

Humanities 101 Community Programme
Faculty of Arts

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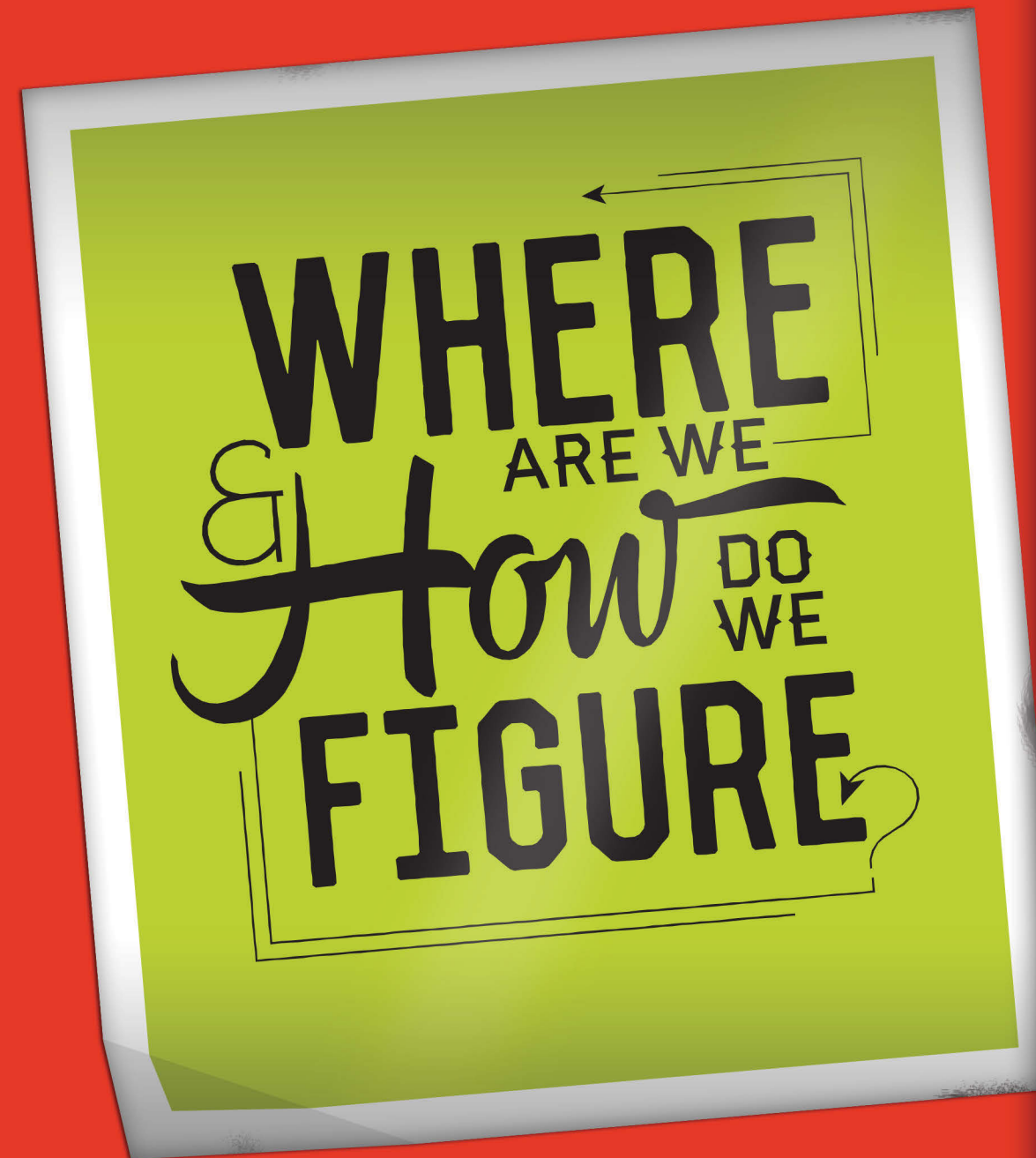
Humanities 101 – Hum – is a 15-year-old Community Programme and the oldest programme of its kind in Canada. Supported by residents of Vancouver's Downtown Eastside and Downtown South, it is sponsored by the University of British Columbia's Office of the Dean of Arts and private donations.

Participants are people with diverse backgrounds and knowledge who are geographically situated in the DTES/South and nearby areas and are working to overcome obstacles and roadblocks – financial, institutional, educational, governmental, health and social. Hum attracts education activists who are participants, alumni, volunteer teachers, facilitators and supporters, and is committed to being responsive and situated.

Along with three free university-level courses which are grounded in relevant, interdisciplinary critical and creative thinking practices (Humanities 101, Humanities 201 and Writing), Hum also runs Public Programmes in the DTES/South initiated and led by participants and alumni: study groups, workshops and an alumna-led documentary film series now in its eighth year. All past and current participants are invited to be involved in these ongoing Public Programmes as well as Hum's Steering Committee which meets regularly and guides all aspects of the Programme.

For some people, Hum is a catalyst for self-knowledge that inspires and activates – if the moment's right, it can help to get momentum going. The courses are a dedicated time and space for inquiry and an opportunity to meet like-minded people who love learning. This mix of people coming together, giving and taking knowledge, are in reciprocal relationships of learning based on their own expertise and also open to new visions. In class and in Public Programmes, there is a mutual flow and exchange of a variety of knowledge and responses to ideas, and this goes for everyone involved – participants, volunteer teachers and facilitators and staff. For participants, there are no pre-requisites, so you start where you are. Some have travelled through the eye of a storm in their lives, persevered and refuse to allow themselves to be restricted from education, further learning and ways of being.

There are about 700 Hum alumni and many more people enmeshed in the handful of sister programmes across Canada and similar courses elsewhere; along with the current sharp increase in interest in free education, Hum is part of a movement....



Hum

WHERE
& ARE WE
How DO WE
FIGURE

101 Humanities
COMMUNITY
Programme

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a place of mind
THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

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Professor Stephen J. Toope
President and Vice-Chancellor

Dear Graduates:

On behalf of the entire community of the University of British Columbia, it is a great pleasure to send my congratulations to the graduates of Humanities 101.

I consider myself lucky to have had the opportunity to teach in the Humanities 101 program on occasion. I am always amazed by the commitment of the people in the program and their incredible passion for learning.

On your graduation, I hope that you look forward to approaching the world with the new perspectives you have gained through your study of the diverse and distinctive areas you have been introduced to through Humanities 101. I hope you continue to share your ideas and perspectives maintain a lifelong commitment to learning and critical thinking.

To all graduating students, please accept my warm congratulations on your achievement.

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'Stephen J. Toope', written over a light blue horizontal line.

Stephen J. Toope
President and Vice-Chancellor
The University of British Columbia

INTRO DUCTION

What you hold in your hands, what's before your eyes, comes from the people involved with the Humanities 101 Community Programme this year.

The Programme – which we fondly call Hum – offers open public programmes in the Downtown Eastside and Downtown South (DTES/South) and holds three free courses at UBC with residents of the DTES/South and nearby: Writing, held on Tuesday evenings with different participants in the fall and the spring terms; and, Hum101 and Hum201 which run on Tuesday and Thursday evenings with the same participants for both terms. Each week we study a different subject and academic discipline with a different teacher, all focused on relevant, interdisciplinary critical and creative practices. And we write.

So if you put your ear to this book, you may hear its contributors' listening, speaking, reading and writing rippling into an audible, generous, willingness to partake in 12 genres of writing in Writing and 19 academic disciplines in Hum.

All this is only part of what we do. For there's what we bring from home, grounded in our own knowledge and experience, which rolls with fresh input from the DTES/South and

UBC: announcements at the start of each class share information about access to more education, small project grant deadlines, health information, field trips and gallery tours, university conferences, DTES literacy roundtable meetings, reports from people who took part in City Hall public hearings where Downtown Eastsiders declared the future they want for their neighbourhood, Tuesday lunches with the First Nations House of Learning community on campus, performing arts affairs ... plus our very own Emergency First Aid class. Thanks to volunteer Hilary Smith and St John Ambulance, there are 13 more willing 'first responders' in our neighbourhoods.

This year the theme of the Hum101/201 course was "Where are we + How do we figure?" In September, the Truth and Reconciliation Commission came to Vancouver during B.C. Reconciliation Week. Our yearly classes on First Nations Languages and Studies and on Indian residential schools coincided with it, amplifying where we are and how we figure, inflecting and implicating the course and Programme. Hum was privileged to become more involved with the First Nations House of Learning community on campus and to see how our ways of decolonizing educational relationships flourish – gratitude to Isaac White for his graceful connecting and to

the hən'q'əmin'am' speaking Musqueam people on whose traditional, ancestral, unceded, territory we meet.

Through thinking widely about and around this theme together during the year, it's clear that there are so many kinds of 'where,' of 'we,' and that our ways of figuring – of figuring these relations out – proliferate upon touch, upon breath, by being together situated and responsive. And over the term and the year, relations between singular

ME and collective

WE take shape – not only between course participants, but with mentors, volunteers, teachers, staff and all the kind people at UBC, in the DTES/South and afar who support Hum and who are acknowledged in these pages. Daily, weekly, our superb multi-talented staff Paul Woodhouse, Michelle Turner, Wil Steele and Maddie Gorman, and our mentors Susan Knudsen, Shahla Masoumnejad and Fred Joly have enthusiastically tended the people and the Programme. For six years, hundreds of people have been graced by Alison Rajah, Writing Coordinator and Programme Assistant, who has the lightest touch yet the firmest grasp of how to Hum. In this, her last year as a Hum staff member, her work has

been even more appreciated. We wish her well, always, and extend this same wish to outgoing President Stephen Toope who has been a teacher and a friend to Hum during his eight year term.

This book is a collective collection of informed and personal perspectives; its form is the kind of notebook that stays close to hand, in a backpack or bag, timely and immediate, gathering impressions of the moment and bounded in time. Not merely a notebook or merely a draft, the work within represents the culmination of practice and persistence by three score of Hum participants over this year – congratulations and thank you for a remarkable, scintillating year. As alumni of the Programme, I hope you'll stay involved with Hum always.

Dr. Margot Leigh Butler

Academic Director

Humanities 101 Community Programme

Hum 101/201 Course

OUTLINE

Course theme Where are we + How do we figure?

Faculty Dr. Margot Leigh Butler

Mentor Susan Knudsen

Office Buchanan E 270

September 10 2013 – April 3 2014

Tuesdays and Thursdays | 6:30-9:00 pm

Classroom Buchanan D, Room 201 (1866 Main Mall)

*Field trips and extra events are marked with an asterisk**

COURSE DESCRIPTION This is a two-term inter-disciplinary course that focuses on relevant, creative and critical thinking practices in Arts and Social Sciences disciplines and on the connections between them. Each week we study a different discipline with a different professor/public intellectual, with 'platform classes' that set the course contexts, preparatory readings, in-class discussions, written assignments and field trips. This course is not an introduction to or survey of these disciplines, but follows a Cultural Studies approach which enjoys and values participants' own situated knowledge – of both the areas you live in, Vancouver's Downtown Eastside/Downtown South and nearby, and your own life interests – as well as academic knowledge; is responsive to participants' interests; and changes in both theme and content each year.

The first 30 minutes of class involves facilitated small group discussions based on assigned readings that are available in class and on the UBC Connect website. There are five essay writing assignments that correspond to different disciplines and the links between them, plus other writing work; you'll choose which of them you'd like included in the yearbook.

Hum201 participants, who have already taken Hum101, do all of the course work and produce a final project every year.

September

OVERVIEW & INTRODUCTION | *Tuesday September 10*
Overview and Introduction to UBC and Humanities 101 Community Programme.

PHILOSOPHY | *Thursday September 12*
“Can ancient Greek philosophy cure contemporary emotions?” with Sylvia Berryman, Philosophy, UBC.

READING White, Nicholas P. 1983 [c. AD 135]. “Handbook of Epictetus.” Hackett Publishing Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.

RECONCILIATION WEEK | *September 16-22*
Reconciliation Week is BC “For more than 120 years, thousands of Aboriginal children in British Columbia were sent to Indian residential schools funded by the federal government and run by the churches. They were taken from their families and communities in order to be stripped of language, cultural identity and traditions. Canada’s attempt to wipe out Aboriginal cultures failed. But it left an urgent need for reconciliation between Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal peoples.” <http://www.myrobust.com/websites/vancouver/index.php?p=719> Please go to this website to learn about the many Truth and Reconciliation Commission events at UBC and in Vancouver this week.

FIRST NATIONS LANGUAGES | *Tuesday September 17*
“hən’q’əmin’əm’ (Musqueam) here and now” with Patricia Shaw, First Nations Languages and Anthropology, UBC.

READING Shaw, Patricia and Jill Campbell. 1997-2000. “hən’q’əmin’əm’ alphabet 1.” Appendices FNLG 100B. Shaw, Patricia. 2001. “Language and Identity, Language and the Land.” Vancouver: BC Studies, 131 (39-55). Shaw, Patricia. 2004. “Negotiating against Loss: Responsibility, Reciprocity and Respect in Endangered Language Research.” Osaka: Lectures on Endangered Languages 4, Series C004 (181-194).

