



**S H I F T
O 6**

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SHIFT 06

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**STATEMENT ON
ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF
TRADITIONAL LAND**

We would like to acknowledge this sacred land on which the University of Toronto operates. It has been a site of human activity for 15,000 years. This land is the territory of the Huron-Wendat and Petun First Nations, the Seneca, and most recently, the Mississaugas of the Credit River. The territory was the subject of the Dish With One Spoon Wampum Belt Covenant, an agreement between the Iroquois Confederacy and Confederacy of the Ojibwe and allied nations to peaceably share and care for the resources around the Great Lakes.

Today, the meeting place of Toronto is still the home to many Indigenous people from across Turtle Island and we are grateful to have the opportunity to work in the community, on this territory.

This statement was developed by the Elders Circle (Council of Aboriginal Initiatives). It was last revised November 6, 2014.



Dear Toronto,

Living in you has been great; A+ on all your quirks. The four years that I've spent in Toronto has allowed me to personally develop to become someone beyond anything I've ever dreamed of for myself. In the last several months, especially, you've given me bizarre coincidences, ridiculous luck, and unyielding support in my most trying days. I can't thank you enough for helping me while I grew into a supportive group of friends, found that my other half is named Turner Wigginton, became skilled in yoga, worked on amazing and exciting projects, and learned about topics that I never knew existed. Phat has been an amazing Co-Editor-In-Chief, and I'm very grateful to call him my collaborator and friend.

I'm also very thankful and surprised that I was able to become so involved with the Daniels Faculty. To be honest, I thought they made a mistake when they accepted me into the undergraduate program, and I didn't necessarily have any grand ambitions to integrate myself to the extent that I did. It'll be very bittersweet to leave my roles as Co-Editor-In-Chief, Communications Assistant, Research Assistant, and Yoga Instructor, and to begin the next chapter of my life doing marketing for an architecture firm.

I understand that there are many others that are more skilled, talented, and steadfast than me, and I understand that it is unfair that I was the one who was given these opportunities. This is something that needs to change, Toronto, but I shouldn't expect a resolve to come from only you. Everyone that benefits from power disparity should acknowledge and seek to bring equity into their realms. So I promise to do my part to shift structural power to people who deserve it and to places where it is long overdue. I hope that you'll do the same.

- Josie Northern

Dear Toronto,

You're very weird. I have lived in you for 21 years and you always surprise me. I can't stop comparing you to Drake though, I'm sorry. I mean yeah I know he's from Forest Hill, but like 6life you know? Anyway, hope you are well. I'm sorry about the islands flooding and the rise of water. I hope that gets sorted out soon. But you kept your islands pretty dry and clean when I went there a month ago. But you also had a lot of flies there and it was kinda gross, I wasn't a big fan of that.

But I'm here to let you know, how thankful I am for you. Thank you for becoming a home for me and my family. You opened your doors for both my parents during the Vietnam War, and allowed them to create a safe space for my sister and I to live.

Thank you for also keeping my friend and partner Josie safe. She has been such a great friend and partner to me. Collaborating on SHIFT this year wouldn't have been possible without her support, knowledge, and patience.

Thank you for allowing me to grow up in such an amazing neighbourhood. Even though it's super weird and flooded with middle class gentrified youth, my parents still got their store here so I'm still pretty ok.

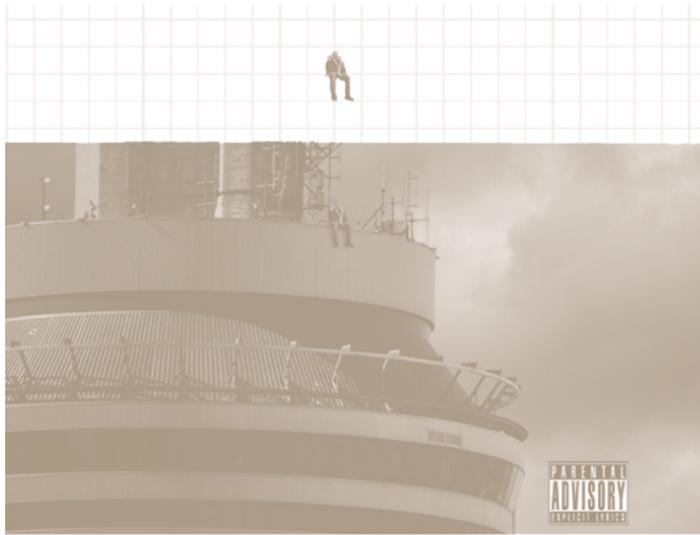
When I leave Toronto, I can't help but always compare the two cities. But honestly I still love you more. You have such a strangeness and grit that I can never get off with tide-stain-remover.

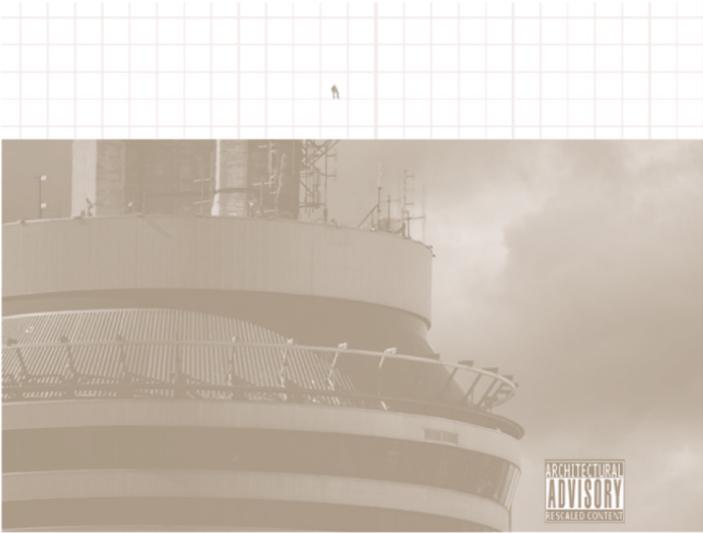
Thank you for allowing me to grow and to become one pretty alright dude. There's still a lot of things you got to work on, but I'm proud of you.

Take care

- Phat Le

A Visual Analysis of Drake, Human Scales, and the Question of the "Views" Album Cover, 2016, by Monique Lizardo.





