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Innis College

SHUIYAO WANG

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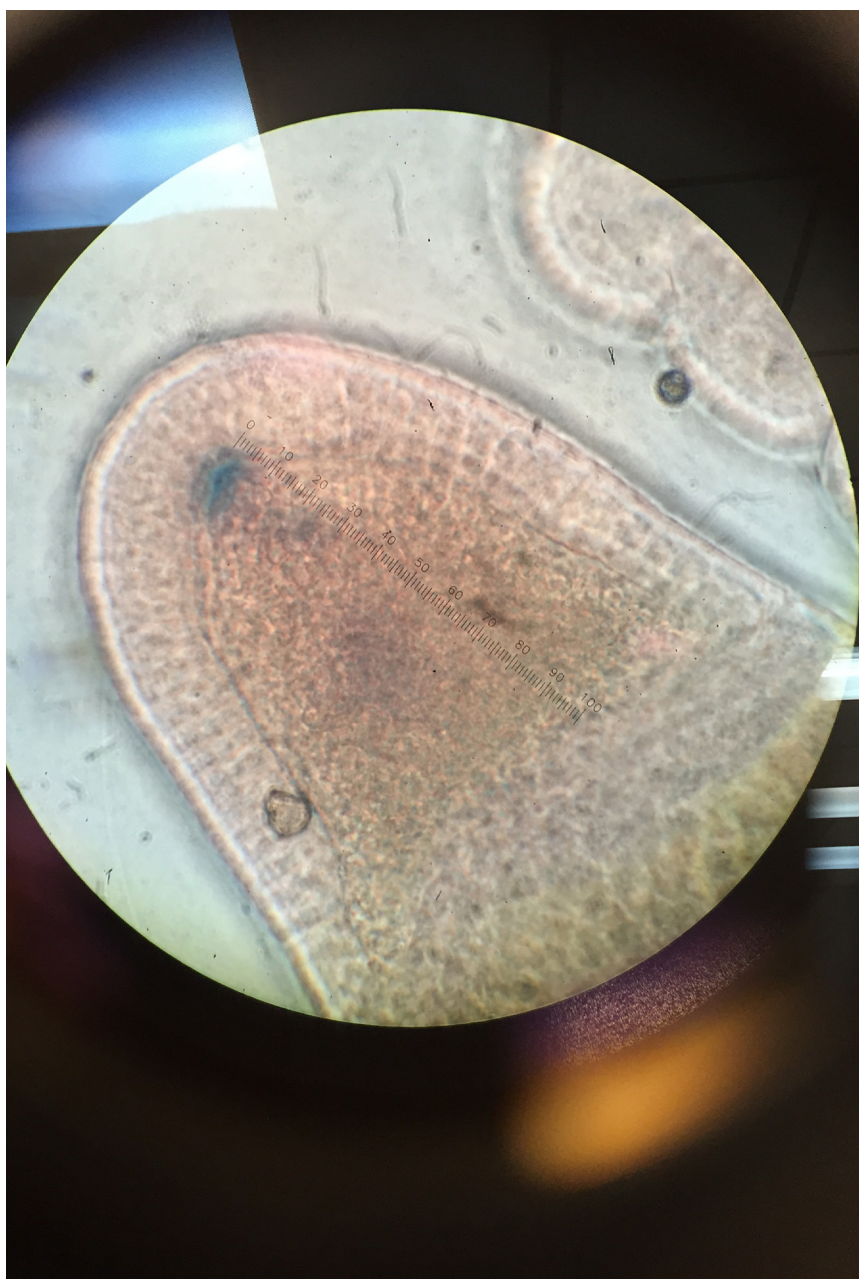# contributors

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TIAN NIE

SONIA SOBRINO RALSTON

letter from the editors

This year, we gravitated towards works that express our relationship with the environment in which we live, be it the environment of the workplace (*Employment Relations: The Problematic Nature of the Human Capital Model in Explaining the Social Mobility of Disabled Individuals*), or the natural world around us (*The Battle Over Back Campus, Gardens*). We have included pieces exploring how we navigate trauma and identity using the physical spaces through which we move and the places that furnish our lives (*Code Yellow, Ways of Healing*), extending even to historical environments and the art that arose from them (*Fantasy as Motivation for the Neorealist Man: A Study of Postwar and Post-Fascist Italian Film*).

Volume VI of *The Innis Review* contains a diverse collection of visual art, encompassing illustrations, photographs, and mixed media creations. Though separate, the visual pieces complement the written work we selected, capturing different life forms, urban settings, and subjects deep in self-reflection. The eclectic work we received reveals an incredible amount of originality and artistry that we are proud to present to you.

We would like to thank the Editorial Board of *The Innis Review* for their hard work and dedication. Thank you to the layout and design team for giving the journal a brand new look. Thank you to the Innis College Student Society for their continued support, and to our contributors and submitters who challenged us with their brilliance. Finally, thank you for picking up this volume and for celebrating the work of the Innis College community with us.

Lauren Paré & Iris Robin
Editors-in-Chief of *The Innis Review*
2014–2015

ROSIE WEBB

ways of healing

Keara Lightning

....

1.
Scoop out a handful of medicine from the jar. Sweetgrass, cedar,
sage. Place it in the abalone shell and fetch a lighter. Click, spark,
flame. Bits of cedar, leaves of sage and twigs of sweetgrass flame
up in their different ways. They quickly die down to embers,
releasing a cloud of smoke. It smells like home.

2.
"I think that's essential to being a First Nations person in Canada
these days."
On the podcast they're talking about A Tribe Called Red. They're
discussing the DJ group's political messages.
"That's what Taiaiake Alfred always says, is that
being born is a political act if you're an Indigenous person.
You're always going to have politics and identity issues attached to
you, no matter what.
In a lot of circles you're going to be the ambassador for a long
history and for a wide, diverse group of people that gets lumped
together."

3.
My stomach contracts and I feel pain stab at my sides as I write.
There's something here about who I am, but I can never express
anything.
I know I am broken in many ways. I spend my time trying to heal.
When I eat, my stomach rejects and retaliates. I go through the
day and I am so tired. Something is tense inside and out, but here,
nothing is expressed. There's no energy, and yet that repressed
person builds up.

4.
At the back of the classroom, my eyes brim with tears. Breathe
deep. The lecture continues and I try to focus. The professor is
explaining the history of land treaties. I remember every time I've
heard people complain about the Indians: their free school and
special hunting rights. She says, we are not just another interest
group in these areas. She says, we are not a conquered people.

9

I like hearing this. Still, the room spins.

5.

There's an anger that I can't express. There's a frustration. I'll never
be able to explain it to those people who've only seen Indians
in their history textbooks, those who've only seen reserves in
crime reports on their nightly news. I'm grateful for my education
funding, but I'm not grateful to the government. I don't think my
education compensates for the damage they've done.

6.

"It's like he's speaking for them. Who gave this white person
permission to write this?"
This question provokes entertained smiles around the group.
The boy talking is dark skinned and sassy. I'm in a tutorial for an
Aboriginal Studies class, and we're discussing readings in small
groups.
I'm troubled, and I try to bring my thoughts together and speak:
"I really like this article... I recognize a lot of the traits he talks about
as people that I know. And I relate to it, I guess because
I'm Native,
but I'm not really,
because I didn't grow up on-reserve.
In a way, he's spent more time on-reserve, but he isn't Native, so
we're both kind of halfway."

7.

I think a lot about the readings and lectures in this class, but I don't
often speak in the tutorials. It's strange being in a class where
everything is personal. I worry about speaking too much, both for
myself and for others. Every reading about Native culture brings
to mind stories about family and people whom I know. If I open my
mouth, I spill my stories everywhere.

8.

There's one other Aboriginal student in the class. He answers:
"I don't think that matters. I didn't grow up on my reserve, but I still
identify myself as Native.
If I had grown up there, well, I wouldn't be here."
I want to reply but I'm drowned out in continuing conversation.
At least there's always space for me on paper.