INDIGENOUS STUDIES | *Thursday September 19*
“Windows into understanding Indian residential schools” with Wendy Fletcher, Vancouver School of Theology.

READING Crey, Ernie. 1997. “The Perpetual Stranger.” Fournier, Suzanne and Ernie Crey. “Stolen from Our Embrace: The Abduction of First Nations Children and the Restoration of Aboriginal Communities.” Douglas & McIntyre Ltd., Vancouver, BC.

FIRST NATIONS STUDIES | *Tuesday September 24*
“Why First Nations Studies? Contemporary Indigenous issues and academic activism” with Daniel Justice, First Nations Studies, UBC.

READING McLeod, Neal. 2000. “Indigenous Studies: Negotiating the Space Between Tribal Communities and Academia.” Expressions in Native Studies. University of Saskatchewan Extensions Press, Saskatoon (27-39).

EDUCATION | *Thursday September 26*
“Learning: Flying solo and together” with Ayah Ouziel and Sandra McGoldrick, English Language Institute, UBC.

READING: Handouts based in Gardner, Howard. 1983. “Frames of Mind: The Theory of Multiple Intelligences.” Basic Books, New York; Visual, Auditory, and Kinesthetic Learning Styles (VAK) <http://www.nwlink.com/~donclark/hrd/styles/vakt.html> Srinivas, Hari. “Collaborative Learning” <http://gdrc.org/kmgmt/c-learn/index.html> Goodale, M. 1987. The Language of Meetings. Hove L.T.P. Business Press.

October

PHILOSOPHY | *Tuesday October 1*
“Figuring out our philosophical perspectives” with Ana Harland, Philosophy and Continuing Education, UBC.

READING Pojman, Louis. 2006. “What Is Philosophy?” in Philosophical Traditions, Thomson/Wadsworth Publishing, Toronto (3-11).

PHILOSOPHY | *Thursday October 3*
“Shaping philosophical arguments” with Ana Harland, Philosophy and Continuing Education, UBC.

***WALKING TOUR: DOWNTOWN** / *Sunday October 6*

Walking tour of downtown Vancouver architecture, with Arthur Allen, architect. Meet at the corner of Hastings and Cambie Streets at 11:00 a.m. rain or shine. Guests welcome.

ARCHITECTURE / *Tuesday October 8*

"Vancouver, Europe? Mythological architectural ornaments on Vancouver buildings" with Arthur Allen, architect.

READING Allen, Arthur. "The Caduceus and the Rhea Sisters;" "The Temple Banks;" "No Labour, No Bread." Class handouts.

***BELKIN GALLERY** / *Thursday October 10*

Guided tour of the Belkin Gallery's exhibit, "Witness: Art and Canada's Indian residential Schools". Meet in Buchanan D 201 at 4 p.m.

CULTURAL STUDIES / *Thursday October 10*

"What if, wherever we are, Culture is Ordinary?" with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.

READING Williams, Raymond. 2002 (1958). "Culture is Ordinary." Ed. Ben Highmore. The Everyday Life Reader. Routledge, London.
Williams, Raymond. 1976. Selections from Keywords, A Vocabulary of Culture and Society. Fontana Press, London.

GEOGRAPHY / *Tuesday October 15*

"Who's included in which urban social spaces, how, when and why?" with Tiffany Muller Myrdahl, Ruth Wynn Woodward Chair in Gender and Urban Studies, Simon Fraser University.

READING Cahill, Caitlin. 2006. "At Risk? The fed up honeys re-present the gentrification of the lower east side." Women's Studies Quarterly 34: 1&2. Spring/Summer 2006.

GEOGRAPHY / *Thursday October 17*

"Making maps of our own communities" with Tiffany Muller Myrdahl.

READING Lewis, Hannah. 2009. "Community Mapping: Exploring what it means to us." Unpublished Masters of Environmental Studies major research project.

STEERING COMMITTEE / *Tuesday October 22*

Humanities 101 Community Programme Steering Committee is for all current participants and graduates of Hum101, Hum201 and Writing in Buchanan B501. We'll meet in our regular classroom and walk over there together.

EDUCATION / *Thursday October 24*

"Write On the DOT!!" writing workshop with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.

READING Brecht, Bertolt. 1966 (1935). "Appendix A: Writing the Truth: Five Difficulties." Galileo. Grove Press, New York.

CULTURAL STUDIES / *Tuesday October 29*

"When are we + How do we figure? From the Enlightenment to Globalization" with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.

READING Decartes, Rene. 1641. Meditations on First Philosophy. http://www.earlymoerntexts.com/pdfs/cartes1641_1.pdf
Butler, Margot Leigh. 2005. "The Story so Far." Unpublished long poem.

GLOBALIZATION / *Thursday October 31*

"Is 'where' always also about 'when'?" Films about globalization, curated by Paul Woodhouse, Hum Programme Coordinator, UBC.

READING George, Susan. 1999. "A Short History of Neoliberalism." Presented at the Conference on Economic Sovereignty in a Globalizing World, Bangkok, Thailand, 24-26 March 1999.

November

SOCIOLOGY / *Tuesday November 5*

"How do sociologists think about where and how we live? An overview of sociological perspectives" with Tom Kemple, Sociology, UBC.

READING C. Wright Mills. 1959. "The Promise." The Sociological Imagination. Oxford University Press.

SOCIOLOGY | *Thursday November 7*

"From 1848 to 2013: What does Marx and Engels' The Communist Manifesto help us to understand now?" with Tom Kemple.

READING Harvey, David. 2012. "The Right to the City." *Rebel Cities*. Verso, London/New York. Marx, Karl and Friedrich Engels. 1969 (1848). *The Communist Manifesto*. Progress Publishers, Moscow. Kemple, Thomas A. 2000. "Post-Marx: Temporal Rhetoric and Textual Action in The Communist Manifesto." *Re-thinking Marxism*. Vol 12 No 2, Summer 2000.

CULTURAL STUDIES | *Tuesday November 12*

"Whaddaya mean? Semiotics!" with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.

READING Sturken, M and Cartwright, L. 2001. "Practices of Looking: Images, Power and Politics." *Practices of Looking*. Oxford University Press. Crawshaw, Steve and John Jackson. 2010. *Selections from "Small Acts of Resistance. How Courage, Tenacity, and Ingenuity Can Change the World."* University Square Press, New York/London.

CULTURAL STUDIES | *Thursday November 14*

"Semiotic analysis of representations of Downtown East-side women figured as substance users" with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.

READING Butler, Margot Leigh. 2004. *The Hero of Heroines. Special Issue: The Photograph*. Mosaic, University of Manitoba.

CRITICAL RACE THEORY | *Tuesday November 19*

"Between: Living in the hyphen." 2006. Directed and written by Anne Marie Nakagawa (National Film Board), with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.

READING Chychota, Julie. 2008. Review of "Between: Living in the Hyphen." *CM*. Vol XIV, No 12. Compton, Wade. 2010. "Pheneticizing versus Passing." *After Canaan: Essays on Race, Writing and Region*. Arsenal Pulp Press. Vancouver, BC

CRITICAL RACE THEORY & ART | *Thursday November 21*

"The shifting sands of racialization" with Sadira Rodrigues, Continuing Studies, Emily Carr University.

READING Rodrigues, Sadira. 2007. "Dealing (with) Cultural Diversity: Vancouver Art, Race, & Economies." Ed. O'Brian, Melanie. *Vancouver Art and Economies*. Artspeak and Arsenal Pulp Press, Vancouver.

HUMANITIES 101

COMMUNITY PROGRAMME | *Tuesday November 26*

"Where there's walls there's holes" was the theme of last year's Hum101/201 course, and the name of the board game made by Hum201 participants for their class project. Tonight we'll play this game ourselves.

ANTHROPOLOGY | *Thursday November 28*

Tour of MOA (Museum of Anthropology) with Anthony Shelton, MOA Director, UBC.

READING: Levell, Nicola. 2013. "Introduction: A Baroque Aesthetic." *The Marvelous Real: Art from Mexico, 1926-2011*. Ed. Levell, Nicola. Figure 1 Publishing/UBC Museum of Anthropology, Vancouver and FEMSA, Monterrey (10-15).

December

END OF TERM PARTY | *Tuesday December 1*

Party for all current Hum101/201 and Writing participants.

January 2014

WOMEN'S & GENDER STUDIES | *Tuesday January 7*

"Intersections of identity" with Chris Shelley, The Institute for Gender, Race, Sexuality and Social Justice, UBC.

READING Tong, Rosemarie. 2009. "Introduction: The Diversity of Feminist Thinking." *Feminist Thought: A More Comprehensive Introduction*. Westview Press, Boulder, Colorado and San Francisco, California.

WOMEN'S & GENDER STUDIES / *Thursday January 9*
"Intersections of identity" with Chris Shelley.

READING Kimmel, Michael. 2005. "Why Men Should Support Gender Equity." *Women's Studies Review*. Fall 2005.

CRITICAL RACE THEORY & ART / *Tuesday January 14*
"The shifting sands of racialization, Part 2" with Sadira Rodrigues, Dean of Continuing Studies, Emily Carr University.

READING Rodrigues, Sadira. 2007. "Dealing (with) Cultural Diversity: Vancouver Art, Race & Economies." Ed. O'Brian, Melanie. *Vancouver Art and Economies*, Artspeak and Arsensal Pulp Press. Vancouver.

LAW / *Thursday January 16*
"The Canadian Legal System?" with Margot Young, Law, UBC.

READING Communication Branch, Department of Justice Canada. 2005. *Canada's System of Justice*.

LAW & HOUSING / *Tuesday January 21*
"The Right to Housing" with Margot Young

READING Victoria (City) versus Adams Supreme Court Decision [re homelessness]. 2008 BCSC 1363. Docket: 05-4999. Young, Margot. 2009. Case Comment: Rights, the Homeless, and Social Change: Reflections on Victoria (City) v. Adams (BCSC). *BC Studies*, No 165, Winter 2009/10.

JOURNALISM / *Thursday January 23*
"Blogging" with Wil Steele, Hum staff, in the computer lab in Buchanan A Building, Room B125.

READING Lowrey, Wilson. 2006. "Mapping the journalism-blogging relationship." *Journalism*. Vol 7 No 4 (477-500).

JOURNALISM / *Tuesday January 28*
"Social justice and responsibility" with Mary Lynn Young, Journalism, UBC.

READING Hackett, Robert. 2010. "Journalism for Peace and Justice: Towards a Comparative Analysis of Media Paradigms." *Studies in Social Justice*. Vol 4, Issue 2, 2010 (179-198).

LAW / *Thursday January 30*
"Knowing your rights and exercising your freedoms + responsibilities" with Alyssa Stryker, longtime Hum volunteer and case worker at the BC Civil Liberties Association.

READING Eby, David. 2008. *The Arrest Handbook: A Guide to Your Rights*. British Columbia Civil Liberties Association.

February

***LUNCHEON** / *12:30 - 1:30 p.m., Tuesday February 4*
Hum is hosting one of the weekly lunches for Indigenous students and allies at the Sty-Wet-Tan, the Great Hall of the First Nations Longhouse, 1985 West Mall, UBC. The lunch begins with a welcome from UBC's Resident Elder Larry Grant from the Musqueam First Nation. His greeting links students to the long tradition of the Musqueam People welcoming visitors to the ancestral, unceded and traditional territory of the hə́nqə́mihə́m speaking Musqueam people. If you want to, you're welcome to come and share what we do in Hum.

ENGLISH / *Tuesday February 4*
"Situating ourselves 'other'wise" with Larissa Lai, English, UBC.

READING Christian, Dorothy and Rita Wong. 2013. "Untapping Watershed Mind." Eds. Chen, Cecilia, Janine MacLeod and Astrida Neimanis. *Thinking with Water*. McGill-Queen's Press, Montreal, Quebec/Kingston, Ontario.

ENGLISH / *Thursday February 6*
"Poetry on and off the page" with Larissa Lai and Margot Leigh Butler.

READING Shklovsky, Victor. 1965 (1917). "Art as Technique." Eds. Lemon, Lee T. and Marion J. Reiss. *Russian Formalist Criticism: Four Essays*. University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln (3-24).

STEERING COMMITTEE / *Tuesday February 11*
Humanities 101 Community Programme steering committee for all current participants and graduates of Hum101, 201 and Writing in Buchanan B501. We'll meet in our regular classroom and walk over there together.

HUM YEARBOOK | *Thursday February 13*

"Making our Yearbook, where the work of the Hum class of 2014 will blossom, for all time" with Paul Woodhouse, Programme Coordinator.

***23RD ANNUAL**

WOMEN'S MEMORIAL MARCH | *Friday February 14*

23rd Annual Women's Memorial March honours the memory of Downtown Eastside women missing and murdered. If you would like to go together, meet on the steps of Carnegie Centre at 1 p.m.

NO CLASSES | *Tuesday February 18 + Thursday February 20*

No classes due to UBC's Reading Week

RHETORIC | *Tuesday February 25*

"This is what ME

WE WANT! Manifesto writing" with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC. For tonight's class, Hum101, Hum201 and Writing participants will work together.

