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no trespassing.

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PHOTO JOSH FISCHLIN

MAKING CAMPUS MORE ACCESSIBLE

CSU to Install Baby Changing Tables on Campus, Pass Special Motion Of Tolerance

BY JOSH FISCHLIN
@FISHYNEWSWATCH

Dirty diapers beware—the Concordia Student Union is moving forward with a pilot project to install baby changing tables on the downtown campus.

The CSU council also passed a motion in an attempt to foster an atmosphere of tolerance towards religious minorities on campus.

Both motions were passed unanimously at a regular council meeting on Nov. 25,

The push for an increase in campus accessibility for student-parents is coming after a referendum vote that allowed for a reallocation of money to balance the daycare budget. The vote passed with 743 “yes” votes, 201 “no” votes and 156 abstentions.

“I think it shows a renewed support for this marginalized population on campus,” Marion Miller, VP Academic and Advocacy said of referendum results. “We already had a really good result last fall, but now we’re asking for really material support and a permanent financing.”

The CSU also recently had their zoning permit approved by the Ville-Marie municipality, which will allow the space to be renovated. A dossier detailing all of the daycare plans—to be submitted to the Minister of Families—is still being put together in order to secure the actual daycare permit.

Baby Changing Tables

The CSU is looking to increase accessibility on campus for student-parents by placing two baby changing tables on the seventh floor bathrooms of the Hall building.

“What we’re kind of hoping is that this will set the example for the university to start installing more [baby changing tables],” Miller said.

The idea to install baby changing tables came about during a discussion with the Concordia University Student Parent Centre in June regarding the daycare, Miller said.

It will take \$1,000 from the Student Space, Accessible Education and Legal Contingency fund to finance the project. Each unit will cost around \$300, according to Miller.

The decision to put the tables in the seventh floor bathrooms came about due to the high level of traffic in the space, Miller said.

There are baby changing tables already installed in certain bathrooms in the EV and the MB buildings, according to university spokesperson Chris Mota.

The Hall building tables should be installed before the winter reading week, Miller said.

A welcome donation

A professor from the engineering department decided to make their own contribution to the initiative by donating three boxes full of Mega Bloks.

Mega Bloks are large Lego-type toys that

are used by the engineering students, but Miller believes their utility for the department has run its course.

“I think its pretty age appropriate,” Miller said. According to her, once construction of the daycare is complete, the CSU will look towards purchasing more toys.

“I don’t think we can amuse 52 kids with just the Mega Bloks, but it is a good start,” she said.

Promotion of tolerance

The CSU also passed a motion on Thursday to help promote tolerance on campus following the Daesh attacks in Paris.

“This motion expresses not only solidarity with those that are grieving right now, or who may be in a state of fear,” said John Talbot, CSU VP Student Life. “It also acts as a way to counter the aggressions and xenophobic atmospheres that have come out of our own community.”

He cited recent acts of intolerance that have been perpetrated against Muslims across the globe, including an incident where a Toronto woman was attacked for wearing a scarf that resembled a hijab.

“This climate that might be festering in our own communities is something important to resist, and we really wanted to use our voice and take a stand against it,” Talbot said.

In order for the motion to be more than a symbolic gesture, he suggested that councilors and other groups spread the promotion

of tolerance throughout social media in order to generate a discourse on campus.

Concordia students are generally aware and concerned with world events that affect various cultures and religious communities, Miller said.

“I think that’s why we felt it was important to underline that there had been events happening internationally, but they also had ramifications in the local community,” she explained.

In order to avoid hostility and intimidation on campus, the CSU decided to push for tolerance in their official Positions Book.

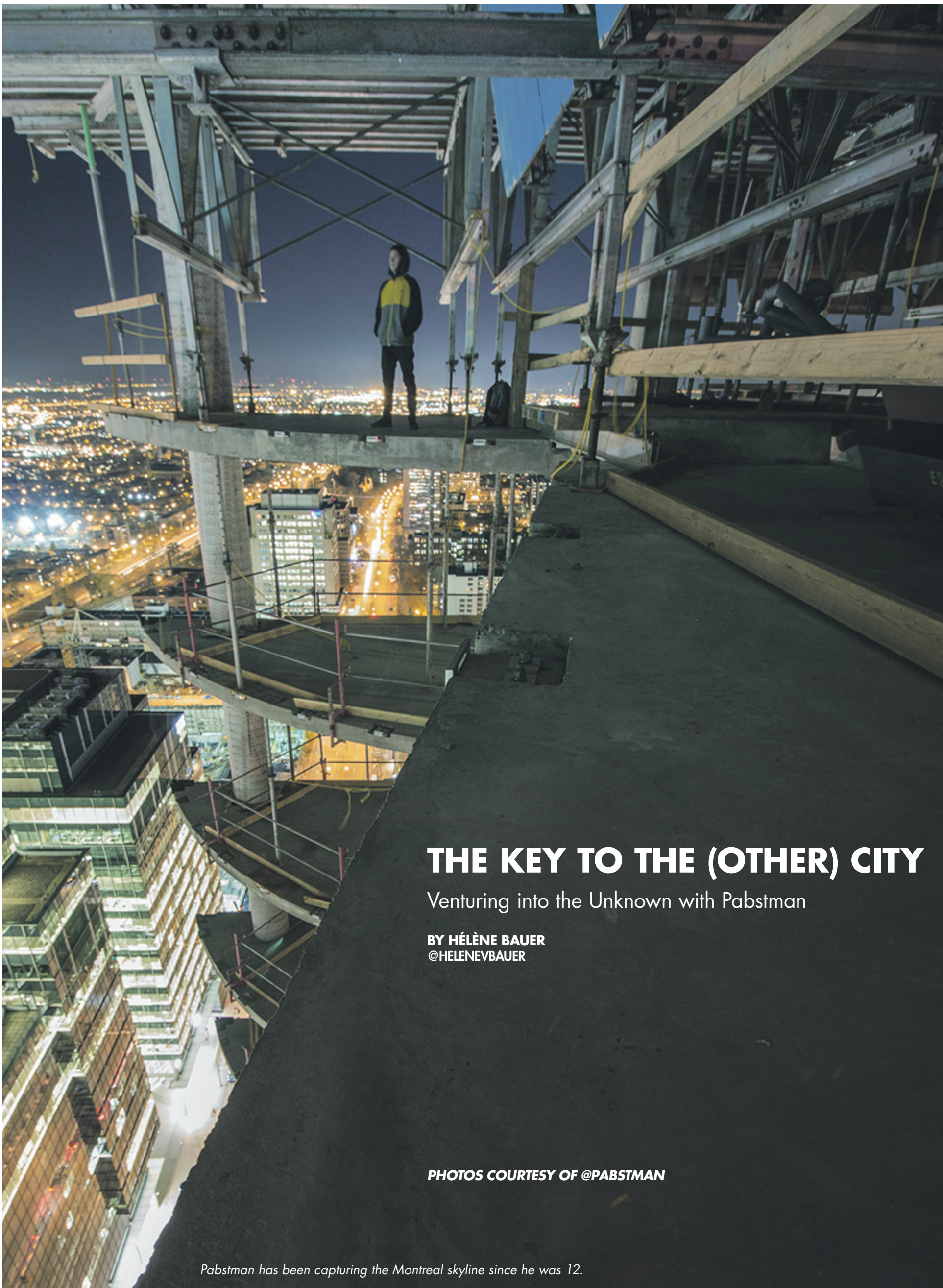
“We kind of heard the echoes, and so we made sure to sit down with the more specifically targeted communities to hear what was going on,” Miller explained. “To see if we could write something collectively—that it would at least be a symbolic recognition of the situation and a call to move beyond that and to foster safer spaces.”

Various groups on campus were consulted for the wording of the motion.

Noor Salah, president of the Muslim Student Association, said the CSU are sincere and concerned by what might trouble the Muslim students.

“We are also thankful that they approached us to discuss the motion before drafting it,” Salah said in a statement.

The motion of tolerance passed unanimously.



THE KEY TO THE (OTHER) CITY

Venturing into the Unknown with Pabstman

BY HÉLÈNE BAUER
@HELENEVBAUER

PHOTOS COURTESY OF @PABSTMAN

Pabstman has been capturing the Montreal skyline since he was 12.



He looked first to his left, then to his right and glided through the dark entrance. He was dressed in black, from his tuque to his pants. Walking fast, his step was lightly brushing the ground, his skate shoes barely emitting any noise hitting the gravel. Without slowing down, Pabstman turned to me.

"If you see anybody, run through there," he said, pointing at the train tracks and the empty lot behind them.

A few nights a week, the Westmount *flâneur* sets out on an urban exploration "mission," which consists of entering off-limit sites like abandoned buildings, construction sites and rooftops.

"It's always a venture into the unknown," he said.

"If I ever get caught, I just show them my camera and say I'm only here to take photos," Pabstman said as he served me a Spanish decaf coffee at his Plateau apartment. He poured in just a little more cognac than coffee and looked at me, a bottle of whipped cream in his hand with a suggestive gleam in his eyes.

"Urban explorers, the purest ones live by this phrase," he said, "take nothing but pictures, leave nothing but footprints."

His endless curiosity for the unknown incited him to start exploring the city 10 years ago. Since his first mission, Pabstman has been discovering another Montreal that lies hidden within the city.

"[Urban explorers investigate] spaces that are marginal, off-limits, that are in between two spaces that are defined," said Silvano de la Llata, Assistant Professor of Geography, Planning and Environment at Concordia. For Pabstman, urban exploring isn't just another underground hobby to escape the confines of society—it's about questioning the limits of "public space" as set by laws and regulations and redefining it.

Within urban exploration lies a creative process of repurposing the "in-between" of the city—spaces that haven't been given a purpose yet, like construction sites, or spaces that have become obsolete over time, like abandoned buildings.

"You're engaging with the city as a laboratory," de la Llata said.

Pabstman has climbed the tallest point on the island, ventured through the contaminated sewers of Montreal and entered just about every abandoned, dilapidated building.

"It's a bit like having a key to the city," Pabstman said.

Born and bred in Montreal, his passion for urban exploring stemmed organically from his endless curiosity for all things off-limits.

At the age of 12, his father brought him into the Canada Malting plant along the Lachine Canal to take photos.

"I would always see this one abandoned building and it had graffiti at the very top," he said. "Because of the graffiti, I knew that you must be able to get there but it always was such a mystery to me."

"If I ever get caught, I just show them my camera and say I'm only here to take photos."

— Pabstman, urban explorer and photographer

Years later, he returned to that same building to go urban camping with friends.

"We had sleeping bags, little stoves, and we made scrambled eggs in the morning," Pabstman said. "What better place to go camping than this giant abandoned factory with huge silos. There's a great view, we made a fire, we had a couple beers. We hung out."

Montreal is a concrete jungle, a playground for urban explorers. According to de la Llata, we're witnessing the city changing. There are

skyscrapers rising at every downtown corner and buildings being abandoned across town.

"All these open spaces are an opportunity for change," de la Llata said.

Having entered a post-industrial era, urban structures like factories, which were once part of the city's cultural identity, have become obsolete, said Lucie Morisset, Canada

it's something with which we can identify."

By entering these otherwise forgotten spaces, urban explorers are giving them a purpose, and ultimately, another life.

The places urban explorers choose to enter are no secret to the common person—the real secret is how to get in, Pabstman said.

One of the first times I went urban exploring with him, he brought me to Silo 5 in the Old Port. It's a giant metal creature that was once used as a grain mill—today it is abandoned.

Standing at the bottom of the enormous iron box, tunnels spewing out from both ends, Pabstman pointed up at its crane-like feet and told me to climb up the tower to get in. I started climbing the icy pillar—lifting my right arm, and then my left leg slowly, unsure of myself. I was climbing for about 40 seconds when I heard Pabstman from down below telling me that I had made it up, and I just needed to get my body through the narrow trap door to be back on "safe" grounds.

We then walked through the tunnel, careful of where we were stepping, avoiding falling through the holes. Some 20 minutes later we were still walking, following a long conveyor belt that was once used to transport bags of grain. The obscure tunnel never seemed to end.

Eventually, we had reached the main building, the silo, and we started climbing up to the roof. I hadn't noticed how bad the smell was in there until we stepped out and I inhaled a big breath of icy cold air that stung my lungs.

