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## CCFA Executive

[Kelly Pitman](#), President  
[Mark Kunen](#), Vice President  
[Paula Leweke](#), Secretary  
[Al Morrison](#), Treasurer  
[Debbie Gascoyne](#), Chair, CMC  
[Judith Hunt](#), Chair, CNC  
[Kathy Lokhorst](#), Chair., PDC

### Members at Large:

[Leelah Dawson](#)  
[Bronwen Welch](#)  
[Patricia Gaudreault](#)

### CCFA Office:

[Erin Waugh](#), Admin Assistant  
[Peg Ford](#), Clerical Assistant  
[www.camosunfaculty.ca](http://www.camosunfaculty.ca)

## UPCOMING EVENTS:

### Annual General Meeting:

May 13, 2013 Interurban.  
10 - 12 followed by lunch

## From the Executive

*Kelly Pitman, CCFA President*

Greetings, colleagues.

Well, the budget is out, and the theme seems to be "it could have been worse." And it could have. Given the provincial government's decision to delay the bulk of its planned \$50 million in cuts to advanced education until the next two budget years, Camosun was able to project smaller cuts in funding this year. Inflation continues, of course, so flat funding continues to be a problem. The college is still using the strategic plan to guide its budget, which means that we will see some increased funding in some areas as well as cuts in others.

The crux of the matter, of course, is college administration's commitment to presenting a balanced budget each year. It's not perfectly balanced, though, since the college budgets a surplus every year. In that respected, the term "balanced budget" needs further examination. The vote to approve the budget was not unanimous, but it did pass. It was heartening to have faculty members come to the board of governors meeting to show their interest in this process, which is definitely better than last year's. Many students also attended the meeting to protest the 2% raise in tuition that will provide some additional revenue.

And speaking of meetings, thanks again to all the faculty members who attended the last CCFA GM. It was rather embarrassing to have no new business for that meeting, but we are obligated to have two meetings a year. Clearly, however, the shorter length and alternate day and time work for some people. Our next meeting will not be that short, alas, as it's the AGM and, besides some important and possibly contentious matters to discuss, we will be electing CCFA Executive members. If you are interested in being nominated for a position, feel free to contact me or anyone on the executive for more information. The meeting will be on Monday, May 13 from 10AM until 12PM, and will be followed by lunch and socializing. In the past, we have had problems managing the quantity of food, as people sometimes show up without letting us know in advance. This year, we ask that you please let Erin know whether you're coming and that you update your RSVP if you change your mind. This is all in aid of spending your dues as carefully as possible and including everyone who wants to be included, so I know you'll understand.

Some of you may have seen the March 20, 2013 issue of Nexus, in which a student reporter interviewed Kathryn Laurin. I thought doing the interview was an excellent idea, but then received some dismayed feedback from faculty members when the interview was published. The particular concern was the following quotation from Kathryn: "One of the messages I've quietly signaled, I think, over the last four years is that we cannot be complacent; it is not good enough. Students are growing up with handheld devices so to faculty we say, 'Okay, standing up and lecturing, we can't do just that anymore.' We're making them change, so some fear of change is understandable." This is not necessarily a message we want going out to our students. Likely the

passage was taken out of context and not a reflection of our presidents' views on our teaching practice and our ability or willingness to innovate where appropriate, so I contacted her asking that she clarify the remarks in some way, perhaps in a letter to Nexus. She has so far not responded.

What else are we doing? Well, a great deal of time right now is spent preparing for and engaging in bargaining. If you've never done this kind of work, you might be surprised at how many hours go into drafting and analyzing proposals, but since collective agreement language determines rights and responsibilities on both sides, it's crucial to get it right. We're also looking at some college policies and procedures, serving on many committees, and trying to express faculty perspectives at whatever tables we can get to. As always, I end by asking that if you have any concerns about the union, college decisions, or anything else it seems likely I can help with, I'd love to hear from you. In the meantime, may April bring you some sunshine.

## Not Just a Union Geek

Debbie Gascoyne, English

### A Tribute to Roger Ebert

I was going to write about Joss Whedon this week, then this happened: Roger Ebert died.

