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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

BY CAM LEWIS

Welcome to the world of tomorrow!

Well, not really, but kind of. I think the more appropriate way to introduce this magazine would be welcome to *The Gateway* of tomorrow, but that isn't quite as catchy as a cheap Futurama reference.

It's funny, Futurama predicts tubes that blast people around the city at rapid speeds, a self-aware population of robots, and a 28-hour day. But for whatever reason, they assumed that newspapers were going to exist in the year 3000.

Print media isn't a thing anymore. Media organizations are scrambling around trying to find clever ways to get people to spend money on their newsprint product, because that's where the majority of their revenue comes from. The fact of the matter is printing a newspaper simply isn't realistic anymore. People can access information through quicker and more efficient mediums, rendering the newspaper obsolete.

We at *The Gateway* aren't immune to any of these changes. Since I first rolled into SUB 3-04 in October of 2012, our print pickup has decreased from an average of roughly 6000 copies per week all the way down to just over 2000. In the same vein, our online views have skyrocketed. Printing a newspaper is expensive and inefficient, so we're meeting our viewers where they are most: online.

That said, we don't want to completely let go of print. In order to not just become some other blog your friend writes for that you don't bother visiting, we're going to publish a monthly magazine that features all of our best content with an increased focus on aesthetic appeal.

Anyways, here it is. This magazine is a teaser of what to expect from us next year.

Enjoy!

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THE WALL WHAT'S STOPPING CHINATOWN'S REVITALIZATION

WRITTEN BY RICHARD CATANGAY-LIEW & PHOTO BY CHRISTINA VARVIS



A Chinatown supermarket grocer looks on as a man in a tattered navy hoodie, heavily stained blue jeans and holed sneakers limps onto the edge of the shop's parking lot. Upon making eye contact with the shop owner, the hooded man gingerly pinches a bent cigarette from behind his ear, lays it between his chapped lips, then turns around and waddles away.

"You see, these people are harmless," Phong Luu, the owner of Kim Fat Market Ltd on 99 St and 107 Ave, says, as he points at the man. "They're fine people, but they don't have the necessities. Needles are on the streets everywhere, and other people are afraid of them."

The sight is nothing new to Luu, who arrived in Canada 32 years ago on a boat from Vietnam with his parents at the age of two. Upon arrival in Edmonton's Chinatown in the 1970s, his parents worked as dishwashers before they were able to save enough money to open the original Kim Fat Market Ltd on 97 St. With the reins of the family business, Luu moved the supermarket to its new, more spacious location on 99 St in 2009.

He could have relocated the expanded supermarket to the south or west end of the city seven years ago, thus avoiding the homeless problem and crime in the area, Luu says. But everything he has today, he attributes to the community. He wanted to give back, and stay in Chinatown.

"This is like my family here," Luu says, gesturing his sweeping hand towards the greater Chinatown area. "When something happens, you don't just pick up your stuff and leave. You try and fix it."

"I believe in this community. And that's why I'm still here."

But he knows many others don't feel the same way.

The possible revitalization of Chinatown has been a highly debated topic between Chinese community stakeholders and the City for the last five years. With Edmonton's Ice District to be completed in the fall, the downtown core is expected to experience a new sense of vibrancy with the arrival of Rogers Place and its surrounding area. The reality is that Edmonton is growing, and Chinatown, just due north, doesn't want to be neglected.

Luu crosses the Kim Fat parking lot and points up towards "Bridge to the Wall," a mural painted by artist Kevin Friesen on the side of the market. It meticulously details a fantasy, which combines the Great Wall of China and Edmonton's Chinese Garden in Louise McKinney Park, with the river valley drifting between them.

"This is us," he says, as the portrait was spurred by his personal connection between his ancestral roots and Edmonton's Chinatown.

It's a vivid representation of his story and vision for continual growth in the city, as many, like Luu,

moved to Canada from Asia to start new lives.

Unlike Luu, a personal connection to Chinatown wasn't immediately apparent to Claudia Wong-Rusnak when she moved to the Edmonton.