9.
While I was walking in a forest in Ireland, I heard a buzzing unlike anything I'd ever heard. It seemed to come from all directions, like I'd been immersed in noise. I couldn't see a single bee. I felt small and powerless, and I imagined an unseen hive descending.
When I listen, I still hear that buzzing alive in my veins, lying in wait: a restlessness, only more insidious.
The buzzing wants expression. It wants satisfaction, but the hunger is endless. Chasing grades, chasing boys. They run; I think they hear that buzzing too. It's the same habit: go anywhere and have a drink and have another—trying to drown something I can't reach.
The buzzing lies in wait.

10.
Look:
"A Queen's University professor is studying how much students know about indigenous issues, and why they might not know them... Early results show
'a lot of very well educated people know very little at all about First Nations, Inuit and Métis people in Canada...
That suggests a social structure that supports, and promotes, really, a lack of knowledge.'"

11.
I've never liked conflict: It kills me from the inside out. Because of my extreme anxiety, my stomach curls and collapses on itself.

During high school, I first began to realize that our experience is different than other Canadians after a member of my extended family committed suicide. What I began to realize is that these stories are more common for us than most.
"Suicide rates are five to seven times higher for First Nations youth than for non-Aboriginal youth."
I found myself drawn to Native issues. I got in arguments with another girl my age about fashion "inspired" by Native culture: to me, mass produced and cheaply made knockoffs pushing real artists out of the market. To her? An overreaction. I was once told

that when someone compared the two of us, she answered,
"At least I don't complain about people wearing moccasins."
...For the record, I never did say I had a problem with people
wearing moccasins.

That argument was the first time I had to wrestle with the
indignation that rises in my chest against a conscience that knows
when a battle is not worth fighting.
My stomach would twist in knots. I didn't mean to accuse her of
anything. I know it's not her fault, but if the moccasin fits...

12.
I was given an Anthropology assignment to research and conduct
a survey about a Canadian issue, so I surveyed students and
teachers about Aboriginal history and their current issues. I
wanted to see their general perception, which was mostly non-
existent. I found total apathy, and I was appalled to find teachers
with no idea about what a residential school is.
When I presented my project, I wanted to show my class why the
issue is real and personal. This lack of knowledge perpetuates
misunderstandings and it perpetuates our dehumanization. I'm
not talking about a cartoon Pocahontas, or a football mascot, or
some fantasy beings in Neverland. I'm not studying
a dead civilization or a forgotten culture.
We're talking about real people. They see "five to seven times
higher" as a statistic. I see it as an epidemic in our communities. I
see relatives losing hope.
I may have teared up in front of the class. I'm no stranger to
anxiety attacks: my heart pounded in my ears, the room spun, but
I kept talking.
They don't understand.
What to others is politics, to me is deeply personal. It comes with
the (stolen) territory.
..."*Being born is a political act*"...
Nowadays I realize I'm something of a political firecracker. Conflict
is inevitable.
My stomach has become an expert gymnast.

13.
The professor talks about traditional ways of governing, traditional
ways of learning. The Canadian government imposed rules

mandating that First Nations leaders had to be men, had to be elected. Only men could vote.

In fact, according to the Indian Act, only men could be Indians at all. A woman's status as an Indian was completely dependent on that of her father, and later, her husband.

I feel robbed.

I know we are broken in many ways, and so often I hear the word "healing." I feel so robbed that I don't know how to heal.

I've been told to find the traditional ways, but I don't know where to go.

14.

Understand this: whatever it is you're trying to drown, you can't. You only drown yourself, and something else takes over completely.

You toe a thin line between emptiness and psychosis.

15.

At a show, or in a club, boys like to come up behind and grab a girl's waist, try to get real close. Come near me and you're likely to be hip checked, or get your foot crushed under a hopping heel.

I don't dance like other people. I don't want to stand in one spot and sway all "sexy." When I feel the rhythm, I must feel it differently.

I have to move my feet, have to move.

Well, what's in a background?

Is it something in my blood that makes me dance different? Feel different? Or is it because of the Indian tints in my life that the colour of my experience is a little bit off?

16.

We used to go to pow wows. We went on road trips, we went camping, and we saw family a lot more. There's so much that I can't remember, but I can see glimpses of the colourful patterns and the regalia. I can smell the sage and sweetgrass.

When I see a Native person, I see my family, and when I hear the accent, I recognize it. I feel at home when I burn sage, when I smudge, when I pray.

When I see pow wow dancing, I recognize it.

I recognize it as you recognize sunshine in the morning after a deep sleep. I always felt as though I danced differently, and now I recognize why.

17.
osâwâw ᐅᓴᐧᐊᐧᐤ yellow
pîyesîs ᐱᔦᓰᐢ bird A small bird

My Cree name is *osawaw piyesis*: yellow bird.

18.
I begin and end so many pages over the years and I can never
address this… thing. Writing should be honest, but my own truths
are deep, buried, and shameful. I offer here what I can.
I burn sage in offering to a Creator; I'm still searching for ways of
healing.
I offer to you my ancestral confusion; I'm still hoping for some
understanding.

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SONIA SOBRINO RALSTON

ESTHER SAUNDERS

fantasy as motivation for the neorealist man:
a study of postwar and post-fascist italian film
Samantha Haggart

"Neorealism has healing potential"—Alberto Zambenedetti (Lecture Oct. 30, 2013)

Film reflects the historical period in which it is created, and is significantly influenced by spatiotemporal political, social, and material conditions. During the Second World War, Italian Neorealist filmmakers dedicated themselves to portraying partisan, soldier, and even attendista attitudes in order to counter and provide alternative viewpoints to propaganda films produced by Fascist institutions such as L'Unione Cinematografica Educativa (LUCE) and Cinecitta (Zambenedetti, Lecture Sept. 18, 2013); however, the political charge inspiring this style of neorealism ceased to exist by mid-1945 when both the war and Fascist regime ended (Zambenedetti, Lecture Oct. 30, 2013). Neorealism then changed to reflect new cultural issues, as described by Professor Ruth Ben-Ghiat in her essay "Unmaking the Fascist Man: Masculinity, Film and the Transition from Dictatorship," in which she discusses the "recasting and renegotiation of Italian masculinity during...the transition from dictatorship to democracy." Ben-Ghiat focuses on addressing the male as a fragmented being as he struggles to recover his identity and portray strength and power in a non-Fascist way (2005, 336). Similarly, this essay will discuss neorealism's portrayal of the postwar and post-Fascist Italian man, but with a particular focus on fantasy film as a restorative force, as it directly addresses the fragmented man and provides an effective model for resolving his crisis. Brown and Campbell define fantasy as "an elaborated set of cognitions (or thoughts)...anchored in emotion and originating in daydreams" (2010, 552). In both Vittorio De Sica's *Bicycle Thieves* and Federico Fellini's *La Strada*, the protagonists have specific ideas of how they should be viewed in society, and these perceptions manifest themselves in actual occurrences in their realities despite being conceived internally. The fantasy, reflected externally and occurring in the character's reality, provides a portrayal of how the protagonists' lives could transpire in the most ideal fashion, motivating them to achieve that paragon despite their present limitations.

The concept of fantasy is psychologically based and is discussed

in *The Psychology of Action: Linking Cognition and Motivation to Behavior*, where Gabriele Oettingen concludes that "Focusing on both the positive fantasy and the contradictory negative reality should increase motivation toward implementing the positive fantasy" (248). However, similar to the men, the fantasy is fragmented. Though the fantasy physically and consciously occurs in the character's reality, it is also temporary and fragile as it slowly and ultimately disintegrates, leaving nothing but this motivation behind. The fantasies these characters experience are important in that they provide motivation, but they also force the character to address a problem of their past—specifically one preventing the full reclamation of their manhood—in order for them to successfully move into the future.

