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The Daily returns January 12th
Le Délit reviendra le 17 janvier

TAs avoid strike

McGill accedes to three of union's five demands, but hours will not be increased

Michael Lee-Murphy
The McGill Daily

For the first time in their history, McGill's Teaching Assistants (TAs) have signed a new collective agreement without going on strike.

In a General Assembly last Thursday, the TA unit of the Association of Graduate Students Employed at McGill (AGSEM) voted overwhelmingly in favour of ratifying the contract offer in a vote of 97 to 26, or 77 per cent.

Of the five primary demands the union was seeking, McGill, in large part, acceded to three – a pay raise for TAs of 7.3 per cent across three years, paid training, and multiple mandatory meetings with course supervisors.

The hourly wage for TAs will increase from \$24.99 this year to \$25.51 in January 2012, \$26.51 in 2013, and \$26.83 in the final year of the contract.

In response to the union's demand for a nine per cent wage increase across three years, McGill had initially offered 3.6 per cent across the length of the contract.

Michael Di Grappa, Vice-Principal (Administration & Finance), maintained that the increase in hourly wage did not amount to 7.3 per cent over three years, but was instead the original 3.6 per cent offer, in addition to "changes in the way TAs will be compensated for their paid holidays."

Lerona Lewis, AGSEM president, said that the administration's effort to couch a pay increase in "changes" to statutory holiday payment was a "ploy...so that it doesn't appear that it is actually a 3 per cent increase in pay [in the contract's first year], simply to justify that they don't have any money."

"The bottom line is that there was an increase... The way you present your arguments or you frame it, the University can do it to suit their agenda, but the bottom line is that we know there was an increase," she added.

After five months of negotiations – and an initial rejected offer – the administration presented AGSEM with a second offer on November 18. The administration had previously rejected all of the TAs' main demands, precipitating the union's use of various pressure tactics over the last month.

Last Thursday's 'yes' vote means that TAs will not strike this spring.

In addition to new mandated meetings with course supervisors and the wage increase, TAs will also have access to a three-hour paid training session, offered in September and January.

The sessions will cover the planning of effective discussions, grading in humanities and sciences, preparing lectures, and grading and feedback in French.

In the week leading up to the vote, the AGSEM executive extensively discussed one new addition to the contract: Article 22.

McGill's version of the article read: "the hiring unit shall make every effort to maintain adequate teaching support for undergraduate courses by such means as utilizing Teaching Assistants, or the equivalent in accord with established practices."

The administration agreed to AGSEM's version, which changed "maintain" to "improve," and deleted the clause regarding the "equivalent" of TAs.

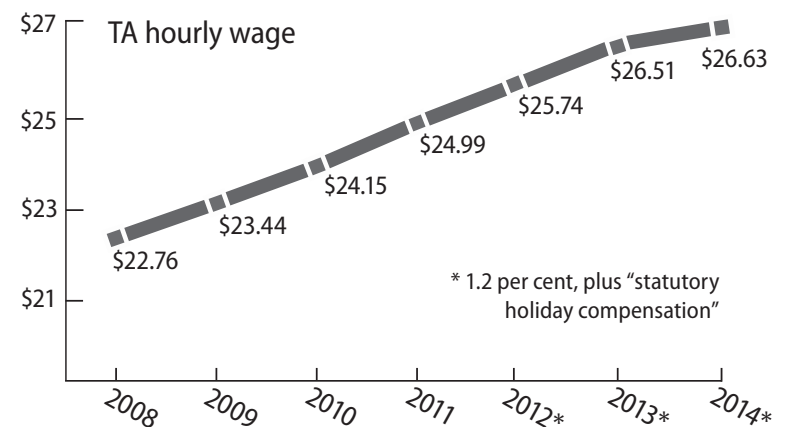
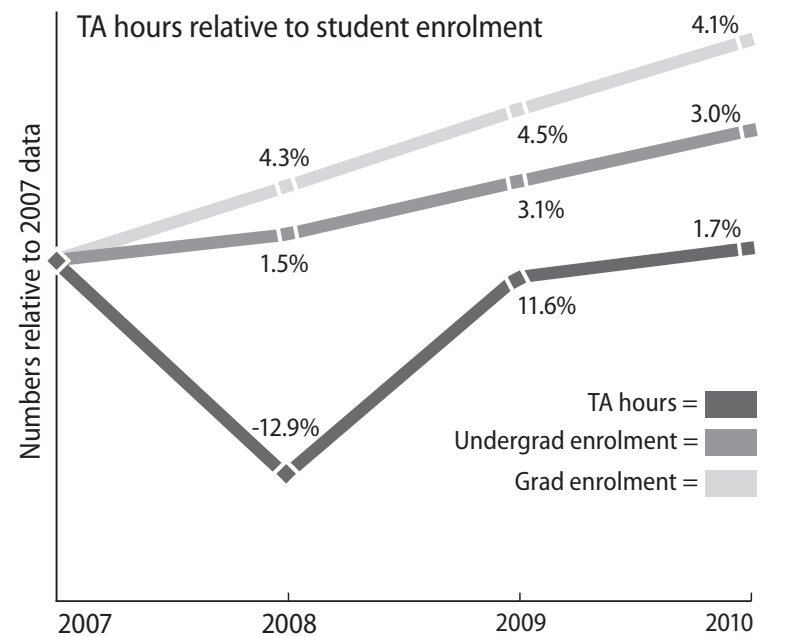
The administration has refused, however, to make a commitment to increasing the number of hours TAs are able to teach, a major defeat for some AGSEM members.

Biology TA Justin Marleau spoke to The Daily immediately after voting, saying he was disappointed in the contract. "We didn't get any commitment about the stabilization of TA hours... After we got the pay increases in the last bargaining agreement, they just cut our hours," he said.

Dominique Jacques, an Atmospheric Sciences TA, said that, without increased hours, anything else was "very little in terms of gains."

Article 22, for Jacques, was "complete bullcrap. It's words that mean nothing."

Molly Alexander, AGSEM's advisor from the academic department of the Confédération des syndicats nationaux, said that the clause "sets [AGSEM] up for the next round" of negotiations, while acknowledging that it had no binding power.



Sources: AGSEM collective agreement, McGill Enrolment Services.

Alyssa Favreau | The McGill Daily

Occupy Montreal comes to an end

Montreal police clear Square Victoria over five weeks after occupation began

Chantelle D'Souza
News Writer

After over five weeks of protest, the Occupy Montreal movement in Square Victoria – which occupiers had renamed Place du Peuple – has ended, as the Service de police de la Ville de Montréal (SPVM) moved in early Friday morning to dismantle the remaining tents. While no arrests were made, 16 protestors were escorted out of the park after tying themselves to the onsite kitchen tent.

Signals that the occupation was ending came earlier in the week, as the City of Montreal changed its attitude towards the movement. City spokesperson Gonzalo Nunez issued a statement last Wednesday night saying that "the period of tolerance is over." Protestors were then given warnings by the City instructing them to remove all "installations" from the

square, and prohibiting them from occupying the square from midnight to 6 a.m., citing various city bylaws.

While some protestors seemed confused about what exactly was going to happen, most planned on cooperating.

"We are leaving this place on good terms," said Greg Adams, a protestor who was still living on site as of early Friday morning. "We have our heads held high, a song on our lips and joy in our heart."

At 9 a.m. Friday morning, crowds of police officers stopped traffic and cordoned off the area surrounding the park. They proceeded to dismantle the remaining tents, despite jeering and chants of protestors. City workers gathered the remains of the site, and material that was deemed reusable was put into storage, from which people could retrieve their belongings starting next Tuesday.

The atmosphere of the eviction remained largely peaceful, as the

only major altercation between police and protestors occurred when a group, codenamed "Steve," peacefully tied themselves to the on-site kitchen tent and refused to leave. "Steve," along with dozens of occupiers who stood outside of the police line, chanted various protest slogans, the most popular being "We are the 99 per cent. You are the 99 per cent."

The group was cut loose from the tent and escorted off the premises by police officers, who had the square completely cleared by noon.

When asked how he felt about relations with the police officers, one anonymous protestor, who had been living in the camp for the past four weeks, replied, "I only got one hug, so I'm a little disappointed, but not dismayed."

SPVM Sergeant Laurent Gingras said in French that the operation went well. "There was a good collaboration between the people and



City workers remove the remains of Occupy Montreal.

police and they didn't have to resort to force," he said.

Despite eviction, protestors seemed to agree that the movement is far from over.

"The occupation is symbolic," said protestor Pierluc Benson as he

packed up his tent. "This is just the physical part of the movement. The mental and spiritual part is still there."

Occupiers planned to hold a protest last Saturday afternoon, where they would discuss the future of the movement.

CURRENT EVENTS ACTUALITÉS

MUNACA supporters interrupt Principal's speech

Munroe-Blum discusses McGill's importance to Quebec economy

Jessica Lukawiecki
The McGill Daily

While Principal Heather Munroe-Blum spoke to some of Montreal's biggest corporate stakeholders about McGill's continuing impact on Quebec, MUNACA strikers sought to make an impact of their own.

The lunch and talk, which was hosted by the Board of Trade of Metropolitan Montreal, centred around "McGill's heritage and its ongoing impact on the province of Quebec, the role of universities, research, and graduate diplomas as wealth drivers in our society," according to a press release.

Eight MUNACA supporters, who individually rose from tables around the room to condemn the actions of the Principal – crying out "shame on McGill" and "please resolve the strike" – were quickly escorted out

of the building by security.

Over 100 MUNACA strikers picketed outside of the Sheraton Centre on René-Lévesque Ouest during the lunch.

According to MUNACA VP Finance David Kalant, who was picketing outside, "[MUNACA] is here to send [Munroe-Blum] the message that we're still on strike – she's talking all about community at McGill, and we're part of it, but right now we're not really part of it."

Munroe-Blum sat at a table of honour with other guests, including the chair of McGill's Board of Governors Stuart Cobbett, and editor-in-chief of the *Montreal Gazette* Alan Allnutt.

Michel Leblanc, CEO and president of the Board of Trade, opened the lunch by explaining in French that schools, such as McGill, are "part of the wealth of Montreal."

In speaking about the importance of financing universities, Leblanc pointed out McGill's role as a leader in its recent changes to the MBA pro-

gram – which included raising MBA tuition from just over \$2,000 per year in 2009 to \$32,500 this academic year.

"It is in our interest that we project internationally the quality of training that we can provide. In doing what we did with the MBA program, we did just that, and I congratulate McGill and Heather Munroe-Blum," he said.

Munroe-Blum, who delivered her speech in both French and English, covered topics such as McGill's underfunding, competition with other universities and countries, and the strength of the McGill community.

Minutes into her speech, one MUNACA supporter stood and yelled, "Heather Munroe-Blum, is this leadership? Sending in riot police to your campus. I was there that night on November 10. Is that your idea of community?"

Munroe-Blum continued her speech despite being interrupted every few minutes by similar union

supporters around the room.

Referring to current difficulties being experienced by the global economy, Munroe-Blum stated in French that McGill, too, experiences "highs and lows, as is evident."

"In such circumstances, it is good to look back and consider everything we've achieved. Fifty years ago, Quebec did not have an organized post-secondary education system... Today Quebec has an exceptional university system," she said.

"Our economy is only as strong as our education system, and that system is only as strong as the people who support it," she said. "Students, their families, employers who know the importance of an educated work force, and generous visionary community leaders must support our universities, along with stable, effective, predictable, government support."

"When you are investing in education, you are investing in your economy...you are investing in

healthy civil society," she added.

Referring to a report that was released at the lunch by SECOR – a Canada-based international strategic management consulting firm – titled "Driving Excellence and Prosperity in Quebec," Munroe-Blum stated that McGill's "education and training of highly skilled people" increases Quebec's productivity by nearly one billion dollars each year.

Kalant spoke to The Daily after the event, explaining that the protests, both in and outside of the building, had been planned throughout the week prior.

Although he did not know how the message was received, Kalant explained that, "the point being, the message was received. We got our message through."

Kalant confirmed that the MUNACA supporters who spoke out at the lunch were free to leave without consequence after being escorted out of the building.

Prince Arthur Herald staff resign over controversial article

Henry Gass
The McGill Daily

Four editors and about ten writers have left the *Prince Arthur Herald* after the November 18 publication of an article criticizing adoption by same-sex couples.

The article, written by Rick Fitzgibbons – director of

Comprehensive Counseling Services in West Conshohocken, Pennsylvania – and originally published on *mercatornet.com*, argued the damaging social and psychological effects that children raised by same-sex couples could suffer. *Mercatornet.com* describes Fitzgibbons as having practiced psychiatry for 35 years.

The *Herald*, almost a year into its existence, is an entirely

student-run online newspaper based at McGill. According to its statement of principles, "Our authorship shall reflect freedom of expression, and vigorous, open, intellectual debate. We will pride ourselves on hearing all sides, cherishing intelligent and well-informed dialogue."

Alexandra Markus, a former assistant editor at the *Herald*, said the newspaper doesn't "really have much of a filtering process."

"They don't refuse articles, because they believe that refusing any article is censorship," she said. "They took this whole no censorship thing a little bit too far – a lot too far, actually."

Deane McRobie, former managing editor, said he had been told to "axe liberal articles."

McRobie said he left the *Herald* about two weeks before Fitzgibbons' article was published, saying that he was at odds with some of the members of the Board of Directors. According to McRobie, "There were probably forty articles out of which I edited things that could've exploded, like [Fitzgibbons'] article."

"I took a lot of heat for the being the one who would send these articles back," he added.

"I didn't resign of my own accord. I was fired, but I saw it coming in that, I mean, the situation could not have gone anywhere else after a certain point," he continued. "The Directors were not very tolerant of views but their own."

Cameron James, former *Herald* business and finance editor, was the last editor to resign, two days after Fitzgibbons' article was published.

James said the article was one of several reasons he quit.

"When I brought it up to the company in terms of my opposition towards it, they defended it with the concept of free speech and no censorship – which I 100 per cent agree with – but the fact of the matter is that the article was, I thought, poorly written, poorly cited, it wasn't well-researched," he said. "If an article is poorly written, it just shouldn't be published, regardless of the argument."

After reading the article, James contacted the *Herald's* managing editor, Rebekah Hebbert, but did not receive a response. He then contacted the newspaper's CEO, Alexandre Meterissian, and another editor who had resigned.

James then contacted his writers, whom he said offered support for his resignation. He resigned the next day, as did several of the business and finance section writers.

In an email to The Daily, *Herald* Chief Communications Officer Marc-Olivier Fortin stated, "We don't discuss any internal matter concerning the company. However, know that the majority of vacant positions have been filled and that we will continue to present both sides of the debate."

Markus, as well as McRobie and James, commented on what they saw as a more partisan direction the *Herald* has recently taken. McRobie said the paper "got hijacked."

According to McRobie, at the *Herald* opinion pieces undergo three edits, with articles in other sections going through two. Neither James nor Markus saw Fitzgibbons' article before it was published.

"I think my job in retrospect, or what I was doing most importantly, was keeping the crazies at bay, and when I left, the floodgates broke loose," McRobie continued.

The *Herald* has not removed the article nor has the editorial board acknowledged any of the resignations on its site. A "Letters to the Editor" page was posted on November 23. When The Daily went to press, it featured three letters supporting the article and four letters criticizing it.

James called the "Letters to the Editor" page "kind of their concession," as opposed to removing the article.

"The company position on it was like, the damage has already been done. Regardless of whether it was a poor article or not, there's no point in removing it now because that would only, I don't know, show a sign of weakness or something," he said.

McRobie described "a business model in play" aimed at generating website traffic, building a solid fan base, and creating controversy, although he noted that it "happens almost necessarily at the expense of quality, or the expense of balance, or at the expense of journalistic integrity."

"It's sad. It was a great idea to begin with. It was supposed to be a campus alternative. It was supposed to be the kind of free speech, free-thinking alternative to existing campus media," he added.

Markus emphasized that the *Herald* staff "have been nothing but kind to me."

"I honestly don't have any complaints about anyone in particular," she said. "They were a joy to work with, but it just got too much."



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Le Québec, un modèle d'interculturalisme

L'historien et sociologue Gérard Bouchard définit l'interculturalisme québécois.

Samuel Sigere et Louis-Philippe Tessier
Le Délit

Dans le cadre de sa série de conférence «Dialogique», le professeur Norman Cornett, ancien professeur d'études religieuses à McGill, a reçu l'historien et sociologue Gérard Bouchard à l'église Saint James sur Sainte-Catherine; la rencontre était ouverte au grand public.

qui considère les cultures comme égalitaires dans un pays et donc les traite de la même façon. Dans son idéologie, l'interculturalisme ne donne aucune valeur aux différentes cultures d'une société, mais cherche plutôt à créer une culture commune tout en préservant les différences individuelles. Selon Gérard Bouchard, le Québec est l'exemple parfait d'un interculturalisme réussi.

La société québécoise, de part son histoire, sa culture, son respect et sa protection des droits et liber-

l'assurance automobile du Québec un instructeur masculin ne pouvant avoir de contacts avec des femmes. Selon monsieur Bouchard, un tel cas ne devrait être accommodé au nom de l'égalité des citoyens définie par l'État.

L'application de l'interculturalisme ne s'arrête toutefois pas aux accommodements raisonnables. Ces dernières années, une nouvelle idéologie judiciaire, le pluralisme, s'est développée. Dans un effort de renoncer à la vocation universelle de la loi qui crée des injustices et des inégalités dans une société multiculturelle, cette nouvelle doctrine se propose de prendre en compte les minorités et leur culture pour rendre des décisions plus justes et égalitaires. Cette doctrine a cependant des limites et il parfois est difficile pour les juristes de savoir jusqu'où prendre les différences culturelles en compte. Ainsi, en tenant en compte l'importance de la virginité dans une culture donnée, de jeunes hommes ayant sodomisé une jeune fille pour préserver sa virginité avaient reçu des peines légères pour le viol.



Gracieuseté de Madame Tucker
Norman Cornett et Gérard Bouchard.

Gérard Bouchard pense toutefois que l'ouverture d'esprit démontrée par cet effort est louable et devrait être encouragée à tous les niveaux de la société et à tous les âges. D'ailleurs, il y existe, selon lui, un clivage entre les plus de 40 ans et les moins de 35, qui adhèrent plus à une vision interculturelle de la société que leur aînés. Cette résistance aux accommodements raisonnables, surtout avec les minori-

tés fortement religieuses, s'expliquerait par la relation particulière que la société québécoise entretient avec la religion. L'expérience traumatisante de l'oppression par la religion catholique hante toujours la mémoire collective. Cependant, la menace de prise de pouvoir par ces minorités, maintes fois évoquées dans le débat et à la commission Bouchard-Taylor, n'est pas une réalité. ☹

«Le Québec est l'exemple parfait d'un interculturalisme réussi.»

Gérard Bouchard

Pendant près de deux heures, monsieur Bouchard, ex co-président de la commission Bouchard-Taylor sur les accommodements raisonnables, a présenté sa vision de l'interculturalisme au Québec.

L'interculturalisme québécois est apparu dans les années 70 en réaction au multiculturalisme canadien

tés individuels, a tous les moyens nécessaires pour être un succès. L'interculturalisme ne peut réussir que lorsque l'État établit des lois assez souples pour pouvoir concilier les intérêts et valeurs de chacun, mais assez rigides pour éviter toute déviance. En 2007, un juif hassidique avait exigé à la Société de

L'avenir de l'interculturalisme

Entrevue avec Gérard Bouchard

Quartier Libre: Y a-t-il eu des recommandations spécifiquement pour les universités sous l'angle des accommodements raisonnables dans le rapport Bouchard-Taylor?

Gérard Bouchard: Il n'y a pas eu de recommandations spécifiquement sur les universités. Cependant, nous avons traité du sujet dans certains chapitres du rapport puisqu'il y avait des questions intéressantes en rapport avec la société universitaire. Par exemple, le cas des organisations musulmanes. Devraient-elles être situées en marge de la société étudiante, ou incorporées au système comme les autres associations? Le problème est qu'en refusant cette alternative, il y a un risque

que ces étudiants se sentent exclus, et en acceptant, ceux-ci vont s'exclure eux-mêmes. Ceci les empêcherait de s'inclure à la vie universitaire. Mais généralement, nous n'avons pas fait de recommandations spécifiques pour les universités dans notre rapport puisque nous n'avons pas observé de problèmes.

Le Délit: ne pensez-vous pas qu'il existe quand même une différence entre le système d'éducation francophone et anglophone, ce dernier favorisant plutôt ces formes d'exclusions?

GB: Le moule était déjà là dans le cas de McGill et la vie étudiante était déjà structurée autour de

cet idéal, donc c'est naturel que le modèle soit favorisé.

LD: Mais cela ne créerait pas des incitations qui amèneraient d'autres groupes à s'exclure de la communauté étudiante, ce qui pourrait créer des tensions ou contraindre l'intégrité du corpus universitaire?

GB: Bien sur! Mais les administrateurs ont quand même laissé ces associations se multiplier et ils voyaient ça sous un bon œil. Mais nous pouvons critiquer cette initiative puisque ces étudiants se soustraient quand même de cette *mainstream culture*. Cependant, l'approche anglo-saxonne diffère de l'approche francophone. Cette

dernière veut généralement légiférer pour l'ensemble et uniformiser les choses, ce qui n'est pas du tout la même chose que l'esprit anglophone, qui est plus près des individus.

LD: Dans le contexte de la société québécoise, qui se définit comme une minorité francophone et fragile en Amérique du Nord, pensez-vous qu'il serait temps que celle-ci commence à se redéfinir pour briser avec l'idée qu'elle va se faire engloutir par la majorité anglophone?

GB: Là nous ne parlons plus du Canada anglais, mais plutôt de mondialisation. Cette source d'inquiétude est sans précédent

dans l'histoire de l'humanité. Contrairement au passé, où le Québec se défendait contre le traditionnel ennemi fédéral qu'il connaissait déjà très bien, la mondialisation, elle, n'a ni queue ni tête et n'est pas présente à un endroit fixe. Elle est omniprésente. Sous cette optique, j'ai hâte de voir si les jeunes continueront dans cette nouvelle culture «mondialisée» et multiculturelle, ou bien s'ils retomberont dans les mythes nationaux traditionnels. Ces mythes sont très forts et correspondent à des angoisses bien réelles. Malgré un certain pessimisme, je reste quand même ouvert à d'autres possibilités. ☹

—Propos recueillis par Louis-Philippe Tessier et Samuel Sigere.

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CURRENT EVENTS ACTUALITÉS

PEPPER SPRAY AND MILK

Steve Eldon Kerr remembers how November 10 dissolved into violence

A few times a week, I slip on a red polo and a red cap emblazoned with the McGill logo and work a short shift in a McGill dining hall serving other McGill students. Sometimes I don't even bother to change out of the shirt when I go to the library, and I end up in McLennan, wearing my red shirt, staring at the sticker notifying me that this is a graduate student's carrel, which itself is thoughtfully displayed alongside another small McGill logo, lest I somehow forget where I am. McGill dominates my life. It is where I study and where I work, but also where I relax with friends and occasionally get drunk.

So it was quite a surprise to find myself sitting in a McGill dining hall, rubbing milk all over myself to try and take the sting out of the mask of pepper spray I was wearing. (Milk, it turns out, does the trick far better than soap and water.) That night, November 10, McGill had dominated me in a new way.

The day began unassumingly. A march against tuition hikes, peaceful and even joyous, crowded the streets near campus. I joined up with the McGill contingent a little late, around 1:30, as they walked down Ste. Catherine towards the Berri/UQAM metro stop. By the time I arrived, we numbered roughly a thousand people. Our ranks swelled when we were joined by about two hundred MUNACA members. I saw many people at the march who I hadn't seen before at McGill protests, and everyone seemed pleasantly surprised by the turnout, especially given the day's gloomy weather. As we marched,

we encountered frequent cheers of support from passersby and sung a range of songs in both English and French. At one point, a Francophone student organizer, who had seen the full scope of the Concordia congregation I'd somehow wandered into, gleefully uttered into his walkie-talkie, "mec, j'ai un vraiment fukton d'anglophones ici."

As the march of 20,000 students crawled its way back to McGill College, the crowd was in good spirits. I had heard vague plans to move the protest up to the James Administration building to increase awareness amongst McGill students of the tuition raise, but I knew nothing about an occupation. When the march reached the Roddick Gates, I told the people I was with that I was going to a friend's house on Aylmer to change my rain-sodden shoes. I asked them to let me know if the protest moved before I got back.

On my way to the house, I passed about 10 police on horseback cantering down Sherbrooke. Less than a minute later, a group of police on bicycles passed by the same way. A friend I was with joked about how much better it would be to be a horse-cop than a bike-cop, which probably sums up the genial mood we were in, and how unthreatening we found the police.

About half an hour later (at 4:42 p.m., in fact – I know exactly what time, thanks to my cellphone), as I was tying the laces on a pair of borrowed black sneakers, I got a call from a friend telling me to come quickly to James. I assumed it had something to do with the protest.

My friend and I ran to campus just



in time to see the bike police cycling away from the Milton Gates. We saw some friends in a group of people that had formed a human chain around James. My friends beckoned to us to join them. We linked arms right in front of the building's main doors and asked what had happened. One of my friends told the story of the occupation – how a group of students had made their way into Principal Heather Munroe-Blum's office, had been treated roughly by security, and then had texted friends, asking them to congregate in front of James.

Just then, I looked over my shoulder and saw about fifty police in full riot gear filing through the Milton Gates in a narrow column. My friend suggested we leave, but he and I remained in the chain.

Something about the scene below was perfectly cinematic: the orange glow of street-lamps dimly lit the square as raindrops bounced off the steel-toed boots of the riot police. For a nice, middle-class boy who has always been taught that the police are the good guys who protect me from danger, the situation carried a hint of unreality.

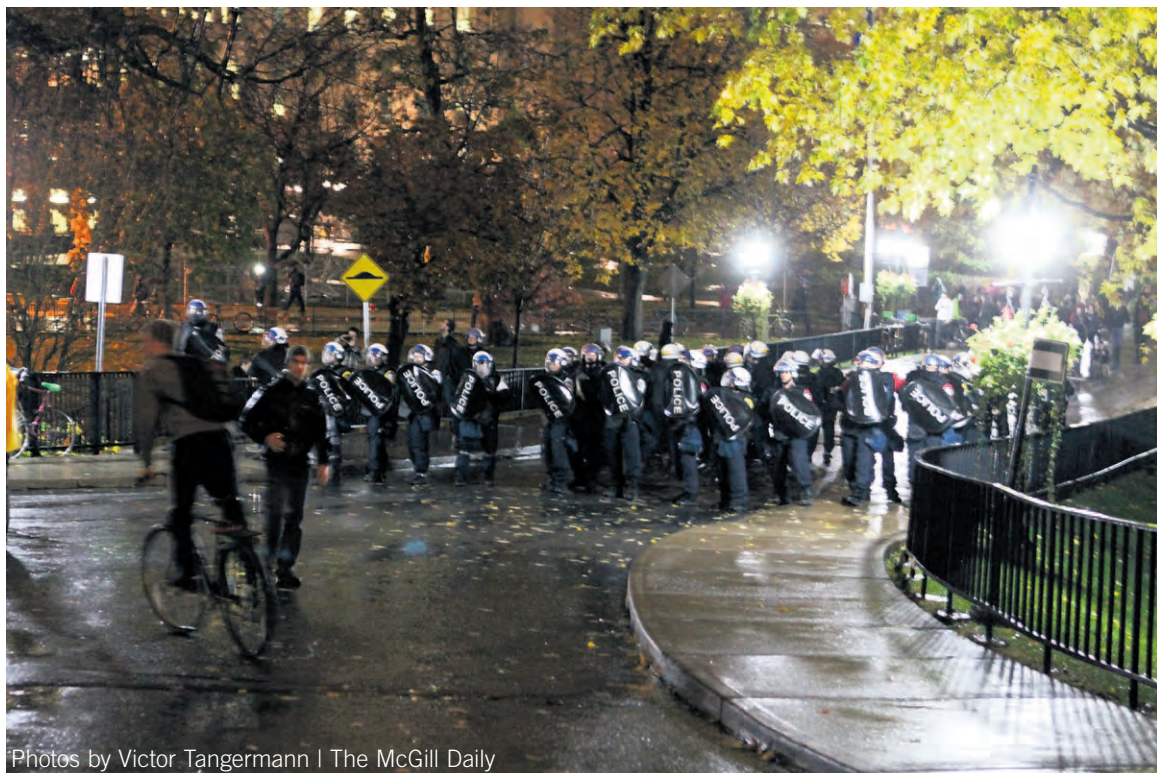
It was jarring, then, to see police move up the hill towards James. As they came near me, their riot gear came into focus. Some of the police were carrying what looked like rubber-bullet guns. They all had pepper-spray cans that looked like bull-horns fastened to their hips. They wore plastic visors on their black helmets. As they approached, they beat their shields with their batons.