Wong-Rusnak was raised in Regina. Her father, upon graduation from Queen's University in the 70s, moved his family to Saskatchewan for work. His entire family followed him to Regina, except his mother, who decided to relocate to Edmonton. Unlike Regina, Edmonton housed a Chinatown. Wong-Rusnak and her family would visit Edmonton and her grandmother bi-annually, and walk down 97 St to visit the markets, restaurants and various Chinese medicine shops. Chinatown was nothing more than an area to visit for Wong-Rusnak, and a place for her parents to stock up on barbecued duck and "weird dried foods" while with her grandmother. Wong-Rusnak eventually moved to Edmonton herself in 2007 to undertake a planning position with the City, but even then, still didn't feel a direct connection to Chinatown.

Just last year, Wong-Rusnak's grandmother died due to her deteriorating conditions. It was then that finally she realized her personal ties.

"I thought I had no connection to Chinatown personally," Wong-Rusnak says. "Except when (my grandmother) passed away recently, I realized she was my connection. That was her hood, and (Chinatown) is where we stayed."

Today, Wong-Rusnak works as a Strategic Planning and Research Advisor for the City of Edmonton. In June 2015, she was named Chinatown Project Manager for its Economic and Urban Interface Plan.

It's not easy, she admits.

"City council says, 'is Chinatown important to our city? What is Chinatown?' ... I think it's important, and we have a strong community and a good spine of activity," Wong-Rusnak says, referring to previous council discussions for Chinatown's revitalization. "They ask, 'is there an importance?' Yes, there is. People like cultural and interesting experiences. Our downtown is going through a significant transformation. The city you see here will be different in five years time."

It's now up to Wong-Rusnak to make sure Chinatown is part of that transformation.

Her strategic plan is divided into four phases. The first, and current, phase is the economic development plan. This phase aims to "identify viable opportunities" and "understand what makes a successful cultural destination," while considering market economic and physical assessment, surveys, supply and demand analysis, and implementation including short, medium and long term strategies. Due in May, Wong-Rusnak will take her findings from the plan and initiate Phase 2, centered on economic programming.

Phase 3 will entail the urban interface and design plan, and Phase 4 being the final presentation to City Council for approval. The final proposal in the ongoing project will conclude in June 2017.

While in Phase 1, Wong-Rusnak has been consulting with Chinatown's restaurants and shop owners regarding their concerns. Among them are the plans for Harbin Gate and its hand-crafted, sculpted lions with balls in its mouth for good luck. The historic gate on 97 St and 100 Ave, which was donated by Edmonton's sister city from northeast China in 1987, will soon be moved to make way for LRT expansion, construction and alignment. Where and what will be done to the gate is yet to be determined, Wong-Rusnak says.

Another concern brought up by residents before any possible revitalization is the crime-ridden activity in the McCauley area.

"There are problems we don't have answers to yet," Wong-Rusnak says. "It's a global downtown issue, and not just in that (Chinatown) neighbourhood."

Michael Lee, Chairman of the Chinese Benevolent Association Society, a non-profit community organization, says feedback from Chinatown businesses and residents indicate that safety is the neighbourhood's number one concern, and lack thereof prevents new businesses from opening and thus attracting more consumers.

"It isn't fair to the customer walking into a store, with a homeless man sleeping on the doorstep, which isn't fair to the business owner who tries to keep customers happy," Lee says. "And it especially isn't fair for the homeless person who doesn't have anywhere else to stay. That's what we need to fix, that's the priority."

"You can build all those nice shiny things, but the first thing here is to slowly work with these agencies," Phong Luu adds, referring to the Hope Mission and Boyle Street Community Services, which are situated in the Chinatown vicinity. "In order to bring more people from outside the inner city, we need to help these transients get help."

With project planning, Wong-Rusnak knows there's a level of expectation built from communities. Everyone wants something, because Chinatown is so traditionally fragmented due to its various cultural groups, everyone's mandates and wants are different. But fundamentally, everyone has the same objective: make Chinatown vibrant again.

"When I look at the goal I'm trying to achieve, making Chinatown vibrant again, it doesn't happen overnight," Wong-Rusnak says. "I don't think there's one challenge. I see a lot of people who want to do something good."

"I don't want to say what's necessarily missing, but I think we can work together with what's there and grow on that."