As mentioned, the films used for analysis of this concept are Vittorio De Sica's *Bicycle Thieves* (1948) and Federico Fellini's *La Strada* (1954). These films are relevant because they show a progression developing over a significant period of time. In *Bicycle Thieves*, Antonio's fantasy lasts for a much shorter duration than Zampano's in *La Strada*, suggesting that temporal distance from the events of Fascism and war allow for greater healing and reflection, ultimately bringing the man closer to an ideal manifestation of masculinity.

Vittorio De Sica's *Bicycle Thieves* is a quintessential neorealist film both narratively and formally. It explores the losses of a poverty-ridden family in postwar and post-Fascist Italy; this is communicated by long takes and shot scale, set in a predominately outdoor area, and performed by nonprofessional actors. Yale professor Millicent Marcus wrote, "De Sica's story reflected...the banality of the stabilized postwar condition" (*Italian Film in the Light of Neorealism,* 55). This "condition" is personified by Antonio, the film's protagonist, who is an uninspired and defeated character as a result of the recent political movements encompassing the Fascist regime and the war. The film opens with long shots and takes, showing Antonio isolated in the broken landscape surrounding him. He has almost lost hope, as shown by his lack of interest in the employment meeting occurring before him. He has no job, and therefore cannot provide for his family, which robs him of his manhood. However, his luck changes when he is hired to hang posters. Later in the film, his manhood is again broken when his bicycle is stolen. The search is to no avail, and the frustration culminates with Antonio slapping his son, Bruno. As he realizes his action, Antonio asks with tenderness,

"hai fame?" (are you hungry?) and decides to treat his son to a fancy lunch at an upscale restaurant. This is where Antonio's fantasy begins. The first shot in the scene is positioned from inside the restaurant, which solidifies the notion that Antonio and his son are outsiders entering into an exclusive world that is not their own. There is decoration on the door, walls, and a band performing in the corner. Upon entering, the cuts speed up significantly. From the establishing shot of the restaurant to the time they order their food, which lasts approximately one minute, there are fifteen cuts, contrasting the leisurely pace previously displayed in the film. This is the first visual cue/indicator that the scene occurring is a fantasy—it does not belong in this narrative as it deviates from the established stylistic patterns.

Another illusion occurs in the myriad of close up shots in this scene, which juxtapose the medium and long shots used earlier. Antonio orders their meal, and gaily taps along with the music; however, the fantasy quickly begins to slip, as shown through a parallel created between Bruno and another boy across the restaurant. A series of eyeline matches creates a comparison between the two boys, showing the rich boy cut his food with ease as Bruno struggles with his cutlery. The rich boy taunts Bruno with his food, but refuses to look when Bruno attempts to return the action. This is mirrored by Antonio, whose facial expression turns sour when he realizes the rich family ordered two bottles of wine, while he has only ordered one. He bitterly remarks, "You need a million a month to eat like that," causing Bruno to push away his expensive food, worrying about its cost. Antonio also pushes away his food, and, motivated by the decadence of the rich family, begins to form a plan. With the help of Bruno, he calculates how much income he could earn if he found his bicycle. The scene ends with Antonio stating, "I don't want to give up," followed by a shot of father and son leaving the restaurant, running with newfound vigor. The purpose of this fantasy can be summarized in an unusual observation made by Professor Marcus—that Antonio is initially seated at a table missing both tablecloth and silverware (1986, 67). By the time Antonio leaves the scene, however, he has been provided with a tablecloth and silverware, which can be symbolic of motivation as he is literally supplied with the tools he needs to indulge in the luxury of his fantasy—the food. Regaining employment also means he can once again provide for his family, which is required to restore his masculinity.

Federico Fellini's *La Strada* is arguably less neorealist than *Bicycle Thieves*. Released in the later stages of the neorealist moment, it follows the life of the strongman Zampano, and his female assistant, Gelsomina, as they earn a modest living performing in a travelling circus show. The film employs a neorealist setting, being shot outdoors and not in a studio, and shot scale, as exemplified by the opening sequence in which Gelsomina is introduced on the beach in a long take framed in a long shot. It is important to note that in the opening sequence, Gelsomina predominately faces away from the camera. Zampano's crisis of masculinity is different from Antonio's; while Antonio is missing a way of providing for his family, Zampano is missing a family to provide for. Throughout the film, it is revealed that Zampano treats women aggressively by physically grabbing them and using a harsh tone. This is consistent with Ben-Ghiat's argument that, "the concept of virility significantly encompassed both the 'masculine' powers of aggression and seduction" during the Fascist era (Ben-Ghiat, 341). Thus, much like the stereotypical Fascist man, and by extension Mussolini himself, Zampano's inability to retain the love and loyalty of a woman stems from his aggressive attitude and overt display of physical strength. Unlike Antonio, he is successful, popular, and wealthy, and clearly enjoys showing off his strength and power, as it earns him money and adoring fans. His fantasy, which occurs every time he performs, includes maintaining his strength while also preserving a close relationship with a woman. The first performance scene in the film begins with Zampano directly facing the camera in a close up, which is radically different from the previous long shots in which frontality is absent or avoidant. Zampano's manliness is exhibited in this shot through his strength and shirtlessness as a fire burns in the background, symbolizing his dangerous power. This shot cuts to a close up of Gelsomina, who is now looking almost directly into the camera. Again, this is very different from the opening sequence, where she avoids the camera by looking down or running away from it.

Unlike the previously established style, the camera moves with Zampano as he prepares for his second act instead of remaining stationary. This symbolizes Zampano's freedom, and ability to control both the camera and, by extension, the viewer's gaze. Even Gelsomina, who is in the foreground of the shot and should therefore be the object of viewer attention, is staring at Zampano, which directs the viewer's eyes to him. Zampano and Gelsomina then engage in their comedy act. It is important to note that this act

is a duo, and is impossible with Zampano alone. The deviation from the pre-established filmic style promotes the idea that Zampano's performances are a fantasy, in which he secures both the woman and his power. However, in reality, he cannot have both since the two are not compatible—his Fascist-style aggression scares away women. Similar to *Bicycle Thieves*, Zampano's fantasy erodes, but much more slowly and over the course of many different scenes and settings. His strength spins out of control, and he ends up killing his rival, The Fool, and even fighting with Gelsomina, causing her to run away. He eventually finds Gelsomina and in doing so realizes the error of his ways, learning that strength should only be used for show purposes and finally leaves her, allowing her an escape from her abuser. The final scene in the film solidifies Zampano's transformation and representation of his manhood outside of the Fascist schema as he learns of Gelsomina's death, and, unable to stand, falls to the beach sobbing. This show of tenderness allows Zampano to redefine a non-Fascist masculinity for himself, and cultivates a sense of empathy that creates potential for successful interpersonal relationships in the future.

In the end, both Antonio and Zampano fade off the screen representing an inadequate portrayal of masculinity. Unlike in other forms of cinema, such as the classical Hollywood style, which was also prevalent during this time period, both protagonists experience an open-ended conclusion, in which their manhood is not concrete and their crisis remains. The mix of reality and optimism found in their fantasies, however, shows them how to regain their masculinity as well as motivating them to do so. The year in which each film was released also suggests that the Italian man is becoming less fragmented as time progresses, evidenced by the fact that Antonio's fantasy in *Bicycle Thieves* from 1948 lasts a much shorter duration than Zampano's multiple performances in *La Strada* from 1954. This implies that Zampano's fantasy is closer to becoming a reality, as it occupies almost as much screen time as the scenes not dedicated to his fantasy-based performances. As time progresses, the men are distanced from the horrors of Fascism and the war. It is a combination of the healing power of film—specifically, the direction and motivation provided by the film—and the passage of time that mends the fragmented man, redefining a healthy and modern concept of masculinity.