I found out about it in the middle of a union meeting. Yes, I confess. I was checking my Twitter feed in the middle of a negotiating committee meeting. And the first thing I saw was "RIP Roger Ebert."

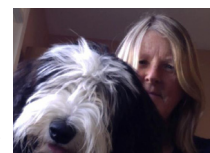
"Oh, NO!" I couldn't help myself. Judith and Kelly and Mark looked over at me. But I put my hand over my mouth, muttered "Sorry..." and kept quiet. I wasn't sure that I would be able to avoid crying if I told them "Roger Ebert died." I stuffed the news away into the back of my mind and kept going through the rest of that meeting and another hour-long meeting with a faculty member who needed my help.

Then I went home, read all the tributes on the internet, and cried.

I didn't always care that much about Roger (I call him Roger, familiarly, because I've always thought of him as part of "Gene and Roger.") But I am now, and always have been, a huge movie fan. I watch movies voraciously and am fortunate to have grown up in what is generally recognized as the golden age of serious movies: the seventies and the early eighties. During that time, in my late teens and early twenties, I watched hundreds of movies, read books about movies, made scrapbooks about movies, and followed as many movie reviews as I could. And of course I watched "Sneak Previews," which later became "Siskel and Ebert At the Movies."

My friends and I referred to Gene and Roger as "the fat guy and the skinny guy," and I always liked Gene best. I thought he was more serious and intellectual. I thought Roger was a bit soft – he would give a movie a good review just because he enjoyed it. Even if it was crap, if it was good crap he could find something good to say about it. I appreciate that point of view now, but when I was

in my early twenties, I confess I was a bit disdainful. And, yes, I cried when Gene Siskel died. And I rather lost interest in Roger when he introduced the bland Richard Roeper on his show and I thought they were both selling out to Hollywood.



Then Roger lost his voice.

And found his voice again. On the internet. Through his Twitter feed, and his Facebook page, and his blog. And in the past however many years it has been since he stopped doing TV, I have grown to admire him more and more. He could no longer speak, but, man, could he write. And through his blogs and his tweets and his Facebook page, we discovered a man who had gotten to the heart of what this life is all about. It's about passion, passion for what you do, for the people you care about, for good work. Roger shared his own passions and shared the passions of others. One of the things that I liked most about him was his willingness to share the limelight, to find good writers (his "far-flung correspondents") and to introduce them to the rest of us.

Through his blog and his Twitter feed and his Facebook page, we got to know a man who could no longer speak or eat but who could still enjoy good company, could still feel like a fan-boy at Cannes or the Oscars, who loved his wife and wasn't afraid of strong, competent women, who loved to travel, and who, above all, was comfortable in his own skin.

I remember the shock I felt when I saw the brave, revealing cover photo of his ravaged, almost unrecognizable, face on the cover of Esquire magazine. We'd all known that he'd had surgery and lost his jaw, but I don't think anyone really imagined the damage that surgery would have caused. The picture on the cover is shocking, but the article gives you a wonderful portrait of Roger, the interior man. You should go read it.

The internet is full, now, of lovely tributes to Roger the man by people who knew him personally. I never met him; I never even came close to meeting him. But I felt like I knew him, just a little bit, through his writing, and I feel a sense of personal loss at his death. That is the power of the internet. That is the power of writing.

## *The Union Reel*

By Kelly Pitman

*Live Nude Girls Unite!*



2000, Dir. Julia Query and Vicky Funari

I spent Friday night with a bunch of naked women. Okay, they were on screen, and I was fully clad—it's much too cold to sit around naked these days—but still, it was eye-opening.

*Live Nude Girls Unite!* chronicles the quest of a group of exotic dancers to unionize at their place of employment, The Lusty Lady in San Francisco. The film was co-directed, co-edited, and co-filmed by Julia Query, a stand-up comic and writer who was supplementing her meager income by dancing in a peep show. Here, customers pay to put quarters into a machine and watch a group of women, or, sometimes, one woman, dance for them, naked, in an enticing fashion.