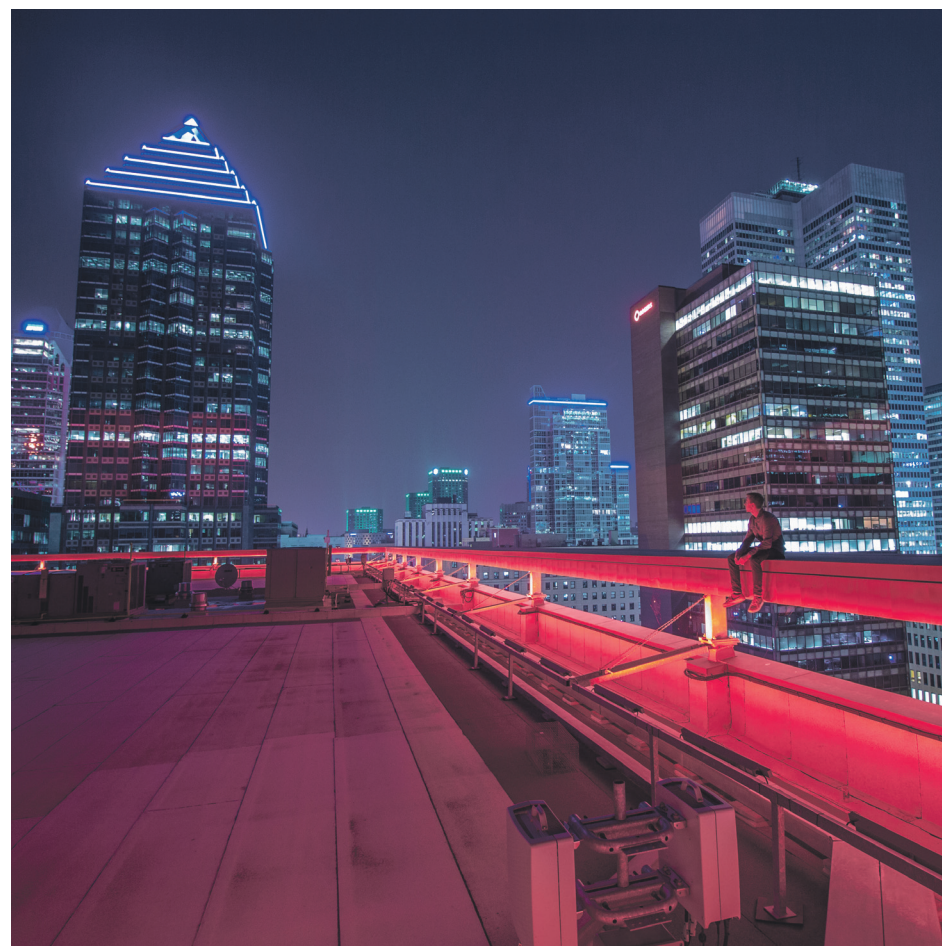
On the rooftop, still breathing heavily from the climb, we stared at the city and it stared back at us. The late afternoon golden sun was beaming down, reflecting off Montreal's downtown core. We could hear birds flapping their wings above our heads.

Whether he's climbing cranes, "rooftopping," or entering abandoned buildings, Pabstman is always looking for a rush. He's looking for that moment, looking down 40 storeys at the city lights, listening to the slowed down hustle of the night, when he feels he owns the city.

After scoping out the rooftop for a few minutes, Pabstman started setting up his tripod and camera. For an hour, there was no other sound than the click of his camera and a casual, "don't move for 30 seconds, I'm taking a long exposure."

These photos are the memories that Pabstman will bring back to show his friends and followers on Instagram and Flickr.

"By sharing these photos, I want to share this vision that I have of the city that's just different," Pabstman said. "It's something I think everyone should have the right to see."



Escape From Syria

Local Organization Brings Syrian Refugees to Quebec

BY DAVID EASEY
@SIBERIANDAVID

On an uncharacteristically humid and balmy Friday afternoon in November, I make my way through the sleepy streets of Outremont, arriving at the entrance of an old grey Armenian church.

Through the large wooden doors, I climb up the stairs to the second floor to meet the director of Hay Doun, a local organization that's been working tirelessly over the last few years to bring Syrians to Canada.

In the waiting room, I meet a young woman named Rena and her father Hovig.

I muster the courage to say a few words in Armenian and we begin to chat casually. Rena and her father are both Syrian refugees who fled their native city of Aleppo and have been in Montreal for only a few weeks.

"We saw everything," Rena tells me, as she recounts her family's frightening journey from Syria to neighbouring Lebanon. She describes how they took a treacherous taxi ride from Aleppo to Beirut, where they found safety in an overcrowded district.

"Beirut is filled with garbage," she says, discussing Lebanon's state of dysfunction as the shadow of the Syrian conflict spills over the border.

At the beginning of the war, Rena's grandfather was taken captive by a rebel group associated with Daesh—the Arabic word for Islamic State—and witnessed many atrocities. When he was released from captivity, he suffered a mental breakdown and exhibited symptoms similar to those suffering from Alzheimer's. He died five months later while Rena and her family sought refuge in Beirut—they never got to say a proper goodbye. This is the sort of struggle that thousands of refugees are contending with every day, and that many are desperately trying to escape.

"They just want a second chance in Canada," says Narod Odabasiyan, the director of Hay Doun. "They're not terrorists, they're families who have been through turmoil." A poignant statement, considering that the perception of refugees fleeing the war has been marred by the terror attacks in Paris on Nov. 13.

Odabasiyan says this all started six years ago when Hay Doun began facilitating the sponsorship of families fleeing the war in Iraq. When the Syrian conflict erupted, they saw an overwhelming volume of Syrians trying to take refuge in Canada and have been working non-stop to help them find a home here. As of September, they have helped over 600 families caught up in the conflict, funded by private donations.

During my visit, the office was bustling with activity, the phone ringing constantly, people coming and going, waiting to see if their loved ones were approved for sponsorship.

Hay Doun also goes beyond financial support, by helping newly arrived Syrians integrate into Montreal society. This includes helping them with French courses, filling out government documents and even providing essentials like winter coats. From the moment Syrians arrive at the airport, Hay Doun "coordinates and bridges services" aimed at providing help and care to vulnerable community members. Although Hay Doun was founded by the Armenian community and is continuously supported by them, their mandate is to help all those in need.

I'm introduced to a bright young woman named Nayiri, born and raised in Aleppo, who's been in Montreal for almost a year now.

"I still have lots of family and friends in Syria," she says somberly as we talk about the conflict. "The first bomb went off in our building." The explosion she is talking about severely injured Nayiri's father, a doctor who was coming home from his shift at the hospital. She tells me that he is still suffering from this injury, but is now being treated here.

She adds how they fled to Lebanon, where they heard about Hay Doun and applied for sponsorship. On this afternoon, Nayiri was just passing by the office to say a quick hello, demonstrating the organization's ability to provide a real sense of community for new arrivals. This is especially important for those having difficulty adjusting to life in Canada, with everything from the language barrier to the weather. Nayiri is unphased.

"I prefer the cold winter," she says, "compared to the rainy summers in Aleppo."



Narod Odabasiyan, director of Hay Doun.

PHOTO DAVID EASEY

Standing Against Islamophobia

Montreal Non-Profit Educates Muslim Women on Their Rights

BY CLAUDEL PROULX

I was interviewing Hanadi Saad, who wears a hijab and is the founder of the Justice Femme group fighting against discrimination towards women, when she was victim of an act of Islamophobia right before my eyes in a Tim Hortons in Brossard. Paralyzed, in the moment, I couldn't stand up for her.

A man who had been listening to our conversation passed by our seat and said "Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah." Saad didn't get caught up in his game of discrimination, though. She calmly continued the speech she had previously begun. "I have a carapace now," said Saad. "You have to cut yourself from the emotion."

"It's a question of attitude too. Sometimes, you have to ignore, answer, or defend yourself depending on the situation. And when you get used to it, you know how to act, but you have to be strong. It's not easy," said Saad.

Misunderstanding Islam in society can be blamed partly on media coverage, according to Foudil Selmoune, an imam at the Islamic Community Centre (ICC) of South Shore in Brossard. He pointed out that the media tends to relate acts of terrorism to Islam—like the Paris attacks of Nov. 13—when these events have nothing to do with the religion. Selmoune recited verse 5:32 of the Quran, "Whoever kills a soul unless for a soul or for corruption [done] in the land—it is as if he

had slain mankind entirely."

Eighty-five per cent of victims of Islamophobia in Quebec are women wearing a veil, said Saad. Since the debate on the Quebec Charter of Values of 2013, 64 complaints were filed for discrimination based on religion. 65 per cent of these complaints came from the Muslim community, according to the Quebec Human Rights Commission.

Women who are victims of Islamophobia, "don't want to talk, they don't want to act. They exclude themselves," she said. Saad explained her incentive behind the foundation of Justice Femme—their slogan is "Women To Talk, Women To Act."

There's a trap of falling into victimization that Saad says results in a "collective depression," creating a pattern of passive attitude in the harassed Muslim women community.

Saad is also involved at the ICC, a centre that helps Muslim women who are victims of Islamophobia hosting, organizing, and giving speeches to help Muslim women. Saad emphasizes the need to ask for legal aid and psychological help. Justice Femme's services offer this through lifestyle coaching in the "Se soutenir pour mieux se tenir" workshops. Saad explains the coaching focuses on stress and emotional management as well as on building self-confidence. Inaction results in no progress.

"Who doesn't know how to do 911?" asked Saad, referring to the importance of calling the

police in cases of Islamophobic aggressions.

According to Saad, many of these women mistrust the system, and fear the police, perceiving them as absolute authority. She explains their passive behaviour might come from their socioeconomic status, and educational and cultural background.

In fact, Saad stated most immigrants or new citizens who have lived in the province for less than 10 years won't complain when they are targeted by Islamophobic attacks. These are people who might not know their rights and can't recognize the resources available to file a complaint, she said. They fear social exclusion and fewer job opportunities by speaking out.

Also as immigrants, they might not see these occurrences as priorities in their lives. Justice Femme then acts as an intermediary between women and the police.

Saad will offer workshops every three months on self-defence in cases of Islamophobic aggressions towards Muslim women. They will take place in Laval, Montreal, St-Laurent, Anjou, Brossard, Sherbrooke, and Quebec City starting in December. She will start her conference tour called "Stand Up For Your Rights" to educate women on laws, and on their rights and freedoms related to Islamophobia. The conference tour runs through December and January.



PHOTO COURTESY FOUDIL SELMOUNE



Moe's will be closing its doors on Dec. 7, 2015.

NO MONEY, MOE PROBLEMS

Beloved Montreal Snack Bar Closes Its Doors After 57 Years

BY SAVANNAH SCOTT
@VANZILLASCOTT

That's it, Montreal. Eddy Thomas, a.k.a. Big Ed and the rest of the Thomas family have had enough.

Moe's Corner Snack Bar, a Montreal institution that has been serving hamburgers, westerns on toast and Grand Slam breakfasts since 1958, is closing. Locals are rushing to the diner to grab their last Big Ed burger before the official closing date of Dec. 7.

The Thomas family purchased the location 37 years ago from Moe Sweigman, the legendary cigar-smoking character that owned the place back when the Habs still used to eat there after practice. They have run the Casse-Croute Du Coin ever since, and the staff spans across generations; Big Ed, who took over from his parents Bessie and Peter, has run the diner since 1997, and his children have worked there for their whole lives too.

In the announcement—which was made on Instagram—Big Ed's daughter Katelyn noted the city's tough business climate as one of the main reasons for the closing.

She also wanted to bring attention to the fact that her grandparents immigrated from Greece “with nothing to their names” and had still managed to build “an outstanding life for themselves and their children.” She noted that her father had been working in the family business since the age of 16, and that it was his tireless efforts and her grandmother's refusal to give up that had kept the family business afloat for so long.

Thomas continued, writing that although the family was

“planning to sell and hoping that someone would be able to keep it going,” owning a 24-hour diner is “undoubtedly a lifetime of work” that nobody is interested in undertaking. Family-owned 24-hour diners are a dying breed, perhaps due to the constant work it requires to maintain and the increasing prevalence of fast food chains.

Thomas also blamed the closure on the area's constant construction, the removal of valuable parking space due to the creation of the de Maisonneuve Blvd. bike path and the Canadiens' move from the Forum to the Bell Centre.

Thomas finished the statement by thanking all the customers and regulars that had “become a part of the family over the years,” and apologized for what it had come to.

“Moe's was the kind of place where everybody knew your name,” said a customer who has been frequenting the diner a few times a year since the early '80s. “It was a meeting place for us bartenders to unwind,” he said.

“I'm going to miss being able to get \$5 pancakes at 2 p.m.,” said another, who began eating at Moe's only a few years ago when he moved to the area, and has been going “religiously” ever since.

As I write this I'm waiting on my mom so we can go to Moe's for the last time. She used to hit the Corner Snack Bar in her twenties and took me for my first Moe's milkshake and fries when I was 18.

Saying goodbye will be hard, but I'm going out with a bang; my last meal will be a strawberry banana milkshake, a breakfast club and a warmed-up cinnamon bun with extra butter on the side.