The [un]Intentional Monument: The Modern Cult of Monuments in Toronto

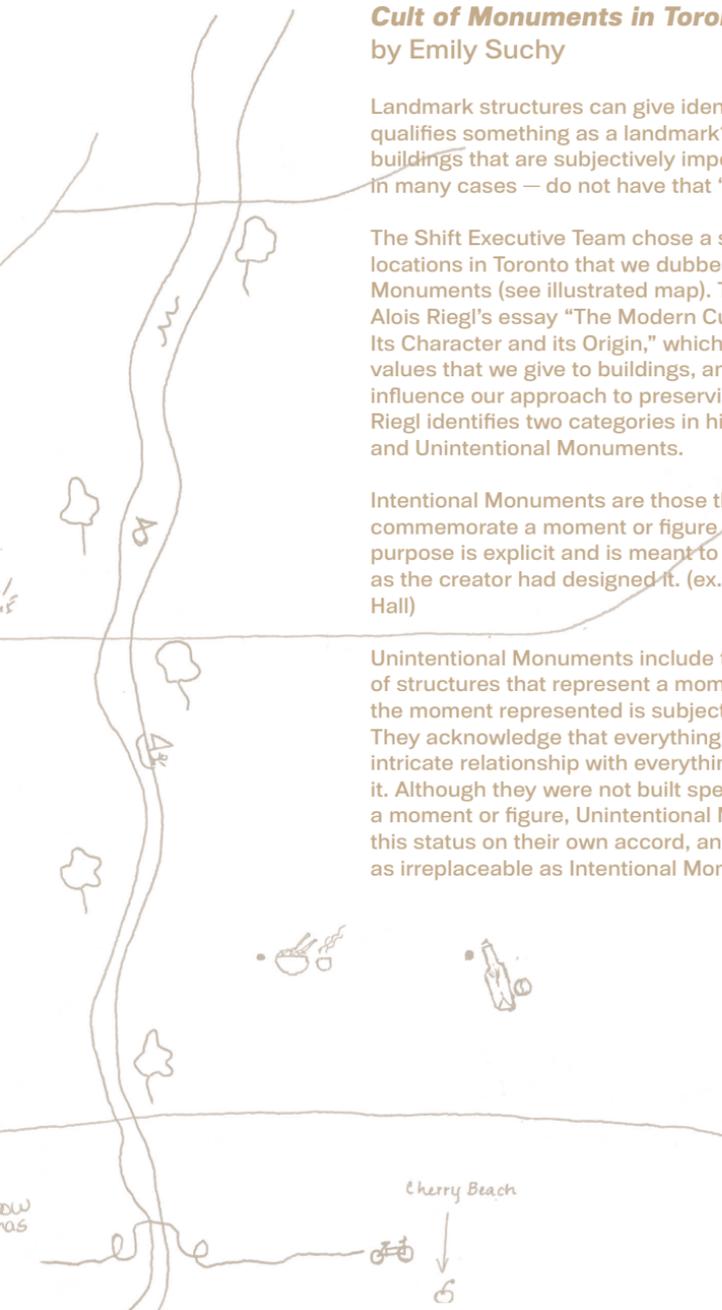
by Emily Suchy

Landmark structures can give identity to a city, but what qualifies something as a landmark? Toronto has many buildings that are subjectively important to us, which — in many cases — do not have that “landmark” status.

The Shift Executive Team chose a selection of locations in Toronto that we dubbed as “Unintentional” Monuments (see illustrated map). This term comes from Alois Riegl’s essay “The Modern Cult of Monuments: Its Character and its Origin,” which identifies the values that we give to buildings, and how those values influence our approach to preserving historic structures. Riegl identifies two categories in his essay: Intentional and Unintentional Monuments.

Intentional Monuments are those that are built to commemorate a moment or figure in history. The purpose is explicit and is meant to be perceived exactly as the creator had designed it. (ex. Cenotaph at City Hall)

Unintentional Monuments include the broader range of structures that represent a moment in time, but the moment represented is subjective to the viewer. They acknowledge that everything that exists has an intricate relationship with everything that came before it. Although they were not built specifically to represent a moment or figure, Unintentional Monuments achieve this status on their own accord, and are therefore just as irreplaceable as Intentional Monuments





Characters

by Eugenia Wong

1. *"One more stop: Milk"*
2. *"How do I get out of here again??"*
3. *"Wrong way"*
4. *"Too cold to care"*
5. *"What's the point of that big slab of concrete"*
6. *"Why did I come out here I can't even read the messages on my phone"*



The Evil Occurance of Günther Smith at the Hour of Commute

Text by Chester Coxwell

Photograph by Marienka Bishop-Kovac



It was only the first week of December when the melancholy dreariness of winter began to take hold. The sky became oppressive grey and mists hung heavy on the buildings' soulless, dark windows; each a void rather than a portal. As I prepared for my daily outing, I nearly swooned at the thought of the journey ahead: packing into shabby, steel tubes with a blasé rabble and careen through the deep, dark insides of the Earth. There, the only kings are the rats. And there, humans become one with the devils of hell. And always, the fell voice on the air calls out a requiem for the masses followed by the constant hollow dirge of, **"DING DANG DONG."** Even writing this account of hellish horrors, so near to the hubris of Faustus, makes me shudder in memory of that sound, **"DING DANG DONG."**

Finally, with strength equalling Jove himself, I could gird myself and begin my journey down the grey asphalt streets through that lonely city. The dreary tract of street brought me to the mouth of Tartarus itself, shining in the grey light like the gleam of a thousand daggers: Cerberus incarnate, screeching with every mortal devoured. Its skin, grey with weathering, chipping, and denting of a thousand festering wounds. Would I go in and let myself be carried through or would I shirk my duty to travel the long dark? Another shriek and the memory of the sound, **"DING DANG DONG."** I shuddered at the memory.

But I went onward, towards the lines of people sacrificed to the great beast, appeasing its infinite appetite. And here, at the moment of my folly, I was spotted. Thomas Peabody, a once schoolmate of mine — his black boots stained with the white detritus of winter's first foray into our city, hailed me as a fellow damned soul at the river Styx. "Sir, I cannot go on, but I must. I had been waiting for thirty movements of the clock for the bus, but delayed it was!" He fell to his knees, begging for it all to end, "Please brother..." His voice trailed off into a flurry of unknown tongues.