I confess I know little about exotic dancing (including how to do it, but that's okay since my career path is set), but if I had thought about it before, I would have assumed it's as difficult a job as any other. It is. It requires constant bodily preparation and physical exertion. It is also, it turns out, mind-numbingly boring. In addition, the dancers are subject to abuse from customers. However, at the Lusty lady, and no doubt at clubs around the world, conditions were worse than they had to be because of employer attitudes and policies.

The problems? To begin with, no paid vacation and worse, no sick days. If a dancer was sick, she had to find her own replacement. Moreover, the replacement would have to have the same skin colour and similar hair and breast size, so that the appropriate variety is maintained (I'm not making this up!). If a dancer couldn't find a suitable replacement, she had to forgo her pay for the shift or come to work. Most chose the latter option, since they needed the money. Of course, since the dancers worked together in an enclosed space, illness spread quickly. Imagine trying to look seductive with a severe head cold.

As for skin colour and breast size, another problem the dancers identified was discrimination. The owners limited the work of black, Asian and otherwise "ethnic" dancers, since only one or two of them could work at any one time (a quota, as it were), and black dancers were never scheduled in the private rooms. These practices reduced the availability of work for non-white dancers, limiting their income and their movement up on the pay scale. Moreover, the women were categorized by breast size (not making this up!), which they deemed to be humiliating and discriminatory. Blonde and busty was the mainstream; everything else was second-class.

Another problem was that management was doing little to intervene in surreptitious videotaping of dancers' performances, which they felt to be a security problem as it risked exposing them to wide distribution of their images.

They took these matters up with their managers, to no avail, so they decided to unionize. The company tried to block this move by hiring a law firm that specialized in keeping businesses union-free. This move was unsuccessful, and negotiations began. Though the dancers had help from a representative of the Service Employees International union, they represented themselves, given that there was no union specialist in this kind of work. Soon enough, negotiations broke down, and the dancers went on strike. Both the dancers and their customers picketed the club. Eventually, the two sides reached a deal that got them a few provisions, including one sick day (yes, just one), less discriminatory scheduling, and, most important to them, "agency shop" versus "open shop" designation. The difference? In an open shop, employees can choose whether to join the union. In this situation, employers typically hire people who indicate from the outset an unwillingness to join the union. That means the union pretty much dies: no new rights are gained and no labour action can be effective. In an agency shop, joining the union is a condition of employment (as it is for most jobs at Camosun).

Julia Query is a funny woman, and the film is witty because of it. Besides examining working conditions and the obstacles to unionizing, the film explores Query's attitude to her work. Some of its most interesting scenes have to do with her relationship with her mother, to whom she has come out as a lesbian but not as a stripper. Her mother is a well-known

doctor who campaigns for better conditions for sex trade workers. When they are invited to speak at the same conference, Julia can no longer hide what she's doing from her mother. This, of course, results in a lot of emotion and some interesting debate.

It's a debate that's been raging for some time. When I was in graduate school, it took the form of feminist debates about pornography. On the one hand were the theorists who declared that pornography and prostitution are fundamentally demeaning and patriarchal; on the other hand were the theorists (and practitioners) who argued that through pornography and other sex-trade occupations, women could and did take control of their own sexuality. This was something I struggled with. My gut reaction to what seemed an objectification of women was unease, yet many feminist thinkers made convincing arguments for sexual empowerment through (some) pornography (particularly lesbian pornography). Among the dancers at The Lusty Lady, the empowerment argument was dominant. Many of the dancers were trained for and doing other work, such as social work, and viewed themselves as self-determining professionals who performed an important service and deserved more equitable working conditions. It is on these grounds that they sought to organize.