1958

Moe Sweigman opens Moe's

1980s

Montreal Canadiens win 13 Stanley Cups in 21 years (1958-1979)

Patrick Roy, Chris Chelios, Lyle Odelein, Stephan Lebeau, J.J. Daigneault visit diner

1996

Habs move from Forum to Bell Centre

1997

Big Ed takes over the diner

DEC. 6, 2001

Bill Murray visits Moe's diner

2007

de Maisonneuve Blvd. bike path opens

2014

Peter Thomas, Big Ed's father, passes away. He bought the diner from Moe Sweigman

JUNE 2015

Diner goes on sale for \$250,000

6 A.M. DEC. 7, 2015

Moe's closing



PHOTOS SAVANNAH SCOTT

Surviving the Subterranean

Exploring the Lives of Metro Artists

BY CARL BINDMAN
@CARLBINDMAN

Everybody loves the mirrors in the Atwater metro tunnel—the ones facing each other, where images repeat into infinity. Standing next to infinity is George. Well, his metro name is George—his surname is Gordon.

Gordon is straining into his saxophone, the straps pulling tight against his baggy shirt. He plays a lilting jazz that has a restrained kind of dignity—maybe a product of his age.

Gordon is 84 (but he looks 83) and has been playing the saxophone since he was 10. He says it's too long of a period of time to play music, but he persists.

"It's something you give to others, not yourself," Gordon says between songs, in an island accent.

He's from Trinidad. He learned to play there, led a 16-piece orchestra, joined the service and led the marching band too—now he's here in the metro.

"It makes me feel good, and I'm giving them comfort," Gordon says. He means the people who walk by, paying little mind to him and his saxophone. He grips the instrument, aged to a ruddy silver, close and he shrugs. "Some that pass with they problems, they don't even hear the music."

Nevermind the passersby, you have to play for yourself, he says. Except, "if the people aren't enjoying, what's the point? If nobody enjoy, there's no sense in staying here." Gordon stays; people *are* enjoying.

"Music," he says, "speaks for itself." A man walks past, snapping his fingers, but gives no money. "Street musicians," Gordon says, "is broke musicians."

Another broke musician comes by and nods at Gordon, pulling something from a crack by the mirror. The man writes something on it, puts it back and leaves. It's a list.

Every spot that buskers play, in the metro at least, has one like it. The first busker of the day brings a piece of paper, writes the date and their name down and then stashes it somewhere. For any would-be busker, they have to scribble their name with the time they want to play on the paper; otherwise, they'll get in trouble with their peers. These slips are hidden from commuters.

The slip at Guy-Concordia is hidden behind piping, above an ad. A heap of clothing in a backwards cap holding a clarinet goes and extricates the sheet. The air smells like pizza fried in butter.

It turns out that the heap of clothing in a backwards cap holding a clarinet is actually just a person in very baggy layers.

His name is Cristian Velasca, and he plays short loops of well-known songs, like "The Star-Spangled Banner" three times in a row. He enjoys it, Velasca says, but that's not why he does it.

"I need income to buy food," he explains. Busking was good once, but apparently since 2010 it's been downhill—now, he rarely makes more than \$11 in a sitting, which can vary in length. Once in a blue moon, it will be \$25. Velasca says he receives welfare, but it isn't enough. "Everything is so expensive."

A young woman walks past and pays a kind compliment, dropping a smattering of change.

"People know that I'm not *very* good," Velasca says. "But I'm not *just* good. I'm in between."

Velasca, like Gordon, has been playing for a long time—five years in Japan, nine years on the Holland America cruise line, 11 years in the Philippines in an orchestra. Now, he plays the metro.

Metro stations are constantly inhaling and exhaling hundreds of people who ignore people like Velasca—most don't even look at him. Between cars, he takes his phone out of his enormous jacket, anxiously checking the time. The next musician might be late, but Velasca has to keep going—he has to buy food, after all. He plays again.

"It's sometimes good," he says, "but always bad."

WHERE HAVE ALL THE CABARETS GONE?

Back at Atwater station, a Chinese man plays the accordion.

Sitting on a wooden chair that trembles as he rocks back and forth with his instrument, the man smiles at every person that passes. He plays classical Chinese and European—a mix of the idyllic rural history of two continents. Many people give change, one even buys a CD. To each he nods, smiles even bigger, and says "xièxiè!"

Eventually a younger woman stops, and the two strike up conversation in Mandarin. They look at me, and the man gestures over.

"I translate for you," the woman says.

The man's name is Jiang Bin. Jiang Bin is from Dalian, a large city on a peninsula in the Bohai Sea. He has been here in Canada for four decades, but just returned from a vacation back home.

When asked why he plays in the metro, Jiang Bin smiles quizzically, then replies. The woman translates: "otherwise, where to go?"

A group of skateboarders, seeking refuge from the cold,



Brandon Bernstein began playing the bagpipe in the RCMP two years ago.

PHOTO NIKOLAS LITZENBERGER

install themselves nearby, opposite us. They roll towards the traffic and ollie down the stairs. It echoes through the tunnel.

"There is no other place to perform this music," the woman continues.

Jiang Bin shows me a picture of him and the Mayor. He played from a car's sunroof in this year's Canada Day parade, and on a visit to Chinatown, Coderre recognized him.

Just then, the driver of the Canada Day car arrives in the tunnel with his violin. His name is Yang Xinya—it means tree under the horse, he says. It's Xinya's first time playing with Jiang in two months.

The woman leaves, and the two start to play, ripping into a vicious polka—an old man with a cane roars out the forgotten words as he hobbles by. The skateboarders dissipate.

"The voice here is best," Xinya says. "The acoustics."

The tunnel at Atwater, buskers agree, is the best place in the metro system to play music. Donald—another metro favourite, who does endless country ballads on a nylon-stringed classical guitar—says this.

"I used to play in hotels," Donald says, "in clubs and cabarets." He has a pacemaker now, so the stress of the stage is too much. Donald shakes his head, his white hair slashing a male-patterned arc around his face. Clubs play a very different kind of music today—and real cabarets don't exist.

"It's nice to play here," Donald says. "There's just the sound of people walking."

The next day, another man sits against the mirror, with his eyes closed, clapping his hands and singing a gentle song in Spanish. His name is Eddy Lopez, and he's from Cuba.

Lopez has a kempt grey beard that darkens to charcoal at the fuzzy tips. He wears his age with character and grace. He has no choice.

"I left Cuba 28 years ago," Lopez says, "for political reasons."

He was a musician back home, a composer, and he only sings the songs he likes—his own work, and Cuban tunes from the '50s. Lopez had a band here in Montreal, the Martinez Joe—they played in a club together, for years, until new neighbours complained about the noise and shut it down.

"I played guitar. I played piano. I'm a musician," Lopez says. He can't play anymore, he says, as he holds up his hands. "Arthritis."

But music is his skill, and he needs to employ it because, although he's on welfare, his pension hasn't started yet. So he sings in the metro, claps his hands and closes his eyes.

"I play to help myself, and to please others," he explains. "I send a message: let's share in music."



Claude Gélneau belongs to the Étoile du Métro busking group.

PHOTO NIKOLAS LITZENBERGER

thelinknewspaper.ca/fringe • Dec. 1, 2015



ON A COLD MONDAY AFTERNOON

Someone sits at the entrance to Place des Arts metro, talking to himself. His eyes bulge, his arms jerk, occasionally he throws his head back in silent laughter. Commuters hurry by, giving him space.

Across a sea of stained teal tiles, a group of homeless people huddles by the other entrance. Some lean on the wall, some sit on the floor. They are too cold to ask for money; their mumbles are ignored.

In the middle, between the coming-and-going crowd, is a mural. Maybe you've seen it—ornate stained glass, vivid colour, landmarks of Montreal and its history.

Marie Lou Tremblay stands next to it, wearing layers of black—a leather skirt, woolen socks and long hair. A vinyl flower propped beside her, a cloth with her CDs on the ground before her, a poster in the colours of the STM just behind: “J'aime, J'apprécie,” written under her name.

A small speaker on Tremblay's waist pumps out a lattice of classical and jazz. With her flute, she builds familiar melodies.

“I play a lot,” Tremblay says. “After a classical show, I can play classical. After a rock show, I can play rock. On an afternoon like today?”

She can play sad music. It's not winter, yet, but it's the first day that feels like it.

Tremblay is an Étoile du Metro—that's what the poster behind her says. She pays—and had to audition—for the privilege, but now she's guaranteed prime locations as long as she plays at them. “I don't need to arrive at 6 a.m. for the slip,” Tremblay says, a smile crinkling the lines by her eyes. “I can register online.”

It's easy to see the appeal of a more regimented system to a woman who is performing alone in the metro—there are fewer women buskers.

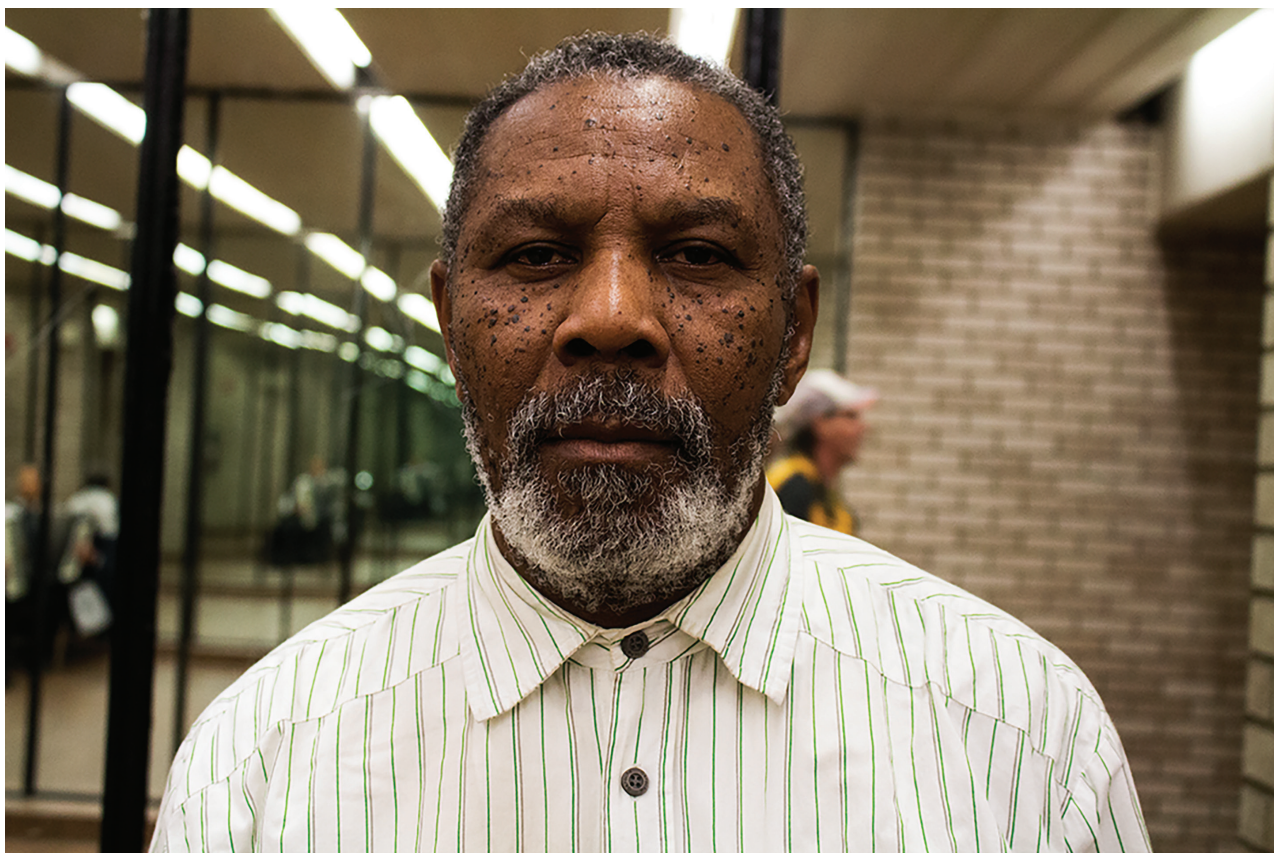
“It's easier this way,” Tremblay says. She doesn't have to organize band practices, she can play what she wants, she can keep all the money. “I have another profession, so I can do this on the side.”

A kid in a pink snowsuit stops her mother and gestures for coins. She runs up to Tremblay and leans over the scarf on the ground—in the unbalanced stance of the very young—and lets the change fall. Tremblay kneels and performs a solo for the girl, who dances away, laughing.

After the homeless people in the corner disperse, after the man on the stairs vanishes, Tremblay is still there playing. Sometimes, someone will pass and give her change. But, like the rest, they keep walking without looking back. She doesn't seem to be phased by this, like many of her fellow buskers. “That's just how the metro is.”