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EIKI NOBUYOSHI

SHUIYAO WANG

employment relations:
the problematic nature of the human capital model in explaining the social mobility of disabled indivduals

Yusra Qazi

According to the International Labour Organization (2009), an estimated 470 million of the world's working-class population is affected by disability: physical and/or cognitive impairments that have social, experiential, and biological components (Wendell, 1989). In workplaces and labour markets—arenas in which employers seek to purchase labour from potential employees who are seeking jobs suitable to their education, experience, and preferences—disabled workers are found predominantly in the secondary position of roles. Jobs in this sector are characterized by poor wages, few benefits, high turnover rates, and limited upward social mobility (Krahn, Lowe, and Hughes, 2008). The primary labour market's underlying emphasis on hiring employees who have invested in higher-level education and training disproportionately places disabled workers in the secondary labour market. Known as human capital, this selective process allows workplaces to adopt an economic rhetoric that focuses on the skills and training of

individual employees, while undermining the effects of institutional hiring practices. A critical exploration of the human capital model reveals that insufficient human capital does not account for the high concentration of disabled workers in the secondary labour market. Rather, the attitudinal, social, and institutional barriers put forth by bureaucratic organizations prevent disabled workers from garnering upward social mobility in the workplace. Such treatment negatively affects the quality of life of individuals who are physically and/or cognitively impaired and serves as an ableist form of institutional discrimination.

By emphasizing the supply side of the labour market—education and training—the human capital model neglects the prejudicial role that the demand side of the labour market—employers' demands for workers—plays in explaining the overrepresentation of disabled workers in the secondary labour market. This model rests upon the assumption that appropriate human capital will help workers attain occupational niches and job positions that best suit their interest and expertise (Krahn, Lowe, and Hughes, 2008). In addition, the model suggests that individuals who have the "most ability and initiative and who have made the largest investment in education and training will be more likely found in high-skilled and rewarding jobs" (Krahn, Lowe, and Hughes, 2008). While such an assumption may be true for able-bodied employees, research has shown that disabled individuals are systematically less likely than others to receive social and financial benefits from similar investments in human capital (Krahn, Lowe, and Hughes, 2008). The prejudicial attitudes of employers, which are not considered by the human capital model, contribute directly to the disadvantageous positions for disabled workers in professional workforce environments

Disabled workers' overrepresentation in lower-paid service jobs and underrepresentation in better-paid managerial and professional positions demonstrate a significant point of prejudicial contention: employers' resistance in hiring disabled workers (Barnes and Mercer, 2005). In a 2004 American survey by the Indiana Council on Independent Living, researchers found that one-third of employers in the higher-tier labour market felt that persons with disabilities could not "effectively perform the required job tasks" associated with higher-paid positions (Wilson-Kovacs et al, 2008). As a result, employers placed disabled workers in precarious jobs in the lower-tier labour market, claiming that such workers lacked the proper education, training, and mental capacity to handle the

tasks associated with the higher-paid positions. When researchers examined these assertions closely, they found that those beliefs were a mere perception that did not accurately reflect the reality of disabled workers' skills and expertise. For example, Wilson-Kovacs et al found that the attitudinal barriers that employers showed were the result of preconceived assumptions that disabled workers would initiate "low productivity and low quality of output" (2008). In holding such negative and prejudiced perceptions, employers are more likely to question the work ethics of disabled workers and their aspirations for career advancement while believing they are more prone to absenteeism, less committed to their work and less capable of getting along with others on the job (Cunningham, James, and Dibben, 2004). Although disabled individuals often have educational achievement levels and years of experience—human capital—that are equivalent to that of their non-disabled counterparts, (Hyde, 1998; Jones, 1997) prejudicial hiring attitudes indicate that disabled workers have a lower chance of being hired for higher-paid positions. As a result, disabled workers are disproportionately represented in skilled, semi-skilled and unskilled occupations.

While it is prejudicial hiring practices by employers that contribute significantly to the absence of disabled workers from the primary labour market, the human capital model places the blame of inadequate entry into the primary labour market upon the shoulders of disabled employees. Research has shown that employers in both the public and the private sector have inadequate knowledge about disability, which explains, in part, their resistance to hiring disabled workers (Wilson-Kovacs et al, 2008).

In recent years, unions have been channeling the complaints and frustrations of workers into carefully-regulated dispute-resolution systems (Krahn, Lowe, and Hughes, 2008). In combination with the introduction of new provincial and federal legislation, workplace unions have been seeking collective bargaining power to ensure that minority employees, include those with disabilities, are not barred from the primary labour market. Despite this method, however, institutional discrimination in the workplace continues to occur against disabled workers. Some jobs and occupations are created in such a way that a disabled worker may simply be unable to perform the job due to his/her physical and/or cognitive limitations. Because of this discrimination, disabled workers exercise self-limiting behaviours and decide voluntarily not to take advantage of

career opportunities or accept promotions, thus blocking off points of entry into the primary labour market (Roulstone, Gradwell, & Child, 2003).

Critical social policy research (Barnes, 2000) into disability and employment has determined that despite having valuable human capital, the relationship between individuals with physical and/ or cognitive impairments and employment can be inextricably framed within the social model of disability. The model understands disability as a phenomenon that is located within society, rather than the individual, and provides a grounded, critical analysis of the experience of disability (Barnes, 2000). Historically, the disabled population has been defined as innately or medically handicapped and therefore limited in their abilities. This medical view fails to take social aspects of disability into account, yet, it is what informs employment guidelines and social policy (Barnes and Mercer, 2005). The lesser-known social model of disability stands in stark contrast to the medical view and identifies "environmental and cultural factors as the primary causes of disabled people's marginalization" (Barnes, 2000). In doing so, this model places the onus of disabled workers' lack of social advancement onto the shoulders of employers and organizations. If workplaces could become more structurally flexible while allowing worker autonomy, the model argues, then disabled workers would not face consequential barriers to social and financial advancement.

According to Shier, Graham and Jones, the various barriers that prevent disabled workers from attaining satisfactory employment and experiencing upward social mobility are not a result of lack of proper qualifications or training (2009); but rather, it is because employers assume that all workers with physical and/or cognitive impairments are equally disabled, though many of these individuals could cope well in a variety of jobs, with limited assistance (Krahn, Lowe, and Hughes, 2008). In Wilson-Kovac's et al's study on disability in the workplace, various experiences of differential treatment— unreasonable expectations and unnecessary pressures—in the workplace were reported by disabled workers. One employee, Cynthia, reports: "I face discrimination, it's not through malice, it's through ignorance … they didn't think, for example, if she's going to learn [another language] she might need some extra time because she's dyslexic. It just didn't occur to them." Another employee, Henry, states that "disabled people come with a price tag—to remove doors to let in a wheelchair costs money, it's part of the

organizational maturity, so issues of resources have to be genuine and have to be really equal." Employers need to understand individual disability narratives and implement structural changes to accessibility in order to allow disabled workers to compete on an equal footing with their non-disabled counterparts.

Employers' resistance to hiring and promoting disabled workers may be embedded in financial reasoning, as supported by Stevens, who made evident employers' belief that "disabled workers cost more to employ" (2002). This belief is reflection of:

(a) the perceived costs involved in providing a working environment that caters to their specific needs and requirements; (b) the assumption that there is a greater possibility of disabled employees hurting themselves (leading to insurance claims); (c) the belief that related discipline and dismissal procedures are especially problematical (Stevens, 2002).

In combination with social barriers, such financial restrictions limit disabled workers' ability to find suitable occupations, let alone jobs in the primary labour market where they have access to higher wages, upward mobility, and stable employment.

Even when hired, managers and decision-makers in hierarchical institutions often do not assign disabled workers tasks that are critical to the institution's growth and advancement. Prejudicial perceptions, such as the belief that disabled employees are less likely to perform high-profile jobs well, lead to this unfair treatment and exclusion. Because these projects serve as "precursors to career advancement," the rejection of disabled workers' merit and competency automatically strips them of opportunities to prove themselves in the workplace (Wilson-Kovacs et al, 2008). Pavey reflects upon the relationship between human capital, merit, and perceived competency, stating that "it is not only the skills that a person possesses that are important, but also their ability to develop and deploy their skills, to manage their goals and to develop their personal characteristics in the interests of a successful life" (2006). Opportunities in demonstrating one's competence is a way of advancing one's career; in constraining to demonstrate their competence, disabled workers are passed over for opportunities to advance their careers while non-disabled counterparts are able to prosper and move forward.