Together we went, the portal squealing as it swallowed us into the depths of the subway station, and above us we saw the horrid words, or imagined them:

SUFFERING STATION

And then all memory was lost. Did I swoon in the slow movement down or was the hellish heat too much to bear? My memory returns on the accursed platform; the tiles dirty with footprints of millions, the walls defaced by ghastly images of an Absinthe drinkers' nightmare. And the fell voice called into the ether, "Attention

all customers on Line 2, we are currently experiencing a delay—,” with that my companion froze in alarm, “at Dundas West station...” The voice turned from the sweet call of the Sirens to a mangled horror, the work of Mephistopheles. My breathing began to be faster. Was it the stale heat? I checked the time. Only fifteen minutes left to reach my destination. Mr. Peabody was now lolling from the weight of a second delay. How long would we be stuck here in limbo? The platform then began to be occupied with another wave of grey bodies, dreary with another commute, heavy with metropolitan boredom. Would there be an open entrance amongst the infinite bodies, would we be able to escape to the light of day once again?

Here I must put down my pen on this stormy night, an omen of the terrors to come. I must dab a handkerchief to my brow and prepare to relate to you the horrors of our terrible underground empire, the deteriorating structures of an aristocracy past. Here I must cleanse my mind of the horrible sound:
“DING DANG DONG.”

But alas I cannot until this final tome is completed, written at the waning of my old age. Here am I, head full of the glooms of yesterday, my hand shaking with the weight of time as I hold this, my cracked and broken pen dipped in the ink of constant toil. With this, a prayer to the gods that have vacated our once, glorious city I must delve back into the terror, which I had been unceremoniously subjected.

The moment of our despair was briefly canceled by the emergence of our transport: the long metal tube emerged from the midst of a void beyond. Our momentary elation was soon dissipated with a choking smog and screams of a million harpies that would tear travellers to shreds. Each space was full, occupied by despaired souls, eager to retrun back into the light. My mortified companion and I squeezed our continence, squashed against the mass of sweating flesh. Again, we heard the sounds, the sanguine voice dripping with fatalism and the chime, orchestra of the dead, the **“DING DANG DONG.”**

The hope that our trip would be swift was dashed soon as our movement was quickly and abruptly halted mid-journey. I checked the time, sweating, swooning with the necessity for movement. Mr. Peabody lolled, hanging limp off the cold, grey plastic strap. The window, barring any hope of continuance, projected the dark stone wall, burning it into my own supple retinas never to be forgotten. Ah! But if any grace could see us in our torment; however, this was not to be. Only the gaze of demons and trolls, goblin laughter accompanied our unscheduled stop in the tunnels carved by the glory of the past.

Then, new hope. The movement began jerkily and slowly at first, then faster and back to speed. We were now moving, as though on the golden wings of Memphian Isis, ruler of all Egyptian mysteries. And, in consort with Amun-Ra lord of the sun, we were brought to the cursed platform of the station whose being does not deserve the name of a saint. Rather, it was the place of the saints of the dead. Here we were subjected to new horror before our miraculous escape: the dance of death. This infernal choreography jostled us and our comrades in long lines up and down the continually-trodden stairs and now towards the light of day.

This is my testimony of the evil occurrences of the day, the final regurgitation from the stomach of the beast. And with this I end my story, dear reader,

BEWARE.

Photograph by Marienka Bishop-Kovac

Sorry Toronto!

Messages

Text by Eddy O'Toole

05/09/15 - I left you alone for a full week so you can just enjoy every moment of being so wonderfully overwhelmed.

15/09/15 - And no doubt you have made a thousand friends.

23/09/15 - You know, people spend their whole lives looking for people like that and you attract them like magnets.

28/09/15 - That's a very good complaint to have in University.

06/10/15 - How is roommate today?

17/10/15 - Today you need to go and find yourself a new person to talk to.

17/10/15 - How would I write out your address on a package?

21/11/15 - You will have no energy to study tomorrow if you work until 2:00.

28/11/15 - I miss you lots! Boo loves lying on your bed now.

01/12/15 - We'll leave the christmas village and the tree for you when we decorate.

21/12/15 - Cannot wait for the biggest hug.

10/01/15 - That suitcase is just too small for travelling with a months worth of clothes, plus christmas gifts and dirty laundry.

11/01/16 - I don't want you to have to feel like a guest walking around Toronto

27/02/16 - We haven't talked in so long!

20/03/16 - Hi Eddy, just wanted to hear your voice.

07/03/16 - We already established when I don't hear from you its because your having a lot of fun.

18/03/16 - You would miss home today.

08/04/16 - What would you like to do if Nanny passes during exams?

16/04/16 - I'm going to need you so much.

16/04/16 - I'm sorry if this is stressful for you, me being like this and you being able to do nothing.

21/04/16 - Hugs on the 29th.

09/09/16 - I'm so glad that internet is finally in your new home.

20/09/16 - Veggies are cheaper up there, thank god.

21/09/16 - I need to start planning for your next care package and letter. Although, I think my letters are too sentimental for you. Maybe just a post it note.

22/10/16 - Good morning Eddy, you are probably still sleeping. It's a drizzle old day here today.

06/10/16 - I wouldn't fit into Toronto, I know it. I would love to meet everyone.

30/10/16 - How is the fall weather so far? We had a lot of rain.

02/11/16 - I'll Skype you as soon as I'm up.

06/11/16 - I really love every part of you, especially on bad days. Talk to you tomorrow.

07/11/16 - I wish I could third-wheel all this.

28/11/16 - On Thursday, since you're off, I can call and shop with you.

13/11/16 - Call her Eddy. She misses you.

04/12/16 - You look exhausted.

12/12/16 - When you are home, we can deal with it. And things will look up, because we don't have another choice but to fix it.

13/12/16 - I love you, and I think we need not apologize for having friction once in a while.

14/12/16 - I cannot wait to hug you in the airport.

19/12/16 - Onto the plane you go.

09/1/17 - Pop asked after you, asked if you were happy being back.