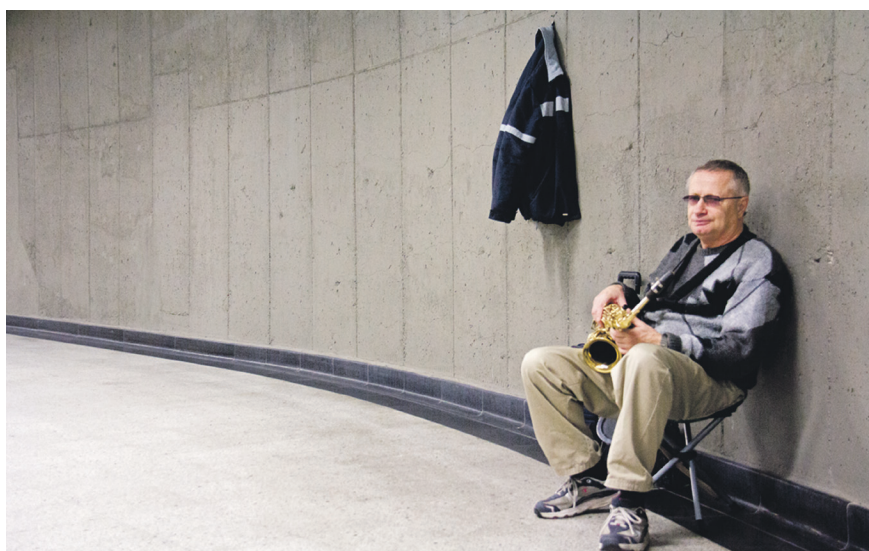
Jiang Bin (left) and Yang Xinya (right) are old friends from China.

PHOTO CARL BINDMAN



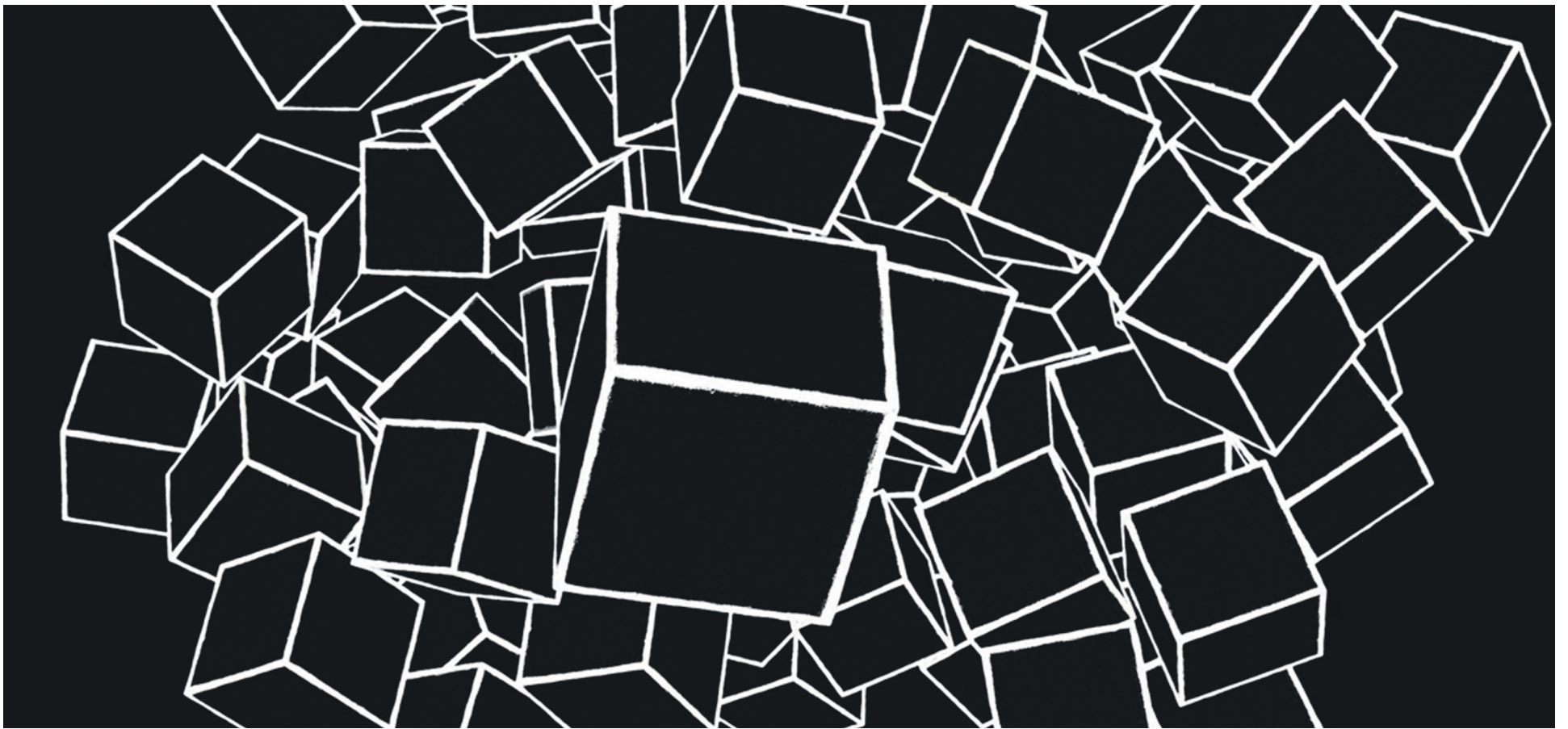
Eddy Lopez's voice resonates the halls of Montreal's metros.

PHOTO CARL BINDMAN



Genardy serenades the crowds in Berri-UQAM.

PHOTO NIKOLAS LITENBERGER



STILL FROM "COMPOSITION IN CUBES"

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY

Concordian Film Students Switch Up Traditional Narratives in Animated Shorts

BY SARAH LOZINSKI
@SARAHLOZI

Of all the fine arts, cinema is considered by some to be the most conservative. The pressure to conform to traditional storytelling structure is common. For animated films, narration can actually be a limitation—at least that's how up-and-coming animators, Concordia film students and graduates perceive the state of their industry.

Four current and former Concordia student-directors from the Mel Hoppenheim School of Cinema recently made their debut at Les Sommets du cinéma d'animation, one of Montreal's acclaimed film festivals. From Nov. 25 to 29, Les Sommets featured animation from diverse platforms—everything from work by well-known animators like Laurent Laban to students honing their art.

Mike Horowitz and Max Woodward presented a work called "Composition in Cubes," which Woodward described as an "unofficial music video" to a song by BADBADNOTGOOD, a jazz trio based out of Toronto. The pair met at Mel Hoppenheim in their first year, and used the piece to tackle the issue of marrying animation styles and breaking traditional narrative rules.

Keeping time

"Usually for a single animator, you can comfortably manage a minute-long animation," Horowitz said. "This is a five and a half minute song. We tried to put as much as we

possibly could into that time."

From a less technical point of view, Woodward was interested in blending stop motion and 2D animation into one fluid technique. They channelled both styles effectively by animating the movement of cubes, tracing and drawing over them. Narrative was less of a concern than art and style.

An exercise in style

"Extra Champignons," Lori Malépart-Traversy's film, has a very similar filmmaking perspective to Horowitz's and Woodward's film, yet falls on the opposite end of the spectrum in its execution, replacing cubes with mushrooms, and jazz with a group of classical guitarists.

"It's a music video, but it's more of an exercise in style," Malépart-Traversy said. "I wanted to mix the mushrooms and the beauty of nature with music."

When asked what prompted the inclusion of mushrooms, Malépart-Traversy explained.

"At first, I just liked the scientific part of mushrooms," she said. "I thought I would do an animated documentary, but finally the visual of [the mushrooms] really inspired me the most. It's a mushroom dancing and having fun."

Malépart-Traversy is no stranger to festivals either, with her film "Sparky Ketchup" making its rounds through Canadian festivals a couple of years ago.

Light's status in image

Marie-Noelle Moreau Robidas came to Les Sommets with "Quid." The short film is based on the theory

of vision in which eyes emit light at a subject, which pierces the matter, reflecting an image back to the viewer's eyes.

"I was very intrigued by this concept, and I think I play with that," she said. Using everyday sounds and oil pastel paintings layered into digital images, Moreau Robidas attempted to create an imaginary world for the viewer to immerse themselves in.

"Let's say it's not a narrative, it's more of a meditation on these concepts," Moreau Robidas said. "After [viewing the film] you can feel like you're deeper in the subconscious."

Narration as confinement

All three films have creative independence, yet in the background, the artists struggled with similar issues. In a field such as animation,

presenting work with a narrative layer is expected, rather than challenged. Experimental films are not always welcome.

Malépart-Traversy credits this to an expectation placed on films in general.

"You have to have something that drives the spectator to somewhere. It can be interesting as something completely abstract, but there has to be some path," she said.

Horowitz credits the animation program and the use of narration for opening proverbial doors. His teachers encouraged experimentation, with limitations.

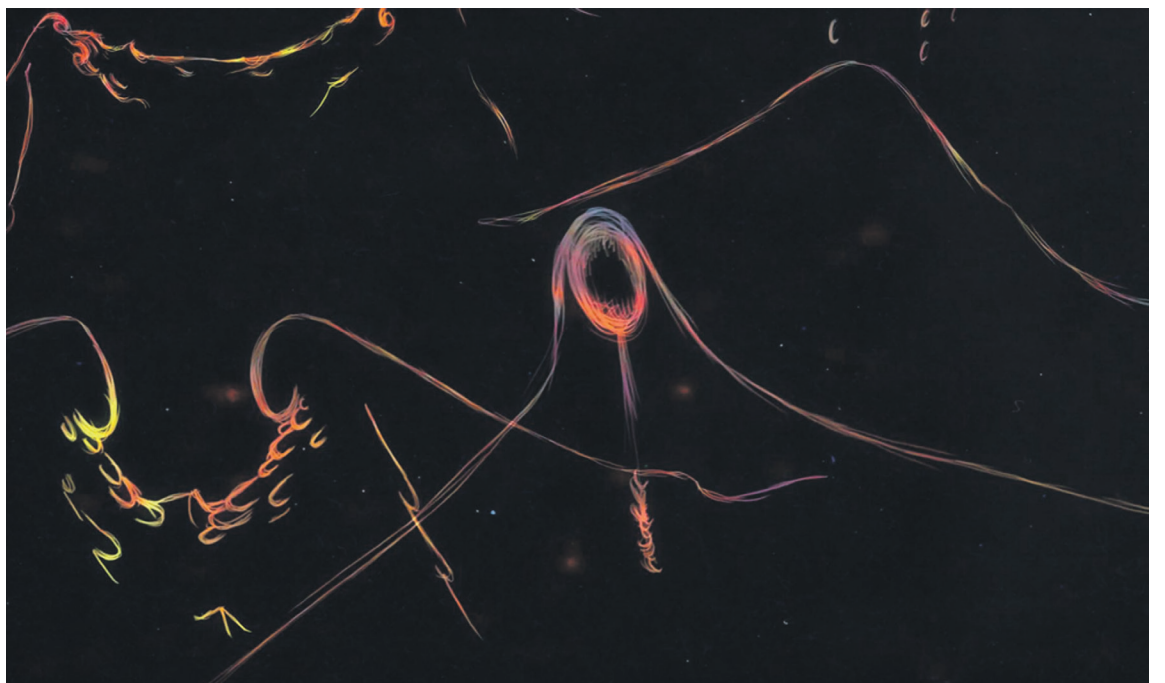
"I feel like a lot of people are passionate [about narration] because they grew up watching Disney films. It's always going to be there, that influence," Horowitz said. Most animators' natural inclination is

having a narrative or a variation of Disney-style.

"It takes a little while to step out of that and try something different, something new," he said. "There's always going to be the first familiarity with something that has a narrative."

"I think the same thing is in cinema in general," Moreau Robidas added. "You have a few people who kind of have an interest in experimental film and you have a lot of people who want to get better at something that is already established."

"There's a weight to films and it's hard to get out of that," said Malépart-Traversy. "There's a way to understanding films that is all over the place. People are used to watching film and understanding it—there's an entire vocabulary [surrounding cinema]."



STILL FROM "QUID"



Equestrian Brianna Ballard is ranked first and third, among under-21 amateurs in Quebec and Canada respectively.

PHOTO SHAUN MICHAUD

HOOFING IT

Nationally Ranked Equestrian and Concordia Student Strives for Perfect Balance

BY CARL BINDMAN
@CARLBINDMAN

To succeed in the demanding and elite world of equestrian sport, athletes can't just be at the top of their game—their horses have to be too.

Brianna Ballard is a full-time journalism student at Concordia, as well as a full-time athlete and a bonafide personal trainer for her horse, Carpe Diem.

She and Carpe Diem—who she calls Cooper—are ranked first in Quebec and third in Canada for under-21 amateurs. All of these achievements have happened despite Carpe Diem being, in her words, “not the greatest.”

It's been a struggle accomplishing all that they have together. With so much going on, the first-year student knows a thing or two about balance.