It is important to note that disabled workers are not entirely absent from the primary labour market: certain disabled workers are able to climb the social ladder in their workplaces and compete

with their non-disabled counterparts for high-paying positions. Such jobs, however, expose disabled employees to tokenism, a procedural practice that oversees the hiring of minority groups to put forth an image of inclusivity and diversity to the public. Tokenism in the workplace increases the individual's visibility and fosters isolation: the individual may be one-of-a-kind in that workplace and may, therefore, lack the needed role models and established networks of support that are essential for success. Consequently, such isolation "confirms the dominant group's impressions that these individuals are different and, therefore, do not belong" (Krahn, Lowe, and Hughes, 2008). In fact, research on tokenism in the workplace by Ryan and Haslem concluded that disabled employees face a "glass cliff" that prevent them from developing and advancing their careers (2007). Similar to the glass ceilings that women encounter in the workplace, glass cliffs are subtle barriers to advancement that persist despite formal policies designed to eliminate them. In extending the "glass ceiling" metaphor, the glass cliff suggests that the leadership positions of minority groups tend to be "more precarious and associated with a greater risk of failure than that of their non-disabled counterparts (Ryan and Haslam, 2007). Thus, tokenism and the glass cliff precariousness are created and manifested through a combination of related factors: lack of formal and informal support from superiors and colleagues, an absence of role models, and exclusion from professional networks (Ryan and Haslam, 2007).

Even when disabled workers find themselves with jobs and occupations that offer better wages, their experience in such positions is limited by institutional barriers. Bureaucratic organizations can often conceal deeply rooted prejudices, explaining the lack of proper support given to disabled workers. Effective support stems from understanding disability in specific contexts and addressing its related issues. Rather than emphasizing the human capital of disabled workers, the employer has an equal, if not more important role in making sure the work environment is supportive and inclusive.

Examining how people are sorted into different occupational categories is a useful exercise. However, the human capital model's reliance on the skills of employees results in a flawed and incomplete analysis. Even though certain individuals and groups may have the necessary skills, training, and expertise to succeed in certain workplaces, their lack of upward social mobility is not a reflection of

human capital. Rather, it is a reflection of systemic and institutional discrimination. Research shows that prejudicial attitudes, lack of accessibility services, and disabled workers' perceived inability to thrive in matters of technical efficacy continually prevent disabled workers from progressing further in their careers. These forms of institutionalized discrimination cause the "systemic exclusion of people with accredited impairments" and result in both subtle and blatant forms of ableism (Krahn, Lowe, and Hughes, 2008). Ableism is a deep-rooted issue that is grounded in a history of oppression and differential treatment. Positive change can be brought to the disabled community if legal sanctions are implemented against those who practice such discriminatory acts, and the vices of ableism are endorsed to the general public through sound and effective educational enterprises.

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ROSIE WEBB

gardens:
ever-green and ever-growing

Marta Switzer

We have a garden in the backyard that we call the Tangled Garden after the Group of Seven painting. It has tall plants that have been growing and tangling together for years. My parents built the garden when they first moved into the house. They nurtured it when it was young. But now the garden takes care of itself; it has a life of its own. I admire this garden for its unique, independent beauty.

***

Dad walked over with the garden spade and dug its blade into the earth, following the shape that I had marked out with my double-dutch skipping rope. He sliced the grass into rows, cutting it at its roots. Mom and I rolled the long pieces of uprooted grass into log shapes and carried them to the wheelbarrow. Next, we opened the big white bag and dumped the dark soil onto the ground where the grass had been. Even though our knees and hands were dirty, we drove right to the nursery. I picked out purple pansies and pink impatiens and one other flower with small red petals.

We arrived home. Mom showed me how to dig a hole in the dirt with my hands, how to squish the sides of the flimsy black pots the flowers came in and tip them upside down to take out the plants. There were so many flowers and it was hot and my back ached. But when they were all planted, I got to change into my bathing suit and Mom watered me down with the hose while she gave the flowers in my new garden a drink.

That was my first garden. I was very proud of it; I told all of my friends about the hard work it had taken to create. It looked just like my parents' gardens—grown-up gardens. My garden made me feel grown up.

Mom added patio stones shaped like giant's feet and a white trellis to my garden. I pretended the trellis was a gateway into a magical world. "Fe-fi-fo-fum," the flowers would shout as I ran back through the trellis into safety. Mom chuckled at me as she picked dandelions from in-between the giant's toes.

One summer, my garden was home to a family of fairies. I made miniature tables and chairs out of toothpicks and placed them in the soil. I stole sugar cubes from my grandmother's house and hid them in my pockets. When I would arrive home later in the day, I'd place the sugar cubes on the toothpick tables so the fairies could have dinner. I checked the tables every day to ensure that the fairies didn't go hungry.

A few years later, I reinvented the magic gateway. I chose blue and purple paint and covered the trellis in colour. I went to my garden on my own, paint-brush in hand, and slathered the blue paint onto the vertical slats. Then I began with the purple paint, covering the horizontal slats. But the purple dripped into the blue and my plan for a colourful trellis turned into a mess.

"Dip the brush like this. You only need a little bit of paint." Dad had been watching from inside the house and he saw my disappointment and frustration. He was an artist and showed me how to angle the brush so as to not get paint on the sides of the differently coloured slats. That summer, after the paint had long dried, I planted a white clematis plant that braided itself with the side of the trellis as it grew tall.

Eventually, I traded in pink and purple dainty flowers for deep green elegant plants. These plants stood tall and sturdy, unlike the little petals that were there before them. Their leaves arched towards the sky with strength and independence.

***

I grew up in the suburbs of Kingston, Ontario, where gardens belonged in the front and back yards of private homes. These gardens decorate the identical suburban houses with personality. In Kingston, home owners are digging, weeding, watering, and planting from Victoria Day Weekend in May until the leaves fall in October. In downtown Toronto, there are few private homes with yards to nurture gardens—instead, there is concrete. I thought that moving to Toronto meant saying goodbye to these spaces of learning, growing, and make-believing. I thought that moving to Toronto meant saying goodbye to gardens.

I went looking for gardens in Toronto on a cold October evening. It was around seven o'clock by the time the bus dropped me off at the Toronto Botanical Gardens in North York. The sun had gone down and I could see my breath illuminated under the streetlights as I walked to the entrance. My shoes squished on the concrete sidewalk with every step even though I attempted to avoid the numerous puddles.

With chilly hands and soggy feet, I descended into the gardens. The greys of Toronto turned to greens and reds as I looked over the luscious bushes. Glowing blue petals were adorned with silver raindrops. Browns were instead deep purples, like royal velvet. Sticks transformed into orange stems topped with flowers painted the burnt colours of autumn. Silver plaques informed me that the cold brings with it a new family of flowers, all of which sing their loudest in the autumn months. There will be a new family in the winter, dancing with glory among the snow. The unexpected beauty of these autumn gardens made me begin to see that gardens could exist, and do exist, within the city concrete of Toronto.

I began to open my eyes to gardens. And I saw gardens. All sorts of gardens.

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In 2009, Toronto became the first city in North America to implement a bylaw requiring green roofs on buildings with a gross floor area of two thousand square metres or larger. The bylaw is part of the Eco-Roof Incentive Program, which is a key element in Toronto's Climate Change Action Plan. The main goal of eco-roofs is to reduce the temperature of the urban area in an attempt to halt global warming. Eco-roofs also aid in reducing air pollution as well as water pollution by reducing storm water run-off.

The University of Toronto has taken on this project with great enthusiasm. In 2010, it established a Green Roof Innovation Testing Laboratory, also referred to as GRIT, which is unique to Canada. The GRIT lab tests many aspects of gardening, from different structures of gardens to the different colours of plants.