Photograph by Rowan Lynch





Goodbye Letter to 665
by Irina Rouby Apelbaum

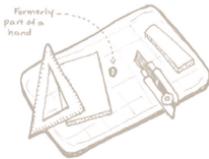
Goodbye Letter to 665 is a collection of sketches that illustrate the former architecture undergraduate studio space and the student life within 665-667 Spadina Avenue. The drawings are meant to capture the joyful, stressful, and quirky home that we've left: celebrating all the weird things while at the same time recording and critiquing its condition.



Abraded and cut asbestos walls.



Back of 665, where projects and good materials sometimes get thrown out and wasted.



Accidents.



Creepy bathtub.

***The Best Concerts in Toronto
are Probably Happening In Your
Neighbour's Living Room***
by Josie Northern



Photograph by Zoe Smith

Last December, a DIY venue – a space that hosts performances without the appropriate licenses – called the Ghost Ship in Oakland, California burned down killing 36 people. Since this tragedy, members outside of DIY communities have accused DIY venues of creating death traps. This attack has most notably come from members of 4chan – an online bulletin board – who have compiled a list of venues that are operating without licenses, asking other members to report these spaces to their local authorities. Safety regulations are important and necessary, but blaming the victims and advocates of these spaces is misguided. Most of these spaces engage with an established set of practices for DIY venues to help protect the people and the venue; Grandma's Club, a house turned DIY venue, in Toronto is one of many that utilize these best practices – often referred to as “safe space guidelines.”

“Before the show, I make a rule post on the Facebook event page to outline how people can help make it a safe space,” says Zoe Smith, main organizer for the venue. “For example, with the last show, we had a glowstick policy. Me and few others had glowstick bracelets to let people know that we were the ones to talk to if there was a problem.”

DIY venues are often created because the owners are boxed out of traditional venue spaces: sometimes those involved do not have the resources to rent out a fully licensed venue, and sometimes those involved have the resources but they encounter discrimination when trying to rent from fully licensed venue owners. To navigate this obstacle, they use any space within their realm of control: a house, a warehouse, an office space, a storefront, etc. Some owners of DIY venues try to license these ad-hoc spaces, but they are almost always met with resistance and lack of support by city officials because of a misguided perception that creating these spaces is an act of deviance. Grandma's Club is among many that feel a growing pressure to stay hidden from public view.

“If people want the address they have to message me through my Facebook page, so that I can screen them. If we have mutual friends then I'll usually let them come,” says Zoe Smith. The owner of the venue, Lucas reflects the same sentiment: “If someone shows up that I

don't know then I ask them which bands they came to see.”

These spaces are incredibly important to the cultural development of minority groups and burgeoning sub-genres of music and performance. They offer a haven to those who have found a particular cultural niche online or through friends. For example, an event at Grandma's Club that showcased bands Garbaggio, Pizza Sharks, and Drunk Slug had around 30 people engulfed in a mosh pit in the venue's living room, with some crowdsurfing. This energy and enthusiasm for the music would be hard to generate at a regular venue.

“People are more comfortable to do experimental stuff,” says Lucas.

“We all become better friends after,” says Zoe. “Some bands experiment with their sets, but it depends on the band. Garbaggio was not tame when they played.”

Despite marketing itself as a music city, Toronto has failed to nurture venue spaces, let alone DIY venue spaces. There are only 50 licensed venues left in Toronto; a 54% drop in 2 years. Earlier this year, Soybomb – a well-known DIY venue in Toronto – was forced to shut down after fire marshals heavily fined the owners because of unfounded complaints. Members of the community argue that there should be more governmental action being done to support these spaces, but arguments tend to be weak because there are few authoritative outlets that accurately represent the symbolic and physical importance of these space. Therefore, DIY venues and the active members of these spaces are often met with inaccurate judgements from outsiders. “I think there is a misunderstanding that happens when cops show up to these shows,” says Lucas. “I could be wrong, but I feel like they're not attached to the music scene. They don't understand what's going on. It would be really hard to explain to a police officer that we're just hanging out.”

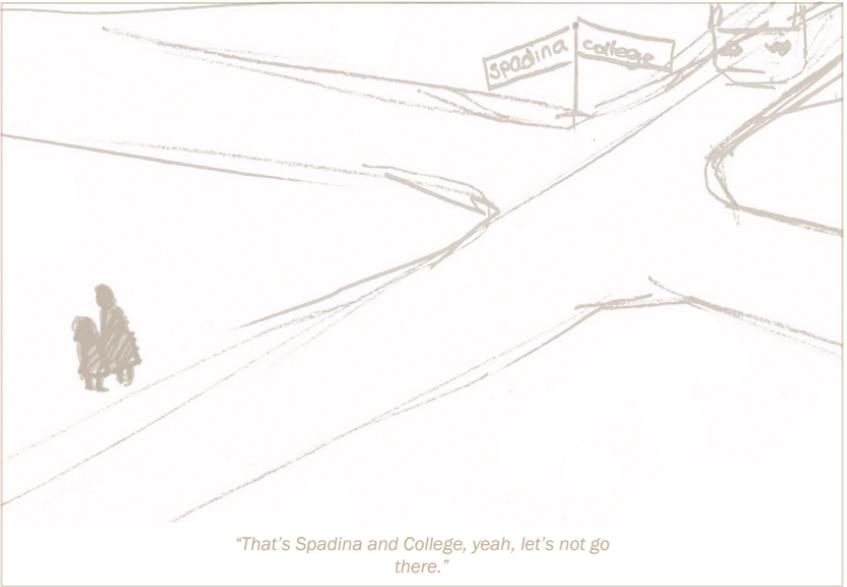
Ammi and Me
by Najia Fatima

Last winter, my mother visited me from Pakistan and I got to show her around Toronto. This visit was something that I had been planning and looking forward to for months since this was her first time in the city. However, when she arrived and I started my 'tour' but realized that she had not learned to be aware of potential acts of racism against Muslims on the street. I immediately started worrying about her safety. I hadn't previously told her about these hate crimes because I didn't want her to worry about my safety while I was so far away from home.