The sound of riot police beating their shields is much louder than I had expected – it produces a terrifying rap-rap-rap sound, like gunfire. On TV, the camera is typically far removed from the action, and the sound is dimmed so the reporter can be heard. But in reality, you have to remind yourself that it is only plastic hitting plastic, despite 10,000 years of evolution imploring you to run.

As the lines formed and the police advanced, one word was uttered more frequently than any other: "don't". "Don't throw," "don't grab," "don't push," "don't punch." Sometimes we shouted these words at the cops, and sometimes we said them to each other. I saw a young man throw a piece of candy in a pink wrapper at the riot police, an attempt at irony – but even before it fell, protestors were chastising him for inflaming the situation.

As the police approached, some people retreated towards the Ferrier building, but many more linked arms and faced the police. I was still piled up against the front door of James with my friends, but other protestors formed a line perpendicular to the building to face the riot police. It had become us against them, and I didn't even know most of the people on my side.

Some of the protestors had clearly been in situations like this before; they covered their noses and grabbed water bottles. Other, more inexperienced people like me left their eyes and noses badly exposed. But then, standing near



Photos by Victor Tangermann | The McGill Daily

the doorway of the James building, I didn't expect to see pepper spray.

The pepper spray came, though, and pretty indiscriminately too. The first person I saw sprayed was standing near me. Before I'd felt it on my eyes, I felt it on my cheeks and down my throat. The word "pepper" is misleading. You might think it is like a really hot curry: deadly on the eyes, but tame against the skin. It is not. It feels toxic. My first reaction was to cough, but the spray stuck firmly to the inside of my throat. I grabbed a water bottle that someone had offered me and took several deep gulps, but the particles were still there, fiery against my skin. My cheeks simultaneously itched and burned. I wanted to scratch, but scratching only made it worse. Still, at that point, I wouldn't say that I'd been pepper sprayed.

I only had to wait a couple of minutes to earn my battle scars. I had ended up on the very edge of a huddle close to the police line. The group was tightly packed to reduce the angles from which we could be sprayed. To the right of me was a good friend. A cop leaned over our shoulders with a can of pepper spray; we turned our heads away in opposite directions. A second later, the same cop shoved his can between our linked arms and sprayed upwards at our faces. My friend was his primary target, or at least got hit with more pepper spray, but I'm not sure if the cop was particularly concerned who he hit. In any case, he got me pretty badly too. Now I really had been pepper sprayed. It fucking hurt.

At first, the only thing you can do is close your eyes. I shut mine tight and stumbled around to the far side of the group, around the door, away from the action. Someone started pouring water over my face. I had to kneel so they could get it into my eyes. It felt as if my eyeballs were swelling up and about to pop out of their sockets, with my eyelids straining to keep them in. I'm not sure how long it was until I could open my eyes again, but as soon as I could, I moved back to the front of the line.

My vision was still blurry and my eyes still burned, but I was over the initial shock. I soon formed part of a group that sat down in front of the police. It was only when my ass was soaked in an inch of water that I remembered it was raining. I half-jokingly muttered to my friend that



Victor Tangermann | The McGill Daily

we should come back and do this in the summer. A cop who was patrolling behind the line of shields came close to me and leaned over the line of police. I buried my face in my scarf and turned away. I must have looked pathetic. I was too scared of being hit with more pepper spray to risk looking at a cop. Egyptians and Syrians who stare down bullets for their cause are much braver than me. Still, I had no intention of moving.

The police refused many polite requests to speak in English. They didn't say much to us, but what they did say was mostly in French. The only sentence I heard clearly enough to understand was spoken to a guy next to me, asking him to chuck the wooden part of his sign away. The man didn't understand, but a girl on the other side of him quickly grabbed the wood and pushed it towards the police so they could kick it behind their lines.

It all amounted to a mounting sense of injustice among the protestors – people who had been pepper sprayed and who were sitting down on their own campus were still prepared to hand back batons to the police who refused to speak English on a predominantly English-speaking campus. Yet the police intimidation did not stop, and that kept us sitting down. We did not want to be intimidated out of our right to peacefully protest. It had nothing to do with tuition anymore, and everything to do

with the way the situation was being handled. We wanted to do everything we could do to remain peaceful without acquiescing to police demands. The whole point had become to stay where we were, to peacefully dissent in the face of violence.

But we couldn't manage to stay put. The police had started using their batons to jab people in the chest. I got it between my shoulder and chest, a painful and unsettling spot. The baton met a tendon just beneath my shoulder, and the force of it pushed my head backwards so that I hit the feet of the people behind me. At this point, our line had begun to fracture – people were standing up and moving back. During this, a police officer pointed behind us and said, in English, "look over there, why don't you go and help your friends." He was trying to trick us into moving. A few minutes later, when the last of us did stand up, I was hit very hard on my calf by another baton.

With their rubber bullets and tear gas, the police could have had us all face down in a puddle in seconds. They didn't, of course, but given such power it was obvious we were not going to fight, and so their violence was gratuitous. Their presence ensured the safety of everyone, but their use of force ensured injury. For the first time in my life, I had some idea of what it is to be helpless in the face of the law. We knew we could not win, and we knew we must not fight, but we were going to resist. It didn't feel like a choice. When your voice is silenced, your body is all you have to leave a mark. I didn't understand that before.

The group of protestors had started to splinter. Some people had run down the stairs of the amphitheatre while others had moved around the corner of James. I saw a group try unsuccessfully to get into Ferrier. The police sensed their opportunity, and, having pushed us around the top corner of the amphitheatre, they charged at us. Every one of us turned and ran in different directions. I ran towards the entrance of the Arts building, and ended up cut off from my friends, who fled down the stairs of the amphitheatre. The police were well trained for situations like this; their charge quickly split us up into smaller groups and effectively ended the protest.

Alone, I ran up the stairs of the Arts building and asked the security guard to let me in to wash my face.

He barely acknowledged my presence. Given the obvious pain I was in, I was frustrated, if not surprised.

As I descended the Arts building steps, I saw another forty or so riot police moving up from the Y-intersection. I had no desire to be caught in the middle of another confrontation, so I walked to the Leacock building. On my way, I passed a girl who told me that I could get treatment in Leacock. When I arrived at the doors, attempting to enter, security again met me with a blank stare of refusal. I later learned the treatment area had been set up in the SSMU building, but misinformation spreads quickly during confusion.

It was just before 5:30 at that point, and I remembered that I had to get to work. The riot police I saw from the steps of the Arts building had moved to the Milton Gates. The situation seemed to have calmed, and I reasoned that I could walk up to the BMH cafeteria through the campus road that runs parallel to University.

When I rounded the top of the amphitheatre, I was surprised at the chaos that remained. The largest group of protestors were now being forced out of the Milton Gates by around 100 riot police. I saw police indiscriminately pepper spraying the front line of protestors as they beat them back. Two plumes of smoke rose near the Milton Gates. I didn't know at the time that the plumes were tear gas.

It was impossible to distinguish between protestors and bystanders, and given the high police presence around the doors to the McConnell Engineering building and the clouds of toxic chemicals, I'm not surprised bystanders were subjected to violence.

I asked a police officer to let me walk up to BMH through campus. He told me to wait a couple of minutes, and then, after about forty riot police had charged out the Milton Gates, sweeping protestors out in the process, he let me walk up.

And so I found myself in the changing room at BMH, naked from the waist up, pouring a glass of milk on my face. I slipped on my red McGill polo, and started answering calls from people who remained outside. My friends were bruised, but okay, and had reconvened in BDP to hear each others' stories over pitchers of cheap beer – a normal Thursday evening, except that our eyes were bloodshot about 12 hours earlier than usual.



Henry Gass | The McGill Daily

CURRENT EVENTS ACTUALITÉS

Student-led initiative seeks to reform Board of Governors

Reform Project sets tight deadlines as it tries to maintain November 10 momentum

Erin Hudson
The McGill Daily

About fifty students, faculty, and community members, including striking McGill non-academic workers, gathered off-campus last Thursday evening to take part in a student-led initiative to reform McGill's governance structure, beginning with the University's Board of Governors (BoG).

The BoG – the highest decision-making body in the University – is made up of 25 voting members and two student non-voting observers, and meets six times a year.

The initiative, known as the McGill Governance Reform Project (MGRP), emerged from a demonstration immediately following November 10.

One of the project organizers, former Daily News and Features editor Niko Block, recounted how discussions around the project began on November 11.

"We need to do something that is big and lasting, and we need to create some fundamental institutional change at McGill," he explained.

"We need governance reform because there's no accountability whatsoever within this institution," Block added.

Stephen Strole, McGill secretary-general, commented on the MGRP in a statement to The Daily.

"I believe the Board is always interested in hearing what its members say about governance or other issues, and that, of course, includes its student members," he said.

Arts Representative to SSMU Jamie Burnett spoke to the significance of governance reform.

"McGill is, and always has

been, a fundamentally undemocratic institution, and I think that undemocratic institutions don't produce good decisions for the people that make up that institution and are affected by the decisions and activities of that institution," he said.

A group of between 15 and 20 students met twice before Thursday's assembly in order to plan and organize. SSMU VP Clubs & Services Carol Fraser facilitated the assembly, which ran according to loose Robert's Rules of Order.

Three proposals were brought to the meeting and ratified. The proposal on the project's guidelines states that the project's assembly "stands in support of a governance structure that is democratic, transparent, accountable, and more appropriately reflects the social and academic interests of the McGill community in the context of broader society."

The next two proposals addressed the structure of a commission and a follow-up assembly.

The commission will consist of 12 members responsible for researching and presenting recommendations at a subsequent general assembly. However, the election of commissioners stopped due to a debate over the election process.

Associate Islamic Studies Professor Michelle Hartman voiced her concerns.

"This is a certain assembly of people who were able to come at a certain time... It's a bit weird to be talking about governance reform and all these democratic processes and using Robert's Rules of Order and doing this in a very proper way, but then to form a

commission from people sitting in a room and to just appoint them is, to me, ironic."

After two hours, quorum was lost, at which point the assembly became an informal discussion regarding how the assembly was run.

Associate History Professor Daviken Studnicki-Gizbert explained that the assembly had focused too much on amendments to the wording of proposals.

"My reading of the situation was that we latched onto the wording," he said.

Speaking to The Daily after the assembly, Burnett said, "I think it represents a lot of the problems that we're trying to solve in terms of people at McGill. Whether they're students or workers of the community around the University, [they] don't have a lot of experience working with each other, and don't have a lot of experience talking about what a community is."

"I think a lot of students who have been doing the planning for this just didn't understand where other people may be coming from and didn't structure the meeting in such a way that those concerns really could be brought in," Burnett added.

Gregory Mikkelsen, an associate professor in the Environment and Philosophy departments, spoke about his impressions immediately after the assembly ended.

"I'm really glad that this happened – that there's an effort being made. I'm not entirely clear on whether they'll be able to pull it off, especially in the time that they envision," he said.

The commission is to finalize its recommendations by January 30,

2012 for ratification before a general assembly.

Block explained the time frame put forward in the assembly.

"A movement can lose a lot of steam over the summer," he said. "If we don't accomplish something

on a relatively large scale along those lines by the end of the year then I think that we will lose steam and this issue itself could just could kind of die out."

The follow-up meeting for the MGRP is scheduled for Friday at 3 p.m.



Lindsay Cameron | The McGill Daily

The project was initiated at a demonstration on November 11.

More Montrealers relying on food banks

New demographics depend on non-perishable donations

Andreanne Stewart
News Writer

The use of food banks in Montreal has increased by 32 per cent in the past four years, according to a Hunger Count survey released this month by Moisson Montréal, Canada's largest food bank.

Moisson Montréal collects and distributes food aid to 211 organizations on the Island of Montreal, providing food for almost 150,000 people each month.

According to Hunger Count's report, new demographic groups are turning to food banks to stave off hunger, such as the elderly, students,

and those with jobs.

Dominique, age 45, was a Social Work student at the Université de Montréal until mounting debt forced him to withdraw. Now he uses the food bank almost every day.

"If you have nothing, you eat nothing. I can't even afford to put milk in my coffee," he said.

The growing demand for aid, combined with a shrinking donation pool, has begun to strain local food banks.

According to Fred Mehrabi, coordinator of Côte-des-Neiges food bank MultiCaf, "The amount of food we have received in donation has decreased by about 10 to 15 per cent."

He continued, "Although Moisson Montréal is our main supplier, the

food we receive from them is insufficient to complete our food baskets, [so] we have to find donations wherever we can."

Dany Michaud, executive director of Moisson Montréal, explained how the organization is dealing with the strain.

"We have improved the efficiency of our operation in order to respond to this increase, to make more with less, to maximize the food we receive," he said.

The situation faced by food aid organizations is not unique to Montreal. A similar report released by Food Banks Canada indicates a 26 per cent increase since 2008 in the need for food aid in Canada.

According to Marzena Gersho, director of communications and national programs for Food Banks Canada, "It takes support from everyone to really make an impact. The government at all levels, the public. We do need to address the short term solutions, but in terms of reducing hunger it is about that long-term impact."

In regards to action on a federal level, Gersho said, "We propose policy recommendations to government that stress a number of things such as cost of housing, access to employment insurance, child tax benefits. We work with government at all levels to include policy that will really help to reduce hunger."

Looking forward, there is

hope among food banks that the holiday season will help sustain resources in the months to come, but the hope is tentative.

Mehrabi said, "It is a time where everyone wants to give and to help out, we do our best campaign at this time but it's a matter of sharing, and I'm afraid people might not have as much to share this year."

"We have to do what we have to do. We will make adjustments. There is no option of refusing people who come to the food bank," he added.

Moisson Montréal is holding its Christmas Food Drive until December 9, in which the organization hopes to provide 35,000 households with a Christmas meal.

□ OPINION

Tyranny of the minority?

A student shares his alternative viewpoint

Murtaza Shambhoora
Hyde Park

Over the past few weeks, we have seen a minority of McGill student activists monopolize dialogue over issues such as the MUNACA strike, tuition hikes, QPIRG and CKUT opt-out campaigns, and the administration's handling of the "occupiers" on November 10. If one were to look at the mediums through which McGill students express their thoughts on the above mentioned issues – The McGill Daily, General Assemblies, Facebook groups – they would get a sense that the entire campus is vehemently in support of MUNACA, and against tuition hikes and the current administration.

As we all know, that is not the case. The vast majority of the McGill population is not picking sides on the MUNACA issue, and just wants them to return to work as soon as possible. Students either don't care whether tuition is increased by a mere \$325 a year or are in support of it to protect the reputation of the University we attend. A lot of us believe that the protestors involved in the "Occupy James Admin" movement were hooligans who were intent upon causing chaos without a concrete set of demands and that they clearly crossed a line that evening. I make these assumptions due to the fact that the majority of my peers still attended my Political

Science and Economics classes despite the Arts Undergraduate Society strike on November 10 and the "We Are All McGill" demonstration on November 14. Furthermore, neither of the demonstrations managed to attract a majority of McGill students or disrupt regular schedules.

The problem is that the above-mentioned viewpoints are no longer discussed on campus, or they are dismissed as "ignorant" by student activists intent upon spreading their own anarchic agenda. If I don't support the movement against tuition hikes, I am accused of not being in solidarity with my peers. If I speak out against MUNACA, I am accused of supporting an elitist and insensitive administration that refuses freedom of expression. Realism no longer has a place on this campus; student idealism has taken over. Realism is understanding that higher education is not a right but a sacrifice worth paying for. Realism is understanding that the administration cannot meet MUNACA's wage demands if students want tuition to remain frozen. Moreover, realism is understanding that the philosophy of "occupy everything, demand nothing" will not work. To change the system, you must work with it, not against it.

However, we cannot blame the student activists who are dominating campus discourse right now, since they have a right to do so. The only way we can ensure a diversity of viewpoints is by increased par-

ticipation. Those of us who do not want SSMU to fight against tuition hikes should speak up instead of just complaining about the issues. Those of us who are tired of MUNACA should speak up and ask our student bodies to no longer stand in solidarity with them.

Our apathy is the reason that a mere 250 students present at the AUS General Assembly mandated a strike for 7500 Arts students at McGill while simultaneously advocating for funding QPIRG. It is also the reason that SSMU is officially against tuition hikes – a move that can seriously underfund a University that is already lacking financial support. We should be angry that activists accuse the administration of engaging in one-sided propaganda when it comes to MUNACA issues while our own student society gives us no information about the flipside of the tuition issue.

Speak up so that we can ensure that healthy dialogue is present within the student body, and that our student representatives are not pushing an ideology we do not support. We have always been warned that political organizations must be saved from a majority implementing legislative agendas that ignore the marginalized. Unfortunately, we are witnessing a tyranny of the minority instead – with a few motivated and politi-

cally active students dictating policy for all of us.

For those of you who would like to read a different viewpoint on tuition hikes: Tarun Koshy, in his recent article "The Day Intelligence Died at the Roddick Gates" written for the *Bull & Bear*, manages to give an explanation of why they should be implemented. Professor Stephen

Saideman of the Political Science department has also blogged about the issues of student idealism and tuition hikes on his website.

Murtaza Shambhoora is a U3 Political Science student. You can reach him at murtaza.shambhoora@mail.mcgill.ca.



Amina Batyeva | The McGill Daily

□ OPINION

Say no to student democracy

A response to the McGill Governance Reform Project

Thomas Granrud
Hyde Park

I never imagined I would write a piece with this title. After receiving an invitation to attend a communal assembly for the revolutionary "McGill Governance Reform Project," I felt I had no choice. The project calls for the democratization of the McGill governance structure, particularly through increased student representation on decision-making bodies. Some students believe proportional representation is the most just solu-

tion. In other words: they call for a student-run university, inspired, I am sure, by César De Paepe, Karl Marx, and others who applied similar ideas to democracy at the workplace. I disagree strongly with such ideas.

There is a crucial difference between a nation-state and a university. Universities are institutions, not countries. I do not believe that institutions should be run on the principle of popular sovereignty. Just as workers should not run a corporation, students should not run McGill. We need, however, to have a voice and better dialogue. This is in the interest of us all.

I am part of the executive of the Political Science Students' Association. It is my impression that we have an excellent relationship with the chair and the professors in our department. We are consulted on which courses students would like to see and we are actively involved when new professors are hired. We are not in a majority, but we have a say and a vote. We are actively involved in processes outside of and before formal meetings in which decisions are made through a vote. Through these consultative processes we are indeed able to find common ground on most issues. In the event that we

disagree, I would never think of occupying the office of our chair, Richard Schultz.

Precisely because the University is not a democracy, our impact as students depends not on the number of representatives we have, but, rather, on the ability of those we already send to the decision-making bodies to work constructively with the administration before and during formal meetings. Surely, we do not need more representation as much as we need better representation.

I believe that a reform of the governance structure is unnecessary. Instead we must change the way we approach disagreements

with the administration. We need to show the administration that we are not just as a group of adversarial students who find great pleasure in occupying offices and have nothing to contribute except anger and dissatisfaction. Rather, we ought to be solution-oriented representatives of a diverse student body. I am sure such an approach will be an important contribution to improving the negative campus discourse. At the end of the day, we are all McGill.

Thomas Granrud is a U2 Political Science student. He can be reached at thomas.granrud@mail.mcgill.ca.

By construing the female employees as incapable of handling the occupiers, [Masi] relied on the “damsel in distress” stereotype to elicit an emotional response. It was unnecessary and offensive. While we understand that it was a stressful situation for everyone involved, Masi’s use of sexist language is unacceptable.

The Gender, Sexual Diversity, and Feminist Studies Student Association

Whether you agree with the protestors or not is irrelevant. The crux of the matter is this; riot police used pepper spray and batons against peaceful members of our community, many of whom were not involved in the protest whatsoever. I am shocked and incredibly angered by the events of November 10, as they serve to underline a larger problem at McGill. During Principal Heather Monroe-Blum’s tenure, the relationship between the administration and the rest of the University community has become untenable and adversarial. Students, faculty, and staff are not being heard. The administration has lost its way. HMB is ultimately responsible for the actions of McGill Security staff that led to the escalation of violence. If half of the occupiers’ accounts of the role of McGill Security are true, someone needs to get fired and it needs to be Heather Monroe-Blum.

Mo Sougal

Case Manager, Campbell Cohen Law Firm
McGill Alum 2010
Political Science

Dear Xavier Van Chan,

You write to us as President of the McGill University Montreal Young Alumni Branch, soliciting funds. This is our response to your request.

My sister and I are quite proud of our academic achievements at McGill. We’re also proud of our father who has spent 33 years at McGill as a lab technician. He always put 110 per cent into his work. He never complained if he had to start early or stay late to finish a project. He did what he had to do.

Since September 1, 1,700 McGill University support workers (MUNACA) have been on strike. This strike is not only affecting the McGill community, but also the family members of these workers. We have visited our father on the picket line and watched him put in 110 per cent rallying up the picketers. We’ve noticed McGill security on “High Alert” videotaping the strikers. 80 per cent of the MUNACA members are women; many mothers and some grandmothers. We wonder why McGill has decided to use such a heavy-handed approach when all these workers are fighting for is parity with the other Quebec universities, which we believe they deserve.

This is not the McGill we remember. We will not donate to any institution that squashes free speech with the use of injunctions and intimidation. Our donation to the Alma Mater Fund is ZERO and we encourage other alumni to withhold their donations or find more worthy causes.

Sincerely,

Christine Caporuscio

B.Sc 2006 (McGill)

Jessica Caporuscio

B.Sc 2009 (McGill)

When students occupied administrators’ space, students felt threatened, and riot police were called. Less than 24 hours later, all of our space was equally occupied by a full brigade of firing cannons. This ceremony says something rather striking about the types of violence that we are supposed to find acceptable.

If a student walking into the administration building to open dialogue is unacceptable, then the presence of huge war machinery should be unfathomable. The firing of cannons glorifies war in a way that should not be imposed upon everyone in a public space. If glorification is not the intent, perhaps they are meant to startle us into remembering and imagining past wars. Or maybe they’re just part of an important tradition. Recreating and performing “traditional” acts of violence seems counterproductive if we are trying to work towards a future in which this violence does not exist. We are inevitably going to have to break from past traditions if we hope to find novel and more peaceful ways of resolving conflict.

The firing of cannons sends the message that violence is acceptable as long as it is organized by the right institutions. But this is not news. The administration has been sending us this message all semester. Though not always physical in nature, members of our community have at least been subject to various forms of structural and oppressive violence limiting their right free expression and their right to be in public spaces. None of these forms of violence have a place on our campus. If our community is invested in restoring feelings of safety and trust, then a careful consideration of violence, both explicit and symbolic, is necessary. Our administration has a particular responsibility in safeguarding the campus from all forms of violence, and acknowledging their role in perpetuating as well as preventing it.

Nicole Buchanan

U3 Anthropology

Sophia Kehler

U4 Environment and African Studies

In his account of the events of November 10 at the Senate meeting on November 16, Provost Masi focused on the women who were working on the fifth floor of James Administration during the occupation, noting that “the women who were in the offices at the time, and there were only several women...were pushed and shoved...they were frightened and they were crying.”

I was not on the fifth floor of James, and cannot speak to the truth of this statement, though the occupiers have contested its veracity. That being said, I find it troubling that Masi is exploiting gendered language to strengthen his rhetoric and promote a specific account of what took place. The women inside the building shouldn’t be used as tools to vilify the students, nor should “women crying” be used to strengthen the idea that an occupation is, by nature, violent or wrong. Should the occupiers have turned around when they realized that the staff inside were primarily female?

I don’t want to marginalize anyone’s experience or police emotions, nor am I saying that I don’t empathize. I was scared; apparently they were too. It’s an awful thing for anyone to feel this way in a space they consider safe – be it their office or campus. But that’s not the point. What I want to make clear is that it’s unacceptable for Masi to manipulate these experiences by way of language that emphasizes stereotypes of women as weak, in need of protection and sympathy. This rhetoric erases the women’s agency by employing them as nameless pawns, and disregards the fact that crying, fear, and trauma are not gender specific. Given that the women published a letter which describes their experiences without employing these same stereotypes, I would ask that Masi watch his tone when speaking on behalf of others, and stop using paternalistic language that places him in a questionable position of authority and care.

Flora Dunster

U3 Art History Honours
Former Daily Copy editor

During the McGill Senate meeting on November 16, Deputy Provost Anthony Masi made comments about the experiences of the employees working on the fifth floor of the James Administration building in the course of the November 10 student occupation. Masi stressed that those working on the fifth floor were women, emphasizing their fear and the fact that they were crying. This portrayal reinforces the victimizing narratives that restrict women to a submissive gender role. We, the Gender, Sexual Diversity, and Feminist Studies Student Association roundly condemn Masi’s use of misogynist gender stereotypes to strengthen his rhetoric.

By construing the female employees as incapable of handling the occupiers, he relied on the “damsel in distress” stereotype to elicit an emotional response. It was unnecessary and offensive. While we understand that it was a stressful situation for everyone involved, Masi’s use of sexist language is unacceptable. His description also ignores the fact that some of the occupiers were themselves women. Masi’s sexist comments are especially disturbing given that he has the authority to veto any disciplinary measures resulting from sexual harassment complaints at McGill.

We demand that the Deputy Provost immediately issue a public apology for his comments.

The GSDFSSA

Boire de l'eau, c'est mal

Attention, chronique de droite

Jean-François Trudelle
Le Délit

Le temps des fêtes est toujours le bon moment pour sortir vos meilleures bouteilles d'eau. Vous reluquez avidement cette Fiji que vous avez achetée au prix fort parce qu'elle a supposément un délicieux arrière-goût de noix de coco. Vous n'attendez que la fin de la messe de minuit pour aller ouvrir cette Evian que vous avez payée sept dollars à cause de sa forme excentrique et pour l'aspect pratique de sa poignée faisant aussi office de bouchon.

Quel sentiment satisfaisant que de boire de l'eau de si bonne qualité, être réhydraté et plein d'énergie pour déballer ces cadeaux qui vous ont tenu éveillé toute la nuit. Sachez que si votre chroniqueur préféré travaillait pour une compagnie d'embouteillement d'eau au Royaume-Uni, il finirait sûrement en prison pour deux ans. Je crois que c'est le rêve de certains, mais passons.

Eh oui, la Commission européenne n'a que faire de l'effondrement de la superbureaucratie européenne, du chaos économique et monétaire qui sévit et des taux d'intérêts en hausse sur la dette «blindée» allemande. Après trois ans de laborieuses discussions et vingt-et-un experts plus tard, elle est heureuse d'annoncer que vous ne pouvez plus prétendre, si vous êtes un embouteilleur, que l'eau réhydrate! Paul Nuttal, député européen britannique du parti eurosceptique UKIP, a déclaré qu'un tel règlement faisait paraître le règlement sur la courbure des bananes (car il y en a un) sain. Toutefois, une compagnie peut

toujours annoncer que son produit maintiendra votre température corporelle. Heureusement qu'il y a peu de grands déserts en Europe, on arriverait bien rapidement à court d'Européens! Ils sont si amusants à regarder se débattre contre la fatalité. Le spectacle prendrait fin abruptement. Décidemment, rien n'arrête le progrès sur le Vieux Continent.

Si l'utopie européenne le dit, alors ça doit être vrai. Qu'allez-vous faire, chers lecteurs? Vos bouteilles de Fiji et d'Evian achetées au prix fort n'étaient que duperie. Vous ne serez pas pleins de vigueur pour ouvrir vos cadeaux. N'ayez crainte, il y a de la bière. Il y a du scotch, du cognac, du vin. La nature fait bien les choses n'est-ce pas? Profitez-en, avant que les bureaucrates ne décident que le vin vous donnera le cancer à 75 ans et devrait être interdit, que le scotch brûle trop la gorge des néophytes et présente donc une forme d'oppression discriminatoire des Écossais envers le reste de la planète et que la bière est responsable des publicités sexistes à la télé et doit disparaître des tablettes. En plus, elle est produite par un peuple qui n'a pas de gouvernement depuis plus d'un an! Oh, l'enfer pour un eurocrate!

Considérez cette interdiction comme une bénédiction. Vous aurez l'air plus intelligent en ayant la gueule de bois. Vous pourrez dire fièrement que vous n'avez pas succombé aux mensonges de l'industrie de l'eau embouteillée. Vive la révolution! *Occupy Dasani!*

Je vous souhaiterais bien un joyeux solstice d'hiver, un joyeux décembre, une joyeuse célébration de l'amour fraternel universel, mais j'aime trop Jésus pour ça.

Joyeux Noël. ☺

Federal government to address water quality issues within First Nation communities

Parties collaborate in effort to provide clean drinking water

Juan Camilo Velásquez
The McGill Daily

The Conservative government has decided to back the Liberals in their efforts to address the need of First Nations communities in Canada for clean, running water, after a motion passed at the House of Commons on November 17. The motion, which was moved by interim Liberal Party Leader Bob Rae, seeks to create a bill with all parties to improve access to clean drinking water on First Nations reserves.