During one scorching day in late August of 2012, the thermometer in the garden containing the flower sedum album read 20.8 degrees Celsius less than the thermometer in the area of the roof that is not gardened. On this hot day, the sedum album was in bloom. Bundles of dainty white flowers with jellybean-shaped petals were immersed within thick, bright green, cactus-like leaves. From its wooden crate, the small plant breathed for the City of Toronto. It panted as it produced oxygen for two million people.

Big humans with big brains and big power produce big heat, and we force these little petals to absorb it. Thousands of little petals working for us, crammed onto rooftops relocated from their homes in the soils of other countries. We use their labour to better our lives. Did you know about the workers sitting on rooftops saving our bodies from pollution and our atmosphere from destruction? They work hard for the necessary food and water we provide. They work for you and me and our loved ones. But no one hears them. They silently, diligently do their jobs, unnoticed.

The big humans are too preoccupied with their big problems to appreciate this. We have destroyed much of their home, and yet we still rely on their help. And the leaves remain loyal to us anyway.

***

Prada, Louis Vuitton, and Gucci clothes walk along the sidewalks of Bloor and Bay in downtown Toronto. The clothes wear skeleton-shaped women in pointy heels, whose faces are carefully coloured with make-up. The clothes help to disguise all that is natural about the skeletons: their bodies, their flat feet, their faces, and their hair. Every truth about their bodies is reconstructed with products.

The clothes walk along litter-free grey stones. They pass matching grey raised garden beds. Pruned coniferous bushes grow at the head of the bed. Beside them are symmetrically placed flowers and ornate grasses. All beds match with varying shades of greens and reds. A metal plaque informs observant passers-by that these garden beds are maintained with funding from Toronto's Business District. Rich people giving money to rich plants.

The flower beds are demanding, changing their wardrobe every season. In correspondence to the Santa Claus Parade, the beds revealed an entirely new festive wardrobe: miniature evergreen trees placed in groups of three, pruned to form perfect triangles of matching heights. They were embellished with burgundy and pearl coloured ribbons—accessories are a tree's best friend.

Prada, Louis Vuitton, and Gucci plants grow on the sidewalks of Bloor and Bay in downtown Toronto. Their leaves are carefully pruned. The plants disguise all that is natural: their height, their shape, their dying petals, their wilting stems. Every truth about their bodies is reconstructed with human-made products.

***

Gardens are protestors holding colourful flower signs that read, "We believe in beauty; we believe in nature," "This is our home," and "This land belongs to us." The messages are painted in oranges, purples, pinks, yellows, blues, and reds, held with green thumbs rooted firmly in their beliefs. Hundreds of them march in one spot as they blow in the wind. They fight against the government for the right to reclaim public space, to beautify what is theirs. They reclaim their home, the ground, to contrast the greys of the ever-growing concrete.

Their protests are spontaneous. They are modern day guerilla warriors who choose to raise not guns, but awareness. Their weapons are the bright rainbow of their petals. Any and every eye that is captured by their beauty brings the gardens one step closer to achieving their cause. Their power increases with every green thumb that asks them about their protest. Together, they will beautify Toronto. Maybe one day, they will beautify the world.

Known as "guerilla gardening," the act of planting gardens in public spaces without permission originated in New York. Since the beginning of the movement in the 1970s, it has spread across the world. The purpose of the movement has also grown. Locally, the Toronto Guerilla Gardeners were active in protesting the destruction of the People's Pea Garden located in Queen's Park. This garden contained sweet peas and cherry tomatoes and its construction was motivated by supporters of the Occupy Movement to protest for

food security. It was maintained publicly over the warmer months of 2012, but was eventually destroyed by City of Toronto officials due to the garden's illegal construction. Guerilla gardens can also be seen in Europe, where pansies are being planted in Britain to protest homophobia.

There is a link between liberty and nature, and guerilla gardening tactics are becoming more frequent among protest groups of many kinds. Man-made concrete borders are confining roads and sidewalks segregating nature, dictating life paths. They are metal signs that shout rules about how to behave. The protestors' voices are louder with nature on their side. Their voices can be heard over the booming machines of the concrete-state powers; nature is the most powerful weapon of all.

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My exploration of gardens led to an exploration of Toronto and an exploration of life. In the search for different understandings of gardens I found different understandings of life. I looked beyond the backyard gardens of Kingston and found a world of gardens within Toronto. Gardens are the stylists of suburban Kingston homes, but they are also more than that. Gardens are artists, challenging perceptions; they are workers, completing behind-the-scenes tasks; they are elites, flaunting their status; and they are protestors, beautifying the world.

In the bustling City of Toronto, nature unexpectedly tangles itself with the human world. Nature's complexity will surprise any observer who stops for a moment to notice. Each plant has a story, a story that tells its purpose. If we stop for a second to listen, we'll realize how beautifully each plant's voice is singing.

***

I open the white bag and dump the dark soil into the pots. Then, I dig a hole in the soil with my hands. With my dirty fingers I hold the plant upside down and squeeze it out of its casing. Then I bury its roots.

It has a bushy hairstyle, like the shoulder-length, un-brushed hairstyle I sported as an eight-year-old girl. The tips of its leaves dangle just below the top of my bookshelf where it sits. I water it, but like with a young child, its food ends up everywhere. Some of the water droplets are mischievous and jump away from the group, landing on a leaf. They play in a magical playground. I can imagine their arms thrown up in excitement as they slide down the long green and white stripes. Finally, the droplets fall from their playground and land on the desk below my bookshelf. I clean up after my child, dabbing up the wetness.

My plant comprises my garden in Toronto. It is new to living indoors, in a small square room. It came from the outdoors where there is no ceiling and there are no walls, where it gets to drink whenever Mother Nature chooses, and where it can feel the warmth of the yellow sun. Likewise, I am new to caring for it in this small square room. But we will learn together, so we can grow a tangled garden here in Toronto.

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code yellow

Mercedes Killeen

We were exploring the chapel when a hospital-wide announcement declared that I was missing: *"CODE YELLOW … 5'1" FEMALE … DARK BROWN EYES … WHITE T-SHIRT AND BLACK TIGHTS WITH LARGE HOLE AT THE KNEE …"* I looked at my boyfriend, Cory. My eyes are blue.

…

When Cory had called me the night before and suggested that we go to the High Park Zoo during my visiting hours the next day, I was elated. For the past few days, I had been temporarily living in a small section of the Mental Health Short Stay Unit marked with pale yellow curtains. It had a sink, a chair, some shelves built into the wall, and a bed on wheels. You got one of those beds by coming to the emergency room in crisis.

I came in an ambulance at the end of August, just as summer was winding down. There was nice weather to be enjoyed, animals to be seen, and parks to be played in. But I was in a clinical, clean container—the unit, which fit only six patients, didn't even have a window. Most of us were suicidal. I swallowed the sedatives.

...

When I tried to sign out for our trip, the nurse told me that I wasn't allowed to leave hospital property for more than fifteen minutes. I snapped. I had left with my mother the day before for a few hours; I simply couldn't understand the problem.

"I'm here voluntarily and I'll be supervised," I persisted. The nurse wouldn't budge, and neither would I, so I asked for my cigarettes, signed out for a "fifteen-minute smoke break" with Cory, and rushed out of the unit with a teary "Fuck you!"

...

Cory followed, and tried to calm me down. When we got out of the hospital, Cory told me to sit down and just have a smoke. He didn't want me to get in trouble, but I had my heart set on the zoo. I kept crying and swearing as I walked hard and fast through the parking lot.

We dodged cars while crossing Parkside Drive and entered a sunken trail. It was deeper than the highway running above and to the left of it. On the right rested a still pond. Several trees had collapsed into it, and ducks made their way slowly, as though they were pushing through thick, sticky water.

When the path turned into a forest, a sign above announced: "NATURE TRAIL". We continued with urgency, pushed by my angry haste. When we passed through an open field, we saw a heron sweeping by and stopped. I started to feel more at home.

Reaching the zoo, we stepped into the world of caged nature. The first few animals, llamas and cattle, stared at the ground and paid no attention to the humans watching them. Then, we reached the two emus. Their heads were so small, yet their bodies so large. They squawked and stared at each other.