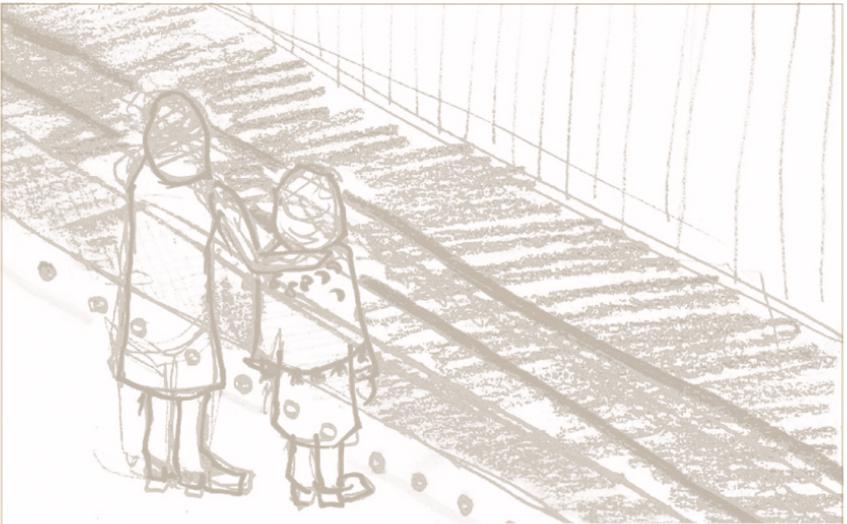
This is a set of instructions that gave her along our tour so that we could avoid confrontation.



"Try not to cover your face, I get that you're cold but people might take it the wrong way."



"That's Spadina and College, yeah, let's not go there."



"Don't stand too close to the train platform. Let's just sit down instead."



***Interview with
My Thanh Thi Nguyen***
by Phat Le

My mother named My Nguyen is a Vietnamese refugee who fled to Canada at the end of the Vietnam War in 1974. Leaving Vietnam separated her from seven siblings and embarked her on a month-long journey. She came to Canada with the hope of reuniting with her sister Nga in Oshawa, and with the ambition to care for her mother who stayed behind in Vietnam. As the owner of Hong Phat Variety on Queen West and Ossington, with two children and a wiener dog, My Nguyen now calls Toronto home. My interview with her was an opportunity to understand more about her and where she came from.

Phat: How old were you when you left Saigon? Could you describe what happened?

My: I was around 25 years old when I left Saigon at the very south tip of the country. I had to wait two weeks until the city was quiet before we could escape on boats at night. Around four days in, pirates took over the boat. I remember them dividing the boat into women and children on one side, and men on the other. They raped all the women and children on the boats and stole our food and jewelry. When they got to me, I had a miracle: I had my period, so they told me to leave. The trip took about a week. We didn't have enough to eat or drink. We only got a cap sized amount of water every day, but I always gave my serving of water to the children. I think this is why I didn't get raped; it was a miracle. We eventually docked in Malaysia at a refugee camp, where I waited two months before flying over to Canada.

Phat: Did you know anything about Canada before you arrived?

My: Not really, my father said it was really cold. All I knew about the country was what the officers at Customs showed us in a video. I remember the video showed people wearing tank tops, and it was sunny, so I thought it was warm! But when I got here, never have I in my life felt that kind of cold.

Phat: How did you get to Canada?

My: We took a plane to Montreal in December. From there, I was sent to Toronto so that they could bring me back to my sister Nga in Oshawa.

Phat: What was going through your head when you got there?

My: I was definitely scared, but I just wanted to be back with my sister. I just wanted to see her. She was pregnant before she left Vietnam, so I was excited to see her kid.

Phat: I remember you and Aunt Nga always visiting this one woman named

Ms. Johnston in Oshawa. Was she your sponsor?

My: No, she was someone who knew Nga. The government sponsored me, so I was given an apartment that I shared with two other women.

Phat: How did you meet her?

My: Nga lived with a woman who met Ms. Johnston on a bus. Ms. Johnston saw that woman looking so cold, and not dressed warm enough, holding a baby who wasn't dressed properly either. Ms. Johnston offered the woman her coat. From there, they became friends, Ms. Johnston met my sister, and eventually became a good friend to our family. She got me my first job as a Florist, where I learned how to do floral arrangement. When I first got that job, I went every single day, and never took a day off. Sometimes they only needed me just three hours, but I would take the bus, and walk through snow that was up to my stomach.

Phat: How did you get to Toronto?

My: When I lived in Oshawa, my sister's boyfriend lived in Toronto; he always talked about how there was more work in Toronto. He got me a job in the city as an assembler of electronics, where I worked on assembling computers. So I left Oshawa, and stayed on the couch of a friend's house for a couple of months before getting my own apartment. Eventually, I met your father, whose parents owned the convince store that we live in.

Phat: What does Toronto mean to you? How do you see the city?

My: I really love the city. The opportunities available here allowed me to send money back to my mother and father, who were still in Saigon. In Vietnam, you could never make this sort of money. I never cared about whether the city was big, or small, or even safe. It was a place for me to help my family. I've been very happy here, and I am so much happier here now. I've lived downtown for over 30 years, and it has made me so happy.



Place-Making and Human Mobility Under Carceral Capitalism

by Benjamin de Boer

Toronto as Phantasmagoria (dream city)

Cities are like hallucinations. They exist as vast, intricate assemblages of synchronized yet irreducibly juxtaposed events and structures. Somehow, this morphing dream accelerates off in every way towards concrete horizons instead of collapsing entirely. City dwellers know this well — they live inside of this machine every day. They are accustomed to navigating this fraying biopolitical network. Toronto is a place where trees once met water, a place where the CN Tower looms silently over the spectre of industrial production.

For a country boy like myself, all I knew about Toronto was that it was a loud, growing urban centre carving its way across the bottom of Pleistocene-Era Lake Iroquois. When I got here, it was more complex than I could have ever imagined — but not in a bad way. The architectural forms produce spatial relations that reflect the diverse cultural enclaves formed over periods of occupancy. These spaces present us with different worlds and time periods, all stitched together in ways both planned and serendipitous, premeditated and accidental. Beyond the structures themselves, I have found love downtown. Self-love and a love for other individuals. This burgeoning, neutral eros cannot — at its core — be seized by state apparatuses of capture. It denies total subordination by regimes of law and instrumentalized reason. In its disarticulate vulnerability, shy and gentle, it does not discriminate against other people. It is freeing, bringing all people together in a dynamic community of care and concern. That is the dream, at least.