I enjoyed this film. I have never quite decided on my attitude toward stripping, though I will admit to feeling icky whenever I walked by the now defunct Monty's in downtown Victoria. I had a friend once who had been a bartender at Monty's. He told me that one of the dancers would take her contacts out before performing so that she didn't have to see the audience. That seemed sad to me, but I suppose we have to put up with all sorts of things in all sorts of jobs. However, basic benefits, like sick pay, and freedom from discrimination are not too much to ask. I guess that's why, whatever its problems (every system has some), I favor unionized environments. The specific benefits they provide through negotiation make a reasonable work life more possible. Believe me, as I watched this film, I was thinking of my sick leave, my health insurance, my PD funds, my vacation days, and my pension. At the Lusty Lady, the workers don't have what I have, but they've got more than they did. Most important, perhaps, is that they gained a measure of respect as individuals and as a profession. And that's the naked truth.

## Biking With Beaker

By Guest Columnist Beaker's Buddy Bunsen  
(Tony Webster (CSEE))



### Confessions of an addicted bike commuter – Part 1

Hello: my name is Tony and I am an addicted bike commuter. There, I finally admitted it.

From about age 15 I found out that riding my bike to Portsmouth Grammar School (England) gave me freedom. Freedom from potentially grumpy parents waiting in the car, freedom from buses and trains, freedom from traffic jams, freedom to feel the wind in my hair (I had hair back then): basically freedom to do what I wanted when I wanted. The fact that riding my bike was cheap and “good” for me were just pleasant side effects. Back in those early days I vowed I would never commute routinely to work by car. I have stuck to that through years of study and work in Portsmouth, Bristol, Edmonton, Kamloops, Madrid and now Victoria. OK sure occasionally I have to drive to work when I have too much stuff to transport, but it's rare. And it's always less satisfying than riding my bike. Paradoxically, I actually feel safer on a bike than in a car. If there is one thing I wish for you out there, it's that you discover the freedom, fun and fitness of riding your bike to work. It's really not as scary or difficult as you might think. Trust me, you'll wonder how you ever tolerated all those years stuck in traffic.

So when I do the math I realize I have ridden to work/school now for close to 30 years! Touch wood, I have never had an accident, no collisions, no crashes, no epics. Some close calls, sure. One time when I was a teen on my way to school I forgot to lift my inside pedal going around a wet roundabout, it clipped the ground and I found myself unceremoniously on my side (still straddling the bike) sliding along the tarmac. Thankfully I emerged with only a little road rash. But aside from that, nothing of note. Have I just been lucky all this time? Maybe, maybe not. [I always remember a quote by the famous golfer Gary Player who once responded to a reporter who accused him of being lucky with “*you know it's funny, the more I practice, the luckier I get*”]. Could something serious happen to me at any time? Of course. Therein lies the key: never letting your guard down. I believe that has been the ace up my sleeve so far (please let me throw in another “touch wood” here just to cover my butt).

Freedom is the main reason I love biking. But with freedom comes responsibility and unfortunately many urban cyclists abuse their freedom and the associated responsibility. Result? Ongoing tension between car drivers and cyclists or, worse still, accidents and/or injury to the cyclist. These cyclists must learn to adopt a better mindset while out on the

roads, a mindset that from here on I will refer to as “vigilance”. If you have never read “The Art of Cycling” (written by Robert Hurst) I would strongly recommend it. The author discusses the concept of vigilance at length in a manner that is both humorous and controversial.

So what is vigilance? How can we cultivate it? How can we stay as safe as possible on a bike in an urban environment? Patience, dear reader, you’ll have to wait for part 2.....

**CCFA BIKE TO WORK TEAM SIGN UP.**

Bike to Work Week is May 27 to June 2. Let [Erin](#) (your Bonne Capitaine) know if you’d like to join “**Beaker’s Bikers**” this year. In your message let me know if you want a t-shirt and if you have any team-building ideas you’d like to see implemented.

**Beaker’s Beverage of the Month:**

*Its spring and I thought it would be good to include a little inspiration for weekend indulgence.*

**Lemon Drop Martini (ala Budnik)**

Juice from 2 lemons with 2 tsp sugar dissolved  
2 parts Belvedere Vodka  
1 Part Limoncello

Shake with ice and serve with a twist.

If you find bar-made lemon drops too sweet, this one is for you. Its on the tart side, but oh so delicious.