READING Ebert, Teresa. 2003. "Manifesto as Theory and Theory as Material Force: Toward a Red Polemic." JAC. Vol 23 No 3 (553-562).

Raise the Rates, a Coalition of 25 Organizations. 2010. "Inequality is Killing Us." Pamphlet.

ART | *Thursday February 27*

"Locating collectively-made art in public spaces" with M. Simon Levin, Emily Carr University.

READING Jim, Alice Ming Wai. 2014. "The Maraya Project: Research-Creation, Inter-reference and the Worlding of Asian Cities." Third Text. Vol 28 No 1 (15-31).
Harvey, David. 2000. "The Spaces of Utopia." Spaces of Hope. Edinburgh University Press, Edinburgh.

March

***VANCOUVER ART GALLERY** | *Tuesday March 4*

Tour of the exhibitions "Deep Forest" by Emily Carr and "A Terrible Beauty" by photographer Edward Burtynsky at the Vancouver Art Gallery, 750 Hornby Street at Robson. Supper will be at Pacific Centre Food Court at 5:30 p.m. The tour starts at 6:30 p.m.

READING Rome, Susan. 2014. Teacher's Guide for School Programs "A Terrible Beauty" by Edward Burtynsky and "Scorned: Emily Carr", Vancouver Art Gallery. Hill, Lizzy. November 19, 2013. "A Terrible Beauty: Edward Burtynsky's Water." National Gallery of Canada Magazine.

CRITICAL RACE THEORY,

HISTORY & ART | *Thursday March 6*

Screening of Steve McQueen's film "12 Years a Slave" with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC. We'll meet at the International Village Theatre in the Downtown Eastside at 6:30 p.m.

***ANTHROPOLOGY &**

FIRST NATIONS STUDIES | *Tuesday March 11*

"Where are we + How do we figure?: Finding what we value at MOA and showing each other what it means to us" with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.

READING Clifford, James. 1997. "Four Northwest Coast Museums." Routes: Travel and Translation in the late Twentieth Century. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.

WRITING | *Thursday March 13*

"Working on our Yearbook" with Hum faculty and staff Margot Leigh Butler, Paul Woodhouse, Wil Steele, Michelle Turner, Maddie Gorman and Hum volunteers.

READING The Learning Centre at the University of New South Wales. 2010. "Reflective Writing."

THEATRE | *Tuesday March 18*

"Theatre of the Oppressed: A forum theatre workshop" with Michelle Turner, Hum staff and theatre practitioner.

READING Boal, Augusto. 2000 (1974). "Poetics of the Oppressed." Theatre of the Oppressed. Translated from Spanish by Charles A. and Maria-Odilia Leal McBride and Emily Fryer. Pluto Press, London.

***DINNER & THEATRE** | *Thursday March 20*

Dinner and the play "Arcadia" by Tom Stoppard at Green College, UBC, performed by college residents. We'll be having dinner with our Green College hosts in their Great Hall.

READING Stoppard, Tom. 1993. Arcadia. Plot overview. www.sparknotes.com/drama/arcadia/summary.html

ECONOMICS / *Tuesday March 25*

"Does the song remain the same? Music and copyright" with Nancy Gallini, Economics, UBC.

READING Waldfogel, Joel. 2011. "Bye, Bye, Miss American Pie? The Supply of New Recorded Music Since Napster." Working Paper. National Bureau of Economic Research, USA.
Waldfogel, Joel. 2012. "Music Piracy and its Effects on Demand, Supply and Welfare." *Innovation Policy and the Economy*. Vol 12 No 1 (91-110).

***THEATRE** / *Wednesday March 26*

Field Trip: The play "Ubu Roi" by Alfred Jarry at Frederic Wood Theatre, UBC.

***TOUR OF VPL** / *Thursday March 27*

Field Trip: Tour of the Central Branch of the Vancouver Public Library with a VPL librarian. Supper will be at Pacific Centre Food Court at 5:00 p.m. The tour starts at 5:50 p.m.

April

MUSIC & LATIN AMERICAN STUDIES / *Tuesday April 1*

"That old gang of mine on Main Street: Barbershop harmony and the 'unreal estate' of the American imaginary" with Gage Averill, Dean of Arts, UBC.

READING Averill, Gage. 1999. "Bell Tones and Ringing Chords: Sense and Sensation in Barbershop Harmony." *The World Of Music: Journal of the Department of Ethnomusicology*, Otto-Friedrich University of Bamberg, Germany. Vol 49 No 1.

***ARCHITECTURE & THEATRE:**

ORPHEUM / *Thursday April 3*

Tour of The Orpheum Theatre with Arthur Allen, architect.

***GRADUATION CEREMONY** / *Thursday April 24*

Graduation Ceremony for all of this year's Hum participants at the Museum of Anthropology (MOA) 6:00 to 9:00 p.m. There will be supper beforehand at the Haida House just behind MOA and participants are welcome to bring guests for supper and to the Ceremony.

Hum 101/201 essays

Meet and Greet September 10

We started the year with a dinner party with all Hum101, Hum201 and Writing participants in the Student Union Building (SUB) before going to our classroom building, learning each others' names (our 'ice-breaker game' circle was 63 people in circumference!), hearing the basics about the Hum Programme and then going up to our classrooms to get handbooks, supplies and the lay of the land. We finished off with a walking tour, ending at the bus stops.



RODNEY LITTLE MUSTACHE

The day I arrived at UBC I had a feeling that I felt only once before – a sense of belonging. I actually felt that “I do belong here.” The only other time I felt like this was when I attended my Nations' Annual Celebrations – Piikani Nation 55th Annual Celebrations. I actually had goose bumps and a smile that I could not get rid of – I was happy that I would be starting a new chapter in my life. The previous chapters are full of mistakes and decisions that I have made and hard lessons and at times questioning the words LIFE, LOVE & RESPECT. I looked up before I went to the Humanities one-oh-one office building to register – I placed my hand over my heart and said thank you to Creator.

I went to the office and met Mr. Paul whom I had already spoken to on the telephone. I was being my normal self, having fun and being humorous. Right then and there I realized my whole perception of university professors was wrong. I thought they were uptight know-it-alls who were never wrong. I met the first of many professors, or Programme staff, who all encouraged me and made me feel welcome. That sticks in my mind for one reason. At times, like so many other people do, I question my thoughts and my own beliefs after I have voiced my opinion. Mr. Paul (the BEST of BRITAIN) managed to put into words how I was feeling that day. I shared with him my story and he understood where I was coming from. He made it very easy to talk to him – so I continued to be me. That was a good day.

SUSAN KNUDSEN | BEING A MENTOR

I had a wonderful time being the Hum101/201 Mentor this year and having previously taken courses made it easy to listen, be helpful and guide. I set up/took down the coffee/snacks each time with the rest of the team. It was great to see students contribute snacks on many occasions. Participating in the class lectures was a good learning experience. I enjoyed going to the Vancouver Art Gallery, Green College, the Vancouver Public Library, the Museum of Anthropology and to see the movie “12 Years a Slave.” I was privileged to meet a great group of students this year and look forward to keeping in touch. I'm sure future learning opportunities will be met by the Class of 2013-14 with much enthusiasm and effort. Congratulations Grads!

Philosophy

with Sylvia Berryman | September 12

"Can ancient Greek philosophy cure contemporary emotions?"

In class, we studied a work of philosophy called the *Encheiridion*, or handbook, by the ancient Greek Stoic philosopher Epictetus. He argued that emotions are things that happen to you: it starts with a first bite, then you have a choice to agree or not to continue on. Stoics see emotions as always threatening to take you over, while they saw reason as helping you exercise judgment and act ethically, in effect 'curing emotions.'

How DO WE FIGURE

JOHNNY JAWORSKI

Regarding the first class on philosophy, "Can ancient Greek 'cure' contemporary emotions?" I recall how the use of the word 'cure' seemed inappropriate or even out of 'context' to me. I take offense to this, I complained to the teacher, claiming that I did not feel that one was 'sick' if they exhibited their emotions. Unfortunately I do not recall the instructor's response, only that she seemed impressed (?) that someone would question this.

As it turned out, even though I have never really studied philosophy before, I began reading more about different philosophers' views and developed a curious interest in the subject. I now think that philosophical writings are the starting point for many discoveries in many fields, science, literature, art and sociology. I even submitted an assignment entitled "Curiosity of Philosophy" that I thought was quite different from anything I've previously written, even if it didn't actually conform to the assignment guidelines very well.

ASSIGNMENT ONE

*Where are we +
How do we figure*

Our course theme is: Where are we + How do we figure?

For the first assignment, please reflect on where you are, how you figured that out, and what guiding terms helped.

There are so many ways of thinking about how we're located or situated in relation to:

- *the elements water, fire and air (a watershed, a hearth or a factory smoke-stack...)*
- *place and landscape (DTES/South and nearby; a forest, virgin or logged...)*
- *sound (birdsong or music on your walkman...)*
- *food (gardening, cooking, queueing...)*
- *desire and aversion (is this how Epictetus and the Stoics located themselves?)*
- *housing and home (safety, social housing, gentrification, colonization...)*
- *family and personal history (native land, immigration, diaspora)*
- *communities, societies, commitments, activism, self-determination*
- *identity (with each of us at the intersection of cultures, languages, classes, genders, races, sexualities, ages, religions...)*
- *learning (where do you like to read, to have conversations, to rant?)*
- *where do you think from (constructed arguments, emotional intelligence...)*
- *where do you express and represent yourself?*
- *and if that's not enough, Where is always also about When...*



ASSUMPTA KWAN | WHERE ARE WE



I originate from the side of a big river in the **south of China** as a tree with my roots grasping deep into sedimentary rocks. When the heat comes, my leaves are still green. In the morning, the dew **saturates** me, and I am overwhelmed with gratefulness. I won't be anxious in a year of drought because of the immensity of waters flowing by. I shed my leaves in autumn, and they travel down the river like the boats of Thumbelina. I draw nutrients from strawberries, oranges, citrons, kiwifruits, figs, blueberries and eggplants for my foliage. I listen to the songs of different birds and the murmur of the winds. I contemplate under a crescent moon. Therefore, I can only **write poems** about Nature.

MELISSA THOMAS | *WHERE AM I?*

Sometimes I feel lost and confused. Earlier this year my rock, lifeline, friend and most important person in my life, my Mom, passed away from complications from a surgery she had in 1994. We found after she passed that the doctor had used a mesh that was no longer a reliable method, which in turn gave my Mom cirrhosis of the liver. My Mom quit drinking heavily more than sixteen years ago. So we were upset and angry when we had been told that that was how she died. We asked for more testing to be done and found out the cause. Now we are trying to find the doctor who performed the original surgery, but found out that he moved to the United States.

I still have so many questions to ask my Mom. Like how did you get your clam chowder to taste so good. We were not always so close, mostly because my Mom was raised in Indian residential school, which in turn pushed us away from each other emotionally. I didn't know that my Mom went until I was in my early twenties. I was always asking Mom to attend a school like the one I read about in the Madeline books.

I am also lost and confused about a choice I made twenty-three years ago. I gave up my first-born baby girl. I named her Kashmire Montieg and got to stay with her for five days, then left her in the hospital. Every year on her birthday my other three children and my family would celebrate her birthday. Last year right after her twenty-second birthday she wrote me a letter after she found me on Facebook. I cried and screamed so loud I am surprised half the world didn't hear. We wrote back and forth for a few months, then came the BIG DAY when I was able to meet her. Her name is Cayla and she is a tinier version of her father and me. It was one of the most exciting days in my life. The only heart-break is that my Mom and Cayla did not get to meet. My

Mom died exactly one month before Cayla came to Vancouver. My other daughter, Mercedes, and Cayla became fast friends/sisters. Cayla writes to me every other month which is heartbreaking and good. I just wish I could see her more. She lives in Montreal and attends university there. I am very proud of the beautiful person she has become.

I can proudly say now that I am the Mom of FOUR wonderful and caring children who are becoming young adults, and this all is thanks to my Mom. I wish that she was here to witness who and how we are, for we have flourished. I love you Judy, my Friend, Lifeline and Rock.

First Nations Languages
with Pat Shaw | September 17
"hən'q'əmin'am' (Musqueam) here and now"

With 57 different aboriginal languages in Canada – 32 of them in BC – and 10 distinct language families, we were exposed to the richness and diversity of First Nations culture through discussing this linguistic heritage. Many of these languages are endangered, as colonial practices of assimilation resulted in recent generations not learning their Native tongue. We discussed revitalization of First Nations languages and also had the pleasure of learning how to pronounce a few words in hən'q'əmin'am'.

How DO WE FIGURE

S. STEEL

First Nations languages add much vitality and wisdom to the human experience. Treat yourself to learning one or more of the languages from the first people of blessed Turtle Island and surrounding regions. Canada is so fortunate. Franz Kafka, like so many, dreamed of living as a North American native. I have so much enjoyed learning and connecting areas of knowledge. Singing is a good way to start.

JOHNNY JAWORSKI

On September 17th, First Nations languages was the topic. At first I was very impressed with the instructor's credentials and experiences and looked forward to the class because First Nations peoples fascinate me in many ways. Once the

phonetics and the writing and implementation of the language was looked at, I found I became very disinterested – no, honestly, I hated it and couldn't wait for the class to end. As open-minded as I try to be I somehow could not see how anyone could get worked up as a linguist! A total bore!