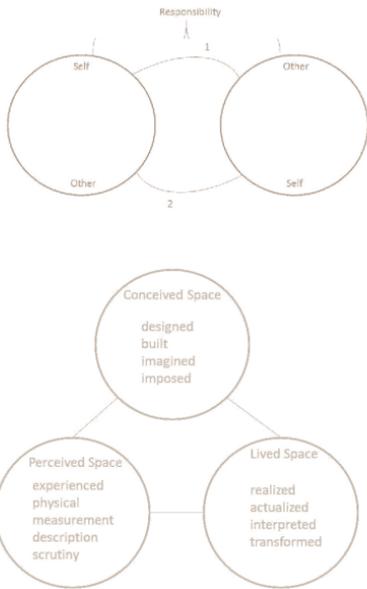
This love feels like a slow blossom. It encourages movement, change, activity of the body and soul cutting through spurious posing. But even within Toronto's bubble of inclusiveness and acceptance, we are still met with resistance. We cannot love as we wish to, live as we wish to. The urban form controls us politically and geometrically — both our bodies and our emotions. In order to produce a vision of a non-exploitative society, we must grapple with the city and the structure of urban relationships, not simply reflect upon the organization of industrial production.

Sometimes circumstances beyond our control push us to act in ways that are met with condemnation, otherwise we are left self-policing and basically silencing our narratives of struggle in order to appeal to social conventions. We must be pleasant and sip our tea and only whisper. Quiet kakis are something, but liberation is only possible through the subversion and rerouting of space through and for playful, loving activity - allowing for human self-actualization. This is the 'risk' of disintegration, the bloom of corporeal fluidity (however co-opted) and agentic constitution. You can't deny that human power struggles are fought out in the realm of space; its production, representation, and use. There is one bit of theory that has helped me in understanding love, in turn loving urban environments, and developing action and strategy for others living here as well. This work is the *Trialectics of Space* by Henri Lefebvre. Using this model, one can examine the composition of different societies in order to describe the specifics of different kinds of space one might encounter. This is the silver lining; understanding how these kinds of spaces can help us transform the city and liberate its occupants.

A Potential Method: The Trialectics of Space

For Lefebvre, space is seen as a medium to work with, rather than a void area in which action is contained (Lumsden 2004:187). Far from neutral, space is a social product and a precondition for the workings of human society. It takes on an active, operational persona — full of potential! Human relationships could not take place in the absence of spatial context, and society cannot be understood if space is omitted. There is no unspatialized social reality (Soja 1989:131-7). Different configurations of space are produced by different societies, and their societal configuration also depends on these various spatial conditions (Orum & Chen 2003:23). Different spaces would produce different societies, and these differential societies would in turn lead to the production of unique spaces.

Lefebvre's 1991 *Trialectics of Space* organizes space into three elemental groupings: conceived, perceived, and lived space (33-46).



Conceived Space correlates to the spatial practises in society, the way in which activities carry out in particular spaces in particular societies. It defines space that is designed, built, imagined, imposed, and the ways that people move about while navigating these spaces. This is the space of architects, planners, commissioning rulers that generate blueprints, maps, models, political monuments, and surveyor's grids. Perceived Space is directly experienced in day to day life as a physical configuration, sensed directly and open to measurement, description, and physical scrutiny. Corresponding with levels of potential comes recognition of place, which is space that is realized, actualized, and interpreted. Space is turned into place through processes of identification, categorization, deliberate transformation, and semiosis. If we are to understand space in terms of potentiality, observing processes of identification and categorization can therefore be seen as indicators of the space's potential for becoming place. The third element of the trialectic is Lived

Space, which is effectively synonymous with place. These places are socially mediated engagements with space, or “representational spaces” (Orum & Chen 2003:35). They are lived in, carry meaning and represent something. It can happen through their symbolic or cultural constructs that represent the higher and more creative uses of symbolism in the form of art and architecture. Moreover, these spaces can also include potentially subverted and hijacked reinterpretations of everyday space such as campus safe-spaces, the sigils on dorm room walls, alleys with graffiti, a prisoner’s decoration of their cell, or using the prison plumbing system as an elaborate makeshift telephone network. Though quite different, the space in these examples is similar in that it is consciously apprehended, experienced, and re-formed even in the face of scrutiny.

The space that Lefebvre called Lived Space, or Place, is thus contrasted with the conceived representations of space that make up the fodder of most material investigations. Place as it is phenomenologically experienced is an aspect of society that is vital in gaining a more fleshed-out understanding of any urban centre. As Orum and Chen note, Lefebvre intended for his work to demonstrate that the precise, minute constructions within space “shaped and dictated the rhythms of everyday life” (36). The wanton details of our built environment carry an incredibly politicized identity. The importance of such spaces as they were experienced themselves should not be overlooked. A true revolution relies on the creation of a new spatialization—shifting the balance away from the conceived space of which private property, city lots, and the surveyor’s grid are artifacts. This is because, under capitalism space is produced in such a way that facilitates the workings of capitalism. Embracing and creating new space is a device for harnessing its potential in genuine semiosis, and redirecting the perceived space of everyday practice.

Case Study: Toronto South Detention Centre

Cities engulfed in capitalism resemble a camp not unlike a slaughterhouse. Toronto is no different, seeing as it was once referred to by its abundance of abattoirs. Though the productive form of political economy has been reupholstered as luxury lofts — if not completely demolished to make way for cringingly sterile condominiums — there still remains the façade of architectural impressions. Appearance, purchased or not, is the last line of defence between disregarding models of authenticity and falsity, of sacred and profane, and the novelty-machine of glib, twee hip simulacra. So, when it came to buying a trendy yet reputable architect, the right-of-centre libs ‘allowed’ for Zeidler, the prestigious firm behind the run down, yet actually quite humorous Ontario Place, (coincidentally) the Eaton Centre’s freakish arcade galleria, the Trump tower, and luckily the much needed Ryerson SLC. Seems like they really are in the business of generating walking corpses.

