unite who had been turned away by other event spaces. While the petition failed to garner action, many pointed out that the library seemed to be violating its own rental policies.

The Denial of Use section 4.4 (a) states that "[t]he Library reserves the right to deny or cancel a booking as follows when it reasonably believes: i.

use by any individual or group will be for a purpose that is likely to promote, or would have the effect of promoting discrimination, contempt or hatred for any group or person" including on the basis of sex, gender identity, and gender expression. TPL replied to these enquiries stating that after careful review, they've found that this event does not violate this policy, as well as noting that Murphy has never been charged or convicted of any hate speech or hate crime offences. Their unwavering response to this ordeal is that they "maintain an obligation to protect free speech."

This isn't the first time that TPL has come under fire for refusing to cancel an event. Uproar ensued in July of 2017 after refusal to cancel a memorial event for Barbara Kulaszka, a lawyer who built her career defending Holocaust deniers. The event was organized and held by prominent members of Canada's neo-Nazi movement. In their response to the backlash, they simply wrote that "using the library space under the policy does not imply any endorsement of the aims, policies or activities of any group or individual by Toronto Public Library." Head librarian Vickery Bowles touched upon this incident in an interview with *As it Happens'* Carol Off, stating that the purpose of said booking was a memorial service, and had it been for the purpose of hate speech or a discussion about

hate speech, it would not have been allowed.

Where's the cut off point between free speech and hate speech? And do social institutions get to make those decisions? Bowles states that TPL defines hate speech the same way as the Charter of Rights and Freedom. While some critics have argued that Murphy is harmless — her view that transgender women endanger cisgender women's rights will be open for discussion at this event, which invites endless questions on whether TPL should host these kinds of events anyway. Public libraries are essential social institutions. They collect, preserve, and disseminate knowledge and information. And, in our modern world, they act as a safe space — or at least they're supposed to.

While TPL tries to position themselves as a non-platform entity, is that conceivable when libraries are so often seen as ideological territory? It's publically funded and board run, there's no active agenda being pushed, so should factions be given space for their events? Bowles argues that allowing Murphy to speak is just a matter of 'standing up for free speech'. While the *Globe and Mail* went on to laud her for her stance, others disagreed. Yet Bowles argues that "the room rental purpose was to have an educational and open discussion on the concept of



gender identity and its legislation ramifications on women in Canada." Is an honest exchange of ideas the only way to go about resolving these issues or is censorship permissible?

Those rushing to TPL's and Bowles' defence have argued that if TPL can't host speakers that hold discussions on difficult and controversial topics, then by that logic, controversial books should be banned from their shelves. They don't endorse the books on their shelves, nor do they endorse the events they rent their space out to. If there are no public forums to have these hard discussions (Bowles refused to pick any sides) then they'll never be had. Many take issue that this event endangers the voices of marginalized groups, but Bowles argues that it is the freedom of speech that gave these groups a voice in the first place. "We are a democratic institution and we are standing up for free speech," she says, if there's a discussion to be had, it seems like TPL isn't afraid to have it.

Healthy Femininity

Eden Minichiello
Issues & Ideas Editor

Exercise is seen as completely positive in modern society: it is encouraged by health professionals, promoted in our education systems, and has been popularized across social media. But is exercise really always healthy?

My personal relationship with exercise has grown, deformed and reshaped, taking on a slew of different characterizations over my twenty years. As a child, for me and for many others, exercise was sports — soccer, hockey, swimming, and gymnastics were some of my favourite activities and they gave me a head start on a naturally athletic life. However, once I hit my early teens, exercise took an insidious turn for me. With the coming of puberty, a new understanding of body image and western society's standard of a beautiful female body, I quickly came to despise mine. The fact that muscularity and athleticism were not considered "feminine" was a hard realization to make. As a result, I began to work out at the age of 13, hitting the gym 5 to 6 days a week, working predominantly on cardio with high rep, low weight abs and muscle

circuits. I was convinced I needed to be skinnier, daintier — more "feminine". This mindset unfortunately caused me to have an eating disorder, depression, anxiety, and an addiction to the gym. The most tragic part of this story is that it is not only mine, but countless other women's as well. Exercise very quickly became my most sinister demon.

Until I was introduced to powerlifting.

Powerlifting is a branch of weightlifting that focuses on building strength, which is gaged by personal records (PRs), in three main lifts: squat, bench and deadlift. Like many sports, it was originally very male dominated. However, women have been at the centre stage of the powerlifting world since the early 1970's. A couple of exemplary female athletes in the powerlifting world today include Dr. Stefanie Cohen, multiple world record holding powerlifter and PhD graduate from the University of Miami, and Chakera Holcombe, holder of the highest raw WILKS score of all time. I was in awe of the women I began to witness — the confidence they exuded walking up to the platform, the determination in their eyes when completing a lift, their amazing, strong bodies that flew completely in the face of society's standards.