CHINESE NEW YEAR CELEBRATION IN THE STREETS

BY KEVIN SCHENK





WHETHER IT'S LUNAR NEW YEAR OR JUST ANOTHER DAY, 97 STREET IS ALWAYS BUSTLING. IT HOSTS THE ANNUAL CHINESE NEW YEAR PARADE, WHERE DRAGONS AND LIONS DANCE, AND FIRECRACKERS BURST. IT QUIETS BACK DOWN TO ITS USUAL SELF FOR THE REST OF THE YEAR, BUT REMAINS A CULTURAL HUB AS EDMONTON CHINATOWN'S MAIN STRIP. THAT MIGHT CHANGE, OR AT LEAST LOOK SIGNIFICANTLY DIFFERENT, WITH REVITALIZATION ATTEMPTS AND MANY NEARBY DEVELOPMENTS COMING DUE TO THE ARENA.



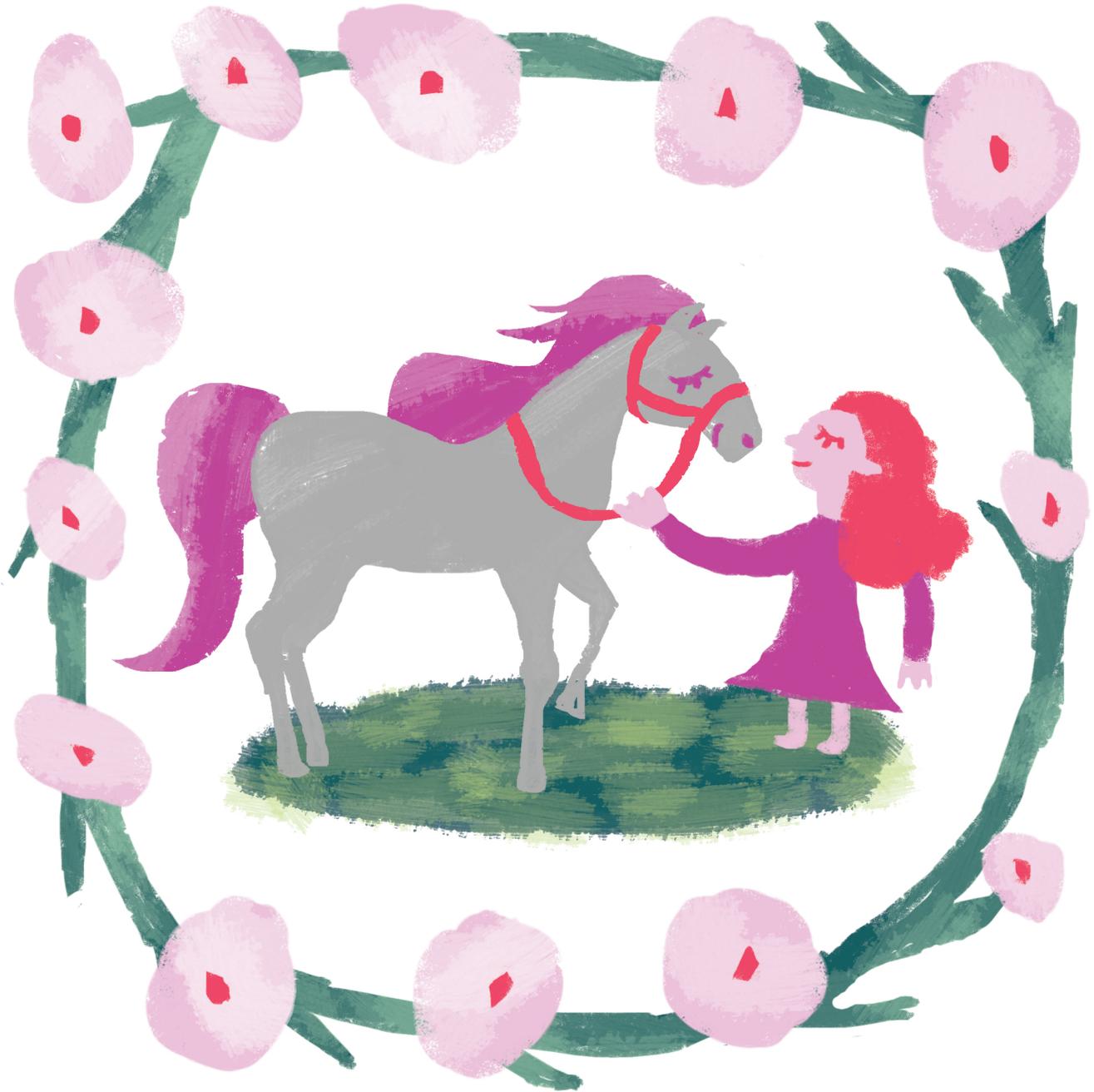




WHERE DRAGONS AND LIONS DANCE

THERAPEUTIC RIDING IN THE RIVER VALLEY

WRITTEN BY JAMIE SARKONAK & ILLUSTRATIONS BY ADAIRE BEATTY



Steel used to compete in show jumping. The big, grey “old man” now spends his days in Edmonton’s river valley. He’s one of about 20 horses working with disabled riders at Little Bits, Edmonton’s therapeutic riding organization.

For 40 years, the organization has allowed disabled individuals to ride horses like Steel. From the back of a 1,000-pound animal, disabled riders can grow their sense of autonomy and enhance their understanding of how living things work. It’s stimulating too — for physically disabled

kids, horseback riding is a lot more interesting for strengthening core strength than simple sit-ups, according to riding program administrator Linda Rault.

“For a little person, especially for someone in a wheelchair, who is now sitting on a horse, this is



the first time in their life they can look down on other people instead of looking up all the time," she says.

Little Bits serves those who are disabled. Its youngest riders are three years old, with the oldest being more than 70. All riders live with some form of disability: cerebral palsy, Down's syndrome, paralysis, autism, or a number of different conditions.

"We get kids coming in that are absolutely terrified," Rault says. "Sometimes, literally, we have to pick them up and carry them (onto the horse) while they're kicking and screaming. It's not pretty. But within 30 seconds, everything changes. Within 10 minutes, they've got a big smile on their face. At the end of the lesson, they're crying again because they don't want to get off."

The disadvantage of therapeutic riding is the demand. Little Bits' wait list is enormous — more than two years long, Rault says. When the organization started out in 1975, it only had 16 riders. Now, it works with roughly 125 riders every year. With less than a 10 per cent turnover rate, most riders come back to the program every year.