Ballard wakes up on her St. Lazare farm at 5 a.m., which in her estimation is only “pretty early.” She feeds horses and shovels manure, before heading to Ste-Justine-de-Newton, minutes away from the Ontario border, to train with Cooper. After that, she goes to school. If she does more training in the evening, she gets home at 8 p.m., to complete chores and homework before going to bed.

“Sometimes it feels like I live two different lives,” Ballard says. “I have two different closets, almost.”

As a student journalist, Ballard says she's always talking with other people, always working in teams—at odds with her riding experience.

“It's an individual sport. When I'm training, I have focus,” Ballard says. “It grounds me.” Of course, Ballard is not without Cooper.

She got him when he was six years old, which is young for a horse, and named him Carpe Diem, a decision she attributes to “teen angst.” He's a Hanoverian Thoroughbred cross, a shiny brown beast with bulging legs that darken to black before rich cream hoofs. He looks sleek, muscular and powerful. He's a handful—a project, as Ballard puts it, though one she is more than capable of handling.

She's been doing equestrian sport since she was five, and has lived on a farm—handling horses of all kinds—since she was eight. She and Cooper have been training together for six years.

Every year, she says, they have gotten to higher levels of competition, and now they compete nationally. It's an achievement they secured through steady, consistent development—training five or six days a week.

“I have to make sure that he's being developed properly,” Ballard says of Cooper. He has to be fit, his body weight has to be maintained, he has to be balanced—she trains him for it all. “This horse,” she says, “is also an athlete.”

Riding Cooper has made Ballard a better athlete too. While many of her competitors ride horses that may be easier to control, her constant work with him makes her comparatively stronger.

“When they get on a horse that's like mine, they can't ride it,” Ballard says.

This proved useful during the Quebec finals for the Canadian Equestrian Team in September. Ballard was in the top four contenders, but there was a final challenge: the finalists had to switch horses and complete a set of jumps. When her opponents all failed to control Cooper, Ballard moved from third

place to first.

However at the national competition held in Toronto earlier this November, Cooper wasn't as helpful. Riders were evaluated on various criteria, including how they look—Ballard dismisses this as unimportant, but it was an issue for them, because Cooper's balance is poor. He allegedly doesn't look good running the course. They came fourth overall.

Potential salvation came again, as the top four riders were once again given an extra challenge. Instead of switching horses, the judges gave finalists rapid-fire instructions of a route to ride.

“Jump this, jump that, jump this,” Ballard says. “And then go.” The riders went, their scores reset to zero, and the judges decided their fate. Ballard and Cooper seized the day. They came in third overall.

This is significant because the Olympic team likes to scout for athletes in the national bracket. According to Ballard, they need fresh talent—she says it has barely changed in a decade.

“The people with the most money or the most experience have kind of taken over the Canadian team,” she says. “It's a problem that I have with the sport; the older, richer people seem to have the monopoly.”

It's because, says Ballard, horseback riding is a very expensive sport. Simply boarding a horse can cost nearly \$13,000 a year, according to Equine Guelph. That's without competition fees, medical expenses or equipment.

“The trick,” Ballard says, “is finding a sponsor. Or finding some rich person who likes horses and needs a rider.”

Ballard has no intention of slowing down. Sure, she says that the people with-

out resources get shut out of the game. The people that have money keep going up until they reach the top. But that's because nobody is there to stop them—yet. Ballard finds herself at a crossroads. Decisions need to be made, before the pressure to compete, combined with school life, throw everything out of balance.

“I don't think in the long run I'll be able to be a journalist and be an athlete,” Ballard says. “Do I just take the leap?”



Cooper and Ballard have been training together for a long time.

PHOTO COURTESY SANDRA SIMPSON



PHOTO COURTESY QUEEROBICS

ACTIVELY QUEER

Queerobics Brings Aerobics to Safe Spaces

BY MICHELLE PUCCI
@MICHELLEMPUCCI

"I'm really good at tricking people into running, and I'm really good at tricking people into doing push ups," said Shannon Herrick, founder of Queerobics.

Herrick has a difficult task: making physical activity something people enjoy, instead of something they begrudgingly check off their to-do lists. Her target group is people who identify as queer, gay, lesbian, bisexual, trans, gender-nonconforming or those looking for a non-judgmental space to work out.

Queerobics lessons started just over a month ago, and though turnout could be better, Herrick is hopeful things will pick up in the new year with resolutions to get fit.

Her concept of an alternative aerobics workout started in May, originally known as Work It Out, when she and friends worked out in parks for free.

Now, Herrick, a recent McGill undergraduate, hopes the classes can be part of new research about how to make physically active spaces open to non-straight and non-cis people.

There is little research comparing hetero and queer people on physical activity, Herrick said, but there have been studies on homophobia in team sports and physical education class. All of this can discourage queer

youth from feeling confident in physically active spaces.

"It doesn't have to be a gym, it can be a locker room, a field," she said.

Non-heterosexual and non-gender conforming people may become 'others' and can be socially excluded in physical education classes, according to Heather Jane Sykes in the 2011 book *Queer Bodies*. Students who identified as queer told Sykes they would skip P.E. class and changing rooms to avoid being harassed.

These kinds of experiences in primary or high school can turn people off of physical activity when they get older, putting them at risk of preventable health problems, Herrick said.

"You go through this system, then you're done, and you hate physical activity," she said.

Non-hetero young adults commit one to three fewer hours of working out a week and are 46 to 76 per cent less likely to play team sports, according to a 2014 article published by the U.S. National Library of Medicine. The article attributed this to gender non-conformity and lower self-esteem in athleticism.

"It has nothing to do with who you choose to be intimate with," Herrick said. "It's just because of pre-existing systems of oppression, the way society works—those intervention programs and ideas of gender push you to the outside, especially when it comes to physical health."

That's changing, Herrick said, with evolving curricula that include queer issues. But for the generation that missed out on an open and queer-friendly health class, there's still apprehension to incorporate physical activity in their life.

Herrick uses her background as an athlete to come up with aerobics programs. She worked as an Aquafit instructor and played in national competitions on McGill's synchronized swimming team.

Other Montreal queer-friendly activities, such as Queer Tango and Queer Yoga, are more focused on creating a space for queer and differently-abled people, who aren't as comfortable in typical tango and yoga classes.

"Queer tango offers a safe or unthreatening space for queers to penetrate dance scenes that, I guess, on the surface look uber heteronormative," said Miriam Ginestier, who co-founded the Queer Tango group.

"We're kind of queering tango," Ginestier said. A lot of assumptions are engrained in the dance, she said, like "men lead, women follow." Tango is also intimate and can be a flirty environment, so it's important everyone is comfortable and open about their identities. Some hetero women participate in the group because they've had injuries that make it difficult to follow.

Alisha Mascarenhas started Queer Yoga to create a space for people to practice yoga poses,

but who don't feel welcome in most studios.

The yoga classes are also a place where a person's gender isn't assumed, which, for people who aren't gender-normative or who don't necessarily visibly fit into binaries, means not explaining their gender-identity when they're trying to concentrate on their yoga practice.

"Trans folks who have come to class—they always have to be correcting people or addressing it in their day to day, and it's a shitty thing to have to do that in a yoga space as well," Mascarenhas said.

Mascarenhas started teaching Queer Yoga at the Centre for Gender Advocacy about a year ago, but has been teaching yoga for about three years. Classes are Fridays at noon. Queer Yoga lessons are offered as pay-what-you-can, because yoga can be financially inaccessible.

According to Herrick, Queerobics is about confronting gym culture, which often doesn't provide a safe space and can promote unrealistic beauty standards. These spaces can also be financially and physically inaccessible.

"It's really hard to deprogram that," she said. "Healthy doesn't [mean that you] have to be a fitness model."

Part of Herrick's program is building confidence for people who do choose to go the gym.

"Confidence and knowledge is key, because you can say, 'I know how to squat, I know how to deadlift,'" Herrick said. "Then you have a baseline, so you can deal with all the bullshit and the stares."

Herrick hopes to continue Queerobics and, through graduate studies, conduct participatory action research, which is community-based research that reflects and adjusts methods based on findings.

For now, Herrick is designing aerobics programs that sound less terrible.

"You need to do weird fun things," she said. "Suicides, I don't do that. It's also a terrible fucking name." Instead she replaces the sprinting exercises with something she calls "euphorias."

"It's similar, but you go and you have to be like a mermaid, but it's actually technically harder than a suicide," she said. "It's weird, tagging on a different name or approaching it a different way so that all of a sudden you're like, 'I can't believe you're making me do star jumps.'"

Queerobics takes place Thursdays at 10 a.m. at the Centre for Gender Advocacy. Other times and dates are listed on the Queerobics Facebook group.



Shannon Herrick is the founder of Queerobics, a non-judgmental space to work out.

PHOTO MICHELLE PUCCI

thelinknewspaper.ca/sports • Dec. 1, 2015

STINGERS RECRUITMENT BUDGETS REVEALED

Football and Women's Basketball Receive Highest Amount

BY VINCE MORELLO
@VINNYMORELLZ

It's been revealed how much the Concordia Stingers spend to scout and recruit talent for their sports teams.

In total, the Stingers spent \$58,150 on recruitment of players for their sports teams in the 2015-2016 fiscal year. This is a roughly 8 per cent increase from last year's total budget of \$53,729. This raise in budget comes amidst an approximately \$30 million cut since 2012 in Concordia's operation budget and after the \$160,000 rebrand of the Stingers.

"Recruitment budgets are established with the coaches on a yearly basis, based on recruiting needs," said Patrick Boivin, Concordia's Director of Recreation and Athletics. "It's a two-way conversation [with the coaches] and the budgets will vary from year to year based on the needs."

The football program receives the highest amount at \$28,700, and women's basketball receives the second highest amount of \$6,950.

"Football has 100 players and the department has approximately 350 athletes total. Their budget is proportional," said Boivin.

The team with the lowest budget is the men's rugby team—winners of the Réseau de Sport Étudiant Quebec championship in 2014—receiving only \$650.

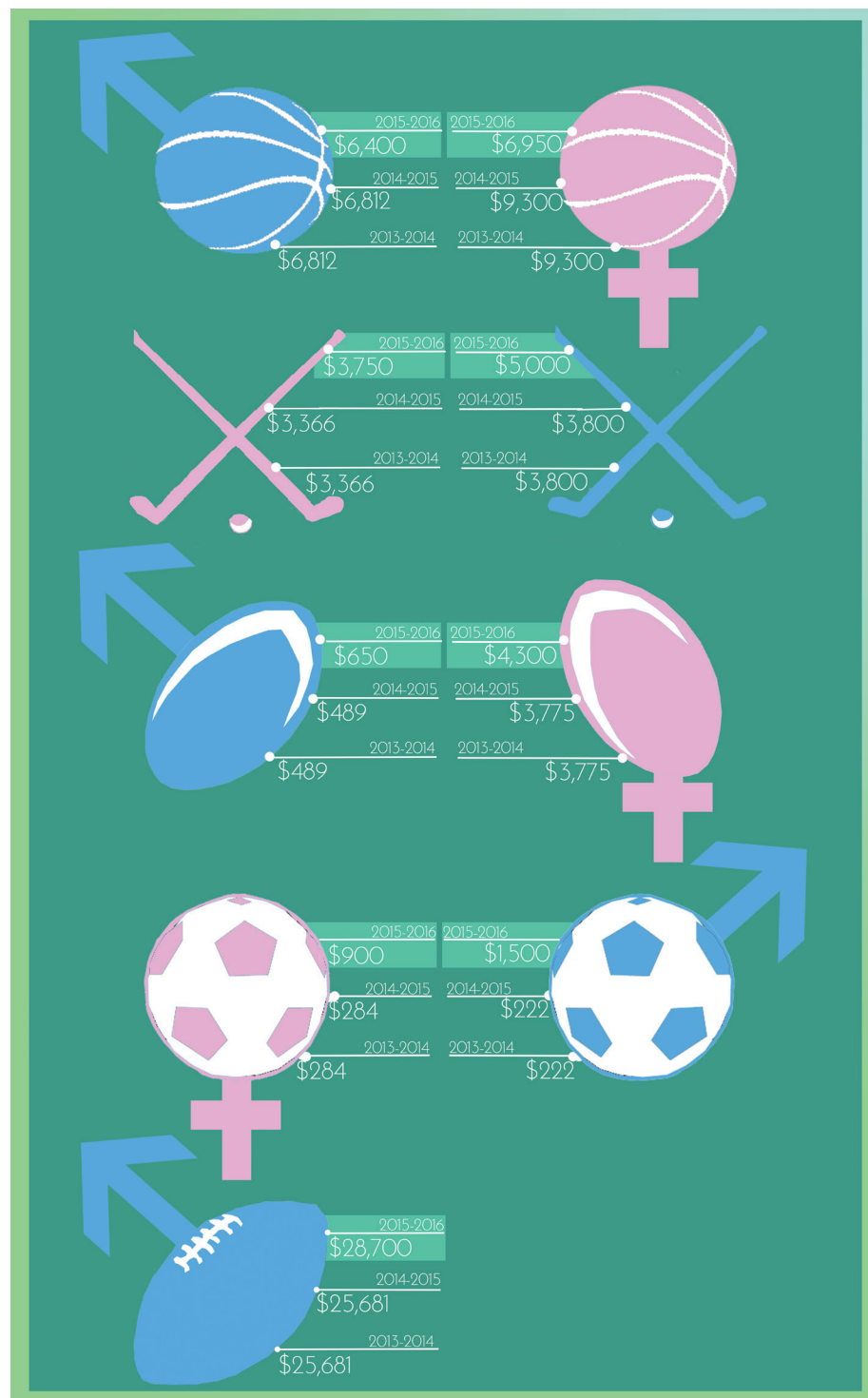
"When you have a team with such a solid reputation, players flock to us. So, our need to spend on recruitment is limited," Boivin said.