Through powerlifting, I reclaimed exercise for myself. I began to



love working out again, I worked my way through my anxiety and depression, recovered from my eating disorder — and hit PR's I never thought I was capable of. However, I still have days (frequently!) when I struggle with body image and self-esteem. There always seems to be a small voice in every female lifter's head whispering, "you should have stuck to cardio... you would be slimmer. More beautiful. More *feminine*."

Finding a type of exercise you love, creating a diet you enjoy and can stick to, and changing your routine to maximize productivity — in gym and outside of gym — are all great ways to improve your relationship with exercise

and body image. However, changing your mindset and redefining femininity and beauty for yourself are of utmost importance. As women, we must unlearn what society has taught us from such young ages, and form new understandings of our bodies and beauty. As athletes, we must recall the aspirations of our youth, and remember that strength, endurance, speed, determination, and confidence are amazing — and beautiful. Finally, as a generation of socially aware, culturally diverse, and intersectional people, we must broaden these definitions of beauty and femininity to be inclusive of and accessible to ALL women.

"Should I Post it?": The Social Pressure For Online Perfection (cont.)

we are not living up to these societal expectations. Social media can make us feel like life is a competition. If we are not doing the same thing or more than the next person, we are not doing anything with our lives. Similarly, if we are not posting what we are doing, it did not happen... right?

Social media can bring out the best in us but it can also bring out the worst. We begin to ask ourselves questions like "who has the most followers?" or "who gets the most likes?" All of a sudden, our worth is calculated by how many likes we receive and validation from followers becomes a source for instant gratification. Social media plat-

forms give us the opportunity to make much more direct comparisons with our neighbour. This can turn into feelings of envy, resentment, and discontent because it is a constant reminder of what we lack. This may lead to a downward spiral of feelings, such as self deprecation, FOMO (fear of missing out), and a series of mental health issues like anxiety and depression.

"Body goals" or "relationship goals" have become such common terms that we forget to use logic when blatantly expressing them. We should ask ourselves what makes this a goal? Or what makes this photo so perfect? Social media distorts our perception of

people's lives and drives our obsession to shape our own life in a certain way so that it reaches an exceptional level of beauty. Beauty however, is subjective but when we are exposed to this ideal created by the media, it can make us believe there is only one standard to reach.

Here's the thing: people post what they want you to see, which is generally them at their best. Yet, there are so many aspects of one's life that is going on behind closed doors; the average, everyday life of going to work, school, paying bills, doing chores, and the occasional breakdown when life just gets a little too much. The truth is, we are all struggling and trying to find our place in the world. Social media has become a way to mask all of the imperfections that encompass our ordinary humanness.

Social media can be a double edged-sword. On one hand, it connects us with old friends and gives us the opportunity to make new ones, it provides us with sources to learn new things and allows us to create our platform with the possibility of reaching large audiences. The list goes on. But like most things, try to use social media in moderation. Although there are a number of advantages to having this tool in our everyday lives, it is important to be cautious in the way we use it as it can affect our wellbeing. So, put your phone down and minimize your social media time. Spend your time in the presence of real people who will motivate you to be the best version of yourself. Do what you love, set goals for yourself and attain them without feeling like you should be doing something else.

Monotony

Nicholas Mackenzie
Contributor



How naive of us to think
That we can find relaxation through repeated action.
That a scheduled life is the epitome of comfort.
Whoever spoke those words has never felt
The claustrophobic paranoia of being trapped.
The soul-crushing sensation of doing the same,
Where tomorrow is just a repeat of today.
A repeat of yesterday.
A projection for days to come.
Whoever spoke those words has yet to feel
The overwhelming reality of monotony.

AWAITING

Andy Ruffett
Contributor

A dead man walks among us
Through the shadows of our youth
A dead man walks upon us
Through the shadows of the gloom
He neither stands nor sits
As he makes his daily rounds
And persists until
Someone at last falls down
Snatching at the hearts of ones we know
Like a bright burning candle silenced in the night
By the darkness of the wind, grappling at the light
The wind need not strangle, the embers out in a puff
The cold is much too powerful, it even traps a cough
It sinks its teeth inside you like a rabid hungry wolf
Tearing through and devouring whatever is your worth
The cold can come in slow or wickedly fast
You may have a few minutes or hours depending how it's cast
Sometimes we can refuse the entry of the death
Other times we can't and are taken by the dark abyss
It might be even soothing, we might see ones we know
Or feel locked up with nowhere else to go
No matter if we choose to fight or accept the fate at hand
A dead man walks among us
Constantly inside us
A dead man walks among us
Awaiting the right command



Depression

Andy Ruffett
Contributor

It is like a drink of cold water for your heart
It drowns you all at once
But when you come up for air all you see are stars
Stars that you cannot reach no matter how hard you try
And then there's the bubble
It wraps around your mouth like a fish bowl
It sucks the air out of you
You try with all your might but no words come out

Death is patiently waiting
But you don't want to go
You know you have more time
So you break the surface
The dome around your lips pops
And suddenly you see a clear sky
You smile
You cheer
You beat it
You beat Him
Another day
Another dollar
Another sunset to watch before it cracks below the surface



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