Residential Schools

with Wendy Fletcher | September 19

"Windows into understanding Indian residential schools"

The Indian residential school system in Canada, a blatant attempt to assimilate Indigenous people into 'Western' culture, was destructive across generations for Native and non-Native people. This destruction still persists as whole generations of First Nations people were robbed of their spiritual, cultural, social and family practices. Wendy Fletcher's class taught us of the history of the Indian residential schools as well as their political, socio-cultural and economic impact.



VIOLET BITTERN

I think the most important thing I have learned about in this course is the residential school system. Learning what happened and what was the logical thinking of my nation. I understand how far back in time we suffered and still are suffering generations after. I can know why families are broken – loss of language, the fear, why stories of culture and families' clans weren't passed on. I am glad of the reconciliation week, so we can recover as a nation.

COREY C. OUELLET

I learned late in life that I have Métis lineage on my Mothers' side of the family, discovering that I had a grandfather that I was never introduced to and that it was too late, as he had passed. Not growing up learning about the history of that side of my family left me quite lost and with a thirst for more knowledge. Learning about the suffering and experiences pertaining to Indian residential schools was horrifying to learn, but was a blessing to be able to be taught about it in a controlled setting where the facts were not skewed. This was a very powerful subject for me to learn about.

TERESA CLOUD AKA TERI | RACIAL DISCRIMINATION

Our children are very important to us. They are gifts from the creator and should be treated with tender loving care. For First Nations people who were sent to Indian residential schools or into foster care, this did not happen. They were – and still are – treated unkindly by teachers, caregivers, parents and many others, in what should be their young and carefree lives.

Racial discrimination has been bestowed upon many cultures, such as the Chinese, African Americans, Pakistanis and also Caucasians. Racial discrimination against Aboriginals began many years ago, most evidently when the Government of Canada decided to build residential schools where children were cruelly abused and made to forget their own Native languages and cultures, while being forced to speak in English or French. The Government of Canada aimed to assimilate First Nations children into the white settler society through 'education,' and the first schools were set up in 1890-1. The last school did not close until 1996.

Aboriginal people who attended residential schools have developed many social problems due to the horrific discriminatory abuse that they endured at these schools, such as sexual abuse, lashing and starvation. They were punished for speaking their own languages by being made to kneel while holding their tongues with their little fingers and if one child misbehaved during mealtime everyone received a lash with a hockey stick while leaving the dining area. As a result of this abuse they have had a difficult time adjusting to life in the mainstream and frequently depend upon social assistance. Many took to drinking, using drugs and prostitution, which has led to incarceration, suicides and mental illness.

So, what has happened to the children of the parents who attended these schools, 'second generation survivors?' Many children were neglected while their parents were 'using' or spending time in jail. As a result the Ministry of Children and Family Development stepped in and quickly apprehended these children and placed them in foster care, or put them up for adoption. They were sent to many different countries in Europe and many to the United States.

Like in residential schools these foster homes have caused much harm to the children, by neglecting to take steps to prevent them from losing their Aboriginal identity and to practice their Native ways. Children get neglected and ignored, often being used as domestic slaves. While the mother and her own children would just lay around or go out to enjoy themselves, the Native children were forced to do chores, never getting invited to go to movies and other joyful events.

The boys and girls were routinely sexually abused by members of the families and their friends. Nothing was done about this. For punishment the children were sent to their bedrooms, sometimes for days with little or no food, meaning they had to steal their food in order to survive. A hard to handle or mentally unstable child would be locked in a closet, or locked out of the house and made to sleep outside. The children who survived such abuses have truly lost their identity and have become very unstable and lost. They know not where they are from or who they are and where they belong. It will take many many years to heal the people from this experience.

Our children are our gifts from the creator and not given to us to hurt and abuse. We must cherish them and give them love and respect for they are our mirrors and messag-es. We must teach them only good ways so that they pass these lessons on to their children and to the many gener-ations to come.

The survivors of Residential Schools have spoken out against the Government and have received an apology and com-pensation. Is that enough? No, the children of the 'Sixties Scoop' as it is known today have been speaking out for years now and they must be heard! They must receive acknowl-edgement from the Government of Canada. Canada's Gov-ernment must listen to yet another group of "survivors."



JERIMIE MARION

The second week of Hum was amazing; in fact the whole month was – more educational and insightful than I expe-rienced in the whole course. I'm referring to the Truth and Reconciliation week that took place at UBC and across the whole nation. Depicting the despair and scars of the First Nations' peoples who suffered abuse by the hands of the

government and the churches, under the guise of residential schooling. The assimilation and eradication tactics used are reminiscent of 100 years later, used by a man by the name of Hitler. To whom holds greater suffering, Native or Jew, humanity or the individual. When it comes to foreign set-tlers gentrifying and colonizing entire generations, it's only natural that the cause and effect will reverberate throughout all of humanity as an era of judgment that lacks compassion and is ignorant of the very Christianity that's imposed upon these "savages." The truth is never hidden, only covered for a fraction of time and now we are seeing a resurgence of First Nations' cultures and values and spiritual practices. This is a great time. All will not be forgotten and through time most may be forgiven. As a self-recognized Métis person I can sympathize and understand the suffering my ancestors went through: loss of culture, loss of pride, loss of their hi-erarchical societal ways that had been on this land for ten thousand years.

JOHN BARBOUR

No single lecture was as effective in changing my way of thinking as Rev. Fletcher's presentation on Indian residential schools. We all hear that the residential school system was bad, that First Nations surrendered their children to insti-tutions where horrible things happened. We all hear about the need for reconciliation with First Nations. And yet for a white man of British decent, there was always a tone of pity to the story, a feeling that we should be good to those "poor Indians." That the benefits they get and the ones they seek are because there is a problem with their culture and it is up to us to help fix it. What a great country, hey? Rev. Fletcher brought home that reconciliation is not about "us" helping out those "poor First Nations." It is about honour-ing treaties that were signed, nation to nation, hundreds of years ago. Treaties that were subsequently ignored when we found the rightful residents of this land an inconvenience. The residential school system and the atrocities that hap-pened because of it were not simply a mistake or an acci-dent. They were not only a case of well-intentioned people making bad decisions. They were an intelligent, intentional and systematic attempt to destroy the First Nations of this country. Their express purpose was to "eliminate the Indian problem" without the need for expensive and problematic wars. These days, young people are certainly taught more about the cultures of Canada's First Nations. They are not only taught that Europe and colonization was an excellent, civilizing event. Neither are they taught the real horror of the residential schools. Not just that they could be horrible

places where horrible things happened, but that our government knew about the atrocities even as they were happening and did nothing. That there were plans and concerted efforts to destroy the First Nations culture of this nation. Without truth, there can be no reconciliation. It is time we started to learn the truth, stopped complaining about how much “those Indians” expect from us and started to ask ourselves how we could possibly heal the wounds.

in economic distress” (Clemente Course in the Humanities). Word of this radical program quickly spread and affiliate programs were set up at a number of educational institutions throughout the US. The University of British Columbia’s Humanities 101 Community Programme (Hum) began independently in 1998, sharing parts of Shorris’ framework while favouring local community-centred educational practices. It has been successfully operating for fifteen years. It took only one idea to inspire a wave of positive change that caused over 700 students to graduate from the Hum Programme alone.

First Nations Studies

with Daniel Justice | September 24

“Why First Nations Studies? Contemporary Indigenous issues and academic activism”

Western scholarship has long been dominant, while First Nations have their own ‘sites of learning’ which include ways of learning and of assigning value to knowledge not often accepted by the academy. But the right to the academy is a right that First Nations people have. Recent increases in exercising this right has led to both hazards and rewards as attempts are made to change the system from within, without being assimilated by it.



COREY C. OUELLET | *THE RABBIT HOLE*

The study of humanities is “in itself a redistribution of wealth.” Financial wealth can pay for a university education but in this case the wealth comes from a shared educational experience that in my opinion cannot be bought with money. From a vision to reality, dreams have formed and come together to create a world where the lost can be found and where personal situations and experiences can be used as powerful tools to propel a desire to learn and partake in something special. This has inspired change and further shifted my perception of the world around me.

In 1994, Earl Shorris put an idea to practical use. His idea was to teach what he considered the ultimate skills: reflection and critical thinking, as taught by the humanities. He is best known for establishing the Clemente Course in the Humanities®, an “educational institution founded in 1995 to teach the humanities at the college level to people living

Having experienced a number of barriers in my adult life I have found that although the desire to attend a post secondary institution is there, the reality of being able to afford such programming is not quite there. I have experienced waves of indecisiveness in considering what I would study even if I did manage to attend, each time ending with no experience of the university lifestyle and no experience of the structure involved in university programming. Hum101 has changed that course of my personal history by giving me the ability to conquer fears: a fear of structured learning, a fear of experiencing the unknown, a fear of public speaking and the chance to overcome the idea that it is too late for me to further my education.

The culture shift between my daily routine and what I experience at UBC has been shocking in its diversity. The ability to experience university, its sub-cultures, and to be educated in over twenty disciplines each taught by a different teacher (which in one year of classes amounts to roughly the same amount of teachers experienced when going through an undergraduate degree) has been a life changing experience that I am endlessly grateful for embracing. This culture has created a shift in my understanding of “who am I, and how do I figure.” The lifestyle I have been introduced to through Hum has sparked a thirst for continuing education and has opened my eyes to new perceptions on life as it evolves around me.

I could best relate my experience in the Programme to the story of ‘Alice in Wonderland’ where UBC is my rabbit hole, Hum is my Wonderland, and I am Alice! The experience of social change, a vibrant exchange of ideas and a no-pressure environment have all allowed me to expand on my personal strengths and goals to better understand what my interests are and how to grow and develop those interests in how I evolve as a person in society. Earl Shorris once said “it will require a new kind of thinking” and I believe that is quite

the understatement. Hum101 has provided the garden in which my ideas needed to grow and flourish; now it's time to bloom!

References

The Clemente Course in the Humanities. <http://clemente.course.org>

Stories of Dialogue: Collaborative Reflections from Directors of Free Humanities Programs. http://w3.stu.ca/stu/academic/departments/social_work/pdfs/Reddenetal.pdf

Education

with Ayah Ouziel | September 26

"Learning: Flying solo and together"

At UBC's English Language Institute, we worked on discussion methods and collaborative learning strategies and something called 'Multiple Intelligences': linguistic, logical/mathematical, spatial, bodily/kinesthetic, musical, interpersonal, intrapersonal and naturalist. Understanding these intelligences helps facilitate learning, problem-solving and the creative process. Based in doing the learning style questionnaires, which multiple intelligences to you feel most comfortable with, which would you like to strengthen, and are you a visual, auditory or kinesthetic learner?

Philosophy

with Ana Harland | October 1 + 3

"Shaping philosophical arguments"

We started by talking about what kind of philosophy each of us is most interested in and hearing a wide range of thoughtful replies about: metaphysics (What is the nature of ultimate realities?), axiology (What is valuable?), epistemology (What can we know?) and logic (How do we reason?). Next class: we learned a method for structuring/analyzing a philosophical ARGument (A = acceptable premises, R = relevant premises, G = grounds (premises provide grounds for the conclusion)) useful for Hum101/201.

Downtown Walking Tour + Architecture

with Arthur Allen | October 6 + 8

"Vancouver, Europe? Mythological architectural ornaments on Vancouver buildings"

On the tour and in the classroom, Arthur taught us about architectural ornamentation and decoration (including mythological figures), their colonial histories and how they're used for 'moral instruction.' We discussed the role of architects and citizen architects and Arthur raised these prickly questions: Is an architect morally obliged to work in challenging the status quo? Is an architect morally implicated by designing a prison where capital punishment is carried out?

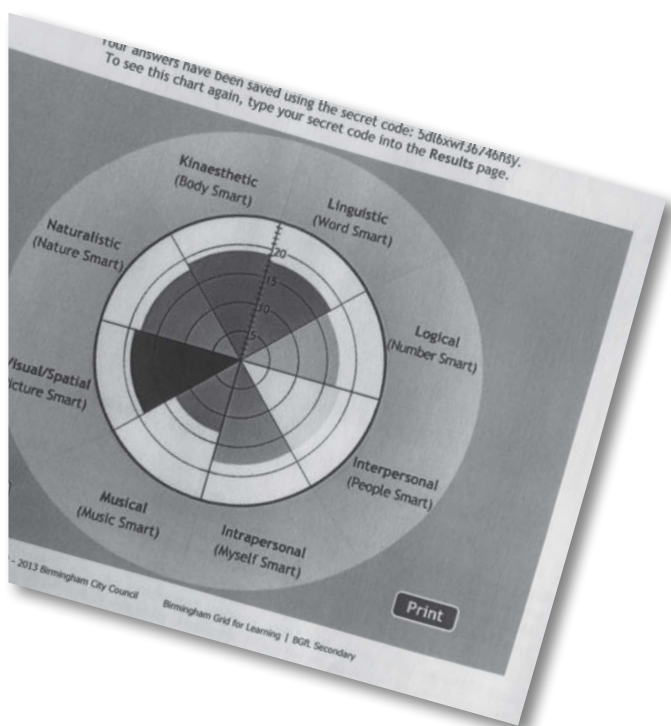
How DO WE FIGURE

KAT ROIVAS

The downtown walking tour with architect Arthur Allen was an enjoyable highlight of Hum101/201. Arthur showed us around downtown Vancouver, talking about interesting historical information about the buildings. These are buildings people walk by everyday without thinking very much about. We learned about the history and the diverse connotations of the ornaments adorning the buildings.