Some teams have received a boost in their budget unlike previous years. The men and women's soccer teams only received \$222 and \$284 respectively during the fiscal years of 2013-2014 and 2014-2015.

This year, the men's team budget increased by about 576 per cent, and went up to \$1,500 for this year, while the women's team budget saw an increase of about 217 per cent, growing to \$900.

Most of the other teams hovered around the same numbers as in the last two years. Men's basketball went from a budget of \$6,812 to \$6,400 and men's hockey went from having \$3,800 to \$5,000. Women's hockey also went up from \$3,366 to \$3,750. Women's rugby saw their budget increase from \$3,775 to \$4,300.

With files obtained by Tristan D'Amours



GRAPHIC MADELEINE GENDREAU



Did you know that *The Link* has a sports podcast? Now you do! Did you know that you can subscribe to it on iTunes? Now you know! We talk university sports, big league sports and everything in between.

Join us for episode 42 this week, when we'll be recapping this past weekend's Vanier and Grey Cup, and talk to Concordia Stingers quarterback and RSEQ MVP Trenton Miller.

Listen to our episodes on our website (thelinknewspaper.ca/blogs/pressbox), as well as SoundCloud, iTunes or the Sports Podcasting Network (sportspodcastingnetwork.com).

**Despite whatever our logo may suggest, hot dogs are not included. We're working on that.*

Refugees and Me

BY JON MILTON
@514JON

The attacks that happened in Paris on Nov. 13 were an atrocity. The fact that people are capable of such violence is terrifying. It's normal that we would feel unnerved, even afraid, after such a seemingly random act of violence. Who would do such a thing? Why would they do it? Is someone planning another one? Who?

The media sure seems to know what to do. In the days since the attack, there's been an increasingly loud chorus of talking heads chanting "SHUT THE BORDERS!" Sure it would be nice to help the refugees, they say, but we can't risk another Paris. We need to put our security first.

Some respectable pundits have gone so far as to say that "the barbarians are already inside." That's pretty scary. We need to watch each other and report anything suspicious—our lives could depend on it.

So in the spirit of public safety, I have a potentially dangerous person who I want to report. She fits into all the categories that we've been told to watch out for.

The first major red flag is that this person came to Canada as a refugee. We've been told that refugees in general should be looked at suspiciously, so I started looking into her back-story a little more.

This person seems to not have put much effort into assimilating into Canadian culture—she still prefers to speak the language

of her home country, and tends to associate exclusively with people from there. She considers herself a Canadian second, and identifies first with the country where she was born. She even brought her weird religious customs with her—this isn't looking good.

Not only that, but she apparently receives some kind of payment from overseas every month—something to do with a war. I'm starting to get scared. Maybe she's a terrorist and she's planning the next attack. With everything we've been told, we can't be sure. Maybe I should report her.

Maybe I should take matters into my own hands—except that would be ridiculous because I'm talking about my 91-year-old great grandmother. She fled the Ukraine in the 1930s, trying to get away from the terror of Stalin's Soviet Union. Much of her family and community died in the Holodomor and the Great Purge. Escape was her only chance for survival, and she took it.

I wouldn't be here if the Canadian state hadn't allowed for her to come here all those years ago. And no, no one in my family has ever been accused of terrorism. As a matter of fact, none of the 263,000 refugees Canada has let into its borders in the past ten years have been accused of terrorism—not one.

But closing the borders to some of the most desperate people in the world, on the other hand, could definitely cause an uptick in terrorism. Not only would it cause serious resentment against the Canadian state, but it would trap people in the places where

terrorist groups are most active, giving them thousands of potential new recruits. Those not forced to join would likely be killed.

Let's be serious here. Yes, groups like Daesh are dangerous, but the people who are coming to Canada as refugees—and those who weren't so lucky to be accepted into the very strict refugee program—are fleeing the same type of terror as we saw in Paris. Except in Syria, these types of attacks aren't isolated events; they happen every day on a scale that we can't imagine.

During the 12 years that the Nazis were in power in Germany, Canada accepted fewer than 5,000 Jewish refugees. Canadians were afraid that the refugees were Nazi spies. Many were turned away at the border, sent back to certain death in Europe. It was a tragedy, and something that we should never repeat.

Let's make solidarity the defining aspect of our response, not fear and xenophobia. Let's open the borders to all asylum-seekers. Let's right the wrongs of our past, starting right now.



GRAPHIC JENNIFER AEDY

Letter: An Apology From ASFA



GRAPHIC BRANDON JOHNSTON

We, the ASFA executive and board of directors are writing this letter to sincerely apologize to Mei-Ling on behalf of any student involved in ASFA, past or present, for creating a racially and sexually oppressive environment during her time in office.

Mei-Ling experienced multiple levels of discrimination and harassment because ASFA has contributed to an unsafe environment, ruining her engagement with student life. Her integrity and self-esteem have been hurt due to ASFA, which is unacceptable. We regret that these experiences deterred her from exploring other facets of student life at Concordia.

The Federation takes full responsibility for allowing these actions to happen and we will begin rectifying the situation by distancing ourselves from those who perpetrate a racist or sexist culture in our community. We will be providing consent, harm reduction and anti-oppression training to all students and employees who hold a position of power within ASFA. We will be creating a task force on sexual violence and racism with a mandate to review the school's sexual assault policies and to create awareness and educational campaigns around these issues. We will also ensure that the university administration treat this issue with the utmost importance and we regret that they have not yet issued a public apology for the lack of support they provided her.

To Mei-Ling: because you have spoken up about your experiences you have given other survivors the courage to speak up about theirs. We would like to thank you for having the bravery that this took and for initiating culture change not only on our campus, but on all campuses across the province. We promise to continue reforming our spaces, processes and attitudes to repair the damage created by systemic racism and sexism within the Federation and the university, and sincerely apologize to you for our past inaction.

Sincerely,

All members of the Arts and Science Student Federation of Associations



In Paris, the Eiffel Tower went dark in memory of the victims.

PHOTO COURTESY CAMILLA VILLEGAS

A Message of Thanks and Solidarity

A French Perspective on the Paris Attacks

BY ANNA MICHETTI AND ALICE PIERRE

In wake of the attacks on Nov. 13 in Paris, two French students express solidarity and thanks for worldwide support. A French version of this piece will appear in L'Organe's next issue.

On the evening of Nov. 13, six attacks were orchestrated in Paris by Daesh terrorists. On the streets of Saint-Denis, near the *Stade de France*, in bars and restaurants in the 10th and 11th *arrondissements* and in a concert hall, the city was tormented: the target was the civil population. The death toll rose to 130—eight of the deaths were those of terrorists; 352 were injured, 99 of those left in critical condition. The night of Nov. 13 now bears the scars of the bloodiest terror attack in France since 1945, and one of the deadliest against a Western country since 9/11.

Responses were swift. We were flooded with messages of support including recurring hashtags like #PortesOuvertes (open doors, meaning possible shelter) and #PrayforParis.

Worry, fear, distress, bewilderment and incomprehension was felt by all. Different media outlets offered a mere trickle of information. It was hard to get any details.

One fact dominated everything: Paris was

under siege, Paris was stricken. Everywhere in the world, we tried to check on our loved ones, we tried to support each other. Sighs of relief were heard, tears flowed.

What can we say in the face of grief? There are no college classes to teach us what to say, what to do when confronted with such loss. Then incomprehension prevails. How could such a barbaric act have been committed? How can we find justice?

While some try to understand what might have been going on in these people's heads, others clamor for retaliation, saying that “we ought to kill them all,” and that France must not let anyone walk over her.

How can we fight when we can't identify our enemy? Isn't fear our true enemy, and trouble accepting one another? After all, terrorism is defined by the U.N. as “an anxiety-inspiring method of repeated violent action ... for idiosyncratic, criminal or political reasons, whereby ... the direct targets of violence are not the main targets.”

Faced with a crime such as the one perpetrated on Nov. 13, we must not give the Daesh what they want by dividing ourselves, by giving way to fear and xenophobia. We must not accept Marine Le Pen's—the Front National candidate for the French presidency—spiel about how “France must re-arm itself,” nor Donald Trump's claims that France

must allow its citizens to carry weapons. We cannot respond to barbaric acts with more barbaric acts. We cannot lose our humanity in the name of a retaliation that should take place with the help of education, art and love. We must continue to claim our cultural identity, brandishing Voltaire, Weil, De Gaulle, Camus and the Declaration of Human Rights.

As my friend Owen Falhun said, “the gearing of weapons, that's the worst thing ... we need to share and share again messages of peace.” These messages of love, support and peace were sent out by the entire world. Germany offered its military support, Uganda declared their “solidarity with the values attacked last night: liberty, equality, fraternity,” and Brazil adorned its *Christ the Redeemer* with the colours of France. Hungary declared a national day of mourning, Algeria called the attacks a “crime against humanity” and the Toronto CN Tower donned the tricolour flag. Saudi Arabia denounced a violation of “all ethics, morals and religions”, and the India Gate in New Delhi changed its colours to blue, white, and red. In Paris, the Eiffel Tower went dark in memory of the victims.

The world lit up to show its support. Thousands of candles were lit and placed on windowsills in houses everywhere on Nov. 14 and 15. Around the world French people

gathered in front of embassies, singing “La Marseillaise,” observing moments of silence, and reassuring one another.

If today we are talking about international reactions, it is because we want to thank you. Geographically speaking, France isn't a very large country, but it has a history, a culture. As a comment appearing on the *New York Times* website said so well on the Nov. 14, “France embodies everything religious zealots everywhere hate: enjoyment of life here on earth in a myriad of little ways, a fragrant cup of coffee and buttery croissant in the morning ... the smell of warm bread, a bottle of wine shared with friends ... the right not to believe in any god ... to read any book you want.” France is the country of enlightenment, of Zola and Balzac.

That day, we were not alone. We had support. We could easily go on thanking you for your love. But it is now time for us, the French people, to show our support, as the attacks on Nov. 13 did not target France alone. The south of Beirut was also attacked by two kamikazes, which resulted in 43 casualties. The events on Nov. 13 were not only a physical attack on humanity, but also and especially an attack on human rights. Let us hold our heads high, let us testify to our love and faith in humanity.

Fluctuat nec Mergitur.

Living La Vida Vegan

Why Sustainability at Home Starts on our Plates

MARIE BRIÈRE DE LA HOSSERAYE
@MBDLH

"How do you spot a vegan? Don't worry, they'll let you know."

Following the everlasting tradition, I have decided to be vocal about my change of diet—or more exactly, my attempt to. Vegans abstain from consumption and use of all animal products for ethical reasons.

So why did I decide to give it a try?

The COP21 Climate Change Conference started on Nov. 30, and environmental issues are in the spotlight—for a few days at least—before they go back where they belong: the depths of indifference and political hypocrisy.



GRAPHIC MAY NEWLAND

World leaders and delegates from 195 countries are meeting in Paris to discuss climate change with the goal of achieving a legally binding agreement in regards to climate policy. Just like every year since 1995, when the first U.N. Conference of the Parties was held, it will most likely be the opportunity for never-ending negotiations, leading to an insufficient and disappointing plan of action.

Hundreds of thousands marched around the world, asking for action against climate change and refusing to wait for the international response.

Protesting global warming is a citizen duty to me. If you are a human being planning to live on the planet for the next decades, you should care.

However, one recurring element struck me during discussions with environmental activists—some hypocritically ignore how to reduce their carbon footprint.

The basics of saving energy at home usually involve turning the light off, reducing the length of showers, prioritizing public transportation and waste sorting. While these are all valuable initiatives on an individual scale, the point is being missed. The truth is, the biggest impact one can make on a daily basis lies on a plate. The most immediate way to fight global warming is to switch to a vegetarian or vegan diet.

Animal agriculture is responsible for more than 18 per cent of greenhouse gas emissions, according to the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations.