The motion was passed days after Ecojustice, a non-profit environmental law firm, issued its report on water quality in Canada. The report gave the federal government a failing grade, and stressed the lack of improvement in the quality of water for First Nations communities. Grades were determined by evaluating treatment and testing requirements, drinking water quality standards, source water protection, and measures for transparency and accountability.

According to the report, "Federal management of water – for places like First Nations reserves, military bases, and federal parks – still fails to meet basic benchmarks for safe consumption."

Rae addressed the House of Commons during the debate on the motion, urging them to begin efforts no later than spring 2012.

"[We need] to address, on an urgent basis, the needs of those First Nations communities whose members have no access to clean, running water in their homes," said Rae.

"We have to recognize that Canadians live, unfortunately, in very different conditions depend-

ing on where they live. A continuing affront to our sense of wholeness, justice, and fairness as Canadians is the fact that members of First Nations communities and other aboriginal communities across the country are living in conditions of deep poverty and great hardship," he added.

won't be satisfied until 100 per cent of First Nations homes have fresh running drinking water and waste water management," she added.

Randy Christensen, author of the report issued by Ecojustice, expressed his satisfaction in a press release, and expressed the need to move towards better access to clean water for First

"So many of our citizens are actually living in third world conditions."

Carolyn Bennet St Paul's MP, Liberal Critic for Aboriginal Affairs and Northern Development

John Duncan, Conservative MP for Vancouver Island North and Minister of Aboriginal Affairs and Northern Development, announced the availability of new funding to address the pressing water issues for Aboriginal communities in Northern Manitoba.

"I am proud to announce today that, in addition to those ongoing commitments, we are also providing an additional \$55 million to support infrastructure improvements in Manitoba's Island Lake community," said Duncan during the House debate.

In an interview with The Daily, Carolyn Bennett – MP for St Paul's and Liberal Critic for Aboriginal Affairs and Northern Development – said that this is not only an issue for Aboriginal communities.

"It's something that all Canadians are embarrassed about, because it really is that so many of our citizens are actually living in third world conditions, when we have the constitutional responsibility to serve these conditions," said Bennett.

"We hope that as we come up to the budget, that we will demand a real strategy for this because we

Nation communities in Canada.

"The government's commitment to ensure all First Nations reserves have clean drinking water is a move in the right direction, and all parties in the House deserve credit for stepping up on the issue," said Christensen.

Bennett also said that many First Nations communities within Quebec have been identified because of their lack of clean water.

"There were certainly many communities identified in Quebec that have problems. When I was at Akwesasne – which is partly Quebec, partly Ontario and partly the US – they had [water quality] problems," she said.

According to Bennett, the proposed bill will be a step in the right direction, but she believes that government needs to do more to help First Nations communities.

"The long-term solutions are not only the infrastructure and building the systems, but also getting the training to the community so they can keep those systems operations. So it's the long-term sustainability of the systems that we are also calling on the government to approve," she said.

Happy holidays from The Daily!

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POLITIQUE **POLITICS**

Water fee hikes proposed to provinces and territories

Increases to improve sustainability and efficiency in natural resource industries

Annie Shiel
The McGill Daily

A report released earlier this month by the National Round Table on the Environment and the Economy (NRTEE) suggested that Canadian provinces charge higher fees for water use in the natural resource sector in order to improve efficiency and sustainability.

According to the report, titled

“Charting a Course: Sustainable Water Use by Canada’s Natural Resource Sectors,” 86 per cent of Canada’s water is used by the natural resource sector, which includes mining, agriculture, thermal power, oil, and gas industries.

The report also included three main recommendations to encourage efficiency and sustainability in the future: the use of policy instruments such as an increase in water fees, the collection of better data on water use by

the federal government, and collaborative governance involving a wide range of stakeholders.

NRTEE Vice-Chair Mark Parent said that the suggested fee hike was less than 1 per cent.

“We’re not in a water crisis yet, and so a small price at the start could create sustainable conservation behaviour of about 15 per cent for that 1 per cent [price] increase,” he said.

The goal of the report was to address concerns about the future sustainability of water usage in Canada, given the prediction that there will be competing demands for water in the future.

“We’re trying to come up with suggestions before there’s a crisis,” said Parent.

He explained that, “with climate change, governments around the world are behind the ball, trying to make up policy in the middle of crisis... So we’re really being proactive in this report, trying to get ahead of [the problem].”

According to Parent, many industries in the natural resource sector were supportive of a water fee hike.

“They get [that] they need water to produce their products, so they’re concerned about it being there in the future,” he said.

Some corporations involved in these industries, however, do have concerns. Among them are corpo-

rations in the pulp and paper industry. According to Parent, they worry that even a 1 per cent increase would be financially problematic, given their recent performance.

Other industries already pay premiums that allow them to employ more sustainable practices. In the hydro-electric industry, for example, much of the water that is used goes back into the system.

Hydro-Québec Media Relations Representative Gary Sutherland explained that the company already pays water-power royalties to the

hydraulic force of moving water and the water flows back into the river with no loss in quality.”

Whether provincial governments will actually adopt the proposed fee hike remains to be seen.

The Quebec Ministry of Sustainable Development, Environment, and Parks (MDDEP) declined to comment publicly on the report but did refer to its current water regulations.

The MDDEP’s current regulations set water fees in Quebec at \$0.0025 per cubic metre of water

“With climate change, governments around the world are behind the ball, trying to make up policy in the middle of crisis.”

Mark Parent NRTEE Vice-Chair

Quebec government in order to employ hydraulic power.

“Hydro-Québec’s electricity generation activities do not imply a consumption of water or withdrawal from the water cycle,” Sutherland explained. “Electricity generation makes use of the

used after using 75 cubic metres, with a higher fee of \$0.07 per cubic metre set for certain industries.

“The department does not intend to amend this regulation in the short term,” stated MDDEP spokesperson Hélène Simard in French.



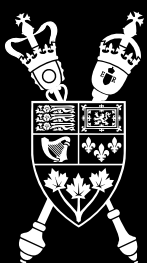
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Un homme et son pêché

Monsieur Legault, «*If you can talk the talk, walk the walk*»

Francis L.-Racine
Le Délit

La politique québécoise est forte de rebondissements et de péripéties à l'emporte-pièce. Dernièrement, nous avons pu constater l'apparition, ou la réapparition (après seulement un an et demi d'absence) de notre bon vieil ami François Legault. Désormais grand-prêtre du changement, il vient de lancer son nouveau parti: Coalition Avenir Québec. Prenons le temps d'admirer la simplicité dérisoire de son «programme».

Monsieur Legault semble innover avec un commissaire à l'intégrité de la vie publique. Selon le dépliant résumant les mois de consultation de François Legault, la CAQ propose de faire «le grand ménage dans la vie publique». En effet, toujours selon l'exhaustif cahier de *point form* de la CAQ: «En toutes circonstances, l'action du gouvernement doit être marquée du sceau de la transparence, de la rigueur et de l'intégrité. C'est peu dire que d'affirmer que des gestes décisifs devront être posés pour correspondre à cet idéal.» Son idéal c'est davantage d'intégrité, mais qui n'est pas pour l'intégrité? Nous le sommes tous. Sérieusement, il faut rétablir la confiance des Québécois

dans nos institutions publiques; rapprocher le citoyen de nos institutions pour qu'il s'en saisisse et surtout qu'il soit judicieusement informé sur tous les débats et les enjeux de la société québécoise.

Revenons à notre vieil ami François Legault; le mécanisme choisi par ce dernier pour rentabiliser balai et portepousière est la création d'un commissaire à l'intégrité de la vie publique. Voici dans sa simpliste et épurée splendeur la description dudit commissaire: «Dotée d'une indépendance et de moyens qui lui permettraient d'agir efficacement, cette nouvelle autorité, relevant de l'Assemblée nationale, regrouperait, en les élargissant, les mandats actuellement dévolus au Commissaire à l'éthique, au Commissaire au lobbying et à l'Unité permanente anticorruption du ministère de la Sécurité publique.» Par la suite, le programme est agrémenté par quelques tapes-dans-le-dos à la sauce cohésion-égale-succès. Encore une fois, je me fais le défenseur de la tarte aux pommes.

Cependant, considérons les tenants et aboutissants de son idée de commissaire à l'intégrité publique. Premièrement, en grand manitou de la droiture, le commissaire sera nommé par

l'Assemblée nationale, mais il faudra aussi que son mandat soit plus long que celui d'un gouvernement et qu'il soit irrévocable par la même Assemblée nationale. On se retrouve donc avec une personne, certes nommée par l'Assemblée nationale, mais qui pourra interpréter à sa guise un code d'éthique selon son bon jugement en tant que grand philosophe des mœurs publiques. De plus, il a sous son parapluie de juridictions, la moitié de la police provinciale. Bienvenue à Autocrate-City! Le pouvoir du commissaire dépend non pas de son élection, mais bien du titre qu'il porte, c'est-à-dire de lui-même. Ce faisant, il peut intervenir à sa guise dans n'importe quel dossier gouvernemental et s'ingérer dans des prérogatives d'élus. En fait, François Legault prend le poste de Lieutenant Gouverneur, il le saupoudre d'un peu de légitimité (nommé par l'Assemblée nationale), il change son nom en Commissaire à l'intégrité de la vie publique et il lui donne en cadeau la police provinciale et diverses prérogatives dont celle de faire tomber un gouvernement dûment élu par un simple courriel aux médias. Irrévocable, légitime par lui-même et non imputable: belle bibitte d'intégrité, ça va laver blanc au maudit!

Le meilleur moyen d'assurer l'intégrité de la vie publique est de sanctionner les comportements jugés inacceptables et incompatibles dans notre société

Terre pour atteindre et convaincre l'électeur moyen. Ses vingt actions sont sans conviction, il reste dans les généralités sans préciser sa pensée et il ne permet pas au

«Legault utilise tous les sophismes de la Terre pour atteindre et convaincre l'électeur moyen.»

juste et démocratique. L'intégrité des élus est essentielle au bon fonctionnement de notre démocratie et elle ne devrait pas être laissée à un individu au dessus de l'Assemblée nationale. Ayons confiance en nos élus ou changeons-les, point!

Cependant, le vrai péché de François Legault n'est ni son manque de rigueur et de professionnalisme pour se présenter devant les Québécois avec une page recto-verso de «on-verra», mais bien son objectif facilement observable. À travers ces phrases creuses et ses «actions» dignes de messages de biscuit chinois, monsieur Legault ne prend pas position, il n'explique pas, il utilise tous les sophismes de la

citoyen d'avoir la vérité; on est loin encore une fois de l'intégrité.

Monsieur Alfred Sauvy mentionne que «biens informés, les hommes sont des citoyens; mal informés, ils deviennent des sujets». En restant dans les «on-verra» après plusieurs mois de consultations et de rédactions, le chef du parti nouvellement formé ne vise qu'à assujettir les Québécois à sa désinformation. Avec pour slogan «Le Changement... on verra», François Legault a désormais trouvé chaussure à son pied avec les Croisières CAQ, mais malheureusement. Espérons qu'il ne fasse pas embarquer les Québécois dans son beau grand bateau vide d'intégrité. ☹

Legality of pepper spray questioned

Health effects of chemical discussed

Laurent Bastien Corbeil
The McGill Daily

Video footage of police officers using pepper spray against student protestors at the University of California - Davis (UC-Davis), has drawn international attention. The images, which have been widely circulated on the internet, have renewed a debate over the proper usage of the substance.

Deborah Blum, a Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist who has written extensively on the subject, considers weaponized pepper spray a potentially dangerous tool. In an interview with The Daily, she explained some of its harmful effects.

“Pepper spray works by amplifying allergic sensitivities. It irritates and damages eyes, membranes, bronchial airways, anything it touches. It is particularly dangerous to asthmatics,” Blum said.

The dangerous effects of pepper spray are well-documented. In

2000, researchers at the University of Helsinki found that pepper spray, or Oleoresin Capsicum spray, could cause immediate, but not permanent, damage to the corneal structure of the eye. In another study, published by the Journal of Correctional Health Care in 1997, experts noted that the inappropriate use of pepper spray could inflict “behavioral and mental health effects” on individuals.

In the United States, the American Civil Liberties Union filed a request to the California appeals court in 1999 to declare the use of pepper spray dangerous and cruel.

Pepper spray has been found to be a contributing factor to many deaths of individuals in police custody in the U.S. Fewer deaths have been reported in Canada, where pepper spray is subject to tougher regulation: for example, pepper spray is sold as bear repellent, and civilian use against humans is prohibited.

Blum argues that police officers are not properly trained to handle pepper spray, and that the

incident at UC-Davis is part of a wider problem.

“There have been comments from law enforcement officials that this was inappropriate use of pepper spray. Who decides that they could use pepper spray anyway?” she asked.

Blum added that more severe punishments should be leveled against officers who use the substance abusively.

“The officer at UC-Davis was only given a paid suspension. That is not punishment,” she said.

Information on the UC-Davis and Montreal police departments' training methods could not be obtained by The Daily at the time of press. However, the Institut de police du Québec says that pepper spray should only be used after the suspect has been warned verbally, and considers it to be less serious than physical force.

For Blum, pepper spray is not taken as seriously as it should be.

“I know people who were both tasered and pepper sprayed. Being pepper sprayed is far more painful.



Riot police use pepper spray on students at McGill.

It should only be used if the officer is threatened,” she said.

In Quebec, the Association paritaire pour la santé et la sécurité du travail – an agency that aims to promote a safe working environment for government employees – issued a series of recommendations on the use of pepper spray in 1998. It states that suspects should only be

vaporized for one to two seconds.

According to Blum, the families of some of the UC-Davis students who were pepper sprayed are now looking to file a lawsuit.

“They’re looking at a lawsuit,” she said. “Some of the students were sent to the hospital, and one was definitely coughing up blood. It’s just shocking.”

Pour quelques flocons de plus

Chronique: Carnets météoques

Marek Ahnee
Le Délit

C'est par des temps pareils que les alcools forts sont inventés. Montréal glisse lentement dans un long hiver. À la même période, un hémisphère plus bas, l'océan Indien sombre dans un lourd été. Entre soleil brûlant et grosses pluies chaudes, le Noël mauricien rime avec le charme mascarin d'un sonnet baudelairien. Les flamboyants rougeoient et les litchis ploient sous le poids de leurs fruits. La messe de minuit se chante à la musique des éventails. Le 25 décembre, les enfants lancent des pétards dans le jardin familial.

Puis la magie des fêtes s'efface pour laisser place à un été moite, véritable empire des moustiques. La vie quotidienne de la petite république sucrière reprend, aux couleurs estivales ternies par la corruption, le communalisme et l'ennui. Les étendues blanches du Nord étaient des terres d'évasion que littérature, cinéma et télévision avaient nourrie dès l'enfance.

Je vis la neige pour la première fois en octobre 2009, d'une fenêtre du sixième étage de Leacock. Un ami me tira subitement la manche pour que je regarde dehors. Ce fut un coup de foudre qui perdura malgré le revers du flocon: Noël boueux, sloche et nombreuses chutes d'albatros. Et lorsqu'un

blanc immaculé recouvrait la ville de nouveau, les chasse-neige, manticores d'un univers inconnu, débayaient devant moi toute ambition de rejouer le *Docteur Jivago*.

La neige n'est pas seulement la formule hivernale de l'H₂O, ni même une ressource poétique; elle est avant tout un mode de vie. Depuis cinq siècles, un monde s'est formé autour d'elle, sur elle, par elle. Maisons, fenêtres, chauffage, tunnels, la neige a taillé une cité à sa mesure. Du vêtement à la nourriture, l'étranger à cette société doit apprendre les règles dictées par le froid. Adieu mangues confites et ananas au piment, les étals du marché Jean-Talon recèlent

de fabuleux mystères: cidre de glace, canneberges séchées, pacanes, fudge aux noix, bleuets et tous ces fameux drinks... C'est dans ce décor de Nouveau Monde qu'en première année un ami kenyan ismaélien m'invita pour célébrer la fête de Kushali. Faute d'halwas et de rasgoulas, ce fut par une glace à l'érable que nous rendîmes hommage à l'Aga Khan.

Le froid a offert à Montréal fierté et légendes sportives. La vieille Québec fut terrassée. Le hockey donna à la cité une nouvelle religion, en remplaçant par une crosse profane celle des archevêques. De Montréal à St-Dilon, la neige a aussi engendré une culture festive, entre violon et bière, à l'abri des flocons.

Et si la nuit tombe aussi vite qu'à Gotham City, la sécurité règne dans les rues éclairées, du moins plus qu'à Washington. Malgré le tempérament latin imputé aux Québécois, Montréal semble le centre d'une société nordique. De la Scandinavie à la rue Sherbrooke, il faut croire que la neige prédestine à des univers urbains conviviaux.

À l'heure où on se lasse déjà d'écouter en boucle les *Carols* des supermarchés, les vers du grand monsieur Gilles s'imposent. Il commence ainsi: «Dans la blanche cérémonie Où la neige au vent se marie Dans ce pays de poudrerie...»; plus loin il conclut: «La chambre d'amis sera telle qu'on viendra des autres saisons». ☉

Du baume au cœur

Chronique: Morceau de pipeau

Lucas Roux
Le Délit

Les feuilles sont à peine tombées que Montréal porte déjà son manteau blanc. L'hiver s'installe et c'est donc les pieds sur le chauffage que j'en viens à parler d'hibernation: pas celle des écureuils (ils l'ont oubliée), mais bien celle des bicyclettes.

Avec les premiers flocons, ce ne sont pas que les jupes qui sont rangées au placard. Pour beaucoup, l'hiver sonne aussi le glas des coups de pédales, et bien des vélos passeront les fêtes au chaud, dans le hall ou au sous-sol.

Face à la neige et au froid, la fidèle monture des jours d'été ne semble plus de taille. Et pourtant, qu'est-ce qu'un peu de neige sinon un gros tas de fun! Certes, ça glisse, mais le sol meringué de neige saura vous envelopper des bonnes grâces de la nature.

La température? Une fois les mains et les oreilles emmitouflées, il n'y a plus que la pilosité nasale qui gèle. Et puis les jambes ne tournent pas pour rien, elles

libèrent de l'énergie, de la chaleur. C'est bien fait, le corps humain.

D'accord, il y a le trafic qui menace de ses grosses roues. Mais une bonne lumière suffit à les garder à distance. Le reste, ce n'est qu'un test de patience.

Ah oui, il y a les cris des Rob Ford de ce monde, qui courent les rues dans Montréal la blanche. «On n'est pas en Floride icitte, on n'a pas douze mois l'an pour rouler à bicyclette.» Eh bien si, justement. On a le même calendrier, non?

Pédaler l'hiver, c'est plus délicat que le reste de l'année. Mais conduire l'hiver, c'est bien pareil! Pourtant personne ne s'insurge quand une file de chars patinent et se rentrent dedans.

Un poids, deux mesures, comme cette résolution des Jeunes libéraux qui sous-entend une application plus sévère du Code de la sécurité routière envers les cyclistes. Une question de «justice sociale», qu'ils disent.

Mais chaque jour des millions d'automobilistes font fi des lumières rouges, des arrêts et des limites de vitesse, et en toute impu-

nité. Pas de résolution pour eux.

Tant que les bicyclettes disparaîtront des rues de la ville dès que le temps se gâte, les mauvaises langues pourront toujours parler du vélo comme d'un hobby aux yeux plus gros que le ventre.

Puis Montréal sera pognée dans son approche récréative des infrastructures cyclables. Quinze pistes au bord du fleuve, si scénique, mais une seule qui descend de Laval, et sans lumières synchronisées (quand je parlais de test de patience!).

Sans compter que venu novembre, pouf, il n'y a plus rien, ou si peu.

Alors il faut continuer d'enfourcher la selle, qu'il neige, grêle, ou que sais-je! Quitte, peut-être, à boire un verre avant, ou deux, histoire de se donner un peu de baume au cœur.

Sur ce, cette chronique tire sa révérence pour l'année. Si vous me retrouvez en janvier, ce sera depuis la Suède, où des files de cyclistes bravent déjà la neige en tenue de soirée –l'esprit viking, sans doute.

En tout cas, je vous raconterai ça. D'ici là, à la vôtre! ☉

Hands

“You're not a real Montrealer until you've had a smoked meat sandwich with a Cott cherry coke,” he said in memoriam.

It was with those cigar-like fingers he squeezed more mustard onto his plate. Kind eyes, encouraging.

I would know those hands, their tight grip on the steering wheel. Me in the passenger seat, with crunched wet leaves stuck to the roof of my mouth.

“Guys talk in locker rooms talk my dear. Trust me.” Flick the keys out of the ignition- goodnight. Trust those hands.

At times, they were fists of fury. The crusher of cherry coke cans, of confession, of my mother's collar bone.

He swore never to hang Christmas lights for the sake of those hands, Yet bit his nails like a child.

They're released now, years too late. Those cigars have since unraveled into dry tobacco leaves.

“Montreal was different when I was here,” he says. His hand loosely clasping a glass of red. Kind eyes, acknowledging.

— Christina Colizza



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The dying breed of dive bars

A search for authenticity in the urban nightscape

Mercedes Sharpe-Zayas
Culture Writer

It was one of those cold nights on Parc, the kind that leaves your eyes with a tearful glaze. Frustrated with the bitter wind, I dipped into the warm refuge of Bar Primetime for a quick kick to keep me going. Drifting past the clattering echoes of the pool table, I settled down amidst the ranks of older men lining the wooden bar and ordered what I considered a classic – rye and ginger. “What the hell is rye?” the bleary-eyed waitress laughed, staring at the liquors behind the bar in utter stupor. Evidently, drinks were not their specialty.

Finally, a bearded gentleman lifted his gaunt finger from the weathered pages of a book to point out a hidden bottle. “It’s the rye content that gives the whiskey its name,” he muttered as he tucked his head back down. Anita, the waitress, prepared the drink, asking what brought a young girl to the bar by herself. Upon mentioning my interest in dive bars, she took one quick glance around the room and winked, “Well, honey, you came to the right place.”

The topic of dive bars elicits a multitude of reactions, most drenched in mild apathy. “Oh, the greasy spoon of bars,” remarked Rebecca Borkowsky, a U1 English Literature student, “Yeah, I don’t do those.” While some students would never step foot into the dark depths of an elusive dive, others praise them for their eclectic atmosphere, cheap beer, and impressive collection of nineties rock. “I’ve revealed some of my deepest secrets over a pitcher at this place, usually to the soundtrack of a soft-rock ballad,” recounted Aaron Vansintjan, a U4 student in Joint Honours Philosophy & Environmental Studies and the current chair of the DPS board and former Daily Design and Production editor, during a night out in the dim wooden tavern of Aux Verres Stérilisés.

The quintessential image of rustic grit associated with a neighbourhood dive can be either appealing or appalling, depending on perspective. For some, these residual spaces are seen as archaic and anarchic, in contrast to the postmodern veneer of gentrified brandscapes. For others, these misconceptions of blight are folded into a portrait of urban authenticity, inspiring nostalgia for an unspoken history.

As I took a sip of my drink back at Primetime, a young guy by the name of Neal Wilder jostled up next to me wearing a suit and tie, asking for a pen. Having grown up in the area, he gave me a brief history of the street, “All of Parc used to be owned by the Greeks,

with parts of it being bought out by the Jewish communities. It wasn’t until the past 10 or 15 years, though, that you began to notice a real change.” As the rents were driven up and storeowners could no longer afford their units, a wave of traditional shops closed down. Primetime was one of the few bars that managed to resist the post-modern push of gentrification. “If you’re looking for an authentic experience, this is it,” Wilder insisted, “one of the few places that stayed true to the authentic spirit of Parc.”

What puts these dives on the “cutting-edge” of the fast-paced, post-industrial bar-scene is, ironically enough, their resistance to the forefront of change. These alternative nightlife spaces aren’t the work of designers or expert mixologists. Rather, they’re socially constructed and collectively imagined by a marginal voice – those members of the community who may elsewhere feel isolated, but here, feel at home

– evoking a strong sense of place beyond their gritty façades. When Wilder returned to his game of pool, the well-dressed man sitting beside him picked up where the conversation left off. He went by the name of Marco, and claimed to be a “secret partner” of Primetime. “It’s the politics of dive bars that give them their character,” he explained, “these face to face interactions between the patron and the owner create authenticity.” Anyone who has spent a night out at Plage Montenegro (formerly Miami) can relate to this, with the owner’s infamous reputation for pouring free drinks to keep the conversation flowing.

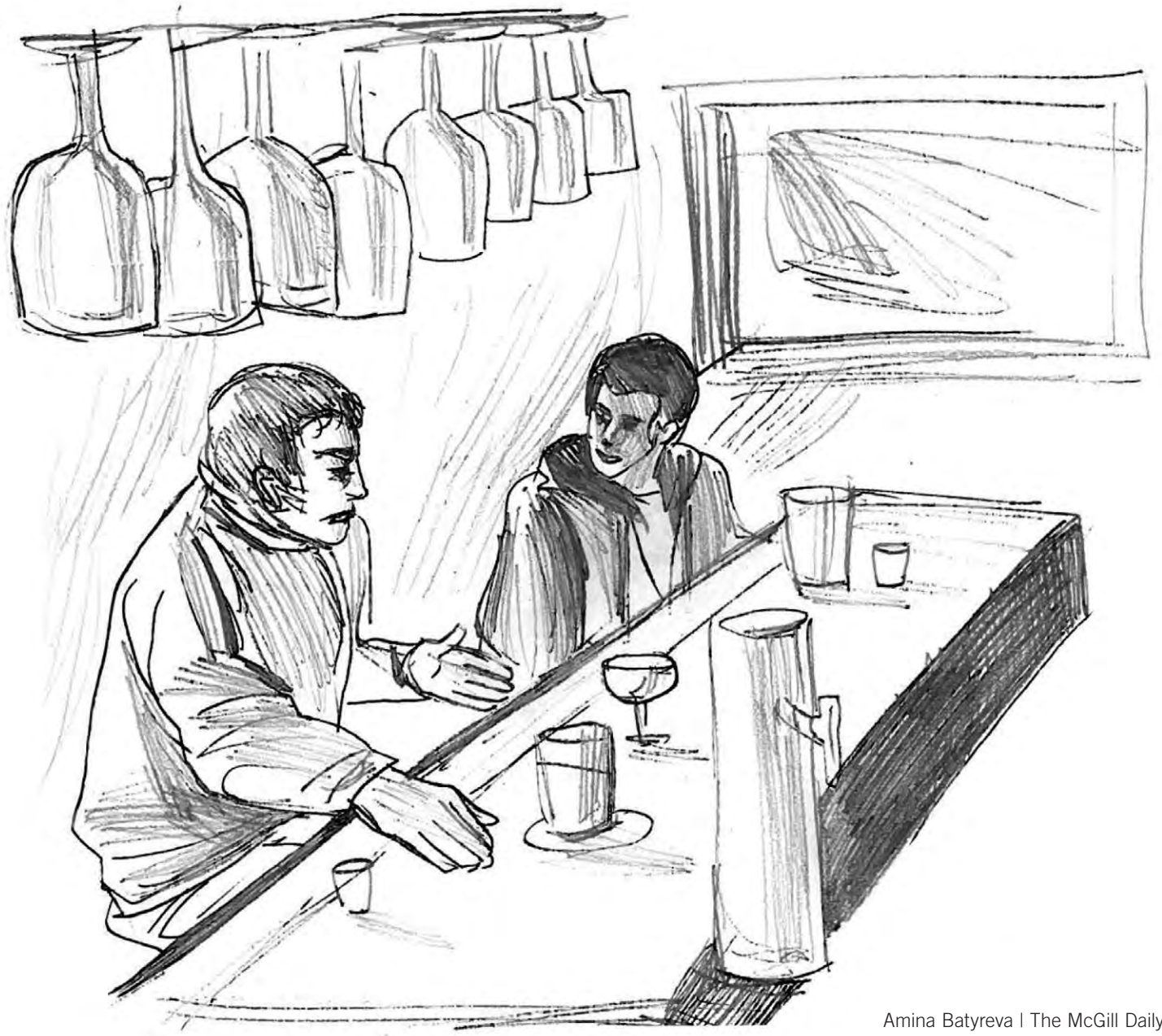
And it’s these conversant proprietors who are our city’s true historians, scattering obscured chronicles of drinking cultures across the city. Back in the day, the advent of advanced dishware sanitation was a major attraction for drinking establishments in Montreal. Taverns in the

1930s and 1940s would hang large billboards boasting “Verres Stérilisés” to all who walked the streets. Yet, as the years moved on, these taverns were torn down, one by one, until only the façade of “Aux Verres Stérilisés” remained on the corner of St. Hubert and Rachel. “This bar has been open since the 1940s, passed down from grandfather to father to son,” the bartender explained in broken English, as he placed a single white rose on the cash register. “People are gathering from the neighbourhood, they’re drawn by the conversations and the cheap drinks.”