I saw some very young children, standing in front of the fence, eyes wide, in awe of the birds. Everything was new and exciting to them, yet I was fixated on the disproportionate bodies of the emus.

We moved on to watch some of the other animals graze the grass and lie around: bison, yaks, barbary sheep. I smiled at them and caught some of their deep brown eyes. But Cory recalls "seeing me come back to life" when I saw the wallaby. It looked like a miniature kangaroo, and had cute little hands that reminded me of my hamster. It bounced around, light and adorable. My face lit up; the wallaby was the opposite of how weighty my heart felt. I laughed.

The zoo was full of families with young children and dogs

running around, trying to understand the animals behind the fences. Posters asked us to sign a petition urging the City of Toronto to add the High Park Zoo back to its budget. Graffiti on one poster added: *WE ARE SPENDING $400,000 ON GRAFFITI REMOVAL—WE CAN AFFORD THIS*. Since the 2012 cut, the High Park Zoo had survived only through donations.

...

After I had calmed down at the zoo, we wandered further into the park and found the Jamie Bell Adventure Playground. It was beautiful. We were both "adults"—Cory was twenty-one and I was eighteen. But we swung on the swings, hung from the monkey bars, slid down the slides, and climbed through the castle. The playground was designed and built by over 4000 volunteers—children and adults—who worked together to create a "dream playground" ("Adventure Park for Kids"). The year before, in the spring of 2012, most of the wooden towers were torched and burned down (Kidd). That summer, donations were made, and more volunteers stepped up to repair the senseless damage (Yang). In one of the towers, a painted wall read: *OUR SPIRIT IS FIREPROOF*.

Although the artwork displayed all over the playground gave it a warm feel, the finishing touches were the notes left in marker on the wood of the structures: *MAKE TEA, NOT LOVE* (a marker of a different colour added a correction, crossing out "NOT" and replacing it with "and") ... *go 2 skool* ... *DROP ACID, NOT BOMBS* ... *Toy Story 2 was okay*— the community spoke.

Most of the other structures had paintings: a thick rainbow that included an arc of grey, white spray-paint that marked the eyes of faces with giant Xs, and many walls that read *I LOVE HIGH PARK*. I agreed.

...

Our walk back to the hospital was calm. Even though I was far from my neighbourhood, the "NATURE TRAIL" felt familiar. The park did not feel foreign to me; rather, it felt as if I'd walked it my whole life. The trees, the water, the dogs, the swings—they weren't new and exciting to me, like the animals at the zoo had been to the children.

Cory didn't suggest that we visit High Park so that I could see something new and exciting. Before I had reached the point of crisis, parks were my only hospitals. My curtains were made of leaves. My bed was made of rocks. My medication was in a joint. My nurses were the birds and the squirrels and the dogs. My sink was Lake Ontario.

High Park, Toronto's largest park, may have been the victim of arson and foolish budget cuts, but it was not defined by its damage. To me, it was defined by the contributions of its community. Seeing the zoo run on generosity and seeing the playground that had been created and resurrected by its community spoke loud and clear: I was not the only one who needed and loved Toronto's parks.

The support systems and medical treatment I received while hospitalized saved my life when I was suicidal and I will be forever grateful for this care. But they couldn't give me the feeling I had when I saw the wallaby. They couldn't replace the feeling that I got when I walked through the park. As someone suffering from untreated mental illnesses, I needed to be kept in the hospital. But as a human, I needed to feel the fresh air on my face. I needed to see the trees, the water, and the animals.

...

We had been out for a couple of hours, and the sun was slowly sinking. We returned to the hospital, but as we walked towards my ward I felt compelled to visit the chapel, whose doors I had passed by but never opened. I had gone to a Catholic elementary school and a Catholic high school, but wasn't religious. Cory had never been to church. Entering the chapel was new to him, but, again, familiar to me.

There was nobody else inside; we wandered the chapel like it was a playground. I didn't genuflect when I walked by the tabernacle like you're supposed to, but Cory didn't even know what is was. I explained that Jesus was supposed to be in the golden box behind the altar.

"Seems awfully small for him, don't you think?" he replied.

Our voices were carried by the space's acoustics, optimal for the choral music I used to sing. I felt free, and for the first time, a religious space felt… fun. From above, an official voice announced: *CODE YELLOW …*

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battle over back campus

Ryan Lamers

Introduction

In preparation for the impending 2015 Pan American Games, the city of Toronto will experience immense structural changes and development, all for the elitist status of being host to 41 American and Caribbean countries and territories. From the various athletics venues being constructed across the GTA's mega-metropolis to the newly built athletes' village, designed to house over 10,000 event participants just east of Toronto's downtown core, the changes occurring are easily visible to all those residing in the city. One specific demographic, the students at the University of Toronto, have firsthand experience with the disruptions caused by the city's restructuring and development for the Games. This paper will emphasize the struggles of that demographic, focusing on the turmoil caused by the construction of one specific venue: the Back Campus field.

The venue in question was previously a grass field known as Back Campus at the University of Toronto. From 2013 to 2014, the Back Campus field was transformed into a "world-class field hockey pitch," much to the disappointment of many University students and faculty, as well as nearby residents who strongly disagree with

the City of Toronto and University of Toronto's collaborated decision to move forward with this $9.5 million project. The outpouring of opposition is not an explicit statement about which group of people the Back Campus Fields Project is designed to benefit. Rather, it clearly demonstrates who the project is *not* designed for: members of the residential community, non-elite athletes, and University of Toronto students. The City's lack of concern for its citizens inevitably leaves the public—students, faculty, and nearby residents—contemplating the real intention of this project, and by extension, the Pan American Games in general.

Two Sides of the Battle

Displeasure for the project has been expressed through many outlets, including social media, protests, petitions, and city council debates. Social media in particular has become a primary source for information regarding the controversial development, mainly due to the University's lack of communication and transparency with its students. A Facebook page titled "Keep University of Toronto Back Campus Green" was created on February 7, 2013 by the University of Toronto Graduate Students' Union, and was used as a first line of communication to convey updates such as recent developments, protests, and general information. The student-run page currently has over 600 'likes' and continually posts stories related to the Back Campus Fields Project. The page creators were responsible for many organized protests and initiatives, such as "Play on Back Campus" (a protest showing the versatile use of the space), "Keep Back Campus Green Pin" (pins providing visual solidarity to Back Campus that were handed out to students and community), and "City Designers for Keeping the Back Campus Green" (an information session with architects, urban designers, and other professionals).

In opposition to this, the pro-turf side of the battle over Back Campus is active through the Facebook page titled "Support U of T Back Campus Fields Project," which does not have a public founder, but its professionalism implies University involvement. This page currently has just under 300 'likes' and, having been created on June 8, 2013, it entered the controversy just three days before the discussions regarding Back Campus were set to take place at Toronto City Hall. The page provides a link to the official statement by the University that delivers a brief overview of the project, the challenges faced, and the opportunities expected to arise from its development. This page is one of the earliest official notices of the

Back Campus Fields Project given by the University, exemplifying the problematic lack of communication.

Context & Background

The Back Campus Fields Project was controversial long before it was announced to the public. A release of information through the Faculty of Kinesiology and Physical Education would have been the most accessible way of relaying details to the public, but the University of Toronto did not make a statement regarding the Back Campus redevelopment until March 11, 2013—almost a year after the University's Governing Council approved the project in April 2012. In this release, the University claims transparency and consultation were key to gaining Governing Council's April 2012 approval of the project. However, University College was not notified until November 30, 2012, and Hart House not until December 2012. As these two parties surround Back Campus and have unofficially controlled its uses over the years, it would be logical to assume that they would be the first to have been consulted.