It is also a waste of resources, since produc-

ing one kilogram of animal protein takes nearly 15 times as much water, 12 times as much land and 13 times as much fossil fuels as producing one pound of soy protein, according to the American Journal of Clinical Nutrition.

Giving up meat itself could reduce one's carbon footprint by 50 per cent.

While a vegan diet might not be for everyone, being aware of the environmental cost of meat and choosing to remove it from your plate regularly has a considerable impact. In fact if everyone in the U.S. would avoid meat and cheese only one day a week for one year it would have the same impact as taking 7.6 million cars off the road.

Putting it to practice requires us to educate ourselves and go against cultural habits.

But what about hachis parmentier, veal ragout, foie gras, mussels, steak tartare, beef stew, duck breast? Trust me, as a French person, I would know. I've been raised to cook, eat and cherish meat. I've always considered vegans to be impenetrable beings, surely deprived of taste buds. Food is a sensitive matter.

The main difficulties I encountered as I tried to make the transition came from my environment.

Day 1: dinner at a friend's place. Someone just came back from Italy and one kilo of parmesan is staring back at me from across the room. Oh the pain, the temptation!

Day 3: an invitation to a raclette party. For those who don't know, raclette is a type of cheese and a dish at the same time. It is basi-

cally an orgy of melting cheese, accompanied with potatoes and ham. Damn French people.

Day 5: my brother takes me out for lunch. He refers to veganism as "food terrorism" and orders a duck.

Day 6: a friend kindly explains to me that he thinks there is a reason behind the absence of vegans in his friends, and that he won't be able to invite me for dinner anymore since he doesn't know "how to substitute bananas for eggs."

Day 7: my family still doesn't understand that fish is an animal product.

For someone who has devoted her life to food and people, it looks like I'm in for a rough time. To not be invited for dinner anymore was not part of the sacrifice I was planning to make.

Luckily, cooking at home was easier than planned. Grains, nuts, fruits, vegetables: everything needed for a balanced diet can be found in any traditional grocery store.

For days I've wanted to spice things up with tempeh or fake cheese (this was a mistake I'd rather not talk about further). Concordia's campus is surrounded by accessible options. Ecoloco and the Frigo Vert face each other on Mackay St. and both offer student discounts and People's Potato offers free vegan lunch every weekday in the Hall building.

Living in Montreal offers a wide range of possibilities and the Plateau also has a multitude of restaurant options. From the classical Aux Vivres, to Végo, Chuchai, Yuan or Le Nil Bleu, it's easy to indulge.

Shaking it Up

How to Eat Healthy During Exams

BY ZOE DOBSON

'Tis the season of finals—the pressure is on to study endlessly and ace exams. As a consequence, students are forced to deprioritize their healthy diets and switch them out for the quicker, often unhealthy options. Some resolve this need for health and convenience with fruit smoothies or shakes, and that ain't great.

"Some commercial smoothies contain a lot of sugar because they are made with nectar or very concentrated fruit juices," said Concordia Health Promotion specialist Gabriella Szabo. She recommends an alternative, suggesting students take smoothies and shakes into their own hands. "If it's made at home they know what's in it."

She had some nutritional recommendations for students looking to their blenders for meals.

"[A] great thing is to add protein. For example, almond milk as well as nut butters will keep you going for the day."

Abandoning a healthy lifestyle during exams creates a vicious cycle. When your body is not being well nourished, it tends to reduce your energy and ability to concentrate, therefore making the studying process more difficult.

There is, however, an easy fix: the answer is a homemade protein shake. It is quick to make, and once you purchase the ingredients they last a long time. By selecting the right elements, your energy levels will remain high throughout the day.

At first glance this recipe seems like a vegan extravaganza, which to some may not seem appealing. In reality, both the flavour and benefits of each ingredient will leave you satisfied.

Drink it in the morning before leaving the house or bring it with you to your study session. Either way, it will leave your taste buds satisfied, your body healthy and your mind sharp to get through exam preparation.

BOOSTER SHAKE

SERVES: 1

TIME: 3 MINUTES

EQUIPMENT NEEDED: BLENDER, IMMERSION BLENDER OR SHAKER CUP

3 ICE CUBES (OPTIONAL)

1 BANANA

1 CUP WATER

1 CUP DAIRY FREE MILK (OR ALTERNATIVE)

The use of a nut-based milk adds additional protein to the drink, although dairy also works.

1 TBSP. NATURAL PEANUT BUTTER

1/2 TSP. CAYENNE PEPPER
Ground or flaked (if you feel adventurous)

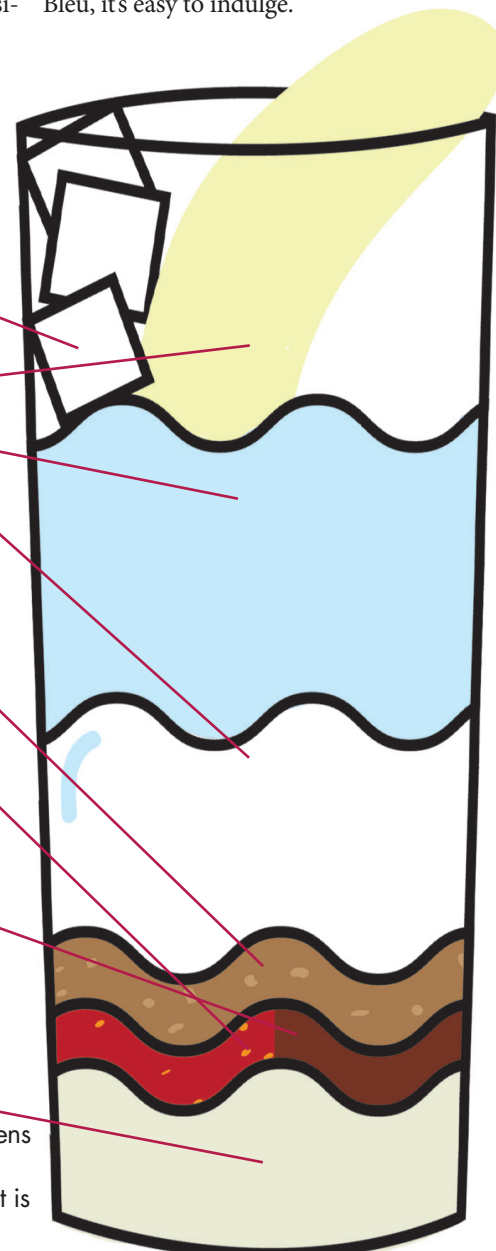
The spicy addition of cayenne pepper will add the benefit of anti-flu, digestive aid and headache prevention properties to every shake.

1/2 TSP. CINNAMON

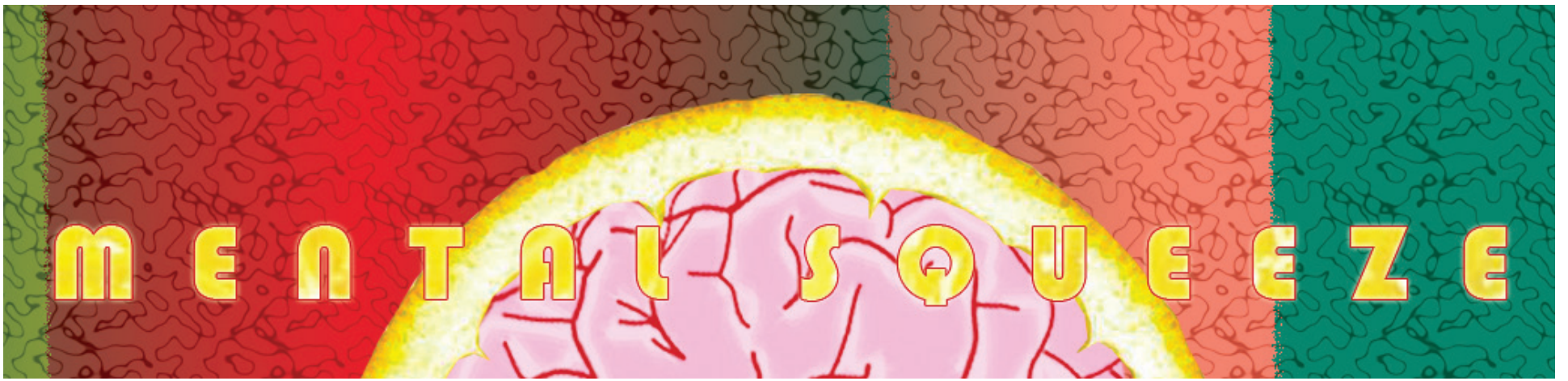
Cinnamon, on top of its comforting taste, is also known for its antioxidant properties, high blood sugar regulation and anti-inflammatory properties.

1 SCOOP VEGAN PROTEIN POWDER

Vegan protein powder (such as Vega) often contains a serving of greens in each scoop and has few fillers therefore, adding to its benefits. An alternative can be hemp protein powder or a pure natural protein that is filler-free.



Combine ingredients in the pitcher of your blender, or container of choice. Blend or shake for one to two minutes and *voilà!* It's a meal in a glass!



Through the Eyes of Caregivers

Play Helps Clear the Fog Around Mental Illness

BY CHRIS DODD

"Give me money or I'll burn down your house," said a young homeless man banging at the back door of a woman's home. The woman called the police and soon, the profoundly mentally ill man was arrested and committed to a psychiatric hospital. The man is the woman's own son.

This may have been a dramatization, but is nonetheless a powerful hypothetical of what it's like for real people dealing with family members or loved ones struggling with mental illness, and one that a recent play attempted to capture.

Through the Eyes of Caregivers: An Ethnodrama on Mental Illness in the Family was performed by the Centre for Arts in Human Development at Concordia along with the Action on Mental Illness Quebec Nov. 20 to 22. The play, an integration of theatre and health education, was presented at the Drama Therapy Studio of Concordia and proved to be a powerful way to bring real life problems home to wider audiences.

"So how is mental illness normally portrayed in the media?" asked narrator, writer and director Stephen Snow to start off the play. "Funny farm, crazy, screwball, psycho..." As he continued to recite the need for a greater understanding of mental illness, his point was clear: we need to demolish taboos.

The play chronicled mental illness through the experiences of those near and dear to the sufferers, and was based on interviews with over 20 caregivers. For those of us who know someone coping with mental illness, many parts hit home. The statistics demonstrate that the number of people affected is a more significant slice of the population than we might imagine.

One in five people will experience mental illness in their lifetime, according to the Canadian Mental Health Association. That's enough to ensure that almost everyone will be affected, either as someone who is diagnosed personally, or as a family member, friend, colleague or partner to one of those people. However, the way society views mental illness is hardly preparing us for the reality of such high numbers. Along with the negative portrayal of mental illness in the media, some fairly scornful public attitudes persist.

People dealing with all stages of mental illness are still affected by stigma, says Francine Waters of Action on Mental Illness Quebec. AMI is an organization created to fill the gaping holes in services available to families seeking support and help for their loved ones. They provide counselling, support groups and other services. As part of its advocacy campaign, AMI also provides education programs in schools in the hope of dispelling the taboos at a young age.

"This is the type of stigma that used to be attached to cancer," Waters said. "So we have hope that we can also overcome the stigma of mental health problems in our society someday."

Through the drama of the play, we saw the stubborn obstacle of mental illness taboo for what it is. One scene depicted friends gossiping, until the discussion ended abruptly when one woman told her friends about her son's schizophrenia diagnosis. In this depiction, mental illness was an efficient lead balloon in conversation.

The overriding theme was that ignorance is an affliction curable with education. Better public awareness could benefit family members, teachers and law enforcement officers in contact with those exhibiting signs of mental illness. As things are, uneducated contact and ignoring early signs can have devastating consequences.

"He's okay now," said Emile, a character in the play, speaking about his brother being beaten by police. "He finished his education, got married and has a wonderful daughter. But it could have ended up very differently," he added. Off stage, the sad reality is that it often does. Narrator Snow pointed out that even if mental illness is nothing like it is portrayed in the movies, "sometimes really bad stuff happens."

The tragic case of pilot Andreas Lubitz flying his plane into a mountain killing his 150 passen-

gers in the Alps was brought up as an extreme example of someone who slipped through the cracks. Lubitz suffered from severe depression. More common are cases of suicides, one leading cause of death among 15- to 24-year-olds.

Many of the people who need vital mental health services will not receive them or even seek them out.

"That's another effect of how the lasting stigma and discrimination present barriers to diagnosis, treatment and acceptance," Snow said.

A stark moment in the drama presentation was the depiction of how the stress from dealing with mental illness in a family member is serious enough to bring on mental illness symptoms in other family members.

"What you have to do is take care of yourself as a carer," Waters said. "But that would include getting the support that you need."

The evening ended with a touching vignette about a woman who used to tell thoughtless jokes about the mentally ill. She was forced to look more closely at her own attitudes when it entered her home through the jeopardized mental health of her own son.