When I ventured out to St. Henri, a similar trend towards neighbourhood identity was taking place. The dolled-up waitress at Le Black Jack Bar would go back and forth between answering my questions and fact checking with the regulars, creating an unconventional sense of community.

This is not meant to glorify dive bars as the last saving grace of com-

munity spirit. While these bars might stand in solidarity against the problem of public alienation, they are not always doing so in legal terms. The limited profits accrued from VLTs, jukeboxes, pool matches, and inexpensive drinks often suggest alternative means of income to sustain business. “It’s a controlled environment, but it’s corrupt,” Wilder hinted. Fortunately for the dives, dystopian representations of the urban city often entice the younger crowds in search for a cheap thrill. “The real problem arises when you reach a certain carrying capacity,” Marco warned, “If too many students started coming to Primetime, it would no longer be true to itself. It would kill the spirit.” As a result, these holes in the wall must limit their advertising schemes to word of mouth and unassuming awnings. It’s a strategic game of survival, maintained by an age-old cautionary tale: With any public declaration of authenticity, an obituary is soon to follow.



Amina Batyreva | The McGill Daily

À BOIRE EN VILLE

A SIP OF MONTREAL

□ OPINION

Love in the time of caffeine addiction

A student speaks out about her experience with coffee

Karen Huang
Hyde Park

Ah, coffee: the staple of the typical university student diet. Forget water – this cup of Arabica paradise is the elixir of life. After all, it's what keeps us going at 3 a.m., when those term papers still refuse to write themselves. It's also what keeps us from dozing off amidst back-to-back classes that inconveniently start in the ungodly hours of the morning.

A few years ago, I read a *Gawker* article about how Alec Baldwin made his own iced latte at Starbucks with macchiato, milk, and a cup of ice, just to save two dollars. I found

it incredible that anyone would go out of their way for coffee. After all, it's nothing more than a drink.

I have since seen the light. Now, I believe that coffee intake is nothing short of a transcendent experience. I'm willing to be 10 minutes late for my first class of the day if it means I can get my morning fix at one of my cafe haunts near campus, because nothing keeps me focused like a good old cup of caffeine addiction. And hell, I'm writing this as I happily sip my second cup of the day at 8 p.m.: who needs sleep when you've got coffee?

But with every good caffeine high comes an equally awful caffeine crash. When I feel my internal organs groaning, when I feel the sudden

urge to collapse into the first chair I see and loaf there for a few hours, I know I've been drinking too much coffee. That feeling doesn't stop me from going back for more, though, because going cold turkey is even worse. A few weeks ago, under the impression that I've been getting headaches from excessive coffee intake, I stopped drinking it altogether. The result was not pretty. First of all, I felt more like the undead than ever. And, every day, my coffee craving increased, until it seemed as though the only thing that would save me from some imaginary impending apocalypse was a medium regular at Java U. Needless to say, I relapsed sooner than I'd planned.

Despite my dependence, for a

while I'd had a growing suspicion that students' routine coffee intake was linked to some sort of placebo effect. For me, at least, coffee doesn't always do what it's reputed to do. I've had days when I've drank two cups and still feel sleepy shortly thereafter. Perhaps my tolerance has increased. Perhaps I should stop diluting my coffee with milk and upgrade to three cups a day, probably at the expense of my sanity. Or do I keep drinking coffee for the sake of it because it's supposed to be, as I've said, a staple of the university student diet? Meanwhile, somewhere out there, the heads of coffee conglomerates are probably laughing at my petty plight as they gleefully count their earnings.

In the end, it doesn't really matter what coffee does, or doesn't, do. It has become inextricably woven into our academic lives, and we need it more than we may realize. After all, no lecture hall would be complete without someone accompanied by their favourite mug or paper cup. Coffee is to the university student what fast food is to the average North American. Even when we realize its detriments, we always go back for more.

Oh coffee, I really wish I knew how to properly quit you. But, then again, I don't really want to.

Karen Huang is a U1 English Literature student. You can reach her at jia yuan.huang@mail.mcgill.ca.

To drink or not to drink

Why some university athletes may be hesitant to take to the cup

Sports, eh

Sam Gregory
sportseh@mcgilldaily.com

McGill students are well aware that, while thousands of dollars are going towards tuition and housing costs, thousands more are being blown at the SAQ or local dep. For the most part, they are okay with that. Between Frosh, Carnival, and the average Thursday night at Tokyo, alcohol is a major part of university life at McGill and across the world. For the most part the health risks involved in alcohol use at universities are not life threatening. People manage to show up to class hung-over and are relatively functional. However, Canadian universities – including McGill – are breeding grounds for high-level athletes, and this drinking culture is not conducive to creating a world-class athlete.

Habitual binge drinking among professional athletes is mostly a thing of the past. In England, some of the most successful soccer players of the 1960s and 1970s had serious drinking problems. Immediately, the name George Best comes to mind. He was the Northern Irish soccer player who was named the best player on the planet in 1967 and famously said, "In 1969, I gave up alcohol – it was the worst twenty minutes of my life." Best died at age fifty-nine of liver failure. The stories of Best and other soccer players who struggled with alcoholism, have helped to make drinking culture in England – and across the

world – a thing of the past.

With the increasingly cut-throat nature of competitive sports, athletes will do anything to get a step up on their opponents. For professional athletes today that means giving up alcohol or, at least, binge drinking. Nowadays there are very few cases of professional athletes with alcohol problems. In university athletics, however, this is an entirely different story.

University athletes are younger than the average professional athlete and their career span is much shorter. For most university athletes, their competitive playing career will end at around 22 or 23, when they finish their undergraduate education. This means they worry less about their long-term future, and their entire focus is on the four years they spend playing at the university level.

However, there are a few university athletes who do want to compete at higher levels like in the Olympics or the Canadian Football League, and the culture of drinking at a university that many of their teammates end up participating in could seriously damage their future aspirations.

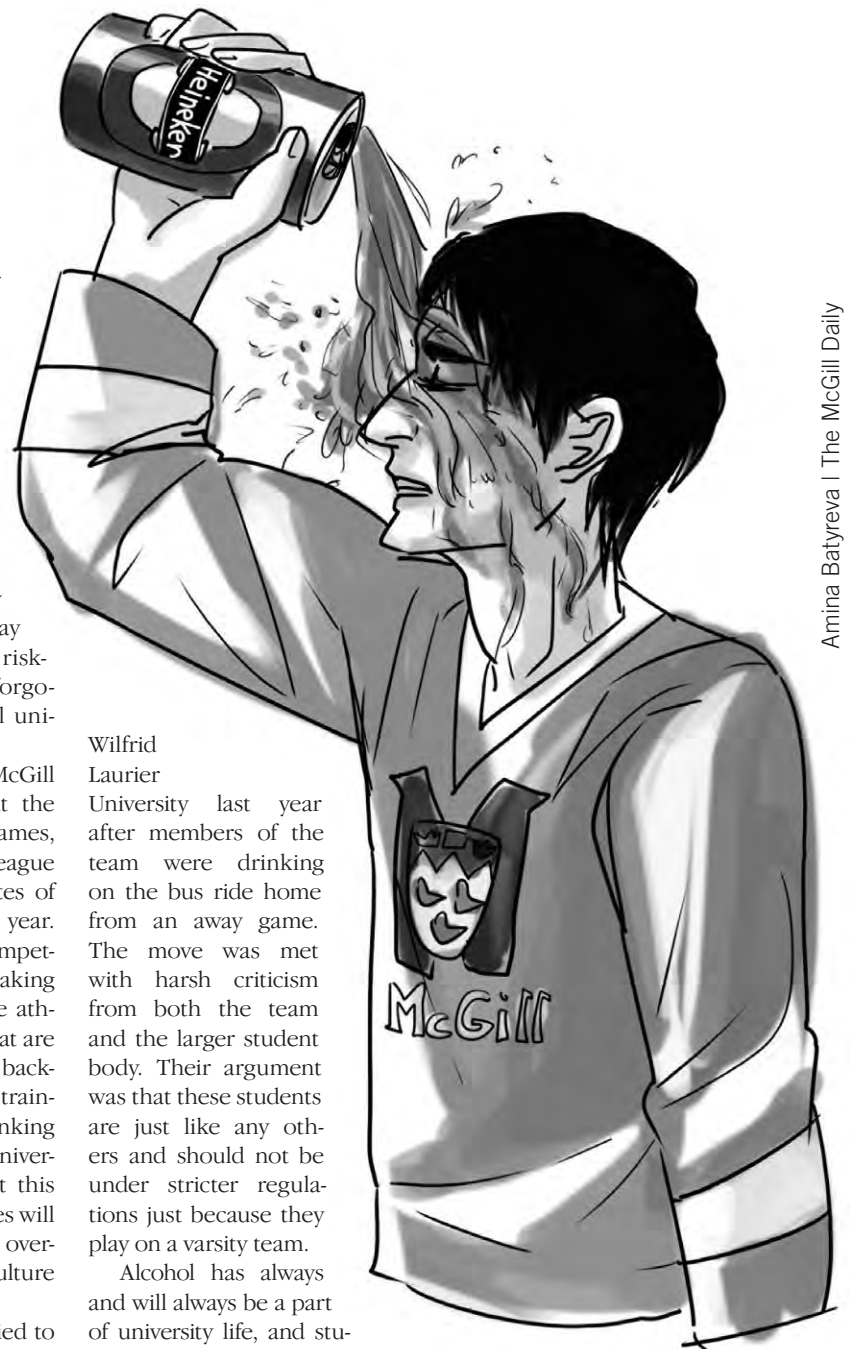
The heavy drinking culture associated with university life is often exacerbated at the varsity athletics level. A study conducted by Frank Butts at the University of West Georgia suggests that university athletes on average have 5.07 drinks every weekend, while their none-athletic counterparts have only 3.5 drinks per weekend. These are athletes who train on what is usually a daily basis and require their bodies to be in top physical condition.

The main explanation for the

increased alcohol consumption of university athletes can be attributed to post-game celebrations and the sense of camaraderie that comes with being part of a competitive team. Again, for the majority of university athletes, drinking will just be part of their university experience, in the same way being part of a varsity team is. For others, they may be forced to choose between risking their future ambitions or forgoing what seems like a typical university experience.

Five former and current McGill students were represented at the 2010 Vancouver Olympic Games, and the Canadian Football League usually recruits a few graduates of the McGill varsity team every year. These athletes are not just competing for four years; they are making their living by competing. The athletes they will be up against that are coming from non-university backgrounds will probably not be training under this same binge-drinking environment that occurs at universities. In order to compete at this same level, these McGill athletes will be either forced to forgo or overcome the heavy drinking culture that comes with university.

Several universities have tried to stop the drinking culture within varsity sports, but reversing a culture is not easy and is potentially more harmful than effective. Queens University forced its baseball team to forfeit its final two games against



Amina Batyreva | The McGill Daily

Wilfrid Laurier University last year after members of the team were drinking on the bus ride home from an away game. The move was met with harsh criticism from both the team and the larger student body. Their argument was that these students are just like any others and should not be under stricter regulations just because they play on a varsity team.

Alcohol has always and will always be a part of university life, and students should have the right to fully experience their time at university regardless of whether or not they represent the school in a varsity sport. However, for the small minority of athletes who will go on to com-

pete at the highest level of competition, this drinking culture has the potential to be a major hurdle in both their personal and professional lives.

A SIP OF MONTREAL**À BOIRE EN VILLE**

MacLean's Pub

Where everybody knows your game



Amina Batyreva | The McGill Daily

Walking into MacLean's Pub, located downtown on Peel Street, you immediately know you are in an Montreal sports bar. Loyal and equally loud Habs fans, a friendly staff, and, most notably, ten-litre beer towers, are among a few of the features you are bound to see. I went down on the bar's famous Hockey Night in Canada on Saturday, November 19, to watch the Canadiens play the New York Rangers. While there, I sat down to talk with the manager, Jay Farrar, about his experiences working at a sports bar in Montreal.

McGill Daily: How long have you been here as the manager?

Jay Farrar: I have been here as the manager for four years.

MD: And how long has this fine establishment been around for?

JF: As MacLean's it has been here twenty years, almost twenty years. Since 1992.

MD: Do you know anything about the history? What is something important that I should know about how it started?

JF: Yes, I do. This originally was a house. It still has the original fireplace over there in the corner. So it started as a house, built in 1910, and eventually it became a tavern in the 1920s when it was called the "Vimark." After that for forty to fifty years, one year it became Peel Pub, and the next year after that it became MacLean's Pub.

MD: Would you say your pub attracts mostly Habs fans?

JF: Mostly yes, but we do have a lot of tourists, so we get people from all walks of life.

MD: What is the atmosphere usually like?

JF: During the regular season, we get a pretty good crowd. For hockey, we get a big rush before the game and usually after

the game, depending on if the Canadiens win or not. It actually makes a difference. And during playoffs it's fucking apeshit in here. It's absolutely nuts. It's nuts, people are dancing on the tables, we got line-ups all the way down the block, it's absolutely crazy in here, and it's a hell of a party.

MD: You said it gets crazy during playoffs. The last time the Habs were in the playoffs was last year, when they lost to my favorite team... I'm a Boston native.

JF: This interview is over.

MD: So what happened after they lost?

JF: What happened after they lost? The Boston Bruins went on to win the Stanley cup... Oh, you mean the atmosphere here?

MD: Yeah, what happened?

JF: I've never seen the bar so empty and so quiet at the same time. Because it was a sudden goal in overtime, and it just went completely and absolutely silent. Everybody just sat here and stared at the screens in disbelief. You could hear a penny drop in here.

MD: Have there ever been any fights?

JF: There have been many fights over the years, but we don't get a lot of trouble in here. It's an older crowd, you know. It's usually when the young kids from Boston come up and cause a lot of trouble.

MD: Yeah, those Massholes do do that.

JF: They don't know how to drink. And yeah, we have had some interesting things happen. We've had a few scuffles. We've had Boston fans and Montreal fans go at it, we've had Toronto fans and Montreal fans go at it.

MD: Who wins when the Montreal and Toronto fans go at it?

JF: We always get there in time.

We usually get there in time enough that nobody gets hurt, but I'm usually a little rougher with the Toronto fans, I don't know why.

MD: Are you a Montreal native?

JF: I am a Montreal native, yes. I was born and raised here.

MD: What is the craziest fight you have ever seen?

JF: The craziest fight I have ever seen? Happened on St. Patty's Day in 2009. I was involved in it too, I got a nice shiner out of it too. It was funny. I was okay in the end, so it was funny. It's all in context. We had a bunch of kids that tried to storm in – about 10 or 15 kids – and I had to push them all back and then my door man got involved, and all hell broke loose. People were going down, kids were going to La Belle Province next door and asking them for ice for their face, it was a mess.

MD: What was the craziest fight you have seen over hockey?

JF: Over hockey? You don't get too many. There is a lot of trash talking and then you know everybody is always afraid to do something because it's a lot of posturing. You know, people are full of piss and vinegar.

MD: What do you think brings people back to MacLean's?

JF: Two things: ambiance – there is always an energy in here, which I make sure that we try to maintain. When the hockey game's over, what have you, the music gets cranked up real loud, and we really get the party going. It's not like other pubs where you can hardly hear the music. We've got jukeboxes. People can put in whatever songs they want. It's just all about music, and it's all about staff. That's the second thing. We have a great staff that everybody knows. We don't have a high turnover. I don't hire and fire a lot. Usually the peo-

ple that come and work for me are here for a long time, and that's the key. People get to know them, and they really know how to get a party going, you know.

MD: Would you say that is part of the Montreal spirit to watch a hockey game and party afterwards?

JF: Yeah, that's all Montreal.

MD: Do you guys have a big thing for Alexander Keith's birthday?

JF: We do. It just passed a couple weeks ago, and that was another shit show.

MD: If you had to rank the craziest times in here, what would they be?

JF: Playoffs and St. Patty's Day are about the same. I've seen a guy put his head through the wall. I've seen a guy take his clothes off completely and run around the bar. I've had people having sex on the staircase. I've had people pee wherever they want. I had someone casually walk off with the condom machine once because it wasn't nailed to the ground. That was pretty interesting. That is usually what happens on St. Patty's Day.

MD: This article is for our drinks special issue at The McGill Daily, so I'd like to ask, do you think this behaviour has something to do with the amount of alcohol people consume?

JF: Not necessarily, not necessarily. I think it really has to do with the person. It's got nothing to do with the alcohol. Here in Quebec, we have an 18 and over policy. When you go down to the United States, it's 21 and over, and there is way more binge drinking down in the United States than there is in Canada. It's practically unheard of here. Sure you have your college parties and stuff like that but not like the states where you have funnels and hoses and bonfires...and all kinds of things going on.

MD: So who comes mostly to MacLean's?

JF: We have many students. The upstairs is usually occupied by students, and it's more of a lounge feel. There are pool tables. We have live DJs and bands sometimes, so a lot of the younger folks like that. Downstairs, it's more entrepreneurs, older people, business people, and tourists. It's about a fifty-fifty ratio.

MD: The Habs are winning tonight. Does it get any rowdier when the Habs are winning or when they win?

JF: It does. It gets a little more exciting when the Habs win. We notice that we have more of a turn out after the game when the Habs do win. Because every time the Habs win, people feel like we have won the Stanley Cup; they just haven't turned over any police cars.

MD: Would you say that everyone that works here is a Habs fan?

JF: Yes, for the most part. Not that I wouldn't hire a non-Habs fan, but I wouldn't, so...

MD: What would you say is your most popular draft?

JF: Keith's, Pale Ale. It's a great beer and we are the only bar that has these three-litre towers. We also have a ten-litre one.

MD: You also show Ultimate Fighting Championships matches. Is this because you like UFC or because it's just very popular?

JF: I like UFC a lot. I do Mixed Martial Arts myself, so yes, it is very popular, so we do order it every month. People get a kick out of it. We usually fill up the bar for it.

MD: What other sports do you show?

JF: Every sport. We always show the Monday night football with sound, and we do all the NFL games here on Sunday. We have the screens all split up, so we are usually showing about three or four games at the same time.

MD: Do you play the Grey Cup?

JF: Oh, of course. Actually when we had the Grey Cup here...we actually sold out of food one night. People from Saskatchewan are nuts.

MD: People from Saskatchewan?

JF: Yes, people from Saskatchewan were here, and Saskatchewan wasn't even playing.

MD: Have you had any famous people come into your pub?

JF: Oh yes, mostly athletes. A lot of the Montreal Canadiens come in, some Carolina Hurricanes, the CBC *Hockey Night in Canada* crew comes in here. They will be in here tonight. They drink like fishes. We get the TSN crew here a lot. We get lots of journalists, mostly athletes, but journalists as well.

—Compiled by Naomi Braude

Reaching protestors with food

“La cuisine du peuple” provides a dining option for the occupiers

Amy Tang
Health&Education Writer

From afar, it looks like a haphazard sea of tents and tarpaulin, satisfying only the basic need for shelter. At certain times of the day, it might even appear deserted. But don't be fooled by first impressions. The Occupy Montreal movement, and its kitchen, “la cuisine du peuple,” is a hub of activity. As any homeowner will tell you, the kitchen is the center of the home, and this adage rings true at Place du Peuple – ground zero of Occupy Montreal.

Mealtimes bustle with an endless line of hungry protestors and occupiers. The organization of the kitchen is an impressive feat, undertaken in what is described as a non-hierarchical manner. While there is a “head” chef, Mireille Marchant, and a supervisor and overseer of security, Eric Forest, anyone was free to enter and exit the kitchen area for whatever purpose he or she has. Volunteers were present and worked as required, but were not subjected to any task without first giving their own consent. Forest explained that there were generally four to six volunteers present at all times, and particularly during mealtime hours.

The kitchen is a large, rectangular structure covered in tarp that serves the dual purposes of storage and prep area. In front of the kitchen tent, a tarp awning covers a long serving table, upon which were two propane stoves and behind which the food line forms.

“I try to use the right quantity for everything, [and if not], we try to reuse it in other ways,” Marchant said regarding food usage. “Usually, I make the right numbers.”

Waste is deposited in large compost, recycling, and garbage bins to the side of the kitchen complex. According to Marchant, the city comes to collect waste every morning. Materials used in food production arrive by donation, with no apparent lack in supply.

And where there is food, there are dishes. As the Occupy movement bases itself on equality and non-hierarchical roles, each meal-taker is expected to clean his or her plate in a designated pavilion. Inside, three plastic bins are filled with water, Javex, and vinegar. However, many of the occupiers choose to abandon their plates

rather than make this effort. Observing this lack of responsibility, Jacques Messier, a seasoned activist who has travelled around Quebec and previously participated in such movements, has become the unofficial dishwasher for the area.

“I know they need hygiene so that people don't get sick,” Messier said.

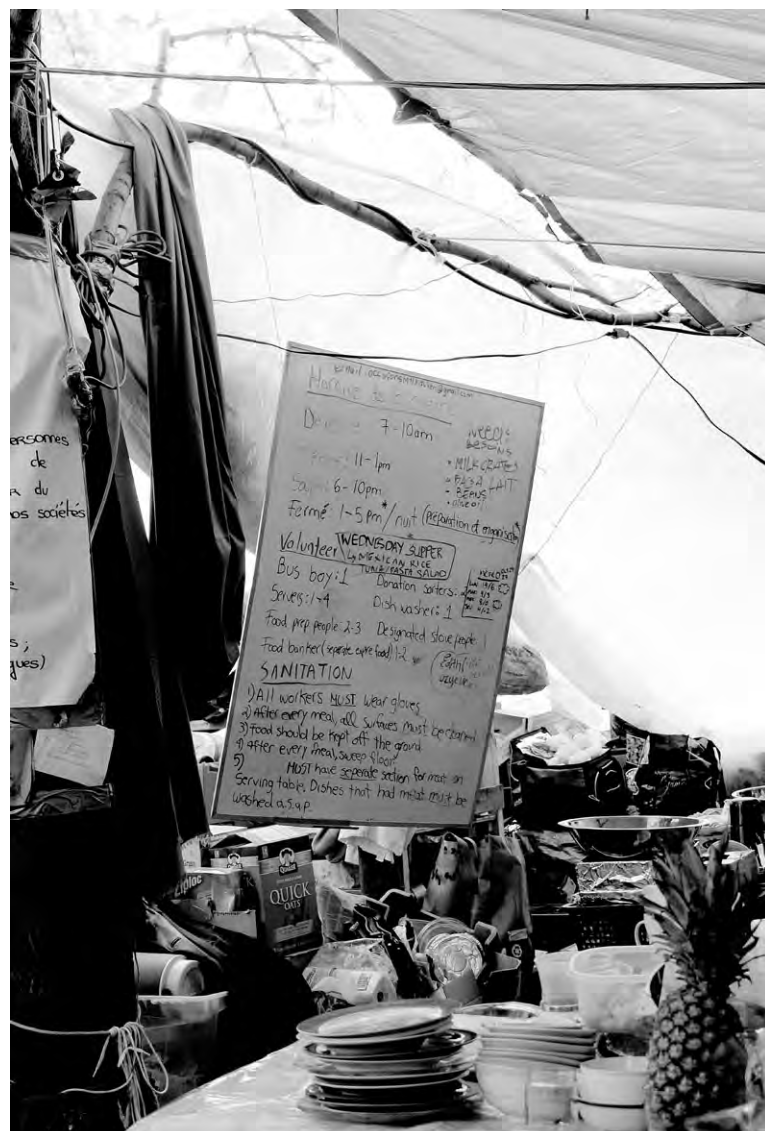
What he noted at the Occupy Montreal protest was that “it takes time to make change.” The occupiers stand in stark contrast to the peace and love era, the counter-culture social revolutions of the 1960s, where “they tried to [run away from] responsibility; it was... an easy way out.”

“[The current movement is] a wake-up call for humanity, where people are fed up,” Messier said. “They say one person has a lot of riches, and others have only just what they need to survive. We have to share more.”

Others in the line for food, while seemingly supportive, were less vocal about the cause. When asked for what purpose she was at the movement, a woman standing in the food line answered simply, “Why not?”

Another participant, Serge Jean-Louis, took a different approach. While he appreciated the food and echoed “the value of sharing riches and a better world,” he chose to “remain separate and have the freedom to come and go.” Jean-Louis agreed with such movements, but found the retention of individual identity important.

The kitchen, operating regularly seven days a week, is an invaluable part of Occupy Montreal. The food contributors and the volunteers who work here are crucial supporters of the movement, and without them, neither the kitchen nor the movement would be the same.



Left-hand photo by Nicole Gileadi for The McGill Daily, all others by Victor Tangermann | The McGill Daily

The volunteers at “la cuisine du peuple” are hard at work to accommodate the many occupiers who routinely visit the tent.

A SIP OF MONTREAL

À BOIRE EN VILLE

Maître du bar

Fins connaisseurs de l'alcool fort, des fruits exotiques et du glaçon, ils jonglent avec les coupes et vivent la nuit.

Anabel Cossette Civitella
Le Délit

Il existe différentes écoles de pensée quant à ce que qu'il faut pour être un bon barman. Certains diront qu'il faut une santé de fer pour résister au mode de vie tardif, d'autres soutiendront qu'une bonne santé mentale doit primer, pour résister aux abus d'alcool durant et après le quart de travail. Faut-il de l'entregent, du leadership, de l'enthousiasme? Est-ce que le diplôme est une denrée essentielle ou est-ce plutôt l'expérience qui prime?

À l'École des Maîtres, en opération depuis 1981, la réponse est claire: «Nous formons des gens pour qu'ils soient des professionnels. Ils sortent d'ici avec tout le bagage nécessaire pour se faire employer dans un restaurant, un hôtel ou un bar» soutient Claire Champeau, directrice des ventes à l'École des Maîtres. Non seulement, l'École offre un cours certifié par la formation professionnelle du Québec, mais elle offre aussi un service de placement aux étudiants qui terminent leur cours et qui désirent se trouver facilement un emploi. Madame Champeau ajoute: «Certains étudiants sont timides et n'osent pas faire valoir leur diplôme. Pour eux, le service de placement est très utile.»

Pourtant, le métier de barman ou barmaid demande un peu d'audace pour réussir. Des barmaids comme Sonia* au Ziggy's Pub ou Sandra* au Thursday's Bar sur la rue Crescent à Montréal vous le diront: Ce qui fait un bon service au bar c'est la personnalité, l'entregent ainsi qu'aimer les gens et faire preuve de beaucoup de patience.

«La méthode de travail est aussi essentielle, soutient Sandra en rigolant, sinon, on ne survit pas!» Alors que le travail au bar pourrait sembler relever de l'improvisation, il n'en est rien. C'est pourquoi différentes écoles de formation existent pour inculquer une bonne base utile à ceux qui n'ont aucune expérience et qui veulent se lancer dans le métier.

Le diplôme donne certainement plus de crédibilité. Par contre, quelle école choisir? Que ce soit l'École des Maîtres, l'Académie Bar Pro, l'Absolute, ou l'Institut de tourisme et d'hôtellerie du Québec (ITHQ), les résidents de Montréal ont l'embarras du choix lorsque vient le moment de choisir son école de tenue de bar.

L'ITHQ, par exemple, est une école reconnue, publique, qui fonctionne depuis 35 ans maintenant. La formation de service de



Une serveuse mixant un cocktail.

Photo: Lindsay P. Cameron

bar est de 80 heures, ce qui en fait la plus longue offerte en ville comparé à 30 heures à l'École des Maîtres ou 45 heures à l'Académie Bar Pro. Par ailleurs, l'Institut demande aussi des frais de scolarité plus élevés de 715 dollars contrairement à l'école des Maîtres qui ne facture ses classes qu'à 368 dollars alors que l'Académie Bar Pro charge 400 dollars.

Sylvie Carrière, la responsable du recrutement étudiant à l'ITHQ soutient qu'il faut tout d'abord choisir son futur milieu de travail et définir ses objectifs de carrière. L'environnement et les conditions de travail que l'on souhaite peuvent orienter la décision d'un futur étudiant.

«Si on veut poursuivre dans la restauration, dans un établissement haut de gamme, cela demande une formation plus étoffée, et le sceau de l'ITHQ est reconnu comme étant fiable.»

De part sa vocation d'école publique, l'ITHQ peut fournir à ses étudiants, après les 80 heures de formation pour le service au bar à la fois un diplôme institutionnel et un diplôme d'études professionnelles approuvé par le ministère de l'Éducation, du Loisir et du Sport au Québec.

Le monde de la restauration et de l'hôtellerie vise à faire le plus de revenu, sans perte de temps. C'est pourquoi le diplôme est une denrée intéressante pour un employeur qui n'a que très peu de temps pour former son nouveau personnel. Pourtant, Roxana Gonzalez, une étudiante au baccalauréat en Gestion du tourisme et d'hôtellerie à l'Université du Québec à Montréal, croit que l'expérience compte pour beaucoup dans la balance. D'ailleurs, «l'école peut ne pas être nécessaire si le candidat semble connaître le domaine».