LEITH HARRIS

Something that intrigued me and changed my outlook on the world was the architecture tour led by Arthur Allen on October 6th. Looking up at the intricate designs and con



crete sculptures, highlighted in the shadows cast by the bright sunshine and learning what they symbolized and how they came to be there, was magical. I felt transported into the past. It was funny how many of us had heard of 'art deco' but didn't know what it was and then we found out near the end. Arthur Allen was such an enthusiastic and entertaining guide. Now when I walk through town it's a whole different experience. I look forward to visiting Victoria and Quebec City so that I can compare their old buildings to ours.



MERCEDES THOMAS

Although I did not attend the walking tour of downtown (which I hear is always a treat), I learned so much interesting history during the class – a lot about mythology and the ancient meanings behind many of the symbols we see every day and sometimes take advantage of. Since this class I cannot help but share facts with visiting family and friends. I have taken notice that when they hear the things that I have learned about the city, they see a whole new beauty and appreciation for some details that go unnoticed. For myself, this class has made me look up at the sky a little more and gaze at our city's unique surroundings and wonder about the history behind it.

Cultural Studies

with Margot Leigh Butler | October 10

"What if, wherever we are, Culture is Ordinary?"

Back in the olden days, 'culture' was considered a high-brow affair. Not so in Cultural Studies, where Hum's heart is, where our own, situated, ordinary Downtown Eastside/South worldly knowledge matters, and we focus on relevant, creative and critical practices in the many academic disci-

plines we work between, with an awareness of how each conceptualizes PEOPLE, POWER, KNOWLEDGE + PLACE, to ground us. Cultural Studies loves 'agency' – the power to act and make meaning.



LOUISE McLAUGHLIN

My parents and sister have an obsession with the news. The afternoon newspaper "The Montreal Star" is delivered daily and there is a run by the threesome to the front door. It is a daily ritual; the winner covets the front page section, arguments abate, the dance continues in this quiet indulgence. They monitor each other's progress seeking to time the precise moment to exchange sections.

It is the late 1960s in Montreal. Charles de Gaulle is visiting Montreal and as always the politics of French and English (Mon Dieu Anglais) are on the battlefield. I will learn later from my English friends that the French will never get over that they lost at the Plains of Abraham. The English-supplied ships were the first ones down the St. Lawrence River.

I sit in front of the TV watching as a moment in history evolves before my eyes. It's evening in Old Montreal. There are crowds in the streets. Jean Drapeau, Pierre Trudeau and Robert Bourassa are on stage with Charles de Gaulle. And then it happens that de Gaulle incites the crowd. "Vive Le Canada, Vive Le Quebec" and then raised both the stakes and his voice "Vive Le Quebec Libre!!!" And the crowd turns into a mob.

I watch in astonishment as the politicians run from the stage – except Trudeau, who stands his ground. In the background the FLQ (Front de libération du Québec) gathers momentum fuelled by the collective anger of centuries of discord. Two provincial cabinet ministers are kidnapped; one, Pierre Laporte, is later found dead in the trunk of a car. Bombs are judiciously placed in mailboxes in the city.

And for me, I am a part of a not so very 'Brave New World.' The monsters of my dreams are no longer content in my subconscious; rather, they walk among us and the city is under siege.

Trudeau in a controversial decision declares Martial Law

under the War Measures Act. Our little family home is near the mayor's house in Pointe Claire. Now, when I walk to the school bus, I pass soldiers carrying machine guns.

The park where I played is fortified with armoured tanks. And I feel anything but protected. I worry they will mistake me for a terrorist and gun me down. Or perhaps being considered English, I will be a casualty of this unfathomable new order. I ask myself, "Is this war?"

My world has been turned upside down. Nightly curfews are imposed. Police have the authority to take people off the streets or from homes and incarcerate them. There are no rules. Laws are suspended and individual freedoms are held ransom. It was later said that power was abused.

Years later I still find myself asking 'if power always corrupts'?



STEVE KING

I am not a WE, so I cannot answer for anyone else; I am just responsible for myself and my actions. The closest I can say would be to use the metaphor of a spider and its silk.

Human knowledge and experience is much like the spider's web – strong and flexible and very sticky. Knowledge gets built up strand by strand, woven together to form a strong braid. And like a spider there are often points of meeting where the strands support each other. And just like the spider weaves a web, knowledge and experience are joined together to form a sticky web to entrap objects. For myself, I feel we miss many of the magical events in life because they just do not come into contact with the weave. Either flying through it, sometimes bursting through but mostly just not been sensed by us.

As I focus tighter and tighter to explain things, I tend to forget that just because I can't sense something does not mean that it is unreal – just un-sensed. Just as radio and microwaves are used to communicate, ancient cultures used drums, signal fires, runners and banners. Does this mean that radio and microwaves did not exist? Just this week scientist found a pattern of microwaves they had conjectured would occur with rapid expansion milliseconds after the universe was created with a big bang. But they are still looking for the either 65 to 85 % of mass that they call dark matter

or grey matter. Does it exist, are our assumptions wrong or can we just not sense it yet?

Here I have learnt a little about Native culture and residential schools, I have woven this new knowledge around my prior knowledge and understanding of the two and still there are huge areas I have no knowledge or understanding of. What I do know is that at the time residential schools were deemed a good thing to implement, no one could have foreseen the after effects. Or that some pupils would be abused and that this would become an intergenerational problem. Would the First Nations be better off without a western white education, I don't know. I have been to a reserve that had no school and I cannot say that the people were better off.

I learnt a little about western philosophy, but without an understanding of the culture and beliefs that fostered it, I could not weave in into my knowledge base, except the fact that in the west a Taoist would be called a Stoic. Would a class on the Yi Ching have provided a better base for questioning life – I don't know.

Looking at paintings by Emily Carr, I have to ask how could she have accessed the forests without the logging or gone to coastal villages without modern transportation. Yet in her paintings there is a return to a closer connection to the energy or spiritual system that surrounds us all and has been forgotten by the modern world.

I use the bits of knowledge I have been afforded to create my vision of the world and I am aware that there is far more than I ever sense unless I open myself to it.

Being like a small spider, I do not sit and wait once my web is made – but more use my own strength to jump to new areas to explore and of course making sure I have a safety line of silk extending behind me just in case I come to close too a hungry bigger spider.

ASSIGNMENT TWO

Culture is Ordinary

In the essay "Culture is Ordinary" (1958), Raymond Williams invites us to enter into his world from a bus stop. He tells us that he had just been at the library (he calls it a 'chained library' because the books were chained to the bookcases, a convention of the time) looking at 'Mappa Mundi' which

is a map or encyclopedia of European Medieval knowledge. (What interesting images of learning and knowledge these are!) Williams asks his essay readers to join him, standing at a bus stop outside a cathedral in a city near to his home village in Wales, while he describes what he sees all along the way: all the different shapes of a culture which have, over time and change, produced his everyday life.

Later Williams leaves the working class culture of rural Wales to teach adult students at Cambridge University and he notes that there are cultures of learning in both places. He says about Cambridge: "I was not amazed by the existence of a place of learning... nor was learning, in my family, some strange eccentricity...." (page 93).

Reflecting on your first month in Hum101/201, please write about what you notice about the cultures of learning and knowledge in your home neighbourhood and at UBC.



MERCEDES THOMAS

Every morning before 9 a.m. I am forced to do my least favourite thing of the day and that is simply waking up. I B-line to the shower after putting a pot of coffee on because I can't make myself sleep in as I once was able to. I see no point in not being up before nine. There is so much of the day to take advantage of, so much to take note of, even with very few tasks to complete before heading to the UBC campus.

I've never been one to be part of a certain group, a sub-culture as it was referred to during class. I'm more of an observer, always have been and that's the way I like it. What I have noticed about Vancouver is the need to be an individual in a crowd. Everyone wants to be unique and different in their own way, and there is certainly nothing wrong with that. What they aren't seeing though, but I'm sure they will all realize soon, is that in the quest to become an individual they've all generally become the same. A majority of the male population wear moustaches, sideburns and vintage tees. Ladies are into yoga pants and knitting. And everyone just suddenly became a vegan! I'm all for hobbies and side activities but everyone here seems to be into the same thing.

I'm no stranger to Vancouver and its rich culture. As a bit of an outsider when I first moved here, finding it was some-

what intimidating. I felt the shift in attitude. I grew up in Lillooet and having lived there for 13 years of my life, I realize it is where my everyday culture originates. Four years ago I wouldn't be standing on Clark and Broadway waiting for the 99 bus to whisk me to campus. I would have been on my reservation in Lillooet waiting in below zero weather for a flat-nosed yellow school bus that was usually 10 minutes earlier than scheduled. Instead of sitting on a moderately quiet bus watching everyone fiddle with their gadgets like I do today, I would be surrounded by chattering friends and family. Some days I miss it, especially the blistering summer days. Vancouver is known for its rain, but no one ever prepared me for the bone chilling cold. I feel as though no matter how many layers I pile on, the coldness creeps in. It's not normal. It's different to say the very least. I'm still trying to adjust to the climate change. So much moisture in the air. But I do believe it is nothing compared to Lillooet's cold. When it snows on a windy day there the snowflakes feel more like ice shards slowly cutting your face. Here is more of a slush falling from the sky, which in a somewhat frozen state still feels like rain. A majority of the year all I see is a sea of umbrellas.

The age of dirt bikes and gutting salmon has left me and I have been fully immersed in the bicycle and café culture of Vancouver. Although I still feel like a hick that emerged out of the boonies, I can't help but notice that even during weekends in Lillooet, I'm treated as the 'city girl.' I'm confused why this is so. Because I use crosswalks instead of jaywalking? I go to bars for beers instead of bush parties passing out in the woods on the other side of the creek? What it comes down to is the measures I have taken to not wind up stuck in my hometown. I am committed to obtaining all the knowledge I possibly can. I didn't want to be the party girl and socialite woman on TV such as "The Real Housewives of Vancouver." In no way are those ladies real or housewives. I find it insulting to the real moms who are making everything in their modern and hectic households work, while still managing to maintain a somewhat calm and collected head. I wouldn't know the first thing about being a housewife, though, so I could be wrong. Girls my age and younger look to the girls of "Teen Mom" and "Jersey Shore" as role models, throwing away their futures before even graduating by procreating with the first greasy-looking guy that tells them "I'll love you forever." Then my old friends tell me their regrets and dreams. I know on so many levels I am wrong. These are just my observations. The things I see, think or do shape where I'm going tomorrow.

Every day before 9 a.m. I do my least favourite activity of the day, waking up. I make my coffee, begin the day right. Venturing off for a brisk walk in the October cold, I'm beginning to see familiar faces and smiles to match. I am an observer, a nobody in a crowd of thousands. The bicycles have replaced dirt bikes and quads, pigeons replace soaring eagles and everyone goes about their life. We're all wanderers, all confused and insecure about the possibilities of the future when we don't need to be. Every tiny thing you do daily, the thoughts that make you feel insane, lead you to a greater purpose. Every Tuesday and Thursday my actions lead me to the campus of UBC. There isn't a place I would rather be, surrounded by an amazing and beautiful group of people. I can't describe the feeling I have, a sense of placement and direction. Tuesdays and Thursdays in a Hum classroom is where I'm meant to be right now.

Geography

with Tiffany Muller Myrdhal | October 15 + 17

"Who's included in which urban social spaces, how, when and why?" & "Making maps of our own communities"

In these two classes we unpacked the process of 'gentrification' by examining how particular bodies and practices are understood as 'in place' or 'out of place.' We learned that maps are produced not without bias or motive, but with a specific purpose and then we discussed the benefits of community mapping – a process to appropriate the control of knowledge by and for those formerly excluded in the declaration of ideas and values traditionally displayed in maps.



JOHN BARBOUR

I think that one of the greatest things a person can do for me is to show me that what I take to be "real" – to be "normal", "natural," "common sense" – is actually a creation. Tiffany Muller Myrdahl's lecture on community mapping shook my way of thinking. I had always looked at maps and thought of them as being a picture of reality – factual information painstakingly laid out by skilled professionals. It never occurred to me that, in fact, every map has an agenda, a bias, a specific audience to which it is meant to be useful. It never occurred to me that my way of seeing my own environment – physi-

cal or cultural – was as legitimate as that of any map-maker who ever lived. It never occurred to me that I had the right and power to map my own community – the right and the power to draw my own image of the world in which I live. It was like a little bubble that I thought was solid steel was popped and a whole world of possible agency opened up. I don't know whether I will ever draw a map, but I can, and you can, and anyone can. We can map out what is important to us, not to someone else.