Jump a few years back. The Mimico Correctional Centre gets torn down, and they erect the TSDC. To help meet the spiritual needs of Indigenous inmates, Zeidler engaged Aboriginal community agencies in the design process. Spaces were prepared for a future sweat lodge, a sweetgrass hut and healing lodges. Referred to by some as the “Guantanamo South Detention Centre”, this name makes sense considering the ungodly things that take place inside. During its first four years, four inmates died, and 14 tried to commit suicide. There were 249 inmate-on-inmate assaults, and 118 assaults on staff — almost three times as many as Maplehurst. During lockdown, the pervading sound — for hours on end — is an unsettling drone (poor acoustics) peppered with the inmates begging to be set free. That explains the 2-star rating on Google.

Toronto Life boasts that the “TSDC demonstrates the ability of the architectural profession to adapt to changing needs, balance conflicting requirements and continue

to serve public interests.” However, we can see that this facility offers what could be called a fourth world based off of the checklist style approach to incarceration and the actual lived experience of the inmates. I call it this not because I believe the world can be split into geopolitical sectors ranked on a numerical scale based off of levels of humanitarian outreach, but because businesses do. The notion of first, second, and third worlds is dated, but its reductive outlook serves a heinous purpose for the political economy. These facilities were not politically conceived out of mutual and consensual interactions with indigenous populations — rather it was only after disproportionate amounts of Indigenous people were incarcerated that any representation of these peoples were even considered. And what is the alternative? Apparently, the Canadian government has no problem letting the Indigenous populations in Canada go without proper assistance, considering Indigenous People (including First Nations, Metis, and Inuit Peoples) are disproportionately overrepresented among homeless population “in virtually all urban centres in Canada” (cwp-csp.ca), making up 28-34% of shelter users.

Where is the adaptation to ‘changing needs’ here? Where is the government’s desire to serve public interest? How are needs being met if 60% of Indigenous children on reserves are living in poverty? This fourth world is generated by those actively in charge of the access to representation, in order to represent aspects of a problematically “othered” world within. Instead of seeing these negotiations as a form of post-colonial relations, it is more critically aware to see this as continuation of North American neo-colonialism.

Self-representation is a basic aspect of life that has been denied of Indigenous people. It might feel like the colonial grip is loosening, but it is only over spaces that have been previously developed as detention centres. Even if the concept was encouraged through accomplishing proper consultation, what would further engagement by the Indigenous populations even accomplish against the general business-as-usual terror of the facility? Keep in mind this is a facility for adult males serving 2 years or less. That’s less time than most forms of school, if the point is to be general education. But if it was such a short period of time, why are so many people dying? Why are these individuals here in the first place? Turns out, the inmates are still awaiting trial (read: innocent). Why are there frequent lockdowns resulting in solitary confinement?

Why would this be the typical experience of those entering into a facility that is supposed to help them? Why is a place that is attempting to deliver the “message that the offender is here to change his or her life and become a productive citizen” (Justice Facilities Review 1996) result in requiring isolation and producing suicides? All in the name of rapid change, it seems, considering the facility presents itself as a bastion of staff efficiency, low-cost, and the minimization of inmate movements. Basically, this form of domination operates through a set of strategies that are on the surface easier to swallow. It transforms a contest between entities that are opposed to one another (the innocent and the guilty) into a machine focused on the regulation of some larger function that includes both sides. In other words, it is holistic domination. It is frightening to think of the experience of inmates within these hellish facilities, especially when they are filled with individuals beyond those convicted of committing crimes.

The architects are taking jobs as they come while strategically attempting to stay in business themselves. We can see how government policy influences the physical structure of these spaces. While I don’t want to be a partisan mouthpiece, I still think we should, as individuals with information and opportunities to connect with the rest of the world, reach out to the incarcerated, to those in holding, and learn from their experience.

Concluding Remarks

We, as students, must find a method. Not a collective method to unify ourselves, but a variety of dispositions of study, all directed towards critiquing and resisting the frighteningly instrumentalized urban form in front of us. The letterists, and for a time Henri Lefebvre himself, adopted a model of urbanism called Unitary Urbanism (Ross: 1977). From 1953 to 1960, the Situationists developed Unitary Urbanism as a critique of other contemporaneous forms of urbanism. To overcome this, one of the tactics employed was that of psychogeography. This approach to geography emphasized playful engagement and new awareness of the individual's urban environment, an act that generates emotional connectivity to space. It makes places, and better understands the people that inhabit them! This tactic contributed to spatial and urban theory by showing the growing fragmentation of the city and the undoing of its dynamic organic power under capitalism. This was done through providing a synchronic history of a disappearing socio-structural unity. Duncan (1993: 233) speaks to the veritable importance of recognizing place in saying that the city is not merely an area in which political struggle takes place, but that it becomes the means by which each side in a conflict attempts to better the other. As such, the landscape is seen as an important part of the practice of power, and critique of said landscape was seen as a criticism of the exertion of power itself (Duncan 1993: 241). Better understanding place alleviates the negative effects of lopsided interpretation. As Swenson (2012: 20) notes, the dated tropes of state and chiefdom have only further skewed the interpretation of cultures. It is due to the reductive act of overlooking place, and thus the diversity of specific regimes of political spatial production, that investigation continues to perpetuate an unnecessary level of bias.

This desire for action comes out of fear. A fear of right accelerationism, of diving head first into the machinery of capital to destabilize its functions. Basically, it takes struggling against subordination in another direction by embracing capitals predilection for speed and novelty. When dealing with detention and inmate holding centres, we have entered into the realm of civic hospitality — of a promise of care. But this notion of humanity is a compositional function run by the edifice of post-human institutions. Capitalism itself fights against its own impossibility: it thrives on destabilization! It is a spiral, inherently channeling the creation of new forms of itself. Capital is this irreconcilable generation of newness which forces human agency to migrate out of the subject into the amalgam — the technocratic sphere that operates as a reservoir of knowledge and computing power. The means of production become the end. Justified as the mutation of forms during the creation of technomic difference, intensive machine-driven reification of possible instrumentalization processed dominate. Growth, endless growth. The machine becomes its own end — the tool in itself. Novelty and fate fight against catastrophe to ensure anastrophe. New forms demolish and render useless the incubator substrate that nourished its formal emergence.