Furthermore, the City of Toronto formally recognized Back Campus as University Open Space when it previously rejected two building plans at the site—the first in 1994, an underground parking garage with artificial turf topping it, and the second in 2002—a proposed University College residence hall (Back Campus Rebuttal, 2013). As an Open Space, no faculty has sole jurisdiction over the site, meaning that all parties with vested interests need to be consulted prior to any University decisions. That was not the case with the Back Campus Fields Project; parties remained in the dark until a verdict had been reached. In fact, the University has acknowledged that all meetings dealing with the Back Campus Fields Project were held *in camera* with the intention of keeping the financial details of the deal confidential. However, this does not explain why the discussions on the actual project approval were also held in camera, leaving "many professors and students frustrated, saying they were shut out of the decision-making" (Bradshaw, 2013).

Had the student voice been considered, there is no doubt that there would have been considerable debate on the topic, which insinuates that this is precisely the reason why Governing Council held their meetings in camera. By keeping the meetings confidential, if concerns against the project were eventually raised, they would be deemed too late and the University would not necessarily be forced to address them. Two major concerns about the project that were

raised by students, University professors, and alumni questioned the accessibility of the redeveloped fields and their environmental footprint. Regarding accessibility, it was feared that elite athletes and restricted programming would take over the space, making it nearly impossible for the public to use. The absence of a full environmental assessment raised concerns of high water usage, biocides, and the heat island effect (a substantially warmer zone than its surrounding metropolitan areas) studied by University of Toronto's own Professor John Danahy. Due to the University's lack of accountability as well as its precursory approval of the project, these concerns have been largely ignored. As the University of Toronto's Arts and Science Student Union executive member Dylan Chauvin-Smith said, "The biggest concern that students have with the building of the turf is that the consultation process consistently left out broad-based student input" (Bradshaw, 2013).

Due to the University's failure to fulfill its ethical (and arguably legal) obligations by including its constituents, the City of Toronto was forced to step in. A debate at city council began with Deputy Mayor Doug Holyday arguing that the issue should never have been brought to City Hall, as it was "a fight in the family up at the University... and that's where it should be settled" (Moloney, 2013). In early June 2013, City Councillor Adam Vaughan motioned to have Back Campus designated as a Cultural Heritage Landscape and filed a supporting petition that generated over 5,200 signatures (including the support of high-profile figures such as Margaret Atwood and Adrienne Clarkson). The site is home to a deep history that ranges from ceremonies for Queen Elizabeth and George VI in preparation for the Great War to the billeting of new military recruits (Scrivener, 2013). Additionally, Scrivener (2013) raised further concerns that the construction would impede on the nearby historic Soldiers Tower, standing in honour of the University's fallen students in the World Wars. Unfortunately, these historic arguments were demoted to merely nostalgic sentiments that held no significant purpose. This, along with the fact that the heritage site proposal was raised only a month before construction was set to begin, significantly weakened support for those working to keep Back Campus green (Bradshaw, 2013 & Scrivener, 2013).

Though the attempt to have Back Campus recognized as a Cultural Heritage Landscape succeeded in raising awareness about the University's "blindsiding" of its students and faculty, the movement lost to a vote of 31 to 12 (Bradshaw, 2013). The

University's actions are similar to what Purcell (2002) describes as the fear of growing capitalist power, where the public's exclusion in decision-making inevitably sees "encouraged authoritarianism, and imperilled democracy." In a discussion about Back Campus, University of Chicago Professor Iris Young says that "in open and accessible public spaces and forums, one should expect to encounter and hear from those who are different, whose social perspectives, experience and affiliations are different" (Mitchell, 1995). Essentially, both the public voice and public space are crucial to the existence of democracy, and they are both quickly slipping from the public's domain.

Who Benefits?

With plenty of evidence showing the University's negligence in informing the public—students, faculty, and alumni—and given the way the situation revolving around Back Campus has unravelled, many students have argued that their various concerns were and still are being overlooked as necessary repercussions to the University's project. Based on everything that we now know about how the University has handled the situation, it is fair to make the assumption that the students' best interests were not the leading factor in the approval of the development. If the University of Toronto is not acting for its students, then who is really benefiting from this project?

The University of Toronto's actions have demonstrated that it is acting for its own image, and the Back Campus Fields Project is a case of the 'postcard effect'—those external or unfamiliar with the city see basic and positive images of it, while not knowing what the living experience is actually like (Roberts, 2013). This postcard effect can also be viewed as an opportunity for a city to draw visitor attention away from negative political and social connotations through falsified imagery. Sadler and Haskins (2005) note that cities are often very different from their representations, describing this method as "urban planners and marketing executives [endeavouring] to market the city as a postcard so that the image attracts tourists, which in turn [increases] the revenue for the location." In this case, the City of Toronto is using the 2015 Pan American Games as a postcard to the world, and the University of Toronto is using the Back Campus development as an opportunity to differentiate itself on a global scale.

In creating such an image, the stakeholders (in this case the

University and the City) control who can and cannot be a part of the intended look. A crucial example of this type of enforcement was the 1968 Mexico Olympic Games. A student demonstration 10 days before the Games' opening ceremonies led to the massacring of protesters, an act which was done in order to ensure that no opposition would occur when the world was watching them (Roberts, 2013). Although the case of Back Campus is not nearly as extreme, the principle is still relevant. The University of Toronto has already made physical and social restrictions to the public including students, faculty, and alumni, as a preventative measure to guarantee that their postcard image remains intact.

These types of restrictions had been placed on those who actively use the space long before the development began, but the new turf-covered Back Campus is set to be much more constraining than it ever was. The previously open space appears to be headed in the direction of many other public spaces by adhering to the common trends described by Cybriwsky (2013):

(1) Increased privatization of a space that was previously in the public domain: the Back Campus was a public space, but since the public was pushed out of the planning process, it has become more privatized.

(2) Increased control of access to said public space: the University's elite athletes for practices and tournaments have been given priority over the space, making the field less accessible to non-athlete students. According to Vaughan, this is an "inappropriate use for a university commons" because the space has been known to host much more than sports (Moloney, 2013). Furthermore, five gates will be used to control access to the field, limiting student access and discouraging casual use.

(3) The increase of design themes simulating those of 'theme park' schemes: the fact that a historical landmark is being redeveloped into an athletics pitch shows a clear "breaking of connections with local history and geography" (Cybriwsky, 2013). Additionally, the new field increases the amount of lights surrounding it by 33%, as well as the height of those lights by 40% (Back Campus Rebuttal, 2013). These towering lights overshadow the historical architecture of the Hart House, University College, and Soldiers Tower.

Conclusion

It was not necessary to transform Back Campus into a "world-class field hockey pitch" for the 2015 Pan American Games, nor were the City and the University forced to do this in any way. Rather, the City and University insisted on this project for the postcard image it would create for both parties; a positive image at the cost of a negative experience. The destruction of natural greenery and a historical landmark could have been avoided by using the previously proposed Brampton field hockey facilities that are already fully functioning world-class venues. According to NDP MPP Rosario Marchese of the Trinity-Spadina district, this would have avoided the many issues that have arisen over the past year regarding this project, and saved the City of Toronto and University of Toronto a combined $9.5 million (Moloney, 2013). The beneficiary of the University of Toronto's April 2012 decisions is obvious: the University used Back Campus to further its global image. The postcard effect is evident and has clearly played a decisive role in the University's position as venue host for the upcoming mega-event.

Although University of Toronto officials have reiterated that this project is an opportunity to improve student life and initiatives, their actions have proven otherwise. At U of T, there is a growing trend for the public voice to be shut out in order to advance personal and capitalist agendas. U of T students experienced this pattern firsthand as they lost access to their Back Campus. The fields, often used by many for purposes far exceeding that of sport and athletics, were one of the few remaining open green spaces not only on University campus, but also in the downtown core of the City of Toronto. Its demolition blatantly ignored public protest and the democratic process in order to develop a false image for visiting athletes and tourists from around the globe.

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*** Facts pertaining to the Back Campus Fields Project (in relation to the University of Toronto's arguments in favour and the students' arguments against) were acquired from the University of Toronto Faculty of Kinesiology & Physical Education and the Keep Back Campus Green webpages.

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