Perhaps dramatizations like this play will help us find other ways to learn about mental health issues in the future, before we are forced to confront them through real tragedies in our personal experiences.

Nah'msayin?

BACK OF THE LINE!

BY ZACHARY KAMEL

It's 12:30 p.m. and I'm fucking hungry.

My stomach is empty aside from the depanneur muffin and coffee I devoured hours earlier to get me through my four hour long radio class.

I make my way to the Hive Café Solidarity Co-op at Loyola, which provides free vegetarian meals on a daily basis to anyone that's hungry. The only rules are that you wait in line, do your own dishes and allow those that haven't eaten yet to go ahead of you before you grab seconds or even thirds.

I arrive and find a line that resembles a Depression-era bread line. I take my place at the

end, patiently awaiting the lentils and salad that will fill my tummy once I reach the front—then the inevitable happens.

Multiple latecomers cut in line, gallivanting past me and taking their place in line with friends who arrived earlier.

This act of tyranny and entitlement is a brazen "fuck you" to everyone else in line, but no one ever says a word. Perhaps the pacifist nature of vegetarians has something to do with it—we just mumble under our breath and let it go.

This aggression will not stand!

The next time you cut the line at the Hive, you can bet your ass that I will be there to call you out and tell you to take your rightful place at the caboose.

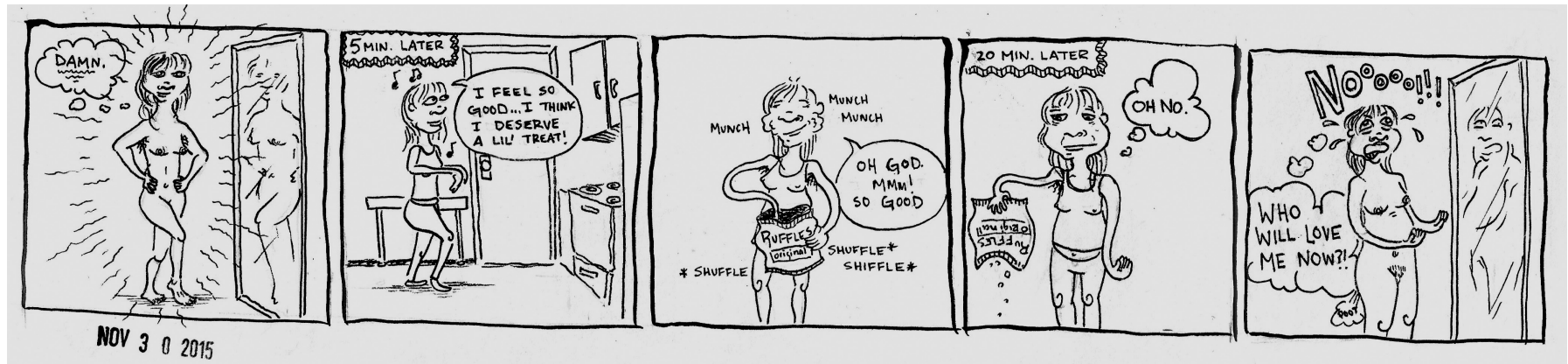


GRAPHIC ELIZABETH XU

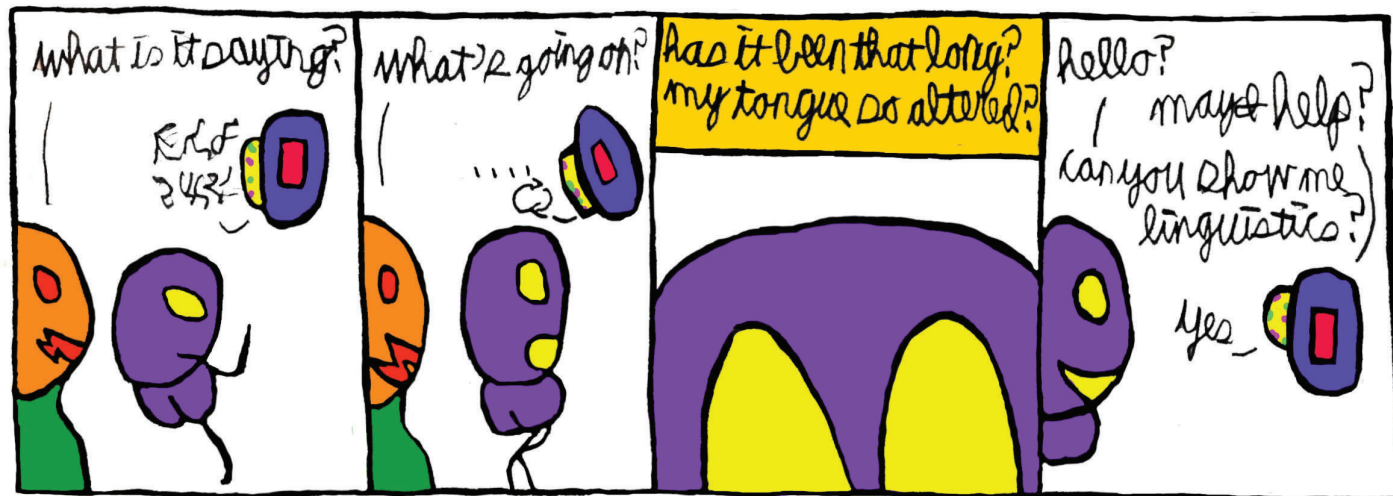
Standards by Graeme Shorten Adams @foreshortening



Crap Comics by Morag Rahn-Campbell



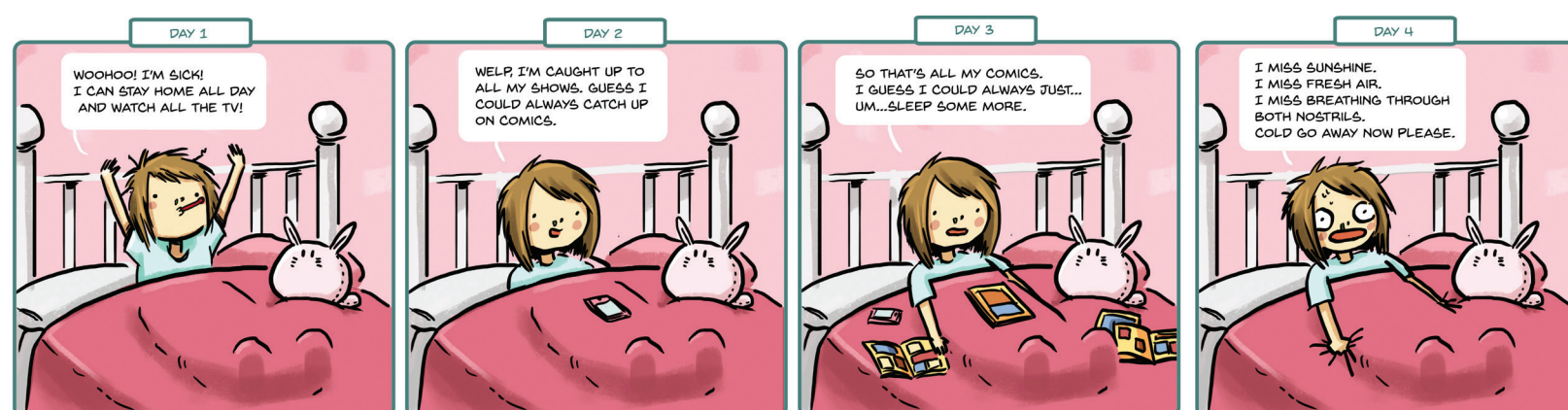
Balloon Ventures by Mangekko Jones



The Adventures of Every-Man by @samdchurchii



Caity Comics by Caity Hall @caityhallart





GRAPHIC JENNIFER AEDY

EDITORIAL

Concordia Administration Needs to Get Its Act Together

Stop hiding behind your Code of Rights and Responsibilities, Concordia administration. It's failing students, and it looks like you don't care.

Last week, Mei-Ling, a former executive of the Arts and Science student association at Concordia, revealed during a press conference that since her well-publicized story of sexual and racial harassment went public, no one—we repeat, no one—from the university's administration has reached out to her.

This revelation came after she retold a story of how a Concordia administrator, whose sole job is to help students, justified her harassment by saying it's all too common for student association culture. At the time, this administrator also told her that nothing could be done to help her because the harassment occurred over private Facebook messages. And guess what? Concordia did nothing, and the settlement Mei-Ling came to with the student association happened because of outside assistance.

The negligence doesn't end there. Another female student at Concordia, under the pseudonym "Cathy" just found out that her tribunal against her abusive ex-boyfriend has been postponed—again. After receiving a restraining order for a confrontation while inside her apartment last year, this ex-boyfriend threatened Cathy on campus months

later. This prompted her to file a formal complaint under Concordia's Code of Rights and Responsibilities.

These stories aren't alleged, by the way. Cathy's ex-boyfriend already pleaded guilty to the charges in municipal court. After filing the complaint, the chair for her tribunal first postponed the hearing because the restraining order meant Cathy and her ex couldn't be in the same room. Then exams hit, and the people behind the Code said they typically don't address complaints during this period. Then the ex-boyfriend skipped town for the summer.

Cathy persevered, and thought the hearing would finally happen in early September, but again they postponed, this time explaining the court case wasn't resolved. If this sounds familiar, it should. *The Link* published an editorial about this specific case and advocated for reform to the Code at the end of August. We wrote about the existence of an emergency protocol—the Protocol on the Coordination of Urgent Cases of Threatening or Violent Conduct—to override any technicalities within the Code and make sure Cathy's case was prioritized and tended to. Nothing happened.

We asked that the university conduct an independent investigation. Nothing hap-

pened. Concordia University president Alan Shepard has been asked whether he can personally intervene to help Cathy find some formal resolution as soon as possible. He did nothing. Instead, he has repeatedly answered, for this case and others involving student-protesters, by saying that he can't suspend the Code and its bureaucracy for anyone, including himself.

This is blatant excusal and negligence. Cathy didn't enroll in any classes this semester, fearing for her safety while her ex still roamed the school. With this fresh postponement, it doesn't look like she can return to school next semester either. This time, the ex-boyfriend is on probation, so they cannot be in the same room for a hearing. The cycle is repeating.

Concordia's bureaucracy is toying with someone's life. Cathy fears for her safety while in the vicinity of this man. Concordia, ignore the Code, use some common sense, and accommodate the needs of your students. We get it; reform to the Code may take some time. But have this hearing and find a solution to allow Cathy to comfortably come back to school.

This type of "our hands are tied" culture is common in universities. At the University of British Columbia, administrators are being

criticized for issuing a public apology, but failing to personally contact any survivors of sexual violence who sought help from the school. Credit to UBC for acknowledging their mistakes—something Concordia didn't explicitly do after their sexual assault policy review came out—but again this reeks of crisis control rather than substantial change or action.

The organization largely responsible for finding Mei-Ling justice, the Centre for Research-Action on Race Relations, criticized Concordia's review from earlier this semester. Among their main concerns: its failure to mention the Quebec Charter of Human Rights and Freedoms. This is important because sometimes, like in Mei-Ling's case, sexual violence can't be handled under the criminal code, CRARR organizer Brandy deGaia explained. However, sexual violence in the form of psychological abuse can be tried under a civil lawsuit, she said. This is what led to Mei-Ling finding some form of closure last week.

Even though Cathy's situation was resolved in court, it's yet to be resolved in any capacity within Concordia's jurisdiction. *The Link* has one demand for high-ranking Concordia administrators: apologize and offer help to the students you failed in the first place. It's the least you can do right now.

THE LINK

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Hall Building, Room H-649
1455 de Maisonneuve Blvd. W.
Montreal, Quebec H3G 1M8
editor: 514-848-2424 x. 7407
arts: 514-848-2424 x. 5813
news: 514-848-2424 x. 8682
business: 514-848-7406
advertising: 514-848-7406

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CONTRIBUTORS: Jennifer Aedy, Carl Bindman, Marie Briere de la Hosserraye, Elysia-Marie Campbell, Alex Carriere, Matt D'Amours, Tristan D'Amours, Zoe Dobson, Chris Dodd, David Easey, Caity Hall, Brandon Johnston, Zachary Kamel, Anthony Labonte, Ben Mayer-Goodman, Anna Michetti, Sam Melnick, Chris Michaud, Julia Miele, Jon Milton, May Newland, Nick Pevato, Alice Pierre, Claudel Proulx, Morag Rahn-Campbell, Savannah Scott, Graeme Shorten Adams, Elizabeth Xu

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This is *The Link's* last issue of the semester,
but join us on Dec. 4 for the next
Drink With The Link at Ping Pong Club (5788 St. Laurent Blvd.) at 9 p.m.



Be sure to pick up our next issue,
which comes out in the new year on JAN. 12.

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