This kind of capitalist acceleration ends up only being an acceleration of suffering. This suffering is brought about by unifying subordination, meaning that it is an incarceration process that identifies our various forms of life as a single process. This process is seen as an ultimate goal, and a harrowing one at that. On the other hand, a more Deleuzian accelerationism would embrace the tiny, molecular forms of safe space as they emerge through discrete consensus, understood through empathetic cycles of care and embracing the infinite warmth of hospitality. In these places we can explore new possibilities! If we search for a personal architecture of enjoyment, we can take our hands and fabricate an architecture of enjoyment. Deleuze and Guattari state in *What is Philosophy that*:

"If the three ages of the concept are the encyclopedia, pedagogy, and commercial professional training, only the second can safeguard us from falling from the heights of the first into their disaster of the third — an absolute disaster for thought whatever its benefits might be, of course, from the viewpoint of universal capitalism" (Deleuze & Guattari 2003:12)

This is Deleuze warning us not against the creation of concepts, but of their incorporation under capitalism in the realm of marketing and entrepreneuring. Acceleration via embracing the logic of capital, by letting it think through us, amounts to nothing more than downloading the latest hyper-racist adware with the modus operandi of abolishing thought altogether. If we are to take human mobility as something threatened by the program of incarceration, our only response is to recourse to sustainability. Sustainability here acts as an aspect of synchronizing and paying close attention to a subject's intensive resources as they are conceived in cognition, affect, and ecologically. Subjects are to be seen as a node in a matrix of continuous becoming. For Deleuze, this becoming is linked to one's duration, one's endurance of sustainable transformations, enacting this blossoming power around themselves to create a diverse, responsive community. The spatio-temporal force of mobility posits the Earth itself as a member of our community with which all members may interact with differently, allowing for consensual, caring negotiations.

Fighting against the wrongdoings of the Canadian government involves fighting against the enlightenment ideals that result in the carceral form. If we reject static states of enlightenment, and instead foster non-states of adaptive dispositions each individual will hopefully understand our collective constitution, a quilt of self-governing intersubjective connections. It will be something beyond a community — borderless and ever changing. In this far off dream, we will all conduct ourselves in a fashion that will not impede on the harmonious activities of everyone's existence.

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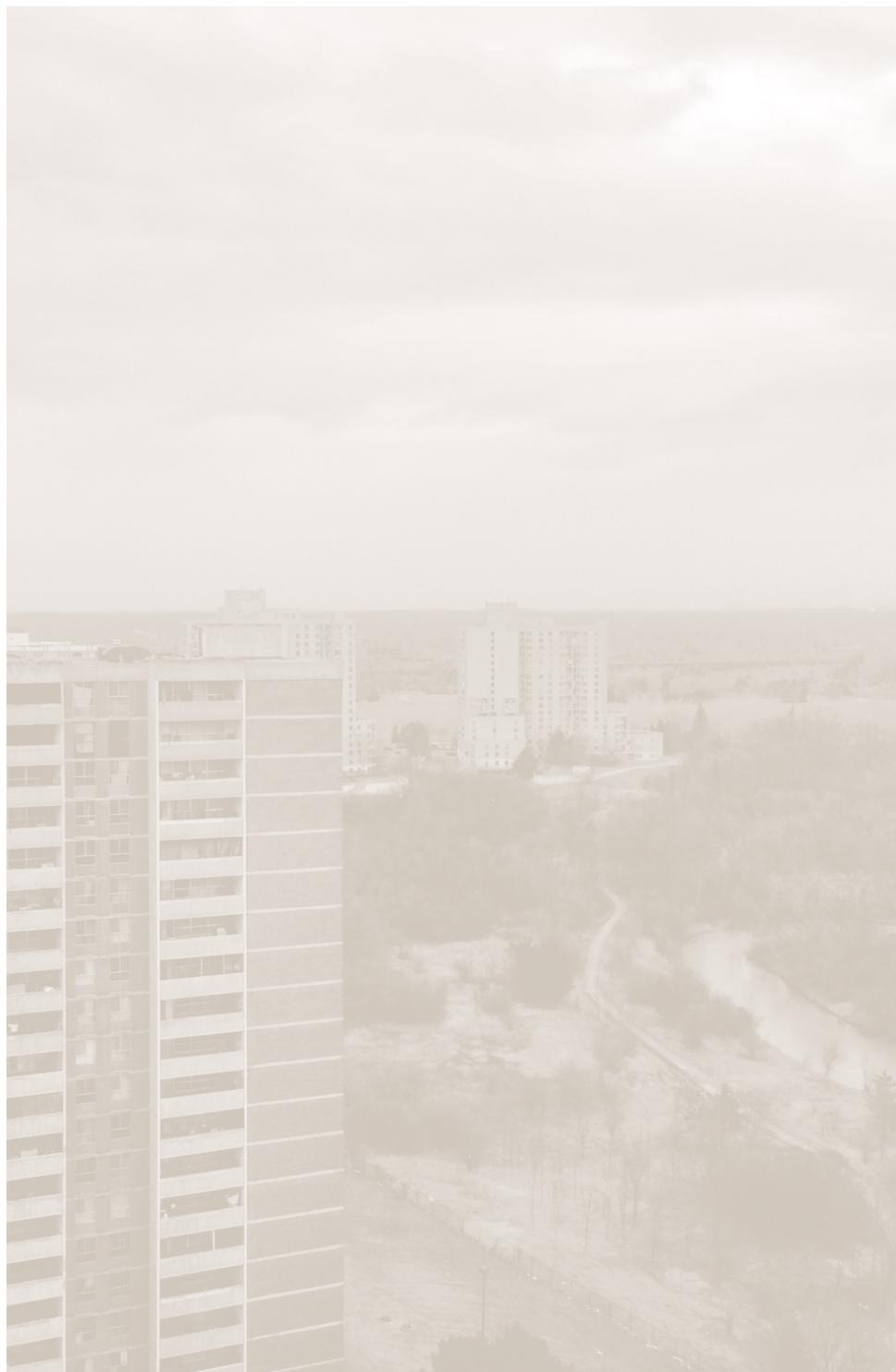
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The background features several white, three-dimensional geometric shapes, including rectangular blocks and a large, stylized letter 'S', arranged in a way that creates a sense of depth and perspective. The shapes are set against a light beige background, with soft shadows cast beneath them, suggesting they are floating or resting on a surface. The overall aesthetic is clean, modern, and architectural.

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