Steering Committee

October 22

Steering Committee meetings are held twice a term either at UBC, the Carnegie Centre or the Gathering Place. All current participants and alumni are invited to be part of a discussion that helps guide all aspects of the Programme. In doing so, Hum stays responsive to the needs and desires of the low-income communities we call home.

Education

with Margot Leigh Butler | October 24

"Write On the DOT!!"

Gosh, it sure can be hard to get started writing... all those emotions! So, we started this class addressing emotions, then moved on to the structures and methods for writing (yearbook) essays. What are expository, research, argumentative and visual/literary essays? The structures and parts of essays? Can outlines create happiness? What's a topic, a thesis statement? We used clippings from the guide to the Writers' Festival, which was then on, to isolate essay topics and thesis statements and then wrote short essays about them....

Cultural Studies

with Margot Leigh Butler | October 29

"When are we + How do we figure? From the Enlightenment to Globalization"

This class offered a sketch of some of the overarching contexts for the content of the rest of this course. The contexts are part of time periods, or periodizations, and are based in western cultures from the 1600s to today. Using key images and the concepts of ideology, narrative, progress, culture, vision, meaning, dualisms and agency (the power to act and to make meaning) we asked: What are the implications of the west's practices on the world and on itself?

How DO WE FIGURE

LORALEE AVÉ MARIE JUDGE

During my time at Hum I have had the most interesting array of experiences. The first thing that really blew my mind (Canadian slang, not proper English, I know) was the lecture series on Liberalism. It literally changed the way I looked at the world, in a good way. Before I was always puzzled about so many things, why were things the way they were? Now I have a deeper understanding about such things and a greater appreciation for the way the world works, even if I don't agree with the way it works.

Globalization

with Paul Woodhouse | October 31

"Is 'where' always also about 'when'?"

The film "Life and Debt," by Stephanie Black, tells the story of what happens when 'developing' countries like Jamaica experience economic globalization. What are the consequences on residents who are farmers and workers? The filmmakers talk to many Jamaicans, including the former Prime Minister Michael Manly, about their experiences of neo-liberal globalization in their fields and homes, working in banana plantations and in 'free trade zone' factories.

How DO WE FIGURE

LOUISE McLAUGHLIN

One of the areas the course covered was the impact of globalization and the politics of neoliberalism on economies. The growth of neoliberalism from the early 1980s to the current day has been a driving force in the redistribution of wealth.

By focusing on the impact of neoliberalism on a small economy, the film "Life and Debt," by Stephanie Black, was able to deliver the message of how devastating these policies are.

The Jamaican government originally approached the World Bank in the 1970s to borrow funds to finance the building of infrastructures. The local government believed the infusion of capital would help stimulate their economy and by doing so improve the financial outlook for their citizens.

Sadly the outcome of this agreement had the absolute opposite result. The International Monetary Fund (IMF) and the World Bank forced prohibitive terms on the government. The loans were conditional on what is referred to as adjustment policies: privatization, deregulation and trade liberalization. The island was restricted from growing crops. Exports were curtailed. Bananas, which had been one of Jamaica's sources of income, were restricted by free trade agreements. This trade liberalization disallowed a treaty that had been in existence from the island's colonization by Britain.

The World Bank has now been paid more in interest charges than the amount of the loans. The World Bank in collusion with the IMF was also responsible for implementing a free trade zone in Jamaica. A free trade zone allows goods to be transported in and out of a country at zero cost. In the film, they showed pre-cut fabric being brought into slum factory environments – dilapidated buildings where labourers sewed and assemble garments. The material is pre-cut and the labourers are only sewing segments of the garments.

There were issues with wages. Pay stubs reported source deductions withheld which were not being paid. Withholding taxes and benefits payments were reported. Yet no payroll taxes were paid to the local government and workers had no benefits. Under free trade agreements, migrant workers were brought in to replace the Jamaicans, who were locked out of the factories.

RODNEY LITTLE MUSTACHE

For most of the class we watched the movie "Life and Debt" regarding the financial situation in Jamaica. Watching this documentary made me feel sad deep down and again got me angry. An injustice on a newly independent country by so-called Super Powers and World Organizations, who were

The second class focused on Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels and their famous work “The Communist Manifesto.” Hum101’s John “Karl” and Corey “Friedrich” started us off with a rousing performance of the famous opening lines: “A spectre is haunting Europe – the spectre of communism.” We learned about the socio-historic context of the rise of communist thought and Marxist philosophy from the struggles of a past era, and Marx and Engels ideas about ‘permanent revolution’ and the transition toward a classless society.

COREY C. OUELLET

Being able to act out the opening scene from “The Communist Manifesto” – “a spectre is haunting Europe” – with my classmate John Barbour, where he played the role of Karl Marx and I of Friedrich Engels, was thoroughly enjoyable! I was able to have fun while learning about the history behind “The Communist Manifesto.”

Culture Studies

with Margot Leigh Butler | November 12 + 14

“Whaddaya mean? Semiotics!” & “Semiotic analysis of representations of Downtown Eastside women figured as substance users”

Through photography, actual people and lived places are conflated and power in visual knowledge gets fixed, frozen, stabilized. With agency and the semiotic method, we analyzed the ways such photographic practices have long shaped certain PEOPLE, POWER, KNOWLEDGE + PLACES. We learned about how photography, throughout its history, has relied on and made possible similar types of representations and their role in stereotyping and ‘othering’ us.

JEAN-PIERRE LOISELLE

The Practice of Looking

Since Margot Leigh Butler’s lecture on the practice of looking, my world has changed. I now practise the practice of looking. I say to myself: stop and look. That look enters my mind. From that look I learn, I observe, I respect mother earth. An appreciation of the beauty and mystery of mother earth has come from the practice of looking. I meditate on those few words. I take pictures, look at my pictures and see details that I didn’t take the time to see before. I now stop and look at the details that were right there in front of me. I feel the wind, the air, the noise of the birds, the life of the trees. I feel the karma of life going through me.

JOHN BARBOUR

Thanks so much to Margot Leigh Butler for introducing us to Semiotics and Practices of Looking. I’ve heard the word semiotics defined as the “study of signs”, but what the heck does that mean? Like, stop signs? It’s one of those words that many people seem to know the definition of, but few seem able to define. I thought Margot holding up an apple and teaching us the difference between what we really see and what we think we see was a stroke of brilliance. For days to follow I walked about town looking at things and asking myself “What is there and what do I think is there”? I wish everybody got classes in semiotics in grade school. What a difference it would make to see our own agency. To take responsibility for our own meaning-making.

COREY C. OUELLET

This class changed the way I perceive the world around me. I interact with people, places and things with a more observant and contemplative approach now, whereas before I would whirr by and “blur the lines” between point A and point B of my journeys! These teachings also stimulated my doing a keynote discussion on semiotics to a group of emerging leaders at a conference shortly thereafter.

JOHNNY JAWORSKI

On November 14 with Margot we learned about the ‘semiotic analysis of representations of Downtown Eastside women figured as substance abusers.’ This class stirred conflicting emotions inside me as we denoted, connotated and discussed the famous photos. On one hand I was in agreement with the depiction of these women as human, surviving as they needed to maintain their substance supply, and found many of the pictures a kind of necessary means of helping to demarginalize them. On the other hand I was disgusted to hear that these women were blatantly exploited and that it was entirely possible many pictures were staged. After all, some say that they were given illegal substances if they cooperated with the photographer.

I have personally fraternized and used with women like these before and found myself a little surprised that these wise women allowed themselves to be manipulated so. The ones I have known have been ‘master manipulators’ themselves. That photographer, in my opinion, must be a very sneaky bastard.

Critical Race Theory

with Margot Leigh Butler | November 19

"Between: Living in the hyphen."

"I'm quite interested in thinking about that notion of the hyphen... Let's say, 'Chinese-Canadian,' or 'Japanese-Canadian.'" I like to challenge those two poles, those two hegemonous poles who want to claim a part of me. Because I feel like I've lived in-between and I like the in-between. It's a place that I would like to spruce-up a bit." Fred Wah in Anne Marie Nakagawa's, "Between: Living in the Hyphen" National Film Board of Canada, (2005): Time Code 00:0:28-00:00:59.

Critical Race Theory & Art

with Sadira Rodrigues | November 21

"The shifting sands of racialization"

Sadira offered us some tools for entering images and unpacking what counts as 'race' in visual representations – a stronger analytic method than simply saying it's 'bad' or 'good.' We then looked at how the concept of 'race' was created. We then moved through the scientific revolution which produced what's called "Scientific Racism," Empire and colonization – including how First Nations peoples were represented at the Vancouver 2010 Olympics – up to current work on decolonizing museums and more.



Humanities 101 Community Programme

with staff | Tuesday November 26

"Where there's walls there's holes"

The Hum201 class of 2012/13 created a board game as their class project, and in this class we formed into two collectives and had a fantastic time playing it. The game activates knowledge that was covered throughout the course, as well as participants' situated knowledge's of the Downtown Eastside/South areas of Vancouver.

Anthropology

with Anthony Shelton | November 28

Tour of MOA (Museum of Anthropology)

At MOA, which describes itself as "a place of world arts and cultures," our teacher Anthony showed us pieces from many different times and places. We discussed the role of museums in building and preserving memory, as well as the way this museum's architecture interacts with the space around it, hiding out of sight from the street but wide open to nature at the back. It was nice to see the setting of our graduation ceremony before it happened, too!

How DO WE FIGURE?

MERCEDES THOMAS

Indigenous studies will always be a close one to home for me. This class left me feeling like despite what I already know about my own culture, I need to learn more. I've thought about the youth that are on the right path and those that are in need of more knowledge. I felt more empowered after these two classes and want to start bringing a more positive light against the Native stereotypes. I've met a lot of great Aboriginal role models this past year and want to take part more in the growing change in our people. I aspire to be like my role models and hope to be a role model to a younger generation to keep our Natives strong and thriving. We all should also learn more about our ancestors and learn from the hardships they encountered and to this day are trying to conquer and forgive a difficult past.

Progressing from 1st wave feminism through 3rd wave feminism, we focused on the history of feminist movements and how they change over time and place. 'Intersectionality' means that people exist at/as specific intersections of identity, inhabiting gender, racialization, class, sexuality, age and more, and the problems involved when feminism is expected to provide a unified voice which speaks for all women. We explored the importance of feminism for men, since issues of equality and freedom affect us all equally.

How DO WE FIGURE

LEITH HARRIS

Something that made me question what I already knew was a fact presented by Chris Shelley during the Women's and Gender Studies class on January 7th. The etymology of the word woman as being 'wife of man' shocked me. I found that almost as insulting as the Adam's Rib story and ironic that back in the day we'd adamantly insisted on being referred to as women and not ladies which derives from 'bread kneaders,' or girls which originally meant 'small people.' Both these etymologies are less offensive to me than 'wife of man.' I remember some womyn changed the spelling but when I looked up 'myn' it came from 'mine' which isn't much better than the traditionally accepted source of man as 'the thinker.' Anyway, it made me think...

SUSAN KNUDSEN

I enjoyed the first class after Christmas break on Women's and Gender Studies with Chris Shelley. I always appreciate when the point is made that equality has not yet been attained in the marketplace, academia and forum; we're not even close.

DON CLANCY

I've been in Women's Studies classes in the past. While the classes were interesting, I've always come to strongly believe that feminism was monolithic. When Chris Shelley of the UBC Women's and Gender Studies Program came by and talked about various waves as well as factions of these waves, my jaw dropped. It made perfect sense of course

as I've heard lots of conflicting opinions coming from feminists. I just always thought they were differences of opinion. I always thought of feminism like this slowly moving uniform glacier. What Shelley tells us is that the crevasses in it are worth paying attention to as well. Also the fact that UBC called it Women's and Gender Studies – recently renamed the Institute for Gender, Race, Sexuality and Social Justice – and actually has two male instructors was a shock to me. I thought 15 years ago that this topic had a lot of ideas to offer men. It appears now to be that men are starting to listen.

LOUISE McLAUGHLIN

One of the more profound insights for me came from a discussion group with classmates.

We had split into groups to examine and discuss gender inequalities. Being an extreme extrovert, I was the first to share an example. In retrospect, I asked myself "Whatever possessed me to share this story?"

When I went to Concordia University, the Commerce Building was attached to the YMCA. The back entrance side to the building was on one of the main streets for the LGBT community in Montreal.

Trans women were coming up through the YMCA entrance and using the second floor female washroom. All other female facilities were secured through the library. This became an issue to the women students. At the time, we considered it a safety issue.

What I thought was a benign story ignited a fire within the discussion group. Classmates quickly and passionately shared counter experiences.

A gentleman addressed the injustices towards men in the social benefit system. There is an inherent bias against men in favor of women. Abuse against women has a higher priority when in fact, men can and are both sexually and physically abused. From there we went on to a discussion of whether a man can be raped. We agreed as a group that a man can be raped. We started to discuss a criminal assault of a man by three women. The case involved women in their thirties raping a young man in his teens. Responders to the news article ridiculed the claim of male rape.

From there we talked about living on the streets. One man shared his experience of living on the streets in Edmonton. It was winter and the homeless gathered in an area of the city. He noticed a young teenage girl lying beside a man in his sixties. The man was groping her; yet still she stayed huddled lying beside him. Part of him felt inclined to ask, "Why would she stay and allow it?" To which he was answered, "It's just the way it is."