The therapy riders receive is more of a byproduct of being on the horse — animal movement prompts riders' balance to improve and hand-eye coordination to become more accurate. Riders feel sensations of relaxation and independence. Kids in the program might feel pride that they're doing something different from their brothers and sisters. And, Rault says, horses don't really see their riders as people with disabilities.

"Like any animal, horses are just non-judgmental," Rault says. "Horses don't look at the kids like, 'Oh you're in a wheelchair, oh you're different.' Horses just see the kids as another person."

Volunteers like U of A student Camila Hurtado never learn what disability the riders they work with have — that's confidential. One of Hurtado's closest riders, a little girl who rides Steel, just "gets distracted very easily."

Hurtado's enthusiastic rider talks about everything and anything. At the beginning of her training, it was difficult to hold a conversation with her because she was eager to talk about some any topics at once. Steel, Hurtado and another volunteer were tasked with keeping the little girl

focused. The little girl started out by moving Steel's reins too much (he's very calm and patient). A year into training, the little girl began to remember Hurtado's name — she had been too distracted to learn it earlier.

"It's something you don't think about but it's a huge step, knowing who all the people around you, and their names, are," Hurtado says. "I just think, oh my God she knows my name. It feels great."

Three years in, the little girl learned how to focus on what's directly around her during "horse time." Hurtado is proud that the little girl now rides independently, without needing to physically lead Steel around.

"Just because (people with disabilities) don't interact in the ways of social norms, it doesn't mean they're not capable of achieving great things," Hurtado says.

As a volunteer, Hurtado is the "leader" of her team. In an hour-long lesson, she guides the horse and rider through the arena, with the direction of the riding instructor. The team also has a "sidewalker," which flanks the horse as it walks through the arena and gives extra support to the rider.