C'est aussi ce que croient Sandra, Sonia, et Anela, toutes barmaids de longue date. Après trois ans au Gerts, Gérard* pense lui aussi que l'école du cocktail n'est pas nécessaire: «J'ai tout appris des gens plus vieux que moi!»

Pourtant, les cours attirent, et attirent beaucoup de monde, d'après madame Champeau, de l'École des Maîtres. L'École roule à pleine vapeur et offre de nouvelles formations d'introduction à la dégustation des vins par exemple, une autre branche du service de bar qui intéresse de plus en plus le néophyte.

Pour ce qui est du service de bar, le cours s'adresse à ceux qui n'auraient pas d'expérience pratique ou qui désireraient rafraîchir leurs connaissances, faisant de la clientèle une faune très diverse. De l'étudiant qui désire acquérir de nouvelles connaissances pour son travail d'été à la dame qui veut pimenter sa retraite, toutes les raisons sont bonnes pour suivre un cours de service de bar.

Mais attention, ce n'est pas un art, c'est un métier, appuie Sandra. En effet, elle a appris au fil des ans que professionnalisme rime avec discrétion lorsque l'on travaille au bar. «Un client qui revient plusieurs fois de suite avec différentes femmes, voilà bien une anecdote qui m'a fait comprendre que, si les clients changent, nous, on reste!»

Anela, qui travaille aux Trois Brasseurs de la rue Sainte-Catherine, en sait quelque chose. Elle sert les mêmes clients, tous les jeudis soirs, depuis quatre ans. D'ailleurs, deux d'entre eux, Éric et Giancarlo, s'empresent de la qualifier de «barmaid idéale» avant de lui payer un verre. Pour les clients, la qualité de la barmaid reste essentielle. «Tous les bars offrent le même alcool. Tous les bars offrent les mêmes prix. Ce qui change, ce sont les serveuses!»

rappellent les deux collègues de travail. Pour eux, le fait qu'elle soit sympathique, agréable à côtoyer et charismatique leur donne envie de revenir et surtout... d'en redemander. Éric s'étonne: «Elle a beaucoup d'entraînement. Même si elle boit avec nous et avec d'autres clients, elle reste debout!»

Si le métier de barman ou barmaid semble attirant pour plusieurs, il demeure important de noter que les quarts de travail sont tardifs et stressants. D'ailleurs, les serveurs et serveuses qui ont bien voulu parler de leur expérience étaient tous beaucoup trop pressés pour s'arrêter un moment. Non seulement le rythme de vie est effréné, mais les complications légales peuvent aussi alourdir la tâche du barman.

À l'ITHQ, Sylvie Carrière soutient qu'une formation complète pour les bartenders doit nécessairement comprendre les bases et tactiques du service, mais doit aussi inclure une formation quant aux responsabilités du serveur lorsqu'il vend de l'alcool. En effet, l'établissement et le barman sont responsables s'il arrive un accident dû à un client en état d'ébriété. C'est pourquoi la formation de base de service au bar de l'ITHQ s'associe depuis une dizaine d'année à

Éduc'Alcool pour enseigner l'éthique du barman. «Action service est un programme inclus dans la formation de quatre-vingts heures et est nécessaire pour assurer une formation de qualité» ajoute la responsable du recrutement étudiant.

Néanmoins, le métier de serveur dans le milieu hôtelier peut certainement attirer, autant pour les perspectives d'emploi que pour les salaires payants. D'après madame Carrière, il y a une pénurie de main d'œuvre dans le service d'hôtellerie; la demande est grande pour le personnel qualifié et les salaires offerts s'ajustent en conséquence, une information corroborée par Claire Champeau, de l'École des Maîtres.

L'Institut d'hôtellerie offrira d'ailleurs, en janvier 2013, un nouveau Diplôme d'études professionnelles (DEP): une formation internationale en service et sommellerie et restauration de un an et demi. Le programme obligera un stage de quatre mois dans les Rocheuses, puis de quatre mois en France dans un vignoble, et pourrait mener au métier de majordome.

Un tel cours donnerait envie, même aux plus rébarbatifs, d'enfiler leur tablier! ☺

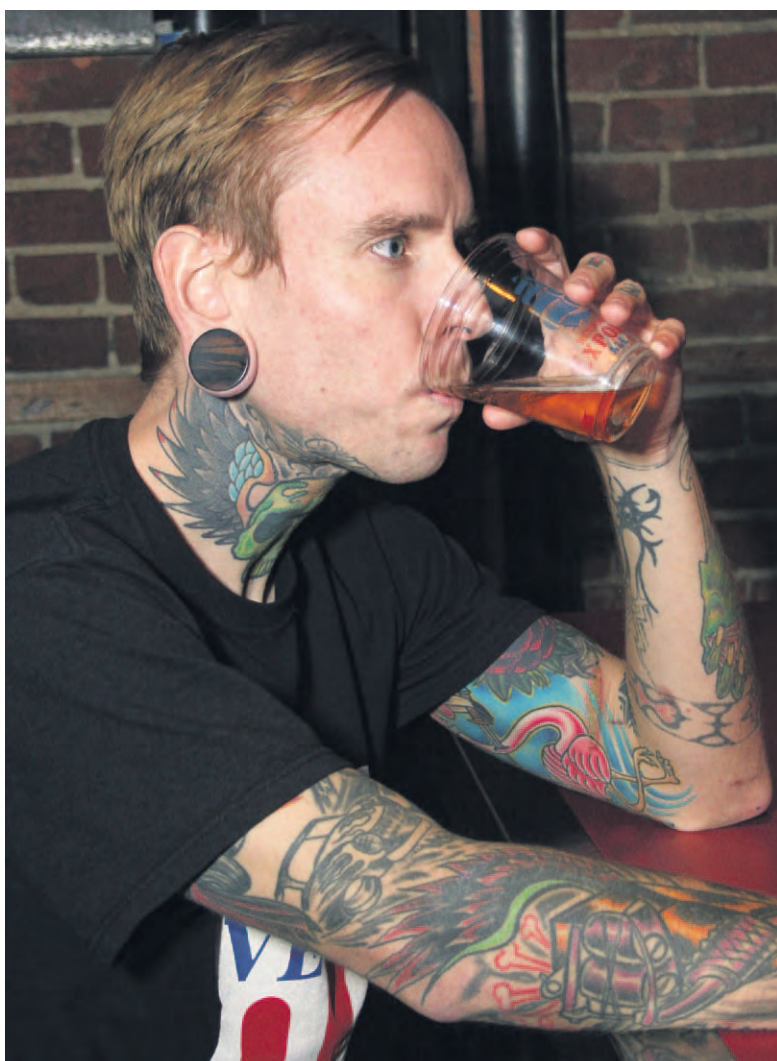
*Les noms marqués d'une astérisque sont fictifs.



Photo: Nicolas Quiazua

Un serveur agréé versant une bière au Blues Pub.

TCHIN TCHIN



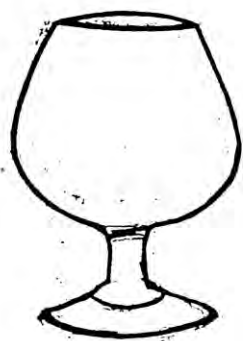
CHEERS



PHOTOS:
NICOLAS QUIAZUA &
LINDSAY P. CAMERON

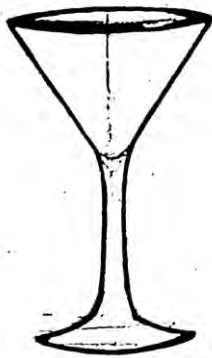
À chaque boisson son verre

C'est bien beau de faire des cocktails, mais toujours est-il qu'il faut savoir les servir dans le verre approprié. Voici un petit guide préparé par *Le Délit*.



1. Le verre ballon

La forme élégante de ce verre concentre les arômes de l'alcool vers le haut du récipient pendant que votre main en réchauffe le contenu. C'est le verre tout désigné pour apprécier les pures effluves des cognacs et des whiskeys les plus fins. Mais attention: les connaisseurs sauront qu'il ne faut jamais le remplir plus qu'au quart!



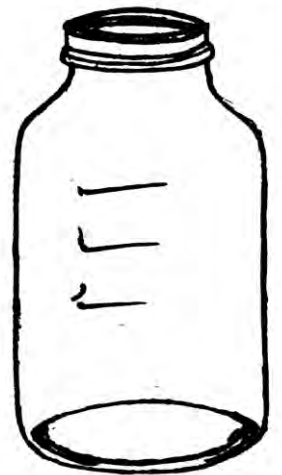
2. Le verre à cocktail

Puisque les cocktails sont habituellement servis froids et qu'ils sont riches en arômes, le long pied permet à l'aficionado de tenir le verre sans affecter la température du contenu alors que sa forme conique dirige les parfums directement sous son nez. Parfait pour les cocktails (sans glaçons) tels que les martinis, manhattans, metropolitans et les gimlets.



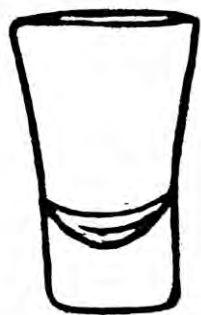
3. Le verre à liqueur

Semblable à un verre à vin, il est différencié par sa petite taille. Ici, le mot d'ordre est qualité, et non quantité! Il est utilisé pour servir à vos invités, après un repas mondain, une quantité responsable de digestif tel qu'un porto ou un limoncello, car l'intention n'est pas de se griser, mais bien de déguster.



4. Le pot Mason

Pour les hipsters de ce monde, la grande capacité et la robustesse du contenant permettent d'y placer des glaçons et de garder une panoplie de cocktails au frais.



5. Le shooter

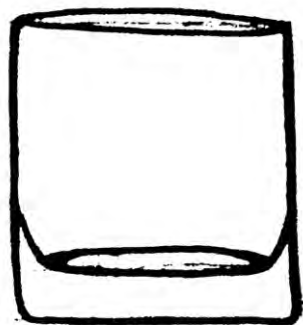
Il est sans doute le plus connu de tous les verres à boissons. Il est fabriqué avec du verre très épais, lui accordant ainsi une solidité accrue, surtout auprès des personnes qui, rendues à la fin d'une soirée arrosée, commencent à manquer de délicatesse. Sa taille varie selon les pays: dans certains pays d'Europe de l'Est, sa capacité est de 50mL alors qu'en Nouvelle-Zélande elle est de 15mL. On peut se compter chanceux au Canada: elle est de 44mL.

Saviez-vous que la tradition de trinquer vient du Moyen-Âge? À l'époque, lors de banquets réunissant nobles et seigneurs concurrents, l'empoisonnement était une pratique relativement courante. Pour parer à ces possibilités, la tradition voulait que l'hôte déverse une partie de son breuvage dans la chope de son invité, et vice-versa. Ils pouvaient ensuite en prendre une gorgée en se regardant droit dans les yeux, démontrant ainsi qu'aucune mauvaise intention n'était voulue. Trinquer était donc signe de confiance, d'honnêteté et de bonne santé.



6. La coupe

Ce type de verre est apparu à l'époque de Marie-Antoinette, dont le champagne était le péché mignon. La légende raconte que la coupe épousait la forme de son sein. Aujourd'hui, le champagne, plus sec qu'autrefois, est davantage servi dans des flûtes, sauf pour les occasions spéciales telles que les mariages où l'utilisation de la coupe demeure courante. Généralement, la coupe est désormais utilisée pour servir margaritas et daiquiris.



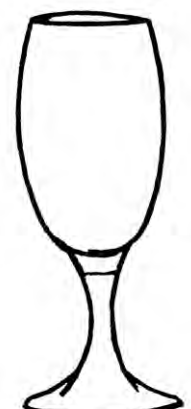
7. Le Low Ball

Son profil bas, ses côtés rectilignes et sa base solide lui confèrent toute une personnalité. C'est le verre préféré des hommes d'État: on peut facilement imaginer Winston Churchill faire une déclaration enflammée et poser farouchement son verre sur la table, dans une gestuelle signifiant «*don't bloody mess with me!*» Il est parfait pour savourer la vodka ou le whisky «*on the rocks*».



8. Le High Ball

Caractérisé par sa hauteur et ses bords droits, la forme de ce verre permet d'empiler des glaçons et de conserver l'entière du breuvage au frais. Il est parfait pour servir des cocktails mélangés tels que le gin tonic, le hurricane ou le long island iced tea. Son cousin, le Collins (dont le nom vient du Tom Collins, le cocktail sucré à base de gin), est légèrement plus haut et plus étroit.



9. Le Delmonico

Ce verre ressemble à une flûte à champagne raccourcie et élargie. On s'en sert pour servir des cocktails «*sour*», signifiant qu'ils contiennent un alcool de base, un jus de lime ou de citron, un blanc d'œuf ainsi qu'un composant sucré (comme le triple sec, un sirop, de la grenadine ou bien un jus d'ananas). Dans cette catégorie, on retrouve le sidecar, le kamikaze, le gin sour et le whisky sour. ☺

Exercice et eau vitaminée

Le gym ou l'expérience traumatisante pour un étranger

Fanny Deveau
Le Délit

D'emblée, il faut mentionner que le Français moyen a peur du mot «gym». Ce dernier lui rappelle le sport-torture du lycée où l'on faisait courir même les plus réticents autour d'un minuscule terrain. Tandis qu'ici, au Québec et plus largement en Amérique du Nord, on découvre une autre réalité: les salles de sport à la chaleur étouffante. Bruyantes, on s'y tasse pour extirper l'énergie débordante de centaines d'étudiants.

Les étudiants, en général, aiment aller au gym. Ils se sentent «plus énergiques après», comme déclare Lucile, étudiante en Histoire. D'autres se sentent «épuisés mais satisfaits» comme Seema, étudiante en psychologie. Cependant, quand le sportif est questionné avant l'exercice, la plupart avouent sans cachoterie: «Je DOIS y aller, ça fait trop longtemps que je n'y suis pas allé.» Le temps diffère selon les personnes, allant de deux jours pour Billy, étudiant en économie jusqu'à deux semaines. Avouer le contraire serait un crime contre son image. Car attention, le gym est un sujet sensible. On ne demande pas à n'importe qui s'il va au gym ni sa régularité.

Les uns mettent en avant la cote physique, l'impression de faire du bien à leur corps ou le souci de garder la ligne, tandis que les autres parlent de l'aspect social. En effet, s'entraîner au gym est un événement social en soi. Pour certains il s'agit de se «montrer» au gym. Les filles d'un côté, les garçons de l'autre; le jeu des œillades peut commencer. Quelques sportifs ont plus

de chance que d'autres et peuvent même repartir avec un numéro. Seema, étudiante de psychologie en U2 s'est ainsi fait aborder à la fin de son exercice. Rien de mieux que la drague suante. L'aspect social de l'entraînement semble paradoxal par rapport à la nature même de cette activité. En effet, même si on s'y rend entre amis, chacun prend sa machine, chacun a son objectif, son iPod et son rythme. Il ne s'agit pas de parler aux autres, ni de partager quelque chose. Non, le gym reflète à quel point la société se fait individuelle aujourd'hui. Et pourtant des jeunes s'y rendent pour socialiser, ou avoir moins l'impression d'appartenir à la société. Cette même société qui les pousse à se rendre dans ces salles.

L'effort physique est important, nécessaire à la santé sans aucun doute. Et le gym est un moyen de satisfaire cette nécessité. Mais il y en a d'autres, plus publicisés sur le Vieux Continent, qui est la terre du jeu sportif, qu'il soit individuel ou collectif. Pas le sport collectif de compétition, qui draine des sommes inimaginables, mais plutôt le sport d'équipe à un niveau de loisir. Ainsi, alors qu'à la fac en France, on peut s'inscrire dans une équipe de foot ou de rugby sans ambition compétitive, il est très difficile de faire de même ici sans que l'engagement soit considérable. Pourquoi faire partie d'une équipe devrait rimer avec douze heures d'entraînement par semaine? Il y a de quoi démotiver les jeunes intéressés, qui n'aspirent pas à devenir des athlètes, mais juste à se défouler autrement que sur un tapis roulant.

De plus, l'aspect financier du gym est considérable. Tous les produits dérivés de cette pratique sont en pleine expansion. Rien qu'en produits vestimentaires depuis les ins-

titations comme lululemon jusqu'à des boutiques à petite échelle comme le Club des coureurs, «l'effort-gourde», comme il est baptisé dans des cercles d'étrangers septiques, est également un phénomène récent. La gourde est devenue un accessoire de mode. Boire de l'eau n'est plus vital mais est devenu tendance. Celles qui sont les plus présentes dans les salles de sport sont celles avec le blason ou le nom de McGill, mais les gourdes associées à des marques font fureur aussi. La gourde sportive sort aussi du gym pour prouver qu'on s'entraîne, ce qui est toujours une priorité pour le sportif.

Un de ces produits qui est en explosion est la boisson énergétique. Le sujet de la boisson en salle d'exercices est primordial vu que l'hydratation du sportif n'est pas à négliger. Mais l'augmentation du nombre de produits remet en doute le vieux proverbe «on ne boit jamais trop». On peut même trop boire quand il s'agit d'eau. En effet, il est important de s'hydrater pendant l'exercice, mais il faut le faire quand on a soif. Boire de l'eau à tout bout de champ peut causer l'hyponatrémie, c'est-à-dire la réduction du taux de sodium dans le sang. Cette réaction est à l'origine de l'état léthargique des coureurs. Cependant, si boire trop d'eau est une chose, les boissons-miracles, compléments alimentaires, énergisants et autres en sont une autre. La boisson du gym est sexuée. Vitamin Water pour les filles, Gatorade et autres Muscle Milk pour les garçons.

L'effet des boissons énergétiques serait bien plus psychologique que réel. Les produits Gatorade et VitaminWater ne fonctionnent que grâce à l'exercice, et au culte du corps sain. Cependant, est-ce vraiment si sain que les publicités le revendiquent?

Gatorade vient de sortir de nouveaux compléments qui viennent en set de trois: un avant l'effort, un pendant, et un après. Selon leur site officiel, le premier complément du set «Fit», une barre aux noix et aux fruits au goût douteux et d'une taille minuscule qui ne remplit pas du tout l'estomac contient, outre du sucre, 15% des apports journaliers recommandés en gras, dont du gras saturés. Quand on regarde de près le set «Pro» on se rend compte que la portion recommandée pour chacune des trois boissons rapporte au total 87g de sucres, soit 18 morceaux. Et encore ce n'est que pour les portions recommandées. Qui amène son verre doseur dans son sac pour mesurer ses 47mL recommandés? Il y a de quoi vouloir courir! Cependant, il existe de nombreux soutiens à Gatorade, qui affiche plus de 4 300 000 fans sur Facebook. Ils pensent que la boisson améliorerait leur performance, tandis que d'autres se contentent d'apprécier le goût.

Vitaminwater, son pendant plus féminin, est une marque de boisson qui fonctionne à l'image du jeune tant au niveau des campagnes publicitaires que des produits proposés. Ce produit rattaché à Coca-Cola depuis 2007 vend son image grâce à la recette-miracle de celle-ci en poussant le côté «jeunes» avec par exemple l'utilisation de célébrités populaires chez les jeunes (Jennifer Anniston, Lady Gaga) et des notices de nutrition «délicieuses». Malgré son prix, le même qu'une bouteille de Coca-Cola en Amérique du Nord, mais le double du prix pour les Européens, les consommateurs n'ont pas l'air de bien lire l'étiquette. Elle a été critiquée pour être trop riche en sucres (4,6g de sucre pour 100mL soit par bouteille 23g de fructose, 26% des apports journaliers recommandés).

À côté de toutes ces boissons, un simple et rafraichissant verre de lait, même entier, est inoffensif.

De la même manière, Muscle Milk, qui vend des boissons et compléments alimentaires, est apprécié des hommes qui veulent développer leur masse musculaire. Selon leurs chiffres officiels, les teneurs en gras saturés vont jusqu'à 20% des apports journaliers recommandés pour leurs barres céréalières. En voulant faire du sport, ce qui traditionnellement dénote une volonté de prendre soin de son corps, le sportif ingère des substances, comme les gras saturés difficilement éliminables et nocifs, en excès. Billy, l'étudiant en économie, achète des produits Muscle Milk depuis l'année dernière. Il témoigne que la vue des autres étudiants à son arrivée à McGill l'a intimidé et l'a poussé à se construire une image «d'homme fort». Même si le prix est élevé (80 dollars pour trois mois de consommation) et le goût douteux, cela n'arrête pas Billy qui passe une dizaine d'heures par semaine dans la salle. Même si secondaire il jouait basketball de façon régulière, il a l'impression de se développer plus grâce à Muscle Milk et aux entraînements au gym. Psychologique ou réel? Difficile de savoir.

Le problème des boissons au gym est celui de la quantité de calories ingérées par rapport à l'effort, ainsi que l'hydratation insuffisante des sportifs. Les boissons énergisées peuvent intéresser les marathoniens et autres athlètes de haut niveau qui fournissent un effort dans la durée mais certainement pas pour la plupart des sportifs qui fréquentent une salle de fitness. Pour cela, un verre de lait suffira. ☹

Zone dessin par Mathieu Santerre



somewhat superfluous for a country plagued by drought; ornate golden balustrades and a glorious air conditioning system; a food court and movie theatre; and, most importantly, other wazungu. These factors all combine to make Westgate's upscale patrons feel "okay" about indulging their more decadent urges for a variety of utterly unnecessary creature comforts. This was my destination and my plan: self-indulgence. After all, having lived in rural Kenya since May of this year, I don't feel ashamed to say that everyone needs to "escape" once in a while.

However, my plan was interrupted. My escape foiled.

As I walked towards Westgate, alongside the bumper-to-bumper traffic that afflicted Nairobi's seemingly permaclogged streets, I saw a girl. The girl was Kenyan – black. She was lying on the ground, prostrate; her torso on the sidewalk and her legs dangling off the curb and onto the busy street. She was young – late teens or early twenties – and was wearing dirty corduroy pants with a correspondingly dirty red fleece. Neither were severely tattered, just dirty. She wasn't moving.

I must add that this didn't instantly strike me as unusual. At first, I just thought she was drunk. Imbibing is a favourite pastime of many people over here (like I said, everyone needs to escape). But then I realized that it was around 11 o'clock in the morning; that we were in the middle of upper-class Westlands, a place not particularly known for being home to poverty; and that she was a girl (female alcohol consumption is stigmatized in many places in Kenya). These facts made the situation a little more unusual, but, still, I was used to seeing such sordid scenes. I almost kept walking.

I then realized that I had some water left in my bottle, so I stopped, unscrewed the cap, and stooped. Knees bent and water bottle held out towards her, I asked if she wanted a drink. Remaining face down, she didn't respond. I poked her gently. No response. I put the water bottle on the ground so I had two hands free and I shook her, all the while my voice growing louder with variations of "Hello... Are you okay?" Still no response. Something clearly wasn't right. I turned her over. She now lay supine. This was the first time I glimpsed her face.

She stirred.

Her lids opened, yet her eyes, now visible, remained eerily vacant; they were wide, but unaware and terrified. After a few moments, it seemed to me as though she registered the water bottle's presence. Her eyes grew wider. I lifted her head up and offered her the bottle. She haphazardly brought it to her mouth. Some of the liquid went in, but much spilled out down her jaw line and under her chin. I started to put her head back down on the sidewalk, and, as her head descended, her lids began to close. Before her lids were able to fully close, her pupils rolled up

and I saw only the eyeballs' white underbelly. She needed help.

The only thing I could think of doing was to bring her to a nearby building to lie down while I called a taxi to transport her to the hospital. I tried to pick her up, but she seemed to have become unresponsive again. Her body was limp. Her muscles were asleep. And this made her surprisingly heavy. I needed help.

During all this time nobody had walked passed us, but, as I looked for a co-bearer, a rather stout Kenyan woman in her early thirties strolled by. I asked if she could help me carry the unconscious girl to a nearby building. The stout woman, who introduced herself as Ruth, said she worked just over there, pointing down the road about three or four hundred metres, and told me that we could take her there. It didn't seem that far.

If you've ever tried carrying a person completely bereft of all muscular functioning, you'll know that even ostensibly short distances can be transmogrified into onerous marathons. As Ruth and I struggled to carry this vapid human being, who possessed unexpected density, we made what is referred to in the West as "small talk." Between heavy breathing and facial grimaces, Ruth told me she worked as a beautician. I found this rather fitting, as she was currently engaged in the beautifying task of ridding a vagabond from this otherwise hoity-toity neighbourhood. In effect, giving this gentrified Westlands street a sort of welcome cleanse: expelling a tiny blemish out of its otherwise unblemished façade.

As Ruth and I struggled to hold the unconscious girl up – each of her arms around one of our shoulders – I looked around at the traffic-jammed street we were walking parallel to. I wondered, with cars moving so slowly and Ruth and I labouring so clearly and the unconscious girl hanging so gravely, why nobody pulled over, opened their door, and offered to drive us to a nearby hospital (which I later learned was only a few blocks away). As I peered into the car windows, I saw both black and white faces gawking from their crawling vehicles. The difference was that, as I made eye contact with the gawkers, the black faces continued to gawk, but the white faces quickly broke the eye contact and looked in another direction – any other direction. This, to me, was an admission of guilt – palpable shame.

And why shouldn't it be? These people, no doubt people of means, had all driven past the unconscious girl on the road side, as if she were a piece of detritus. They willfully turned their cheek the other way and, in so doing, blatantly flouted any sanctity or dignity that her life, a human life, should rightfully hold. They went passed her as she lay dying. And I had almost done the same.

With the girl draped on our shoulders, Ruth and I made our way slowly to Ruth's work place. Shortly before reaching this destination, the building's security guard saw us and approached. I thought he was going to tell us that we'd have to bring the

girl someplace else, that the girl's manifestly unhygienic appearance is a security risk to the people of the building that he is tasked with protecting. But, instead, the security guard asked if the girl draped on our shoulders was the same girl lying just up the street. I replied in the affirmative. He said, "Yes, I saw her when I came to work." I inquired what the time was when he came to work. He said, "Around 5:00 a.m." It was now past 11:00 a.m. She had been lying, unconscious or semi-conscious, on the curb for over six hours; all the while cars were inching past her, minute by minute, hour by painful hour.

Finally, a woman pulled her car over. It was a glitteringly clean, black SUV. A Toyota. The woman in the driver's seat got out and opened the car door that gave access to the back seat. She was an older woman – late fifties – with designer glasses and deep wrinkles under her eyes. She wore a pink blazer and sleek black pants pleats still intact. She introduced herself as Rahab.

Rahab, Ruth, and I together lifted the unmoving mass into the back seat. We all got into the SUV and Rahab drove off, headed towards the Westlands clinic.

Inside the SUV, I again, quite strangely given the circumstances, found myself involved in "small talk." Rahab informed me that she was a pastor and that she's been born again. She asked me if I've been saved (I presume she meant by Jesus Christ). Knowing religion to be a hot topic in Kenya, and currently harbouring some ill-will towards organized religion myself, given that the Catholic Church's policy on condom use is arguably responsible for millions of people contracting HIV/AIDS (among many other grievances), I answered Rahab's question very diplomatically. That is to say, I didn't directly answer. It was all very Romney-esque.

Rahab then asked Ruth if she's been saved. Ruth, quite bluntly, said, "No." I found the difference between her terse candor and my long-winded fluff rather amusing. Rahab seemed to be unphased by either of our answers. She simply responded, with a smirk, "Well, I will be preaching then." It wasn't pushy or judgmental – just caring and genuine, almost maternal.

I then realized the irony in their respective professions. A beautician could be said to be the antithesis of a pastor. One seeking outer aesthetic splendor, the other seeking and propagating the way to inner salvation. One's goal is fleeting attraction and the other's is eternal deliverance. One's object the skin, the other's the soul. And yet here they both were, together, bringing a girl in dire condition to receive much-needed care.

We arrived at the clinic, and brought the girl's still-limp frame inside. After some time a doctor came. We sat in the waiting room. After some more time, the doctor returned and informed us that the girl's blood sugar was dangerously low, most likely from not eating anything for an extended period of

time. The doctor administered glucose. After a short duration we were told that we could go see the girl.

Rahab, Ruth, and I entered her room. She was lying upright in her hospital bed, back against the wall. She was conscious. Together, we smiled. She didn't speak English. Thus, through Rahab and Ruth, I learned that her name was Stella. She had just recently moved to Nairobi from a town called Kakamega in the west of Kenya. She lives in a slum that neighbours Westlands, called Kangemi.

Now, Rahab asks her how she ended up on the side of the road. Stella tells us that the previous evening it got dark before she could return home. And, because she is new to Nairobi, she still has troubles finding her way around. Then, in the darkness and confusion; she was accosted by some thieves who stole her cell phone. She was stranded and couldn't call home for help.

Stella is a slumgirl. One of the 1.4 billion people who live at or below the poverty line. She struggles to survive every day with less money than you pay for an unnecessary bottle of water.