I'm not sure what made me feel worse: hearing the answer or understanding the desperation.

We continued and another man brought up the impact of being raised by a single mom. There was no one there for him. There was an overwhelming sense of sadness, alienation and abandonment.

A couple of us tried to infuse meaningless words of kindness which simply were not helpful to the discussion. We were subsequently referred to as the Kumbaya group around the campfire.

I had a sense of desperation. We were going further into the darkness, the abyss. And instead of working through it, I wanted it to end. Still, I do believe if you can't talk about problems there is little hope for solutions.

Fortunately Margot injected herself into the group, telling us "This cannot be resolved in one sitting," and suggested the discussion was becoming hurtful. "Often one has to use a broader brush. The social system applies that philosophy." She suggested we back away and use a broader lens.

Margot stayed with our group till the end of class and brought a sense of peace.

MERCEDES THOMAS

Growing up in a family where the ratio of women to men was 3:1, I had a hard time grasping the fact that there are women out there that still feel less than equivalent to males. All the women in my family have always done everything for themselves to achieve everything they have accomplished. I feel more fortunate now to be surrounded by so many strong women and proud that people are still standing up for their rights to equality, admiring the people who help others with their fight for it. I remain optimistic that one day we will all be able to see one another as human beings and not our sexuality or gender.

LORALEE AVÉ MARIA JUDGE

The series on Gender Identity affected me deeply. Who knew that there was more than just female and male when it came to gender? I felt humbled and maybe even ashamed after going through these lectures. I like to think of myself as "enlightened" when it comes to humanistic issues, but I am always struck by how much I still need to educate myself in such matters. I will keep trying to do so.

Critical Race Theory & Art with Sadira Rodrigues | Tuesday January 14 *"The shifting sands of racialization, Part 2"*

We learned about how different theories of rights and race were used by dominant powers. Racial superiority, the image of the noble savage and the U.S. ideal of Manifest Destiny have been used to justify slavery, land appropriation and destruction of culture. We also discussed the racialized and sexualized body in art and photography and how this was used to cast the 'other' in contrast to the 'us.'



RODNEY LITTLE MUSTACHE

The Tuesday prior to this class, I had picked up an issue of the UBYSSEY student newspaper (January 9, 2014), which had on the cover a feature advertising the upcoming "Student Leadership Conference." I had recently asked Mr. Paul and Miss Margot what it was all about, and they gave me some background. I was then asked to speak to one of the Student Volunteers who assisted Miss Margot in the Humanities one-on-one. She informed me that the lectures at this Conference, as well as many of the presentations, were, in her opinion, conservative. I thought about it for a couple of days, and I made a decision a day before the Conference to attend, with Miss Margot's help with registration.

I attended this conference with eyes closed, I did not know what to expect. From the beginning I did feel somewhat out of place. But in the past few years this is a normal feeling that I feel wherever I go. I was surrounded by students who were half my age, who were more active than I was, who were more... well more suited to attend UBC than I was, or

at least I thought on this day. The seminars that I attended had topics like, goals, investing in yourself, the use of social media and social justice. With each new seminar I listened and took notes and when possible I added some input into the topic that was presented. I also at times gave examples from my own life.

The Closing Plenary had an unexpected surprise – Waneek Horn-Miller, a female Mohawk Olympic athlete who has since become an activist. Since starting my studies in the Hum101 course as well as attending this seminar, I at times felt that I also had to add my own lessons from my youth in terms of values that I grew up with and still are a big part of my life – Respect and Love.

I made sure that I had a good seat for this particular plenary. She reminded me of why I am here – to educate myself in order to help others in my own territory, with an open heart and open mind. She also talked about perseverance and how as First Nations people of today, it is our responsibility because it is the only way our children will see that there is good in them as well.

ASSIGNMENT THREE *Opening doors that prejudice closes*

So far this term we've studied Women's and Gender Studies, and Critical Race Theory in the Arts. We've focused on how discrimination and prejudice have operated through social institutions and personal channels and how the people discriminated against, and their allies, have made significant changes occur.

How can you open doors which prejudice closes?

For this assignment, please find and write about one door which has been opened by the 'ordinary' people who were previously shut out because of gender, sexuality or racial discrimination.

You can choose things we've studied in class or look more widely (anywhere, any time) and you're most welcome to write about things you've done yourself, too. A few examples:

• Sometimes small acts draw attention to doors which are closed. For the semiotics classes, we read about the man who designed the Burmese banknote with a portrait of im-

prisoned leader Aung San Suu Kyi hidden inside her father's portrait and the man who created the fictional emigration department to save Hungarian Jews during WW2.

• Earlier, 20th century suffragettes in England chained themselves to the railings of Number 10 Downing Street (the P.M.'s residence) in their fight for the vote, for enfranchisement.

• Mixed-race people like Canadian poet Fred Wah (who refers to himself as "Mr. Inbetween" in the film we watched "Between: Living in the Hyphen") writes boldly about being mixed-race, which opens doors for himself and others. He was the Poet Laureate of Canada in 2013.



ELSIE VIOLA DUPUIS | *JUST BEING OPEN*

Back in 1994 I befriended a lady by the name of Sasha. She was visually impaired and a pre-operative transsexual. She and I frequented the same recreation centre. I noticed her, not because she made an effort to gain my attention but because of the penetrating stares rendered with her presence. Many people would stop what they were doing to take her in. This was distracting in itself. It was the pause that made me pause – I didn't like. It wasn't her white seeing-eye stick and it wasn't how slowly, or carefully she walked around the pool. It was how so many couldn't seem to do what they needed to do. Simply because she was in their vicinity to do what she needed to do. I didn't like the way it made me feel. Initially I felt included with the regular early morning swimming patrons, but once Sasha started joining in, I wasn't part of the majority.

When I first started swimming at the recreation centre I'd eat in the cafeteria, then change in the ladies room, and finish with a swim. For the longest time I'd see the same people along my way. I got to know their routine and soon they got to know mine. We acknowledge in the cafeteria which patrons needed the trays because they would generally order a full meal. It was common to leave the largest lockers for the families who needed the most space. I never took a swimming noodle because I knew the aqua class needed them to perform their routine. And likewise I was given a wide-berth in the slow lane to practise my spastic cannon balls. I quickly became aware when Sasha was at the recreation centre that these patterns were interrupted. I didn't feel the need to stop what I was doing to stare at her. I didn't think her appearance rendered a second look. I quickly

felt out of place when many would move away from her or rush to occupy all the change room stalls. Even our time in the pool was adjusted. Many were no longer showing up for the morning swim. I overheard lengthy, aggressive conversations on how she shouldn't use our change rooms, or how she didn't fit into our family swim time because of her new chosen gender. I felt guilty to be seen as one of them.

So one day I struck up a lively conversation with Sasha about the poor selection in our vending machines. We started sharing a few salutations in the cafeteria line up. I would intentionally occupy a change room until she showed up and then offer it to her. In the pool I'd warn her to stay away from my lane because I splash a lot. I was verbally loud to use the correct pronoun. I wanted other swimmers to feel as comfortable with her as I did.

After a while we'd meet extra early to have our breakfast together. Sasha even gave me her padlock and we shared a locker. When I did my cannon balls she was my biggest cheerleader. We were fast friends. I am protective of her. I am her chief defender. Because Sasha is visually impaired we discussed what made her transition difficult. We debated about obstacles she faced learning to swim. In turn we talked about how the other recreation members made me feel.

Together we decided to help teach everyone what it's like to be visually impaired and a transsexual. We collected information in the pamphlet form, scattering them around the recreation centre. We asked her gender dysphoria clinic to consider holding workshops there. I was known for being talkative. I didn't find it hard to debate on who belonged where with anyone. Soon I was asking my older rec friends to join us in the cafeteria. I'd encourage Sasha to be verbal about offering her change room to the next lady awaiting a safe refuge. Before long she was warning people to be mindful of my big splashes in the pool. Sasha made friends slowly but eventually we saw several of the more curious swimmers at some of the seminars. We stopped going to the recreation centre after the morning swim time was bumped ahead for Olympic training. We were happy to say it wasn't because she was ostracized for being a transsexual. My just being open to getting to know someone new and different made it easier for others to do the same. We opened a door which prejudice closed.

KAT ROIVAS / *HOW CAN I OPEN DOORS WHICH PREJUDICE CLOSES?*

The truth is that it is very difficult to fight prejudice. The only thing that a person can do is go down fighting. In many instances you will find yourself outmatched, outnumbered and outgunned. The system is stacked against you so that 'opening doors that prejudice closes' is next to impossible. But sometimes there are victories in the battle against discrimination. The British Columbia Human Rights Code prohibits some types of discrimination, based in eight areas that include tenancy premises and accommodation, service, and facility. The code protects all Provincial residents and if a resident is to take up an issue pertaining to the code, they do so through the British Columbia Human Rights Tribunal.

A recent case that demonstrates how doors can be opened which prejudice closes is that of Jennifer Horneland, who won a Human Rights Tribunal case when faced with discrimination from a landlord, Minnie Wong. Ms. Horneland was refused tenancy because she had a young child. She documented her conversations with Ms. Wong and was then able to complete a complaint form that was subsequently submitted to the B.C. Human Rights Tribunal. In appealing to section 10 of the B.C. Human Rights Code – which deals with tenancy premises – Ms. Horneland filed a complaint of discrimination on the basis of her family status. It is very surprising that in the year 2014, people such as landlord Minnie Wong can still try to discriminate against a tenant just because they have a small child.

The Human Rights Code states that a person should not be denied tenancy because of race, colour, ancestry, place of origin, religion, marital status, family status, physical or mental disability, sex, sexual orientation, age or lawful source of income. Ms. Wong made reference to the amount of time Ms. Horneland would be at home with her small child and that the suite wasn't appropriate for children. Minnie Wong also referred to safety concerns as it was a suite with a balcony.

While it is true that sometimes there have been accidents involving children falling from balconies in the past, Minnie Wong would not even consider renting Ms. Horneland a ground floor suite. Ms. Horneland testified that she felt taken aback and then confirmed with Ms. Wong that her reason for denying the application was in fact because she

had a small child. Ms. Wong acknowledged that she might be discriminating but her brother, who was the owner of 388 Properties Ltd., could not and would not fire her.

With these details being recited in the court of law on January 7th 2014, Ms. Wong's fate was sealed. Judge Murray Geiger-Adams ordered Ms. Wong and 388 properties Ltd. to compensate Ms. Horneland a sum of \$2500.00 for injury to her dignity and self-respect.

Not all instances of discrimination are so obvious and blatant. Mostly people are in for a hell of a fight when taking on discrimination. But at least there is the B.C. Human Rights Tribunal for people to turn to for recourse. It takes resolve and persistence to fight for justice should a person's basic human rights be infringed upon. Deciding to fight back is not easy and it will take inner-strength to see it through. It is up to the individual to make that choice, but at least there is a Human Rights Tribunal here in British Columbia. The reason that I took an interest in this case is because I have had to deal with Ms. Wong as a landlord, so it was good to see her face justice.

VIOLET BITTERN / *SOCIAL CHANGE & ACCEPTANCE IN TODAY'S SOCIETY*

When I think about a door that has opened for women's equality issues, I think about women's shelters that help to deal with spousal abuse. They make it possible to escape to a safe place where women are able to learn more about abuse and how to cope. Through learning how we can change this vicious cycle of life, women's shelters have helped us to gain freedom and independence as individuals.

There are counsellors, support staff and programs to deal with emotional experiences. Other services open up a world of opportunities through education, jobs and new ideas for parenting.

Women's shelters and other women's centres that run programs have given us a new way of life. They have helped women gain voices in society and there are more visible strong independent women who are able to benefit the future generations of all genders.

These shelters and their programs mean that in time we can really gain more equality in society, because through these women the children are learning the importance of equality in life and society.

DON CLANCY / *A DIFFERENT LOOK AT MEN & WOMEN IN THE WORKPLACE*

When Chris Shelley, of the Institute for Gender, Race, Sexuality and Social Justice at UBC, talked to Hum101/201, I was transfixed. Long a fan of women's and men's liberation, Shelley motivated me to do some research on these issues on my own. I rediscovered Warren Farrell, a political scientist and the only man ever to be elected on the board of the National Organization of Women (N.O.W.) for three consecutive years. Author of the book "Why Men Earn More," Farrell has provoked much discussion on the issue. While somewhat controversial, I don't find Farrell's comments to be at odds with feminism. His idea is to directly challenge men's historic roles in society.

Farrell explains how he came to understand the gender pay gap more fully.

"When I was on the board of the National Organization for Women in New York City, I blamed discrimination for that gap. Then I asked myself, 'If an employer has to pay a man one dollar for the same work a woman would do for 76 cents, why would anyone hire a man...?' After years of research, I discovered 25 differences in the work-life choices of men and women. All 25 lead to men earning more money, but to women having better lives." (Farrell)

Farrell considers how power in a job might be better defined in relation to men and women. He explains:

"The continuing stereotype of the powerful, domineering male CEO – one who dedicates his life to endless work and loses touch with his family and his life in the process – is problematic and unsustainable." (Farrell)

He continues:

"Men unconsciously have learned to define power as 'feeling obligated to earn money someone else spends while we die sooner'.... On the other hand, if we define power as 'control over one's life' – which I believe needs to be our evolutionary shift in the definition of power – then that's the type of power women are more likely to have." (Eichler)

Farrell looks at the drivers and the results behind women's choices.