For hearing-impaired riders, sidewalkers give extra direction. For the nervous, sidewalkers may just give emotional support. For "flight risk" riders — those who might dismount at any time, without warning — two sidewalkers work to make sure the rider doesn't suddenly dismount.

Some riders, once advanced enough, may compete in Equine Canada's Paralympic video competitions. Little Bits competitors execute a series of tasks on horseback from the comfort of the Whitemud Equestrian Centre. They're judged against riders from across Canada for a minimal cost.

Horses must interact with four or five people in a lesson, so animals in the program need to have "super minds," Rault says. For a prey animal like a horse, having an instructor, leader, sidewalker, and rider all in the same space can cause great anxiety. But the calm horses of Little Bits are selected because of their high tolerance. With a 12-hour work week and plenty of grooming and attention, the horses have a pretty good working life. Horses also have one day a week to decompress without any human handling.

The barn that Little Bits works in has been standing for roughly 60 years. Its old walls are covered in history — photos of the community line walls for guests to see. There's a memorial for horses in the program that passed away. The city has decided to build a new, revamped barn this spring, with a completion date in the fall of 2017. It's going to be insulated, allowing Little Bits to operate year-round instead of just in the spring and fall. Because as Rault says, "nothing therapeutic happens when little bodies are cold."

In the new facility, volunteers will continue to gain valuable equine experience. For Hurtado, finding horse experience required active effort after moving to Alberta from her family's dairy farm in Ecuador. She started at Little Bits in Grade 11 and carried that interest into her studies of animal health — and hopefully veterinary medicine after graduation. Even though Hurtado can't ride the horses at Little Bits, she says working around them is enough. It's certainly helped her already, in landing a job with the racehorses at Northlands for a summer. But the experience has also helped her on a personal level, in contributing to her overall self-esteem and understanding of how people change over time.

"Things aren't going to change from one day to the other," Hurtado says. "Give people time, give horses time — it might take two weeks or a couple years — but they will get to that point where they're comfortable and they're fine."

In her academic life, Hurtado is Vice-President (Animal Health) of the U of A's Pre-Vet/Animal Health club, or as she calls it, the "animal lovers' club." Members are granted opportunities to work with numerous animals — sheep, dogs, cats, and horses. The group officially volunteers with Birch Bay Ranch once a year for a trail ride. Some group members, like Hurtado, volunteer with Little Bits for a longer-term experience, a must for those applying to veterinary school.

Other volunteers that come to Little Bits were once riders in the program themselves. It's happened about five times, Rault says. Seeing the rider become independent enough to sidewalk and later lead a team is rewarding.

"It's almost a full circle," Rault says. "They're giving back to the community that kind of brought them up."

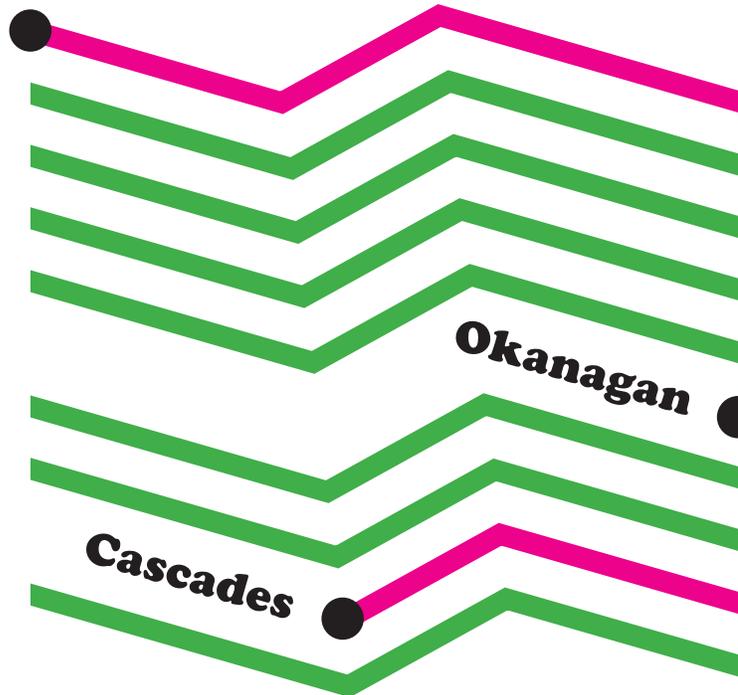
HITTING THE ROAD

BY CAM LEWIS

One of the key elements to being a student is travelling. We get four months off in the summer to wander around the globe, taking time to figure out exactly what we want to do with ourselves as our futures begin to approach terrifyingly fast. Unfortunately, we're situated with a terrible travel market, as the Canadian Dollar being valued as Monopoly money has made it ridiculously expensive and difficult to travel.