Rahab assures Stella that everything is okay now, and then tells us to all join hands, and Rahab leads us in prayer. Again, Rahab is not pushy, she has no affectations or ulterior motive. She is simply compassionate; righteous without being self-righteous. Her prayer is probably one of the most affecting moments I've ever experienced. I open my eyes in the middle of the prayer to observe the three women around me as Rahab continues to speak. All have their heads bowed; all eyes strain, almost wincing; this betrays powerful emotions festering under their closed, worshipping lids. The moment hits me, and tears begin to fill my eyes. The prayer ends and everybody says, "Amen." Except me, I was too busy quickly trying to wipe my tears away before the others opened their eyes. But they saw. Again, no judgment. Rahab told me, bluntly, "Say Amen." I obliged, still wiping my eyes. We all chuckled.

After this is all over and we say our goodbyes and farewells to Stella, Rahab drops me off at Westgate Mall. After I hug her, she departs and I have finally arrived at my original destination. I walk inside. As I walk inside I feel uneasy. I grab a cart and enter the Kenyan retailer known as Nakumatt (redolent of a WalMart or a Costco). Many wazungu push their carts mindlessly down the countless aisles of countless products – staring at the shelves as if these shelves are about to divulge some life-changing secret. These people are as unconscious of their surroundings as Stella was when I first came across her. Westgate, this seat of affluence and luxury a mere two blocks away from where she lay on the wayside, unconscious, for over six hours.

And I wondered why I felt uneasy when I stepped into Westgate. And you'll now wonder why you feel uneasy about buying a bottle of water.

Ariel à la plage

Un autre conte fou du barde soûl

Samuel Sigere
Le Délit

Il était une fois, une jeune sirène qui vivait dans un énorme aquarium. Un jour qu'elle s'en roulait une avec son meilleur oreiller, Polochon, elle vit un prince tituber sur la plage de l'aquarium voisin. Il était magnifique. Sa chemise déchirée laissant apercevoir une parfaite musculature et un six-pack divin. Sous le charme, elle s'en alla voir son père, le roi Trois-Dent et dit:

-Ok, là là, papa, j'en ai mon ostie de claque de vivre dans la Heineken! Tabarnak, de toutes les bières, t'as choisi celle-là! Elle pue ta caline de bière pis en plus elle goûte mauvais!

En bon père, le roi Trois-Dent n'en avait cure et, déjà en retard sur son ivresse à cette heure tardive de la journée, répondit en buvant une gorgée de plus.

-Moi, là, je crisse mon camp, et j'm'en vais vivre dans la Molson Dry. Au moins là-bas, la mousse est épaisse et on peut marcher dessus!

Toujours en bon père, le roi Trois-Dent rota sa réponse et se gratta le bide. Dans une colère de putain, la sirène s'en alla. Rien ne ferait bouger son bouffon de père du canapé à part

un but du Canadien. Elle nagea donc vers le fond de l'aquarium pour aller chercher la seule personne qui pourrait l'aider, Ginette la Guinness, la *little barmaid* de «Chante-la en français».

-J'ai ce qu'il te faut ma p'tite! dit Ginette, bien éméchée, affalée sur le bar, la tête entre ses énormes seins.

Elle fouilla dans sa réserve d'alcool et sortit une bouteille. L'étiquette jaunâtre annonçait «Vodka Imperial, 80%. Fait marcher les sirènes et les morts-vivants depuis 1890».

-Tiens: bois-moi-ça, ma p'tite! dit Ginette en versant un shoot.

Pensant à son prince charmant, la sirène but d'un trait. La gorge en feu, elle s'exclama «Ostie que c'est fort!» avant de tomber dans un profond coma éthylique.

Quelque heures ou jours plus tard, la sirène se réveilla, nue sur la plage mousseuse de la Molson Dry, au son de la voix de son prince charmant, qui sortait d'une fête qu'on avait donnée au Vieux Port, dans la cale d'un vieux pétrolier russe. Elle ouvrit les yeux et admira ses beaux cheveux blonds, ses yeux bleus et surtout son corps luisant de sueur au soleil. Elle se sentit soudain comme une vierge avide de chaleur humaine. Dans un sou-



Illustration par Matthieu Santerre | Le Délit

pir languissant, elle enlaça son prince, prête à combler ses plus profonds désirs.

-Ouf, toi t'as besoin d'un mentos! lui dit le prince. Ralf, mon chéri vient voir ce que j'ai trouvé!

Surprise, la sirène vit un jeune gringalet roux à lunette portant un costume violet pimpant. Il marchait en leur direction. Bientôt, il se tint près du prince.

-Oh, my god! Elle est parfaite,

mon amour! C'est quoi son nom? Emmène-la donc à la maison, je suis sûr qu'on va être les meilleurs amis du monde! On va aller magasiner ensemble... parler de mode...

La sirène ne pouvait pas en croire ses oreilles.

-Oh, c'est tellement un beau cadeau! continua Ralf, merci, merci, merci!

La jeune sirène regarda le prince et son ami Ralf se rouler

une pelle devant ses yeux horrifiés. Elle était en beau maudit. Elle essayait de protester, de crier sa frustration, mais elle resta muette: la vodka avait détruit sa voix. Ralf et le prince la prirent avec eux. Ils vécurent en bon parisiens avec de la baguette et du bon vin tous les jours, et la petite sirène regretta d'avoir changé de bière. La morale de l'histoire: la bière semble toujours plus mousseuse chez le voisin! ☹



Jonathan Brosseau-Rioux
Le Délit

Par l'océan hypocondriaque

Contemplez d'un survol les lèvres alcooliques
Aux ardeurs de vos fleurissantes nostalgies
Dans l'aube cossue qui hurle en hémorragie
L'absurde heurt de mon être neurasthénique

Un rayon d'ombre est atmosphère bordélique
Des pas lourds au piano chantent les tabagies
Mon regard orphelin muet interagit
Par les vierges chemins des forêts bucoliques

Mouillez le front ridé d'une tendresse à boire
Que je trouve des sommeils irréels la gloire
Cet espace infini de voyage en mon âme

Ô rédempteurs et extatiques masochistes
Sur la funèbre barque j'écarte les flammes
Au fouet musclé de ma jouissance catéchiste. ☹

«La jeune sirène regarda le prince et son ami Ralf se rouler une pelle devant ses yeux horrifiés.»

Illustration par Lukas Thienhaus | Le Délit

La démence du vin

Auto-fiction

Antony Beauséjour
Collaboration spéciale

L'aube me lève

En réalité, c'est tant l'aube que le dégoût qui me réveille. Les yeux lourds, la bouche terreuse et le crâne défoncé me confirment que je suis encore en vie, ce matin.

Je fixe le plafond des yeux: il est entièrement blanc. Encore.

Puis je m'extirpe du lit. Chaque putain de matin, je me trouve con de le faire. C'est par automatisme, par un conditionnement pavlovien parfaitement réglé, que je me lève: je suis ce connard de chien pour lequel le réveil sonne à sept heures, tous les matins.

Je suis comme le reste du monde dans ce que je fais, alors. J'imité les gestes machinaux des voisins dont je me balance. Je répète ce qu'un milliard de Chinois dont je n'ai rien à foutre faisaient, douze heures avant moi. Je reproduis la routine de l'humanité que j'emmerde tant.

Je me fous des autres à perte d'âme.

Je fais tout ce qu'il faut faire pour enlever à ma carcasse les traces de sa condition moisie. Pisse, Tylenol, bouffe, dents. Je fixe le mur, toujours.

S'enchaînent ensuite les cons devant moi dans un ordre méticuleux. Les cons de la rue. Les cons du métro. Les cons de la rue. Les cons de la faculté. Les cons de la rue. Les cons du marché. Les cons de la rue. Les cons du métro. Les cons de la rue. Ma porte.

Derrière ma porte, tous ces cons sur lesquels je m'efforce de répartir également mes crachats.

Je reviens dans mon trou, après une journée occupée à l'occuper. Devant le miroir, sous la lumière blafarde du néon, je me retrouve devant la pire des cons. Je vais devoir passer ma soirée avec lui. Encore.

Penser à ne pas penser: la nuit doit revenir, au plus vite. Sinon...

Mais l'heure avance et je me souviens qu'après la nuit, demain revient. J'ai la certitude que demain sera aujourd'hui qui était hier. Je m'aperçois que le temps passe, que ma vie brûle par les deux bouts. Je fuis le passé, j'évite l'avenir.

C'est trop tard: j'ai pensé. J'ai fait la même erreur que tous les hiers.

La même angoisse qui hantait mes seize ans. Celle d'être. Celle de vivre.

Celle de penser sans savoir. Une putain d'émotion: pourtant, je m'étais promis. La même promesse tous les matins; le même mal tous les soirs.

Mes promesses, je sais très bien qu'elles ne valent pas un clou. Pourtant, chaque jour, je fais l'erreur d'avoir foi en moi, quoiqu'à tout coup, je finis par ressentir.

Je sais quel remède donner à cette attaque de la réalité qui cherche à prendre le contrôle de mon esprit. Je sais quelle cigüe lui faire boire: en termes de poisons émotionnels, je suis un apothicaire à la droguerie riche en variétés.

Cabernet franc, Pinot noir, Sauvignon: la vie offre un cépage à tous les maux. Mais le temps est un ennemi pernecieux et mon inaction nourrit mes démons: vite, le hasard cueille pour moi au cellier ma dame de compagnie pour la soirée.

Les mains tremblantes, l'esprit le regrettant déjà, j'arrache l'hymen liégeux de cette fille de joie aux yeux vitreux. Je n'ai que faire de son âge ou de sa robe: sans façon, j'en embrasse goulument le goulot et en extirpe toute la sève, tout la sagesse. À notre habitude, nos rapports se font brefs, sauvages. Égoïste de sa chaire, je ne lui laisse en finale que quelques gouttes sur l'étiquette puis, repu de ce coit éthylique, je l'abandonne sur le plancher, saccagée par la brutalité de mes fièvres.

Merveille vermeille.

Je sens ce douceâtre arsenic se répandre en moi au rythme des battements de mon cœur. Je me laisse tomber sur une chaise, apaisé. Je savoure la montée infinitésimale de l'ivresse, je sens toutes les barrières, toutes les angoisses, toutes les douleurs tomber, une à une. Mon corps se défait de ses chaînes intellectuelles: il est pur, il est vierge.

Je marche pas à pas vers le pays rose du non-être. Je ne pense pas donc je ne suis pas.

Cet être de béatitude, cette genèse avortée, pleine de la grâce du néant, ce n'est plus moi. Pour l'instant, je suis mort.

Je me tue, tu me je. Bienvenue, vieil ami.

Tu restes immobile dans ton trou noir. Le temps et l'espace ne sont pas.

Soudain, un cri déchire tes abîmes.

Tu le sais, c'est le cri de la réalité. Curarisé par le vin, tu ne peux plus

te débattre, tu ne peux plus esquiver: tu acceptes qu'il te déchire les oreilles.

Tu te fais mal par choix. Tu oublies quelques instants que tu es un trou-du-cul notoire et tu partages la souffrance qui t'entoure. Celle contre laquelle tu essaies de t'anesthésier à grands coups de dédain chaque putain de jour.

Tu te forces à ouvrir les yeux sur la misère humaine.

La misère de la rue, la misère du métro, la misère de la rue, la misère de la faculté, la misère de la rue, la misère du marché, la misère de la rue, la misère du métro, la misère de la rue. Ta porte.

Derrière ta porte, toute cette misère que tu n'aurais pas le temps d'apaiser en une seule vie.

Ta ville, tu le sais trop bien, c'est le monde. Par centaines de millions, ils naissent, ils souffrent et meurent.

«La vie offre un cépage à tous les maux.»

Toi, chaque jour, tu regardes Destiny se faire léchouiller les mamelons par un chitsu, tu te torches le cul avec de jolis petits chatons blancs et tu sniffes ta coke sur le cul de putes multicolores.

Tu te vautres dans ta merde et tu dois avouer qu'au fond, tu aimes bien.

Pendant ce temps, à chaque seconde, des enfants sont violés, des vieillards sont battus, des familles entières meurent de faim. Les générations se passent le flambeau de la souffrance et espèrent pouvoir être à ta place. Tu sais que le monde entier est orienté vers le petit conard d'égoïste que tu es. Dans ton appartement du seizième étage, les cris des mères, le bruit des armes, le grognement de la petite misère noire et les soupirs de désespoir sont inaudibles.

Puis toute cette décadence te donne la nausée. C'est trop pour toi: tu dégueules partout. Tout déboule.

La peau te brûle.

Tu pleures et tu baves.

Ta figure est distordue par la douleur: tu espères qu'elle se déchire de tous ses orifices. Ça t'est insupportable.

Tu mouilles ton pantalon et fais une marre de pisse. Tu chies au fond de tes culottes.

Tu cries et tous tes voisins se réveillent: tu cries de plus belle. Tu es une bête à l'agonie.

Tu fais les cent pas en t'arrachant les cheveux: tu renverses tout. Tu te tords les doigts, te griffes le corps. Tu râles. Tu tournes en rond comme un rat en cage. Tu tournes, tournes, tournes, tournes, tournes: tu perds pied et t'affaisses et t'affales dans la flaque. Dans ta merde. Dans ta pisse. Dans ton vomi et ton écume.

Et tes pleurs.

Tu y restes. Ton pieu de fortune pue tellement que ça t'en fait oublier la pestilence du monde. Tu voudrais que l'acide de tes trippes te décompose. Là. Au milieu du plancher de ta chambre. Tu voudrais que le temps te défasse. Tu voudrais n'être plus. À nouveau.

Tu es mort et enterré: délirant et frénétique, tu te dénudes complètement. Au travers des convulsions, tu te recroquevilles en position fœtale, dans ta marre nauséabonde de fluides corporels. Tu restes ainsi, gémissant, dans l'espoir qu'on t'utérise pour l'éternité.

Tu attends le temps.

Doucement, les spasmes s'estompent. La fièvre tiédit. Ton corps est complètement vidé. Tu touches ta poitrine. C'est ce que tu appréhendais: tu es encore en vie.

Tu vas te doucher mollement. Tu te mets un peignoir, parce que c'est plus simple à enlever, une fois mort. Une fois dans le ventre de ta mère.

Puis tu te prends une autre bouteille; tu n'étais clairement pas assez abruti par la première. Cette fois-ci, tu te sens beaucoup moins conciliant avec la dame: les jeux ont assez duré.

Celle-là, tu l'empoignes et lui défonces le crâne sur le coin du bureau. Son cou brisé net, tu glisses la langue sans manières dans son interstice rouge chair et en biberonnes les courbes inertes. Avide, tu lui brises les hanches d'un autre coup pour pouvoir tirer les derniers charmes de son bassin ensanglanté. Dans ta gorge, la cyprine beaujolaise se mêle aux éclats de verre: tu sens d'autant mieux l'ivresse descendre en toi.

Tu craches un peu de sang.

À la fenêtre, la lune quémande ta compagnie mi-consciente. Tu t'y

assieds et t'allumes une cigarette: une petite lune entre les doigts. Tu sens le vent d'automne qui te mord les joues. Tu vois les branches brûlées des arbres. Tu entends les gémissements du néant. Tu odores la mort qui hante le fond de l'air. Tu gouttes déjà à la tienne.

Tu t'enfiles les idées noires au même rythme que tu te fous les clopes à la gueule. C'est machinal. Tu t'occupes les lèvres pour ne plus penser aux siennes.

Tu y penses.

En fait, tu l'as constamment en tête. Son songe ne te quitte jamais, mais tu l'étouffes autant que possible.

Pourtant, tu te souviens trop bien. Tu ravives mes mémoires, celles du temps où toi, moi et elle n'étions qu'un. Tu te remémores, par volutes disparates et volatiles, le bonheur.

Elle qui adoucissait tes rages de ses mains, qui calmait tes angoisses du regard, qui rapaillait tes loques de chair en un simulacre d'homme digne.

La lune mitraille ton corps d'un kaléidoscope d'images. Tout d'elle qui donnait une raison d'être à tes mains. Ses seins, ses cuisses, sa bouche, ses doigts, ses cheveux, ses cambrures, ses rires, ses crises, ses mille départs...

Ses neuf cent quatre-vingt-dix-neuf retours.

Tu ne sais pas pourquoi tu continues dans toute cette merde qu'est ton monde. Le nœud du problème, ce n'est pas son départ; c'est ton arrivée. La mort, si elle est le néant, est une griserie éternelle. Jamais besoin d'en boire le vin; tu reposes dans sa lie.

Et contrairement à l'alcool, la mort est toujours à portée de main.

Tu connais les périls de ce spleen qui t'habite. Tu n'as cependant pas à y résister trop longtemps, car tu sens les grandioses vapeurs finales de l'ivresse qui viennent à toi. Celles qui mettent fin à ton calvaire quotidien.

À peine as-tu le temps de t'approcher du lit que tu y tombes: raide dort. Tu as cinq ou six heures de grâce inconsciente devant toi.

Tu bois pour oublier, mais dès que tu dégrises, crois-moi, je me souviens très bien pourquoi tu buvais.

L'aube me lève.



Qui m'«M» me boive!

Peter Peter, Fanny Bloom et The Barr Brothers à M pour Montréal



Annie Li
Le Délit



Gracieuseté: M pour Montréal
L'artiste Peter Peter

Peter Peter est ce jeune hipster (frange comprise) qui nous avait gratifiés d'un magnifique premier album de rock lo-fi vaporeux, en grande partie des chansons d'amour nostalgiques, en mars 2011 sous l'étiquette Audiogram.

Il se dit être l'émule de Jim Morrison; sa plume ressemble à celle d'un certain Bertrand Cantat et sa musique à celle d'Elliot Smith. Par exemple, le premier titre de son album éponyme, intitulé *Homa*, envoûtait par son spleen inspiré par une nuit dans le quartier Hochelaga-Maisonneuve.

C'est un Peter Peter en bonne forme qui s'est présenté le 19 novembre au Café Campus, débutant son spectacle avec la très belle «Tergiverse», qui sur disque est interprétée avec les voix de Basia

Bulat et de Cœur de Pirate. Le contentement remplace le doute lorsque Peter Peter annonce le titre de sa prochaine pièce, intitulée «Salope» et dédiée à «une personne qui a eu beaucoup d'importance dans sa vie». «Si tu étais un oiseau, tu serais un pigeon» chante-il en faisant des mimiques qui se passeront de détails ici.

En espérant que cette vengeance enfantine lui passera sous peu, mettant de l'ombre dans un concert où il maîtrise pourtant autant les caresses chuchotées que les défoulements à la guitare électrique.

Le drink suggéré en écoutant sa musique:

London Fog (thé Earl Grey, vanille et lait) et Cointreau – romantique et parfait pour accompagner une journée pluvieuse



Gracieuseté: M pour Montréal
Le groupe The Barr Brothers

Fanny Bloom

Fanny Bloom! Son retour est attendu impatiemment depuis l'annonce crève-cœur de la séparation de son défunt groupe la Patère rose, il y a à peine quelques

mois. C'est qu'ils allaient se rendre loin, la Patère. Ils avaient lancé un excellent premier album éponyme électro-pop, puis un album d'été (Waikiki en 2010) pour nous remettre l'eau à la bouche après qu'ils avaient terminé leur tournée européenne.

Or, ce qui devait arriver arriva, les deux comparses de Fanny, nuls autres que Roboto et Kilojules de Misteur Valaire ne sont pas parvenus à accommoder les besoins respectifs de chacun des groupes. On ne doutait pas que Fanny allait arriver à s'en remettre, et la voilà donc réinvitée à M pour Montréal.

Il s'agissait de son deuxième spectacle seulement en compagnie de son band tout neuf, composé d'un claviériste, d'un batteur, d'un guitariste et d'une bassiste. L'ouverture était un peu hésitante, mais la voix et la prestance de mademoiselle Bloom se portaient de mieux en mieux sur scène au fil des pièces, jusqu'à redevenir la Fanny drôle, pétaradante digne d'une diva qui nous manquait.

Le style musical de ses nouvelles chansons s'annonce plus ou moins semblable à son précédent projet; des approches sont reconnaissables comme l'électro et certaines pièces axées sur le piano-voix, mais dans l'ensemble, c'est beaucoup plus éclectique, plus dansant, plus rock, moins pop, moins léger. Malheureusement, les instruments enterraient un peu trop la voix pour pouvoir commenter sur les textes.

N'empêche que le tout est suffisant pour se précipiter cet hiver sur son prochain disque, intitulé *Apprentie-guerrière*.

Le drink suggéré en écoutant sa musique:

Kir au Fragoli et Prosecco – frais et pétillant comme la chanteuse.

The Barr Brothers

The Barr Brothers est la nouvelle coqueluche indie de Montréal, ayant lancé leur galette le mois dernier sous le label Secret City.

Comme cela arrive parfois (souvent), il s'agit de musiciens hors Québec qui se sont installés dans la métropole il y a quelques années. L'un d'entre eux, Andrew le batteur, a accompagné Lhasa (on note la présence de la belle pièce «Cloud (for Lhasa)» sur le disque).

Ce qui fait leur marque est la diversité toujours maîtrisée de leurs styles musicaux (folk, delta blues, gnaoua, rock). Par exemple, «Deacon's Son» impressionne par sa fusion du rock occidental avec le blues sahélien. On note la harpe qui fait office de kora. Ainsi, l'autre distinction du groupe est l'incorporation dans plusieurs pièces de la harpe, instrument plutôt original dans les groupes de

ce genre; toutefois la présence de l'instrument est subtile si on la compare à la musique de la reine du folk psychédélique Joanna Newsom.

Leur concert a débuté au Métropolis avec la magnifique «Beggars in the Morning», la harpiste et le cymbaliste utilisant tous deux des archets, le guitariste tirant sur les cordes de sa guitare avec de longs fils, ce qui donne un effet de bourdon, à la joie de la foule, et les pièces, très différentes les unes des autres, se sont succédées dans une égale harmonie. Les Barr Brothers ont su soulever les spectateurs avec le blues émouvant de «Lord, I just Can't Keep from Crying». Vers la fin, le groupe a interprété une nouvelle pièce, «Even the Darkness has Arms», à deux guitares acoustiques et un mini-banjo autour d'un micro sur pied, suscitant l'émerveillement de l'auditoire. ☺

Le drink suggéré en écoutant leur musique:

Tchapalo ou dolo (bière de mil servie dans unealebasse) – folk et rythmes africains réconfortants



Gracieuseté: M pour Montréal
Le groupe The Barr Brothers

Des photos qui boivent la tasse!

Chronique: Photo m'a-t-on dit?

Margaux Meurisse
Le Délit

«Plus d'hommes se sont noyés dans l'alcool que dans la mer.» Cette citation de W. C. Fields, colle à la peau du photographe Matthew Brandt. Vous allez tout de suite comprendre pourquoi.

À première vue, cette photographie noyée dans un bain de couleurs semble être ratée, loupée, en bref une banalité. C'est lorsqu'on interroge la démarche

du photographe que cela devient palpitant.

Il choisit d'abord un lac ou un réservoir d'eau puis photographie ce paysage et collecte avec lui une petite quantité d'eau issue de ce lac. Il développe ensuite sa photo en couleur et la trempe dans l'eau récoltée: en voici le résultat, il obtient une image qui porte en elle la matière même de ce qu'elle représente.

La force de cette image réside donc dans sa spécificité à évoluer dans «son propre bain» et à l'établissement du lien direct

entre sujet photographié et présence physique du réel. Le photographe avait déjà réalisé une expérience similaire auparavant avec le portrait de l'un de ses amis qu'il avait fait tremper dans ses larmes. En incorporant des éléments physiques de son sujet dans le processus de développement chromatique même de ses photographies, Matthew Brandt repousse les limites visuelles de la photographie et ouvre les portes vers une conception plus matérielle et corporelle de ce médium. ☺



Lake and Reservoir du photographe Matthew Brandt

Pikolo: la science du café

Le Délit vous presente le secret du vrai café

Émile Janda
Le Délit

En moins de six mois, Marie-Ève Laroche, propriétaire du Pikolo Espresso Bar, a su jumeler son amour du café avec un environnement simple et chaleureux. Le résultat est une clientèle loyale et grandissante. En nous présentant la variété de cafés du Pikolo Espresso Bar, elle nous a révélé la clé de son succès. Voici un résumé de la leçon.

démarche du barista ressemble à celle d'un technicien de laboratoire: on contrôle la quantité de café, on chronomètre le temps d'extraction, on mesure au thermomètre la température du café, qui diffère entre lattés et cappuccinos.

Mais la mesure ne s'arrête pas là: on recherche aussi l'équilibre dans le café lui-même. Extraire le café, c'est retirer des grains une certaine masse en y faisant passer de l'eau chaude. On peut diviser cette masse entre les solubles (les gaz et les solides qui se dissolvent dans l'eau) et les insolu-

Pikolo, on ne fait pas affaire à des snobs du café, mais à des étudiants fauchés comme vous.

Café varié



Photo: Justine Chassé

Un espresso parfait

Le nom de l'établissement fait référence à une sorte de café, le piccolo latte. Dans un petit verre de verre, on tire un espresso ristretto (20mL de liquide au lieu de 30) et on ajoute 40mL de lait moussé. Le piccolo est le café vedette du bar éponyme. Le breuvage conserve le goût pointu d'un espresso très court, mais finit en douceur grâce au lait chaud. Un petit délice.

Si vous êtes aventurier, Marie-Ève saura vous impressionner avec ses méthodes alternatives. Lors de notre rencontre, elle a utilisé son filtre Chemex pour créer un café doux et frais avec beaucoup de corps.

La méthode, qu'on nomme *pour-over*, consiste à verser 400mL d'eau bouillante sur 25g de café dans l'espace de trois minutes. Si vous voulez lancer un défi à votre barista favori, commandez un café *pour-over*.

Si réussi, ce genre de café procure des arômes frais et des saveurs subtiles.

Montréalais, artisan



Photo: Justine Chassé

Piccolo Latte

Marie-Ève soutient la maison de torréfaction Phil & Sebastian, fondée par deux ingénieurs de Calgary qui partagent son goût de l'exactitude. «Ils modifient leur technique dépendamment du lot et de la région de chaque

arrivage de café pour soutirer le maximum de chaque grain.» Qu'il vienne du Kenya, du Panama ou d'Éthiopie, le café du Pikolo est toujours frais et riche en saveurs. Ce désir pour le local et le frais se retrouve aussi dans la nourriture. On peut accompagner notre breuvage d'un pain aux bananes fait maison, d'un scone cheddar et bacon ou de petites tartelettes aux pacanes (un incontournable, quand il en reste!)

Avec un souci du détail et une simplicité honnête, le Pikolo Espresso Bar se veut la réponse aux chaînes de cafés comme Starbucks et Second Cup. On ne s'y sent pas consommateur. Plutôt, on retrouve l'esprit du petit café de quartier et on découvre un monde du café qui évolue à la fine pointe de la science. ☺

Pikolo Espresso Bar
3418 avenue du Parc
Prix de l'espresso: 2,75 dollars



Photo: Justine Chassé

Marie-Ève, propriétaire du Pikolo Express Bar

Qu'est-ce que l'espresso parfait?

«Tout est dans l'équilibre» nous dit Marie-Ève. Tirer l'espresso parfait est une question de mesure, de proportion et de tact. «On cherche à soutirer 30mL de café à partir de 14 à 18g de grains moulus, le tout en 26 à 30 secondes.» Au Pikolo, la

bles (huiles et solides qui conservent leurs propriétés physiques). Les solides solubles déterminent la force du café, les gaz et les huiles définissent l'arôme, les solides insolubles constituent l'émulsion de café nommée «créma». L'espresso parfait, selon Marie-Ève, contient 65% de solubles.

N'ayez crainte, cette myriade de calculs reste derrière le bar: au



Photo: Justine Chassé

Marie-Ève nous sert le café *pour-over*

Les plus gros buveurs du monde

L'alcool et ses effets ravageurs au Royaume-Uni

Alexis Chemblette
Le Délit

Lorsqu'on évoque la mère patrie au Canada, on aime parler du mariage du Prince William ou des épopées de David Cameron en Libye.

Les acteurs anglais les plus connus tels Jude Law ou Hugh Grant, toujours tirés à quatre épingles se présentent aussi élégants que coquets. Partout on jalouse l'accent *British* ou le *Queen's English*. Un étudiant canadien sur deux accroche une photo de Londres dans son salon. Ce dont on ne parle jamais cependant, c'est l'Angleterre décadente, l'Angleterre loin, très loin de son époque coloniale et de son rayonnement à travers le monde. L'Angleterre qui

a été soumise à une tertiarisation et financiarisation des plus féroces sous Margaret Thatcher a contraint ses régions industrielles et agricoles à une punition bien simple: la gueule de bois. Partout, de Manchester à Liverpool, en passant par Leeds, les ouvriers boivent, les paysans boivent, mais surtout la jeunesse désœuvrée boit. Les chiffres sont tout aussi affolants. En effet un jeune anglais sur trois de moins de seize ans a déjà été soigné pour abus d'alcool. Selon de nombreux sondages, le Royaume-Uni qui fait hostilement partie de l'Union Européenne, en est le plus gros consommateur de boissons alcoolisées.