But don't let that discourage you. Even though rising costs and a plummeting dollar create a less-than-ideal financial situation for travel, there are still options for those who don't have the cash to jump on an airplane and fly to Europe. Road trips are significantly cheaper than airplane travel, and they also offer a completely different experience. Edmonton may seem like a completely landlocked and isolated tundra most of the time, but there exists plenty of interesting drives through North America's West for those who are willing (and able) to hop in a car and go.

Alaska



Okanagan

Cascades

THE SCENIC ROUTE TO ALASKA

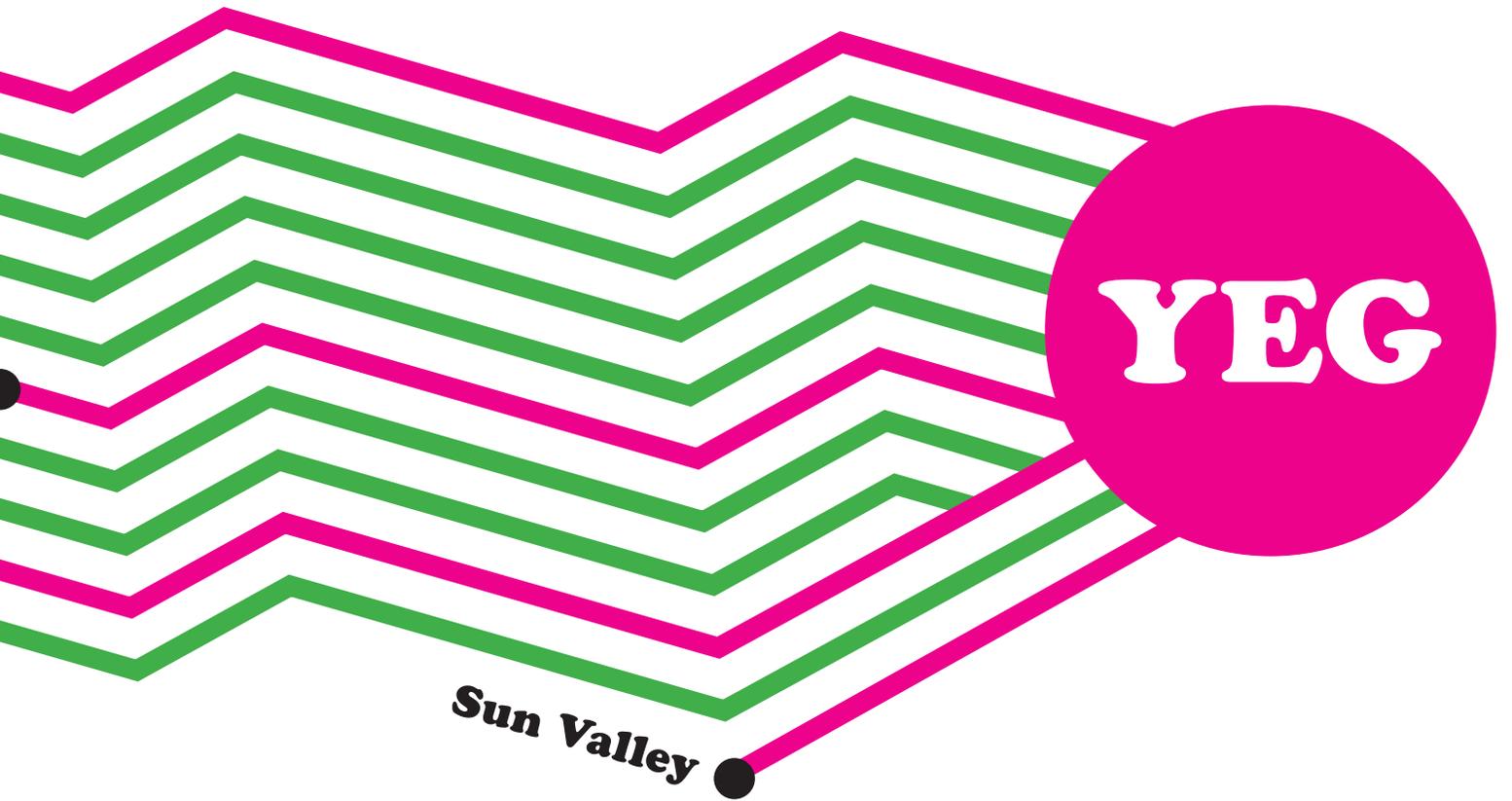
No, not the band that shows up to Folk Fest every few years. I'm referring to the drive through Jasper, up to the Yukon, and into the stunningly scenic state of Alaska. There are three ways the trip to Alaska can be done, but the most sensible for a group starting in Edmonton is the Rocky Mountain Route. Along the way, you'll drive through Jasper National park, up through the mountains, into the Yukon, and through Alaska's protected scenery and wild areas, including the world famous Kenai Fjords. If you follow the trail to the very end, you'll end up at Homer, the most western point of the United States road system.

Edmonton to Homer, Alaska.
Distance: 3,472

NORTH CASCADES NATIONAL PARK

If you're an outdoorsy type looking for something challenging, head to the Pacific Northwest and check out Washington's Cascades National Park. In doing this drive, you can either travel through British Columbia and go south from there, or you can drive through Alberta and travel west from Idaho. Either way, you'll get a nice, scenic wind through the Rockies, followed by a calm trip through Washington's flatlands. Two hours from Seattle are the rugged and remote Cascades, which feature walks and climbs from basic to intense in which you can get a firsthand taste of isolated mountain life.

Edmonton to North Cascades National Park, Washington. Distance: 1,072 km



THROUGH THE OKANAGAN

The Thompson Okanagan seems like it exists for the purpose of driving trips. The scenery is fantastic, the roads are well maintained, and different golf courses, lakes, and wineries are easy to access. There are two different ways to make the trip to the Okanagan from Edmonton. You'll either take the northern route through Banff, Glacier National Park, and Revelstoke, or you'll take the southern route, which goes through the Kootenays and Crowsnest pass. Both are excellent and relaxing drives, but the northern route certainly has more to offer along the way in terms of stops and scenery.

Edmonton to Kelowna, BC.

Distance: 891 km

DOWN SOUTH TO IDAHO

If you don't want to follow the mountains north, head south and into Idaho. Nearly a direct line south from Edmonton, you can drive through Calgary, across the American border, and down to Sun Valley Resort in Idaho, which is known as "America's Original Ski Resort." You'll navigate through winding mountain roads with exceptional scenery, and along the way is the Kirkham Hot Springs, which features a series of natural pools scattered around low cliffs. It's a different side of the Rockies you won't see travelling north, as the scenery is loaded with flourishing vegetation and natural places to swim.

Edmonton to Sun Valley, Idaho.

Distance: 1,549 km

HANSON FITNESS AND LIFESTYLE CENTER

HOUSE OF WORSHIP

WRITTEN BY MATTI THURLIN

ILLUSTRATION BY ADAIRE BEATTY

I'm trying to figure out why I'm in legitimate, wholehearted, life-ruining love with someone from the gym whom I've never spoken to at all. I don't have much to go off here except my own experience, but my friend Samantha, a rule abiding Hanson Fitness & Lifestyle Center elliptical user, informs me that I'm not alone in my affliction. "You don't date people from the gym," she told me, "you just love them." I suppose it's comforting that my strangest, most private emotional turmoil turns out to be a thing. But how?