C'est le cas des jeunes qui demeure le plus inquiétant dans

un pays où la culture de la bière et du scotch est ancestrale. Pour cette jeunesse anglaise en déliquescence, peu éduquée et victime de la concurrence liée à la mondialisation triomphante, la boisson n'est pas accessoire à une soirée, elle en est l'objet. Cette jeunesse a inventé le «*Binge drinking*», c'est-à-dire de boire un alcool sans goût qui permet d'être en état d'ébriété après seulement quelques verres. En Angleterre, 45% des jeunes de 16 à 24 ans boivent excessivement selon les normes médicales anglaises.

On dit que les flâneurs sont souvent ceux qui boivent trop, ce qui pourrait être une explication valide lorsqu'on sait qu'un jeune sur cinq est au chômage, et que seulement 30% des jeunes Anglais ont un diplôme universitaire. Pour ceux qui

ne suivent pas de cours et ne trouvent (cherchent) pas de travail, ils ont comme seule distraction le football à la télé ou l'alcool, lorsqu'ils choisissent de ne pas combiner les deux. Le 11 septembre 2009, *The Guardian* annonçait que l'abus d'alcool était une cause majeure de décès chez les jeunes, mettant en cause le gouvernement anglais pour son laxisme.

Ce même gouvernement a néanmoins injecté des millions de livres dans une campagne de prévention qui n'a eu presque aucun impact. L'alcool chez les jeunes anglais est aussi une source de conflit entre divers partis. En effet, les instituts de recherche qui sont dotés des chiffres alarmants précédemment évoqués exercent une pression constante sur le gouvernement afin qu'il augmente les prix de l'alcool;

une réforme qui pourrait éradiquer le *binge drinking*. Or l'adversaire principal de ces instituts n'est justement pas le gouvernement mais les lobbies, comme The Wine and Spirits Trade Association qui dénonce des chiffres falsifiés ainsi qu'un manque de sensibilisation à l'école, tout en ne revendiquant aucune corrélation entre le prix et la consommation d'alcool.

Nombre des jeunes qui ont participé aux émeutes londoniennes de 2011 avaient consommé des quantités d'alcool importantes. La majorité d'entre eux chôme, ce qui rend la tâche difficile lorsqu'il s'agit de les sensibiliser; mais surtout, surtout ne pas augmenter le prix de l'alcool, 3000 adolescents qui meurent chaque année, ce n'est qu'un détail de l'histoire. ☹

Get pumped!

Exploring the world of energy drinks

Taylor Holroyd
Health&Education Writer

According to a 2007 survey published in the *Nutrition Journal*, at least 51 per cent of university students in North America aged 17 to 25 consume more than one energy drink each month, typically to stay awake for longer periods of time, to increase energy, or to induce a buzz for partying.

These figures are troubling since, according to a 2003 report from the Johns Hopkins Bayview Medical Centre, the consumption of more than 500 milligrams of caffeine per day can lead to caffeine dependency, nervousness, irritability, and restlessness.

"It makes my eyes open," François Lacroix, a U2 Management student who consumes an average of four energy drinks per semester, said. "It makes me shake at the beginning. It makes me want to move around."

Lacroix says he only drinks Red Bull during exam time to stay awake for longer periods of time. He estimates that the burst of energy lasts about six hours.

According to Health Canada, one average-sized 500 millilitre energy drink contains around 180 milligrams of caffeine, about the same as a regular cup of coffee. Infrequent consumption of energy drinks is therefore not likely dangerous. Problems can arise, however, when a person consumes multiple drinks in a short period of

time, or with alcohol.

In a 2011 study published in *Men's Health*, it was found that energy drinks typically contain methylxanthines, or naturally occurring organic compounds like caffeine, that decrease sleepiness and improve alertness. Most also contain a large amount of sugar to provide an energy source. Many – notably Red Bull – contain taurine, which has been proven to improve concentration and reaction time. Finally, some also contain ginseng, a natural root ingredient that reduces the ability to sleep, a useful quality for an energy drink.

Although energy drinks are known to cause temporary improvements in alertness and cognition, the drinking of them often leads to a crash and burn effect, where the effects of the drinks wear off suddenly and the consumer experi-

ences a dramatic loss of energy. This is because the majority of the energy in the drinks is provided by sugar and caffeine, neither of which remain in your system for very long.

Because of some of the above factors, energy drinks are controversial in some countries. Red Bull was banned in France, Denmark, and Norway in the mid-2000s, but those bans have since been lifted. According to BBC News, in 2009 a town in East Sussex, England prohibited the sale of energy drinks to minors because of the dangers they pose when rigorous physical activities are carried out afterwards or when consumed with alcohol. In 2000, a student in Dublin, Ireland died when he played a rigorous game of basketball after consuming three energy drinks.

Despite the risks and drawbacks, the use of energy drinks is widespread among students looking to stay awake longer to study, to write papers, and to work. Though energy drinks are often mixed with alcohol, such as vodka and Red Bull, the combination can be dangerous, according to the *Nutrition Journal*. Energy drinks act as stimulants while alcohol is a depressant, which reduces the apparent influence of alcohol. This can cause consumers to underestimate their intoxication and drink much more than they normally would. Additionally, caffeine and alcohol are both diuretics, meaning they increase urine output, which may cause dehydration and vomiting.

According to the United States Food and Drug Administration, the sale of alcoholic energy drinks such as Four Loko and Sparks have been banned or regulated in many states in the U.S. because they may cause cardiovascular failures. These drinks are popular among students because they provide the rush of an energy drink as well as the confidence and social lubricant effects of alcohol. However, the combination of alcohol with caffeine may be unsafe because individuals cannot accurately judge their drunkenness.

Even some students who consume energy drinks are unsure about the health effects posed by these energy boosters.

"I wouldn't recommend it to anybody," said Lacroix. "Just because I don't know what's in it."

It's hot in here

Marlee's vegan kitchen



Marlee Rubel
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It has been a strange past couple weeks here at McGill. We've had our safety impeded by unnecessary riot police, and our campus has turned into a battleground. But, fortunately, some fine leaders have stepped up to remind us that our anger can be turned into inspiration and positive action. Incredible measures of strength, such as those we're witnessing on our own campus, make it clear that change is possible.

So the next time you need a minute to sit back and reflect on the changes we're undeniably witnessing take place at McGill, in Montreal, and within ourselves, curl up to your thoughts with something warm and soothing to take the edge off of the brilliant, but intense energy circulating around campus these days. With that in mind, I bring you my two favourite winter drinks for when you need a little comfort to find your courage.

Vegan Hot chocolate

Serves 4

1 cup canned coconut milk
4 tsp. vanilla extract
3/4 cup white sugar
1/3 cup cocoa powder
A few dashes of ground cinnamon
4 cups boiling water

1. Stir together the coconut milk, vanilla, sugar, cocoa powder, and cinnamon.
2. Pour in boiling water, stirring constantly.

Apple Cider

Serves 4

4 cups apple cider
2 tbsp. maple syrup
4 small cinnamon sticks
4 whole cloves
4 whole allspice berries
4 strips of orange peel
4 strips of lemon peel
1 empty tea bag or steepers

1. Pour the apple cider and maple syrup into a saucepan.
2. Place the cinnamon sticks, cloves, allspice berries, orange peel, and lemon peel into an empty tea bag or steepers, and carefully place them into the cider mixture.
3. Place the saucepan over moderate heat until the cider is very hot, but not boiling.
4. Ladle into mugs, and serve with an additional cinnamon stick, if desired.



Just one drink?

Clinical director at the MUHC Addictions Unit discusses alcohol usage in university

Like a four ton elephant stampeding down a narrow corridor, finals are seen as an impending and inescapable doom by some. Seeking solace in this difficult period, some university students are driven into the arms of those bewitching sirens of our modern age – alcohol and substance abuse. Gail Gauthier, clinical director at the McGill University Health Centre (MUHC) Addictions Unit, provides insight on the alcohol use of university students.

The McGill Daily: How much alcohol is enough for university students?

Gail Gauthier: If we look at...a healthy adult female, the guidelines [put out by Health Canada] would advise not to go over nine drinks per week. Some of the US health guidelines...advise as low as seven.

That doesn't mean in one night. A lot of what happens in university...is binge drinking. If we're looking at nine drinks per week, it would be advisable to separate them out. For females, the maximum amount of three to four drinks per episode. For males, it's 14 per week, also with a maximum of four each time.

Alcohol is metabolized in males and females very differently. Alcohol hits females more quickly than males. Males are able to excrete it faster and have enzymes to metabolize it. Females tend to take longer time to excrete the alcohol. What happens with binge drinking is that students may be okay with two or three drinks, but, all of sudden, the alcohol that hasn't been removed is accumulated and can lead to alcohol poisoning. Alcohol poisoning can occur in somebody that drinks a large amount in one night and hasn't been drinking for days or weeks.

MD: What are some long-term effects of alcohol consumption in adolescence?

GG: [Since] the brain does not fully develop until early adulthood...the ability to control emotion, judgment, impulse control, and decision-making may be permanently impaired. For those who start to consume alcohol at a young age, it's harder for them to stop. If they continue to use substances, it is more likely that they will...use alcohol in a dependent manner in comparison to being able to modulate their use.

MD: What do you think about the accessibility of alcohol in Montreal, and especially around campus?



Amina Batyreva | The McGill Daily

GG: In the point of view of working as a therapist at the Addictions Unit, we get young people coming for therapy. We encourage people to take a break from drinking to let everything re-stabilize. Since alcohol is a depressant, there are people with mood and anxiety problems. We encourage those people to stop drinking for a month, but it's really hard around campus because they want to...socialize, and so much of that is based on drinking. Most university campuses have a lot of alcohol on site.

MD: What kind of treatments or therapeutic advice would you give?

GG: Treatment paths depend on [the patient's] severity. We categorize them into abuse or dependence. Abuse would be binge drinking or drinking in a way that it interferes with functioning – not doing well in school, missing classes, feeling hung over. Alcohol abuse patients are able to not drink for a few days, but the cycle repeats.

Alcohol dependent patients are not actually just abusing alcohol,

but they have gotten into the pattern of having to drink every day. People do not have to have physical dependence with tolerance and withdrawal to be dependent. Dependence means that the alcohol is on your mind a lot of the time and takes priority over other more important things – relationships, classes, studying. For these people, we recommend the option of not drinking for a month or so. If people aren't ready, we recommend them to cut down. We talk about friends who don't drink as much so that the peer support can have a positive effect. We also encourage them to stay [at a social event involving alcohol] for an hour instead of three to four hours. There are other common sense things, such as eating first, drinking some water or juice in between alcoholic beverages.

Those who have become physically dependent with daily drinking, withdrawal symptoms, and tolerance, may need help with medication or they may have to take a leave from school and sometimes consider entering an inpatient

treatment for a period of time.

MD: In your opinion, what can be done to raise awareness of alcohol abuse or dependence among young adults?

GG: I think a lot has to be done with changing the university culture. What is having a good time? When you listen to the music, a large part of it is about drinking heavily as well. There has got to be alternative things to do that are available to people [that are] not so heavily loaded with alcohol. A lot of the time, university students are away from home and under a lot of stress and pressure. I think the university campus could be a positive environment offering alternate activities and support other than partying with alcohol. I think messages that can get out there and make each other be aware of alcohol abuse could be very useful.

MD: Could you tell us some services that are available for youth to overcome alcohol dependence or abuse?

GG: McGill Mental Health and University Health Service Centres

would be great places to start. For students who already have some concerns...just talking about if it's possible to decrease the amount of alcohol, set up other activities, [and get] support from people who are not drinking as much...a few sessions to discuss about these openly can really help. In addition to [the Addictions Unit], where people come when they need specialized attention, there is Foster Pavilion, which has a rehabilitation program. It's for English-speaking people, primarily. Resources on the French-speaking side, there are quite a few. Centre Dollard-Cormier is very large for both out- and in-patients. For detox, there is Saint-Luc Hospital. If you look up the Ministry of Social Services and look through region six, where Montreal belongs, you'll find a listing of services. The Drug and Alcohol Referral line (514- 527-2626) is a service where people can call to get more information about resources.

—Compiled by Rachael Kim

Droplets of truth

Condensing various water facts and fictions

Ashley Hsu
Science+Technology Writer

Our body is composed of up to two-thirds water. The human brain is composed of 95 per cent water. Water, also helps regulate metabolism and body temperature. Dehydration can have a variety of effects on individuals including fatigue, short-term memory loss, trouble focusing on fine print, and even basic math abilities. Water plays a key role in maintaining normal body functions and in preventing disease.

Considering that water is essential in so many bodily functions, constant rehydration is crucial. For a fortunate few – most of us reading this included – water is always readily available. In fact, for these lucky few, the abundance of water around them can be disillusioning. Many misconceptions arise: the idea that we have plenty of water to spare, the thought that some forms of water are not drinkable, and the general feeling that this crucial source of life can be taken for granted. Two common water myths will be examined: the claim that we should all drink eight glasses of water a day, and the stigma of tap water.

Eight glasses a day?

You've heard it before: we all need to drink eight cups of water a day. If a standard glass is eight ounces, this recommendation works out to be almost two litres a day. But where does this claim actually come from? Do we really need to drink eight cups of water a day? As it turns out, the answer is no.

There is yet to be a paper that recommends eight glasses a day on the basis of sound scientific evidence. The nearest link appears to be from the book of renowned nutritionist Fredrick Stare, which states: "How much water each day? This is usually well regulated by various physiological mechanisms, but for the average adult, somewhere around six to eight glasses per 24 hours, and this can be in the form of coffee, tea, milk, soft drinks, beer, et cetera. Fruits and vegetables are also a good source of water."

Somehow, this afterthought has caught on, and transformed into a solid and seemingly reputable medical suggestion. The rationale of thinking that, because so much of our body is composed of water, we must drink large amounts of water, is illogical and akin to thinking that, because cars require gas to run, you need to refuel your tank every day.

So how can you tell how much water you need to drink? Some of us believe that by the time we are feeling thirsty, it is already too late – our brains have shriv-

elled up like raisins and lest we quickly quench our parched throats, terrible things will happen.

Nothing can be farther from the truth. While thirst can set in when plasma osmolality (concentration of non-water substances per kilogram of water) is above 294 mosmol/kgH₂O, one is not dehydrated until plasma osmolality rises above 302 mosmol/kgH₂O.

In addition to this, there is a notion that dark-coloured urine is an indicator of dehydration. Average urine osmolality is approximately 600 mosmol/mosmol/kgH₂O; urine with this concentration is usually a moderate yellow colour. At this level of urine osmolality, plasma osmolality is much lower than the 302 mosmol/kgH₂O threshold of dehydration. In conclusion, being thirsty and having yellow pee are not signs of dehydration.

But are there potential benefits to drinking more water than what the body requires to function? There are claims that water can reduce the risk of cancer, heart disease, constipation, and help one lose weight. One study done by the Department of Nutrition at Harvard University looked at the relation between the total fluid intake and risk of bladder cancer of almost 48,000 participants over a period of ten years. These fluids were not just restricted to water, and included a wide range of 22 different drinks. Researchers calculated an approximate 7 per cent decrease for every extra glass of fluid. There was a significant decrease in risk for men who drank approximately six glasses, which is still below the eight glass recommendation.

Another study from the University of Texas Medical School followed 15 healthy participants with no prior history of constipation or diarrhoea found that, although increasing fluid intake increased urination significantly, there was no discernable effect on stool. There is a plethora of scientific literature on the subject of water and its effects on human health, but overall, the claim that everyone should drink eight glasses of water a day cannot be said to have been indisputably validated, scientifically.

The question now arises: if drinking more water can be good for you, why not? When we drink water, it gets removed from our body through urine and sweat. Water also regulates the level of salt in our blood. If one drinks too much water in a relatively short period of time, the kidney will not be able to remove it quickly enough and the blood will be too diluted, and thus will contain an insufficient concentration of salt. In severe instances this can result in death. Typically, these instances are extremely rare and only often seen in elderly people with impaired kidney functions or in people who take drugs such as ecstasy that result in increased thirst and difficulty to excreting water.

In conclusion, while there is evidence that suggests there are positive benefits to drinking more water, which can come from a variety of drinks – and even from food – there is no conclusive scientific evidence that suggests we must all drink at least eight glasses of water a day.

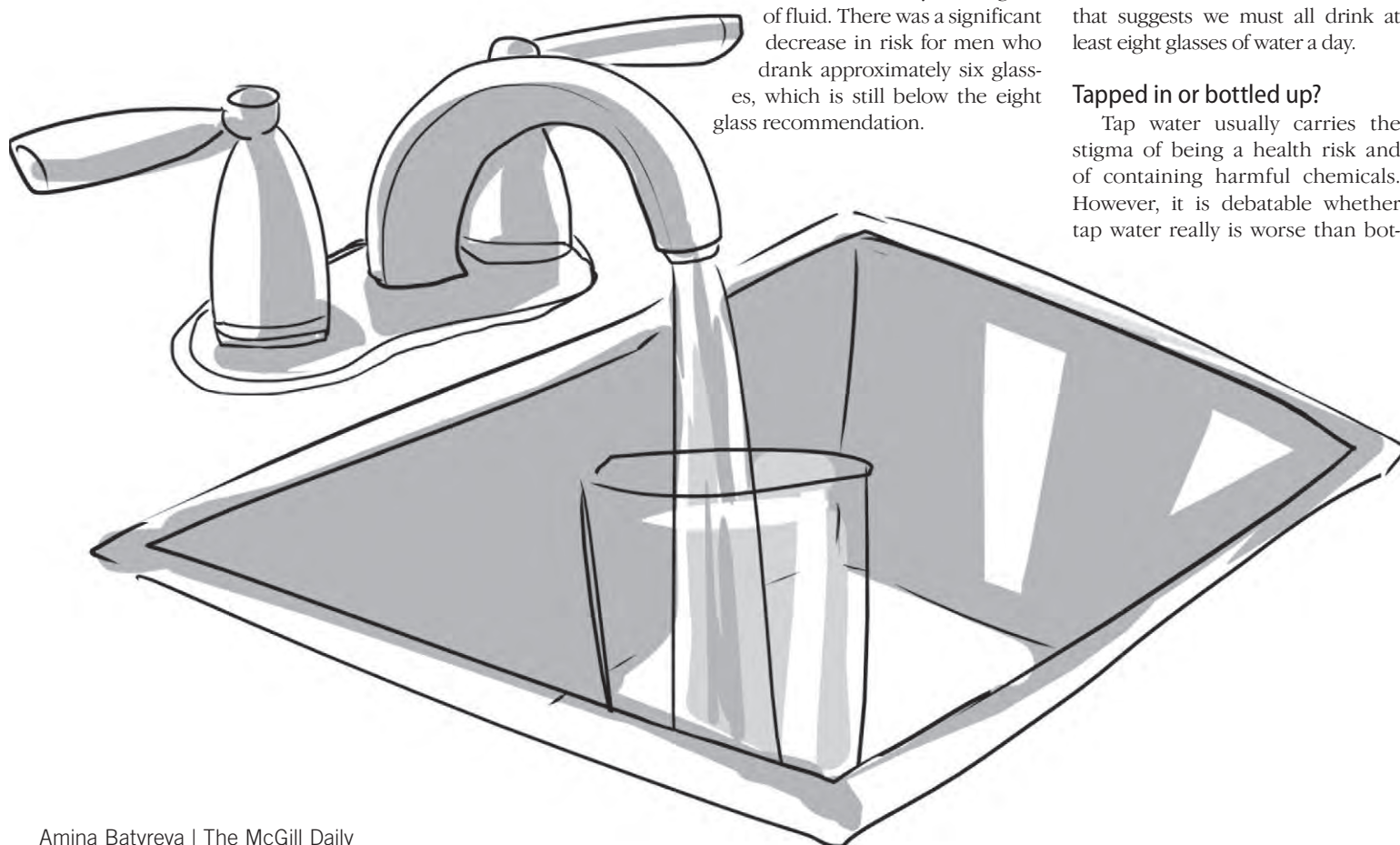
Tapped in or bottled up?

Tap water usually carries the stigma of being a health risk and of containing harmful chemicals. However, it is debatable whether tap water really is worse than bot-

tled water. Tap water is controlled by more rigorous standards than bottled water is, but bottled water is subjected to more advanced treatment, leading to a lower risk of contamination during the process. Test results are inconclusive and the safety of water simply depends on each specific case. The quality of tap water can vary from region to region. Rural areas and some First Nation communities are still exposed to unsafe tap water, and a filtering or boiling process of the water is necessary. Furthermore, tap water in some countries is prone to more pollution than the tap water here in Montreal. In fact, according to CBC news online, regular Canadian tap water is extremely safe to drink – except for in the regions mentioned above.

Although the tap water in Canadian cities is perfectly safe to drink, the bottled water industry is prospering and growing fast. Bottled water not only appeals to more people because of health concerns; distaste of tap water organoleptics (the characteristics that affect taste, sight, and smell) has also contributed to a predominant public preference to bottled water over tap water, thus the surge in the water bottle industry. Nevertheless, a four-year review of the water bottle industry by the Natural Resources Defense Council's (NRDC), an estimated 25 per cent of bottled water actually contains tap water.

Sometimes this water is further treated – but other times, it is not. While most bottled water is safe to drink, in about 22 percent of the water bottles tested by NRDC, at least one sample had chemical contaminants above state health limits. Furthermore, although we spend money to buy bottled water because we think it is "healthier," phthalates – chemicals found in the plastic – are known to mimic and disrupt healthy hormonal functions, such as testosterone. Over time, these have been shown to leech into bottled water. Water in plastic bottles containing phthalates has been suggested by studies to be exposed to chemicals seeping from the plastic cap or liner. Unfortunately, there currently exists no legal limit for phthalates in bottled water; the bottle water industry has even managed to shut down the Food and Drug Administration proposal to set a limit on these potentially harmful chemicals. Furthermore, the immense environmental impact of water bottles is just another reason to consider reaching for a glass and turning to the tap, instead of buying a bottle.



Coffee chemicals

A cup o' joe sounds more like an organic chemistry lab than a beloved drink

Morgane Ciot
Science+Technology Writer

Legend has it that coffee was first concocted in Western Ethiopia. Since then, it has come a long way. Modern brewing devices and techniques have conferred a mechanical advantage upon coffee-making that has turned the process into both a science and an art. At the same time, popular coffee derivatives – like the frappuccinos served at Starbucks – contain a slew of additives that make the drinks seem more like frosted cocktails than cups of coffee. Whether your morning kick involves one of these or a genuine barista-brewed artifact, the lowest common denominators for all coffee, and the entirety of its offspring, are simply water and coffee beans.

The most popular and accessible species of coffee beans on the market are *Coffea robusta*, a bean associated with a harsh, flat taste, and *Coffea arabica*, which is known to have a richer and multi-dimensional taste. 70 per cent of the world consumes Arabica, while the remaining 30 per cent drinks Robusta. They have slightly different chemical compositions, but both contribute a total of over 1000 different organic and inorganic chemical compounds to this drink. These include carbohydrates, lipids, nitrogenous compounds, vitamins, minerals, alkaloids, and phenolic compounds. Of this teaming multitude, polysaccharides, phenolics, and caffeine have the most salient impact on health.

Caffeine, the cardinal reason many students drink coffee, is a white

crystalline alkaline plant toxin, similar to nicotine and cocaine. Its main function is to prevent adenosine from bonding to neurotransmitters. Adenosine, also known as the sleep chemical, is an inhibitor that abates brain activity by restraining the reticular activating system. In other words, it makes you sleepy. The presence of caffeine prevents this system from being inhibited, thus allowing you to power through those early mornings and late nights. In broader terms, caffeine is a central nervous system stimulant. It can make you more alert, but can also cause insomnia, headaches, anxiety, and dizziness. Caffeine is also a diuretic – a urine-inducing compound.

Caffeine's potency is especially remarkable when paired with the fact that a cup of coffee is typically composed of 98.5 to 99 per cent water. This may seem like you're being royally swindled, but the universal solvent is important in the brewing process: it extracts the flavors and oils from the coffee grounds, lending your morning dose its pungent nature. With less water, the 800 or so volatile aromatic compounds that harmonize to produce the distinct smell and taste of coffee would be overwhelmingly cloying and unsavory.

A select group of these volatile compounds have a low odor threshold, are found in high concentrations in coffee, and end up forming the primary determinants of coffee's aroma. Ethylguaiacol, for example, is the flavor constituent that lends certain blends a spicy fragrance. Pyrazine – the main aromatic compound in green bell peppers – provides an earthy aroma. Diacetyl is responsible

for a buttery smell, and furaneol is the *éminence grise* behind the caramel-like flavor of many coffees.

Besides having pleasing olfactory characteristics, coffee contains other compounds that are thought to have salubrious side-effects. Coffee beans are rich in indigestible polysaccharides, dietary fibers that are associated with antioxidant phenolics. A report published in 2007 in the *Journal of Agricultural Food Chemistry* found that these antioxidant properties are passed on after brewing. With 8.7 to 10.5 milligrams of antioxidant phenolics per 100 millilitres of the brewed beverage, coffee has more soluble fiber than many other common beverages. Type II arabinogalactan and galactomannan are the polysaccharides that are present in both the green coffee beans and the final product. Green and roasted coffee beans are rich in dietary fiber, and since phenolics have a tendency to bind strongly to polysaccharides, they are transferred to the brewed coffee. The correlation between regular coffee consumption and lower risks of diabetes may be explained by the presence of antioxidants in coffee. However, the fact that coffee is the number one source of antioxidants in the western drinks shouldn't be interpreted as a justification for increased coffee consumption, especially given its less beneficial aspects.

One of these is that coffee has been linked to higher levels of cholesterol. This may seem discrepant with its soluble fiber properties, but coffee's potential health benefits may be jeopardized by some of the extra components that are added to the coffees many people opt for these days. For



Victor Tangermann | The McGill Daily

example, Starbucks coffees are closer to glamorized full-fat milkshakes, with a higher calorie and carbohydrate load than regular coffee has.

Frappuccinos, for instance, are made with different variants of syrup whose main ingredients are sugar, water, xanthan gum, sodium, and preservatives. Xanthan gum is a polysaccharide that acts as a thickening agent. Depending on the drink, many of the syrups contain maltodextrin, a sweet additive usually added to sodas and candy, and carrageenan, the vegan version of gelatin that is extracted from red seaweed.

The composition of a type of beverage isn't static – chemical processes determine the exact chemical makeup of a cup of coffee and have a qualitative and quantitative effect on your quotidian beverage. For example, according to the *Journal of Agricultural Food Chemistry*, a dark roast produces more N-methylpyridinium, a chemi-

cal compound that prevents stomach cells from producing excess acid usually caused by coffee drinking. The darker the roast, the more soothing the coffee will be for the consumer's stomach.

The extraction process also impacts the final components in a cup of coffee. Acids are the first components to be dissolved in water. Sugar comes next, and the bitter coffee components are dissolved last. Too much extraction can produce a bitter flavor, but too little will result in a sour brew. The magical number, according to Richie Nieto, the owner of a coffee bar in New York, is a 19 to 22 per cent extraction, a formula that pleasantly balances all three types of compounds.

No matter what the magical blend is, a cup of coffee ultimately boils down to a cup of water sprinkled with some caffeine, ethylguaiacol, phenolics, diacetyl, amongst many others. So romantic, I know.

When sugar-free ain't so sweet

Katrina Sieniuc explores Montreal's sodapop past

There's a reason why consumers continually buy diet sodas over their regular counterparts – or even over newer “zero” products. They like it that way. It tastes and feels healthier, right?

John Hoffer of the Lady Davis Institute for Medical Research said he “would not be at all surprised to learn that a large proportion of people have grown up with these drinks and developed an acquired taste for the chemical sweeteners.” A regular soda drink contains nine teaspoons of sugar and not much else besides some phosphoric acid. Thus, any product with the word “diet” on the label superficially elevates one's soda-drinking-pastime to something of a health regimen. Mary Hendrickson-Nelson, undergraduate academic advisor for the McGill Dietetics and

Human Nutrition Department, maintains that these sugar-free drinks do indeed save calories, and, thus, are an appealing alternative to sugary beverages – especially for people who are working on managing their weight or have diabetes. In fact, the first formula for the diet soft drink was developed at the behest of diabetes patients at McGill's Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal in the 1950s. Since then, diet drinks have undergone a major rebranding from a product with a particular medical motivation, to one targeted to a broader public as a particular lifestyle choice.

So, how did the diet soft drink transform from primarily a health choice to a “healthy choice?” Hendrickson-Nelson contends that in today's age, “diet beverages appeal to teens and women and ads target

them.” Hoffer believes that the original reason for this new trend is conceptual: “The desire to experience the sensory pleasure of the drink, but [be] reassured that one is not consuming empty calories,” he said. Going beyond just taste, Hoffer further posed the possibility that consumers drink diet soft drinks “with a sense of virtue and safety, that they are doing something good and proper, and that they are being responsible. That is an emotional state of doing the right thing.” Varoujan Yaylayan, chair of the Department of Food Science and Agricultural Chemistry at McGill viewed “the impact of a ‘healthy’ image of diet drinks [as depending] on the level of sophistication of the consumer and how informed he or she is”.

In recent years, the health implica-

tions of drinking diet soda have not been concretely proven. Some findings based on epidemiological data conclude that people who drink more diet sodas have more cardiovascular disease events. But this should be regarded as provisional and suggestive, rather than as a definite conclusion. “Do not make the mistake of arguing that this association proves that diet sodas are risk factors for heart disease,” explained Hoffer. A more likely explanation for the association is that people who drink diet sodas more regularly are people who are already “prone to overeat and to eat the wrong foods in general,” concluded Hoffer. In terms of energy consumption, Hoffer maintained that there is some evidence to suggest that those who drink diet beverages do not decrease their total daily energy con-

sumption but even increase it in some cases as “they are ‘unsatisfied’ by the lack of calories.” There is also other evidence that suggests diet sodas are neutral, and do not have any effect on total energy consumption.

Hendrickson-Nelson pointed to Canada's Food Guide for healthy alternatives to diet beverages. It recommends that we drink water to quench our thirst, and low fat milk or alternatives, and a half cup of juice per day to help us meet our nutrient needs. Tea and coffee in moderation are other options that provide phytochemicals and antioxidants. She explained that replacing milk and alternatives with diet soda can increase risk for osteoporosis. Yaylayan suggested that we just drink water. “Why do we need sweetened water?” he asked.

Un cocktail de malade

Entre les tabous et les mythes, l'alcool et les troubles mentaux forment un duo mal connu.

Alexandre Gauvreau
Le Délit

Deux tabous.

L'alcoolisme est une dépendance grave à l'alcool. Dû à ses effets euphorisants et déstabilisants, elle entraîne une perte de contrôle, une détresse psychologique et un dysfonctionnement social.

La maladie mentale, véritable non-dit de la médecine moderne, est un lourd stigma qui affecte pourtant la population avec des ratios comparables au cancer, mais qui entraîne un fardeau de culpabilité, puisque l'on croit encore que les troubles psychologiques s'apparentent à la paresse plutôt qu'à la maladie.

Or, qu'en est-il de la cohabitation de ces deux réalités chez une même personne? Elle n'est pas rare, pourtant, bien au contraire et s'il est vrai que la dépendance à toute substance est une forme de trouble mental, l'alcoolisme a cette distinction de promouvoir les bouleversements futurs dans l'équilibre psychique de ceux qui en sont affectés.

Maladies mentales: les chiffres

Dans sa plus récente étude, Éduc'Alcool a publié un rapport reliant l'alcoolisme et la maladie mentale. On y relevait des données d'une enquête menée au Québec qui affirmait qu'au courant de leur vie, 23%

des Québécois seraient affectés par un trouble de l'humeur ou un trouble anxieux. De surcroît, c'est chez les jeunes que la maladie mentale est la plus répandue, avoisinant les 15%.

Par maladie mentale, il est important de rappeler que le terme est large et fait référence autant à des conditions comme la schizophrénie ou l'anorexie, mais aussi les dépressions majeures, le stress chronique, les phobies, les troubles de personnalité, etc. Ces situations peuvent être persistantes ou temporaires.

L'approche médicale est toutefois peu reconnue en société, la collec-

la meilleure issue contre la maladie mentale, ce qui reste un concept flou et malgré tout une évidence pour tout le monde.

Le lien entre alcool et maladie mentale n'est pas ténu. On reconnaît entre 15 et 20% de prévalence de la toxicomanie chez les gens atteints d'une maladie mentale, alors que ce taux grimpe à 50% chez les troubles anxieux, mentionne l'étude.

L'œuf ou la poule?

Qu'en est-il des prédispositions? L'alcoolisme mène-t-il à la maladie

tionnement de certains circuits nerveux, de plusieurs mutations génétiques ou traumatismes graves menant conjointement à des troubles mentaux et au développement de l'alcoolisme, l'Organisation Mondiale de la Santé (OMS) suggère une approche thérapeutique qui prend en compte les deux problèmes comme étant reliés et devant donc être traités parallèlement. Il est aussi clair que chez de nombreux patients psychiatriques, la détresse vécue par leur situation médicale mène dans de plusieurs cas à ce qu'Éduc'Alcool appelle «l'automédication», soit la consommation de substances apaisantes dans

l'alcool devient un déterminant clé. Cette réalité s'applique aux personnes prédisposées à développer un trouble schizophrène, alors que l'altération subtile des neurotransmetteurs, comme le glutamate, que cause la consommation d'alcool, est parfois suffisante au déclenchement d'une crise.

Il advient donc que ces deux situations, l'alcoolisme et la maladie mentale, s'auto-potentialisent l'une et l'autre et cohabitent, de ce fait, très fréquemment. Et si ces deux conditions ont des effets dégénératifs sur la qualité de vie, il est aussi facile de concevoir qu'ensemble, cette dégénération s'embourbe dans un véritable cercle vicieux jusqu'au fond du baril. L'Association américaine des psychiatres affirme en effet que dans neuf cas sur dix, une personne qui se suicide souffrait préalablement d'une maladie mentale, alors que l'OMS suggère que 25% d'entre eux ont un problème de consommation d'alcool, et que 50% des personnes suicidées étaient sous l'effet de l'alcool quand elles ont franchi le seuil.

À l'approche du temps des fêtes et de la fin de session, même s'il est vrai que la consommation d'alcool peut aussi être synonyme de festivités et de récompense méritée après une période de stress, il est important de se souvenir que la vodka ou tout autre alcool n'est peut-être pas la meilleure béquille sur laquelle se reposer en cas d'anxiété. Pour cela, il reste encore les amis, la famille et les professionnels de la santé, qui ont beaucoup moins de chances de vous rendre fou. ☹

«Lorsque les symptômes précurseurs de la maladie sont associés à la consommation de substances psychoactives comme l'alcool, le risque est plus élevé de développer une maladie mentale.»

tivité ayant une certaine réticence à croire que les instabilités psychiques puissent être chimiquement déconstruites par l'administration de médicaments. Pourtant, «en 2005, les médecins québécois ont rédigé 7,5 millions d'ordonnances pour des antidépresseurs. Selon le Conseil du médicament du Québec, entre 2000 et 2004, une personne sur cinq (19,2 %) a pris des antidépresseurs pendant au moins un an», affirme le rapport d'Éduc'Alcool. Il est vrai, à cet égard, que la prévention (c'est à dire un mode de vie équilibré) reste

ou est-ce l'inverse? Des chercheurs se sont penchés sur la question et leur conclusion suggère plutôt que ces deux conditions marchent main dans la main. À cet effet, il est suggéré que les prédispositions génétiques et environnementales pour les maladies mentales –car, oui, on peut être programmé pour développer la schizophrénie ou la dépression– sont dans tous les cas très similaires à celles qui aboutissent à l'alcoolisme.

En mettant en lumière les relations qui existent entre le dysfonc-

le but de réduire la souffrance. Dans ces cas, l'alcool est bien entendu une solution de choix. Beau, bon, pas cher, légal.

Le rapport confirme aussi que «lorsque les symptômes précurseurs de la maladie sont associés à la consommation de substances psychoactives comme l'alcool, le risque est plus élevé de développer une maladie mentale». En ce sens, il est admis que si la génétique n'est généralement pas suffisante pour condamner un individu à une condition psychiatrique,



Art Essay

Aquil Virani

Hard facts on soft drinks

A look into the potentially addictive nature of our best-loved sodas

Anqi Zhang
The McGill Daily

It is no news to us that soft drinks contain extraordinary amounts of sugar. Coke, for example, contains the equivalent of ten sugar cubes in every can. For the most part, we are aware of the health consequences that result from excessive sugar intake: cavities, increased risk of heart disease, and diabetes, to name a few. Despite all of this, some of us informed university students continue to grab a shiny red can of Coke with our sandwiches and pizza. We may even jokingly attribute this to an addiction or dependence of sorts, conceding that, although we know the detriments of our fizzy habits, we still do it.

The word addiction gets bantered around a lot, especially in relation to Coca Cola. This may be because of the unerring similarities between Coke and another kind of coke. Yes, Coke used to contain cocaine. And, in fact, cocoa leaves are still used to deliver some of that signature Coke taste – but nowadays these leaves are first processed and spent so that no more of the active drug is present. What is a more likely addictive agent in Coke is sugar.

Joe Schwarcz, a McGill Chemistry professor and author of several food chemistry books (including *An Apple a Day* and *Let Them Eat Flax*) told The Daily in an email that “the ‘addictive’ potential of sugar has long been debated.” The definition of addiction, he clarified, involves three features: “A person will increase his intake of the drug to get the desired effect; he will experience withdrawal symptoms when access to the drug is cut off; and, he will relapse back into drug use.”

Schwarcz described studies wherein rats were observed to binge when sugar was doled out and show symptoms of withdrawal when it was taken away. Common withdrawal symptoms – such as teeth chattering and shaking – were also shown when opiate receptors were blocked. This finding suggests a disturbing conclusion: that sugar can have an opiate-like effect. Though Schwarcz conceded that this research is “interesting”, he added that, “I think humans just like the taste of sweets.”

There is no doubt about that. Sugar is an important source of energy. Evolutionarily speaking, we are wired to find the taste of sugar enjoyable, because we need it. While this instinct may have served

us well in our hunter-gatherer days, it may not suit us so well given the abundance of sugar in Western countries in our current day and age. I spoke to several students who regularly drink Coke to ask them why they choose this beverage over others. Does a love of Coca Cola, for instance, translate to a love of all soft drinks?

Tina Latif, a U1 Math and Physics student, only drinks Coke – not diet, not Selection brand, not Pepsi. Just Coca Cola, preferably from a classic red can. “It’s really refreshing,” she said, adding that “other brands don’t have the same recipe.” Though Latif makes jokes about being an addict, pointing out the empty cans on her desk, she follows a self-imposed limit of one can a day. “It’s for financial and health reasons,” she elaborated.

For many people the consumption of soft drinks often incorporates a ritualistic aspect. Whether it’s a fixed time, a certain brand, or a specific way of drinking it, many avid drinkers of soda have a “thing”.

I have my own story of Coca Cola dependence. In my first year, I spent about a tenth of my meal plan solely on Coke bottles and soft drinks of the like (I still have a soft spot for Fresca), though I both knew – and felt – the consequences of my daily indulgence. It became more than habit: I would reach for a bottle every time I passed the drink fridge at RVC. In an effort to curb temptation I would consciously attempt to reroute my path through the cafeteria. More often than not, all this did was necessitate a second trip to the food area to pick up what I had sorely missed during my meal.

Some may call this addiction, and, in many ways, my behaviour did appear similar to mild addictive behaviour. But after I had left residence for home that summer, there were no substantial symptoms of withdrawal, and, in fact, I rarely reached for any of the readily available cans in the fridge. Quitting Coke, if that is indeed what I did, seemed to be no more difficult than quitting broccoli or beets. Perhaps it wasn’t an addiction – as I had told myself for so long – after all.

More likely, it was simply delicious, and after drinking it for a few days, it starts to become familiar. So it continued. For a person with a raging sweet tooth like me, this sounds like the logical progression.

The Canadian government’s definition of the “soft drink” industry includes essentially any non-alcoholic beverage, including, but not limited to, carbonated beverages, fruit

juices, and energy and sports drinks. If one is using sugar levels as a measure of “unhealthiness”, these other drinks are no less culpable.

Schwarcz offered some interesting history of the creation of Gatorade. Its original purpose was to supply football players with lost energy and minerals during long practices. But the formula also contained a lot of sugar – more than was originally planned for, in fact: “The original Gatorade sports beverage was sweetened with the artificial sweetener sodium cyclamate. This was banned by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration in 1970 because of studies showing an increase in bladder cancer in rats fed huge doses of the sweetener.” So the creator of Gatorade, Dr. Robert Cade, turned to “fructose, a sweet carbohydrate that doesn’t trigger insulin release.”

The amount of sugar in sports drinks, though predictably less than that of carbonated beverages, is still significant. Both Gatorade and Vitamin Water contain 20 grams of sugar for every 12 ounces, the size of a typical Coke can. The full bottle contains 33 grams of sugar. When I grab an “Mega C” Vitamin Water in the morning, I don’t expect to soon be consuming the equivalent of 8 sugar cubes. And yet a full bottle of Vitamin Water delivers almost the same sugar content as a can of Coke.

According to Gatorade’s website: “Years of laboratory research has shown that a 6 per cent carbohydrate solution provides an appealing taste profile when exercising, is rapidly emptied from the stomach and absorbed by the intestine, and delivers performance-enhancing energy to active muscles.” Sounds pretty convincing. The amount of carbohydrates present in Gatorade even seems modest compared to the other recommended post-workout drinks. Chocolate milk, for example, contains twice as much sugar as an equal amount of Gatorade.

While it makes sense that sports drinks should supply carbohydrates in an easily metabolized form (read: sugar) to an athlete post-workout, this sugar content rarely raises concerns to casual consumers of these

products. This applies not only to Gatorade, but also to Vitamin Water, Fuze, Red Bull, Rockstar – the list goes on.

It is difficult to avoid sweetened beverages. Even fruit juices are encompassed in the “soft drink” category, and if one looks solely at its sugar content there is no reason it shouldn’t. 12 ounces of Minute Maid orange juice has only three less grams of sugar than an equal amount of Coke.

Overall, it is close to impossible to pick a drink (that isn’t water) that doesn’t contain obscenely high amounts of sugar. But, as previously mentioned, many of these drinks (such as Gatorade, chocolate milk,

and juice) deliver necessary nutrients to our bodies, and are beneficial under certain circumstances. Therefore, we should not respond with panic at the sugar levels presented here, but rather simply be aware of our choices. It is encouraging that the students I spoke to, who love the taste of Coke, still impose limits on their own habits. Though sugar may be tasty, it does not seem to actually cause uncontrollable addiction in people. While dieticians may bemoan our collective choice as a society to continue consumption of these unhealthy drinks, so long as individuals are educated about health consequences, it’s ultimately their prerogative.



compendium! fourre-tout!

Student seen cycling on campus
Courageous cyclist defies recent crackdowns by the MSECBC

Bikuta Tangaman
The McGill Daily

A McGill student has been seen riding his or her bike on campus at 9:30 p.m., on the evening of November 21, 2011. The report – submitted anonymously to the Daily – suggests that the student cycled from Milton Gates, past McGill Security Checkpoint A, B, and D12, as he made his way around the Y intersection to head over to Leacock

to return his Anthropology paper, which was already “way too fucking late.” McGill Security for the Enforcement of Cycling Ban on Campus (MSECBC) Executive Reer Di Railour gave a brief comment during a recent press conference. “I don’t know how he made it past our ID Inspection site to get to the Leacock Building, but this event certainly raises red flags. It also forces us to re-evaluate the effectiveness of our newly implemented Cycling Spike Strips Initiative, which has proven to put an end to recent illegal bike traffic on campus.” Current McGill Security Encampment for Illegal Cyclists convict (who asked to remain anonymous) applauds the bravery of the alleged student, but raises concern over safety. “It takes balls to cycle, with the crackdowns and all. But man, is it really worth getting tackled down to the floor and locked up for three office hours in some windowless conference room in Stewart Bio?”



FUCK YEAH ESTATE SALE

Craigslist has a books section? I’m intrigued... Well this one’s crap, this one too, crap, crap, crap, why are they trying to sell that? ESTATE SALE! Click. Hundreds of history books- American revolution- European history. Westmount. Call for an appointment. I called and told a strange woman my name and that I was coming, then drank two more cups of coffee (everything’s moving so fast) and biked into the bourgeois depths of Westmount in pursuit of fine literature. I met three McGill profs in two hours of book perusing in a senior’s home. Fuck yeah Westmount’s dense ang-y population. Fuck yeah hardcover Paradise Lost for \$1. Fuck yeah Leonard Cohen poetry collection for 25 cents. Fuck yeah nice old people asking me about what I’m studying. Fuck yeah immediately becoming an estate sale frequenter. Fuck, how will I overcome the morbidity of being an estate sale frequenter? Large hardcover colour art books for \$1? Fuck yeah.

READ THIS IT'S FUNNY

Un homme entre dans un bar. À l’intérieur, un robot fait office de serveur. «Quel est votre QI?» demande-t-il. L’homme répond «180». Le robot lui sert un scotch de grande qualité, vieilli dix-huit ans, et les deux se mettent à discuter de nanotechnologies, de changements climatiques, de biodiversité. Impressionné, l’homme rentre chez-lui avec l’idée de défier le robot. Le lendemain, l’homme retourne au bar. «Quel est votre QI?» demande à nouveau le robot. «100» répond cette fois-ci l’homme. Le robot lui remet donc une bière et entame une discussion sur les femmes, les sports, et les voitures. À la fin de la soirée, l’homme se promet de revenir le lendemain, pour tester le robot davantage. Ainsi, le jour suivant, l’homme entre dans le bar. Le robot lui demande son QI. «60» s’essaie-t-il. La machine lui sert un coca-cola et lui demande: «Alors, vous étudiez à l’UQAM ou à Concordia?»

MON PAYS, CE N'EST PAS UN PAYS, C'EST L'HIVER

The Crossword Fairies
The McGill Daily

1	2	3	4		5	6	7	8	9		10	11	12	13
14					15						16			
17					18						19			
20					21						22			
23								24				25	26	27
				28		29	30	31			32			
33	34	35		36				37	38					
39				40		41					42			
43					44						45		46	
47								48				49		
50						51	52				53		54	55
				57					58	59	60			
61	62	63			64						65			
66					67						68			
69					70						71			

Across

- 1. Print precursor
- 5. Cutting edge?
- 10. Tangy cheese source
- 14. Foal’s mother
- 15. Even
- 16. Céréale pour la bière
- 17. Coffin stand
- 18. Not perfectly round
- 19. Cain and ___, first children
- 20. Legal cutoff for bedroom acts
- 23. Circle characterizers
- 24. Holder of property on behalf of another
- 28. Scale
- 32. Religious painting or symbol
- 33. ___ de deux
- 36. Cave ceiling decorations?
- 39. Pas seul, ___ quelqu’un d’autre
- 41. Grassy plain, in Latin America
- 42. Moniker
- 43. OCD behaviour
- 46. Lacking in rigor
- 47. Dont l’appareil auditif ne fonctionne pas
- 48. Article of faith
- 50. Established
- 53. Star bursts
- 57. Creative apparatuses
- 61. Cochon
- 64. Refresh

Down

- 1. Imprison
- 2. Boreal forest
- 3. Belief system
- 4. Brave
- 5. Eastern or Soviet
- 6. Une bicyclette mélangée?
- 7. What Stratford is upon
- 8. Believer in the Supreme Architect
- 9. Berry for cordials, jam, or liqueur
- 10. Hide of 10 across
- 11. Ball
- 12. Era
- 13. ___ephone (no, it’s not banana)
- 21. Garçon du père
- 22. Période qui s’étend de 16h20 à 7h
- 25. Sum
- 26. Unclogging procedure?
- 27. East England Country
- 29. “___ do you good”
- 30. French Sudan, today
- 31. Good time, from the past

- 33. Zoroastrian
- 34. Ni un oiseau ni Superman
- 35. Arrangement
- 37. Bet
- 38. Dime, nickel, or quarter
- 40. Swirly architecture or calligraphy motif
- 44. Father of 19 across
- 45. Penny
- 49. Bathroom fixture
- 51. Feels for
- 52. Discharge
- 54. Sport nautique
- 55. Anoint
- 56. To eat, in German
- 58. “What’s gotten ___ you?”
- 59. ___-do-well
- 60. Askew
- 61. Elementary school organization
- 62. Warg-rider
- 63. ___ Paul, 2012 presidential hopeful

VELA	BEANS	BADE													
EVIL	AMMAN	EMIR													
REEL	DIANA	FORA													
BRUSSEL	SSPROUTS														
	PAGES	HORSE													
AIMING	TACL														
BLOC	POILU	PAL													
LINEOF	SCRIMMAGE														
YAK	PASTE	ELAN													
	GCNT	RIDERS													
SCOUR	OBELI														
HAVEA	SCREWLOOSE														
ONUS	COATI	CRUD													
JILT	ACTON	RANG													
IDES	NOEND	ELSE													



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Éditorial

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À votre santé!

Anabel Cossette Civitella
Le Délit

Boire de manière excessive, se goinfrer, se débaucher, faire la noce, l'orgie, la beuverie... les définitions ne sont pas exactes pour ce que signifie *binge drinking* en français. Pourtant, tout le monde en parle avec beaucoup d'inquiétude.

Toutes les universités s'entendent sur la source de leur consternation: une culture de la boisson, des mauvaises habitudes de vie qui résultent en beaucoup de problèmes et, au final, une mauvaise image de l'école en question.

Il n'y a peut-être qu'à l'École Polytechnique de Montréal qu'on voit la consommation de bière comme une source de fierté. En effet, la Poly est le deuxième plus grand acheteur de bières Molson, après le centre Bell. Comme quoi la culture de la boisson profite tout de même à quelques uns.

Les universités des provinces maritimes sont de fortes rivales en ce qui a trait aux beuveries. Des initiations dans les résidences qui tournent au drame, des événements à l'intérieur même de l'université uniquement basés sur la consommation à outrance... À McGill aussi les initiations ont déjà tourné au drame, rappelez-vous de l'équipe de football et de ses abus des manches de balai avec les jeunes recrues... Maintenant, terminées les longues semaines d'initiation et les pratiques douteuses: à présent, on parle plutôt d'intégration qui ne dure pas plus de quatre jours et qui est sous étroite surveillance.

D'ailleurs, le regroupement des journaux étudiants universitaires du Canada (la Conference University Press) s'en est donné à cœur joie tout l'automne pour monter un dossier sur «l'esprit spiritueux»

ou la boisson en milieu scolaire. Comme quoi, il y a beaucoup à dire sur le sujet.

Pourtant, c'est un sujet un peu vain qui revient chaque année avant le temps des fêtes: Éduc'alcool trouve toujours un moyen plus élaboré pour attirer notre attention. Du 20 au 26 novembre avait lieu la semaine de la prévention de la toxicomanie au Québec. L'alcool et la conduite avec facultés affaiblies avaient leur place au menu de la campagne de sensibilisation. Un point pour l'organisme: une application pour téléphone intelligent qui calcule votre taux d'alcoolémie.

Le Québec est-il plus ou moins bien qu'ailleurs? En 1970, le Québec était la province qui dépensait le moins en alcool, par personne et par année, au Canada. En 2010, le Québec arrive cinquième.

La «culture de la boisson», comme on se plaît à l'appeler, existe réellement. Il y a peu de personnes qui boivent parce qu'ils aiment bien le goût de ce qu'ils boivent. Il y a ceux qui boivent parce qu'ils sont entre amis, d'autres qui boivent parce qu'ils sont seuls; il y a ceux qui boivent pour oublier une peine d'amour, qui boivent pour *cruiser*, qui boivent pour oser, qui boivent pour danser...

Une nouvelle étude, parue en octobre en Alberta, parle d'«alcoorexie» ou l'habitude de ne pas manger de toute la journée pour garder son argent, et ses calories, pour une fin de soirée arrosée. Avec le ventre vide, se soûler n'est plus un problème, même pour les plus coriaces! L'étude soutient que les filles demeurent plus à risque, car elles sont généralement plus conscientes de la quantité de kilojoules qu'elles ingèrent.

Ce que je tiens à dire pour notre défense (à nous, étudiants débauchés) c'est que le monde universitaire est

stressant. À McGill et ailleurs, la charge de travail est importante et prendre un verre peut parfois aider à survivre à la fin de session. Quand la quantité de travail s'accumule, que les responsabilités vous écrasent, un bon petit whisky, une coupe de vin ou une pinte de bière fait parfois bien mieux le travail que la méditation ou l'étude compulsive. Après, il sera bien temps de continuer.

Et je ne dis pas que cette stratégie est sans faille, je tente simplement d'expliquer pourquoi, hier soir, alors que je devais étudier pour un examen, faire des entrevues, écrire deux-mille mots et survivre à une journée qui avait commencée à 6 heures, après avoir dormi cinq heures, je n'ai pas vu d'autres options pour accepter mon sort que de boire à la santé du semestre qui se termine en débandade.

Le principal problème à la base de l'abus d'alcool récurrent, toutefois, est tout autre. Je crois fermement que celui ou celle qui tient à sa santé et qui dépend de son corps pour fonctionner y repensera à deux fois avant de se paqueter la fraise. Les sportifs qui doivent se lever le matin pour s'entraîner ne peuvent se permettre de boire à outrance par exemple. Les musiciens qui ont huit heures de pratique à faire derrière leur instrument doivent avoir tout leur corps et leur esprit pour y arriver. Les chanteurs qui se servent de leurs cordes vocales ne peuvent pas abimer leur précieux outil de travail. Et j'en passe.

Finalement, que ce soit le stress ou l'ennui qui vous pousse à boire, au moins, faites-le de manière à ne causer préjudice à personne, question que tout le monde passe une fin de session et un temps des fêtes en une seule pièce et heureux de l'être.

Le Délit vous souhaite un excellent repos! ☺

le délit

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EDITORIAL

BoG-ged down

In the two weeks after November 10, it has become increasingly clear to the McGill community that things need to change at the leadership level. If students and other community members wish to see real reform, they must set their sights on the University's highest decision-making body: the Board of Governors (BoG). If there is any McGill institution that embodies everything staff and students have been protesting for years, it is the BoG. It dictates the direction of the University along an increasingly corporate, for-profit, business model, making decisions on behalf of staff and students they have never met, and all behind firmly closed doors.

Six times a year, the BoG convenes to make the ultimate financial and administrative decisions for the University. They do this, in part, in a confidential session, with the public sessions not publicized at all, and with no public minutes. The two student representatives on the BoG – the SSMU and PGSS presidents – are bound by confidentiality agreements. It preemptively stifles any dissent staff and students may want expressed in BoG meetings. At the very least, BoG meeting minutes should be made public, so that staff and student representatives can more effectively represent their constituents' interests. The fact that the BoG can make decisions like investing in environmentally destructive companies and unilaterally approving the term extensions of senior administrators, in a way that is unbeknownst to those it affects, is absurd.

Of the 25 Board members, 12 are "members-at-large," serving on a volunteer basis, spending the majority of their time and energy as senior executives in some of the largest corporations in Canada (Quebecor, Telus, and HSBC, to name a few). These members work within corporate business models where the main concern is profit. The profit motive has no place in a university, where the main concern should be education and student life. McGill should be governed by people with a physical and emotional stake in the well-being of the University and people who are in touch with the needs of the McGill community; corporate members-at-large do not fall into this category. Setting foot on campus six days a year to attend a BoG meeting doesn't justify having "final authority over the conduct of the affairs of the University."

Such members-at-large do not belong on a university's highest decision-making body, and should not have a place on the BoG at the expense of more active and invested community members. The justification for these corporate board members is ensuring McGill's financial viability. But this ignores the fact that there are those other than CEOs who can manage McGill's substantial endowment while keeping in mind the University community's best interest.

This reduction in external corporate influence must be paired with an increase in staff and student representation. Under the existing BoG structure, the SSMU and PGSS presidents cannot adequately represent the roughly 30,000 students in the University, nor can the handful of representatives for the thousands of faculty members and non-academic staff, some of whom have been working at McGill for decades with no say in the BoG's decisions.

Senate employs a system of proportional representation by faculty – at both the student and faculty level – that would help solve this problem. Faculty representatives would better focus student and faculty grievances, and ensure that the student voice is taken into account in Board decisions. Furthermore, the growing organized labour presence on campus has no representation on the Board, despite the fact that unions collectively represent the interests of over 7,000 campus employees. In that spirit, a democratic and representative BoG should include representatives of all campus unions.

Change needs to happen, and this can only be enacted by the Board itself. In order to catalyze this change, we will require the collective voice of the entire community, from students, to staff, to faculty. In September, the Concordia Board of Governors voted to slash student representation on the BoG by 75 per cent, despite every student representative voting against the motion and outcry from the student body. We stand witness to a growing trend of decreased student representation, and must act now before McGill's situation worsens.

This movement will only be as strong as the community collectively makes it. There is already a community initiative to reform the BoG. This initiative, the McGill Governance Reform Project, held their first meeting this past Thursday. We strongly encourage any and all staff, students, and faculty to participate in this movement. If we want to see a university that is governed by those within the McGill community, reforming the BoG should be the first step. If you'd liked to get involved, visit *mcgill-governancereform.wordpress.com/about/*.

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