I'm asking this question now, 6 a.m., pre-gym, while I make a few ham sandwiches. Today's schedule looks like this:

7 a.m. Gym

9:30-9:40 a.m. Breakfast (i.e. sandwiches)

9:40-12:20 p.m. Pre-Work work

12:30-1:50 p.m. Art History

3:00-10:00 p.m. Work

If my life looks like institutional trapeze to you, it's because that's the secret definition of student existence. Nonetheless, I always make time for the gym, even if the hour is straight up ungodly. There are two enabling factors here: One is that five waking minutes into most days I ingest 300 milligrams of caffeine with a pre-workout drink. This'll make my teeth blue and heart kick and dubstep feel like it's scraping the muck off of my soul. The second is, yes, one lovely human being, member of the unofficial 7 a.m. weekday squad, whom I love but am also horrified of, due to her tremendous beauty and flawless, monk-like dedication to something at all: her health. She's there every morning, paced strongly, like a waterfall. She's unbelievably focused and hardworking, and this results in sublime athletic ability, which altogether makes talking to her untenable. The most I can do is make spine-grabbing eye contact in passing. Hence the strange, private emotional turmoil I'm in.

It's odd that loyalty and dedication are seen as psychosis. I've been called a psycho frequently

over my insistence on morning workouts, and I kinda like it. It's a positive trait. I mean, I get it: it's cold and early out here, yet I love the quiet walk to the HFLC. It gives me time to think, like this. But that's what I say: I like her because we seem equally psychotic. Of course, I mean by psychotic — excluding obvious, criminal cases — is passionate. Slavoj Žižek notes that Anakin Skywalker, the most passionate character in Star Wars, happens to also be the biggest psycho in the history of the galaxy. This is no accident; this is our culture. Lovers are fanatics, irrational nut-jobs. This motif of loyalty and passion in gym love strikes me as important, then, given our larger distaste for the romantic. Hell, I've heard of gym love ruining casual relationships: "Sorry, there's someone else now." This is how weirdly loyal we get over our gym obsessions — how faithful we become to them.

Naturally, since passion and loyalty are almost built into the HFLC's concrete walls, the initial appeal of the gym is simple: it's an inversion of our everyday world, a black hole in our cultural galaxy. It's a sanctuary, an escape from my daily responsibilities. My daily responsibilities suck. I'm an obsessive person, and my various commitments preclude fidelity to any in particular, so I go to the gym for precisely the same reason that I became obsessed with math during my parent's divorce.

Math's always there, unified, eternal, unchanging, and available to me to the extent that I commit to it. When the ground of self gives out from under me, I grasp for my life, for something larger, stable, above and always; something commensurate with my capacity to love.

The gym is also a place wherein you ought to commit. Along with escape, your membership includes license to devote. Nobody can exercise for you; nobody can become healthy for you,



nor can you become healthy in a day. At the gym agency confronts us, whereas we're replaceable I.D. numbers outside. You also buy pain. At the gym, pain is almost intrinsically good, not something to be instantly relieved. You're going to sweat, breathe pseudo-erotically, grunt — maybe scream. You're basically going to act prehistoric, and you're going to do this in front of gigantic, self-reflecting mirrors and a substantial amount of others, most of whom you're ogling over at objectively awkward intensities. You become, usually, a hormonally charged surveillance camera from the Stone Age, the mirrors pull you inside out. Thus it's hard to stay committed, to get results, so we hire people to do all of these things to us. Personal trainers/training programs are laws that we give ourselves to obey. In the HFLC we submit ourselves because we know we must.

The question is, to what do we devote? Long ago, the answer was my workout program. My strength, my rushing yards. Some time after, it was my physique, my ego. Today is different. Yet my discipline and joy remains here, and the gym remains an existential soother without which I'd sob in perpetuity.

Entering the one-way turnstyle, the HFLC is bright like a forest clearing; medicine balls are scattered like fallen fruit. I see her, already here, with skin the colour of faded brick — her ponytail waving to the room like a pendulum. It feels like a glass full of wine, dropped and broke inside me. I continue on, up the stairs. At the top I witness already a communal fight for one more rep; barbells, dumbbells, heavy as death, rise and fall in rough synchronicity. The imperative, "treat your body as a temple," is lent credence. Thoughts, flickering in me like a candle in the dark, become engulfed by a heart turned smokeless fire. Whatever I'm here for, it's here for me, too.

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