"Is the pay gap, then, about the different choices of men and women? Not quite. It's about parents' choices. Women who have never been married and are childless earn 117 percent of their childless male counterparts. (This comparison controls for education, hours worked and age.) Their decisions are more like married men's, and never-married men's decisions are more like women's in general (careers in arts, no weekend work, etc.)." (Farrell)

He notes,

"There are 80 jobs in which women earn more than men – positions like financial analyst, speech-language pathologist, radiation therapist, library worker, biological technician, motion picture projectionist. Female sales engineers make 143 percent of their male counterparts; female statisticians earn 135 percent." (Farrell)

Farrell states what advice on the issue he would give his own two daughters.

"I want my daughters to know that people who work 44 hours a week make, on average, more than twice the pay of someone working 34 hours a week. And that pharmacists now earn almost as much as doctors. But only by abandoning our focus on discrimination against women can we discover these opportunities for women." (Farrell)

In reversing the stereotypical financial roles in his own marriage Farrell relates:

"My wife's income allowed me to do what I really loved. I realized that women's liberation is men's liberation, too." (Farrell)

Should it be tempting to assume women have somehow overtaken men in the workplace, the Globe and Mail's Leak Eichler cautions:

"Perhaps the news media's scrutiny of a few high-profile, female success stories, such as Facebook chief operating officer Sheryl Sandberg and Yahoo CEO Marissa Mayer, skew the perception that women have arrived. Recent books such as Hanna Rosin's *The End of Men* and Liza Mundy's *The Richer Sex* help fan the flames and suggest the existence of a new matriarchy. We need to quash the misconception that men are the new minority in the work force, because it risks triggering a backlash to the modest advancements women have made." (Eichler)

Michael Bach, national director of Diversity, Equity and Inclusion at consulting firm KPMG in Toronto, concurs:

"The truth is that it isn't easier for women to secure jobs or promotions. It's not true whatsoever. If it were, we would have more women in CEO positions." (Eichler)

I do see hope in the future though. As Farrell conveys:

"Surveys of men and women in their 20s find that both sexes (70 percent of men, and 63 percent of women) would sacrifice pay for more family time. The next generation's discussion will be about who gets to be the primary parent." (Farrell)

The very fact that numerous universities in Canada (and even some high schools) no longer host Women's Studies departments but, rather, offer the more inclusively labelled Gender Studies is a reason to celebrate that men and women are being invited to solve these problems together.

Warren Farrell has been bringing up men's issues for years. However, he has remained dedicated to feminist ideals. Rather than turn back the clock I believe he wants to move it ahead. He very much sees ideals of the men's movement and the goals of feminism to be very much the same. In deconstructing the pay inequities of men and women in the work place I believe he opens up for examination other inequities like educational deficits, discrimination against family time and maintaining a positive sense of self in today's work world. Also, men (and women) must themselves re-examine and challenge men's traditional roles in society, opening the way for new roles. On the surface one might assume Farrell is trying to roll back feminism. I believe he's not. Rather he is opening up other issues that must be looked at, in support of all genders.

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Law & Housing

with Margot Young | Thursday January 16 + 21

"The Canadian Legal System?" & "The Right to Housing"

Through examining a controversial 2008 BC Supreme Court decision supporting the right of homeless people to stay in a Victoria park under certain circumstances, Margot walked us through Canadian rules, laws, courts, policing, conventions and the Constitution. The Constitution is meant to be "a mirror reflecting the national soul," and anything that the Canadian government does must follow Constitutional Law, which is supreme. In theory no one is above the law, but in practice it can look very different.



S. STEEL

Homes need people and people need homes. Society should evolve so that everyone has a worthy place. Feeding the roots might work better than being trickled down upon.

KAT ROIVAS

My favourite Hum101 class was the introduction to Law in Canada. Learning how the court system worked from an insider perspective made for an interesting class. Since I am not a learner from the UBC Law School, this is a world I would not know much about. Margot was very passionate about the law, which was very evident in her presentation about the laws in Canada. She is very knowledgeable about the legal process and I learned a lot from her. They are working on new laws all the time and learning from

precedents set in previous court cases. Margot ended up making this topic very interesting and it ended up as my favourite topic in Hum.

TERESA CLOUD

The subject we discussed in January has changed my point of view and my outlook on the world. Systems of law were created to ensure people's security and to act as guidelines. Now some laws have to be realized and modified to fit our lifestyles and needs of today. As many people of different cultures have emerged with one another our ideas and opinions have changed. Due to new technologies, our lifestyles have altered greatly. There is a particular need for internet security, where we don't always have control. We hope for the security of our identities and other important personal data that is entered into the system.

SUSAN KNUDSEN

I enjoyed the lecture on "The Rights to Housing" with Margot Young. Article 25 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights recognizes the right to housing as part of the right to an adequate standard of living. It states that: "Everyone has the right to a standard of living adequate for the health and well-being of himself and of his family, including food, clothing, housing and medical care and necessary social services, and the right to security in the event of unemployment, sickness, disability, widowhood, old age or other lack of livelihood in circumstances beyond his control." The municipality, provincial government and federal government need to stop 'passing the buck' and accept responsibility for housing.



Journalism with Wil Steele | January 23 "Blogging"

Wil showed how blogging both is and isn't journalism: how they map onto each other, overlap and intersect. We discussed different types and uses for blogs – personal, professional, creative, photo... you can blog just about anything. We also talked about blogging and activism and about community journalism. We learned a little about copyright and creative commons. And the end it all we had the chance to create and work on blogs of our own.



JERIMIE MARION

You could destroy art in a day! What has taken a lifetime, in only moments of this time gets taken away. We are more than complex pieces of machine; we are human, this is our scene. No need for a battle when you have a song. Let people dance, help them to get along. Though take what you will, this sharing is a skill. Not like what your path did. Continually moving forward motion. Spokes in wheel turning, look out, don't get caught. "Whispers" we have a plan, stay calm, no one will get shot.

Journalism with Mary Lynn Young | January 28 "Social justice and responsibility"

Apropos news and journalistic practices: What is news? What counts as news, and to whom? Although there are attempts, or at least a publicly purported ethic, of balance and impartiality, as well as a duty to check facts, news is still controlled and written by someone. We discussed issues of bias, prejudice and corruption with the mainstream news media. We also discussed activist journalism and community journalism in the form of letters to the editor, Op-ed pieces and blogposts.

ASSIGNMENT FOUR

Journalism

Our two classes on journalism – one on blogging with Wil Steele and the other on news and commentary with Mary Lynn Young – taught us how to create our own public space in which to speak with others. These commentary/opinion pieces are suitable to put into our blogs and/or submit to a newspaper, to put our own views into the public sphere, to intervene in the discussion, to justify support for one side of an issue over another, etc.

For this Assignment, please start by coming up with an idea that you'd like to focus on, just like we did in class and go on from there, following the structure and touchstones described below.

Commentary/opinion pieces are 300-500 words long for a blog, and 600-800 words for a newspaper, and they have a particular structure:

- 1) Start by stating your argument in three sentences*
- 2) Give three points of evidence – say why you're special and why you're adding your points to this public argument*
- 3) Close by concluding your argument (don't add anything new here)*

These pieces often focus on information, political and social commentary on current issues in the news, reviews (books, music, shows, bands, etc.) and can be humorous. You can position yourself as a curmudgeon (nay-sayers like Margaret Wente, Andy Rooney, Don Cherry...) or any way you choose....

Stake out your point of view and be sure to articulate it clearly. Be sure you include:

Why you? What special perspective or knowledge do you bring to this issue? Why now? Why is it important at this time? Why is your argument important? And remember: be persuasive!



STEVE KING | OP-ED

Our political leaders have shown an amazing capacity to

continue supporting a system that rewards the opportunists and punishes the average citizen. Our transit system continues to negate a method of raising funds for development, maintenance and support for long range city, town development.

Currently, the system only develops the route commuters will take. It does not develop anything beyond a station or in the case of SkyTrain, the transit line itself. Developers are free, after a transit hub is developed, to erect buildings once the movement infrastructure has been paid for by transit. It seems strange to me that after investing 90% of the effort, Translink receives less than 10% of the profit.

By working with city planners, an efficient and effective revenue returning strategy could be utilized. Instead of just developing a bare bones and often uncomfortable hub, Translink could expand some of the stations to become shopping malls – built, owned and leased out by Translink for revenue generation. Presently, the only thing available is small overpriced coffee shops. As people see the stations as just way points on their planned travel routes these are underutilized and do not give a true picture of the usage of stores at a transit hub. When you go to other large cities that have integrated viable shopping or cultural activities the potential is obvious.

This would require collaboration with the cities involved and at times the province for the purchase of adjoining lands. This may be difficult for the various egos involved and the ability to offer citizens a more seamless life (commute, work, shopping, and leisure – if community centres are also created) should outweigh the responsibility conflicts.

Another loss that Translink incurs is in the purchase of buses from outside industries, usually other countries. For our one city, the creation of a medium/heavy vehicle company cannot be justified unless we could get more cities to agree to collaborate. With our excess of LPG (liquefied propane gas) we do have a more ecologically friendly fuel source. Which if properly managed will also be far less expensive in the foreseeable future than petroleum-based products. It should be remembered that until recently we had a viable semi-trailer production company in this province. If we could produce tractor rigs, surely we could produce transit buses for the area. Our higher level governments should be assisting in the opportunity to develop Canadian manufacturing, buses would be built here, bringing back well paid and meaningful jobs.

Currently Translink employs a large police force whose purpose has been stated as to prevent fare evasion. Unfortunately it does not do this and even after fair gates are fully operational fare evasion will continue. By opening civic amenities at Translink stations then this police force could at least be a bit more honest and provide security for the shops and improve the overall feeling of safety and security.

Currently, they give an appearance of safety at Translink stations, for which the largest beneficiaries are the land development companies.

It is past time for the decision makers at Translink to stand up for the citizens they are supposed to serve and actually start to provide viable and inexpensive travel. If they supposedly serve the municipal governments then let them effectively and efficiently serve them in the public interest. If they insist on serving the developers as well as the citizens then perhaps it is time to change both the thinking and the policies.

Law

with Alyssa Stryker | Thursday January 30

"Knowing your rights and exercising your freedoms and responsibilities"

With Alyssa, we talked about our rights, especially in dealing with the police. We discussed rights to privacy and security as well as arrest rights. We talked about what powers police do and don't have, as well as best practices for safe encounters with law enforcement officers. We also got to work in small groups role playing situations of encounters with police officers, asking us how to best deal with each situation.



GERALD HEMPLAR / VPD CONSTABLE BULLIES DRIVER — PART 1

On January 6, 2010, I drove across Commercial Drive on Broadway when the light changed green. I was the second car at the intersection and I accelerated slowly. This location has a reputation for high crime but I was only passing through on my way to pick up my dance partner.

As I was slowly crossing the intersection at the Broadway SkyTrain Station I noticed the interior of my car being lit up. I looked in the rear view mirror and saw lights flashing behind me. It may have been a police car. I didn't know what was happening. I pulled over.

The police car pulled up alongside me and stopped. I waited. The police constable did not get out of his car. Instead the police constable flashed painfully bright emergency lights into my eyes. I turned off my engine and waited. Why did the constable stop me? I was getting cold because this was winter. The constable flashed his emergency lights into my eyes for about 15 minutes. Whenever I looked over to see what was happening the constable was staring out his driver's window — neither looking at me nor doing anything.

Eventually I saw the constable get out of his unmarked patrol car. I rolled down my window. He angrily asked me why I didn't park down at the end of the block. The end of the block was dark — no street lighting — and here was lots of light coming from the Safeway parking lot. I could tell immediately that the VPD constable was trying to make me angry by his confrontational attitude. Suspecting that something was not right I asked for his name, but instead he gave me his 4-digit number. I felt confused.

The VPD constable said "Are you crazy?" and other derogatory things. I felt hurt. I said nothing. I would have liked to know why the constable was so angry but he didn't say. He was silent and I waited.

Eventually the constable asked for my driver's license. He returned a long time later — with lights from his unmarked cruiser still flashing brightly into my eyes — and returned my license. He then asked for my car registration without saying why and he again returned a long time later.

The constable was behind my driver's window so I could not see him. He never said why he stopped me. I didn't know where he came from.

Many times the VPD constable said nothing, sometimes the silence lasting for a minute. I didn't know what to say because he didn't ask a question but he just seemed to enjoy making me feel uncomfortable. I could tell he was very angry.

Finally the VPD constable bluntly asked "What's wrong with you?" I politely replied "There's nothing wrong with me," while looking down at the pavement. I gently asked "What's

wrong with you?" trying to look out my window and turning my head to the rear. I wasn't able to see his angry face because of the awkward location where he was standing — I could only see his legs and the gun at his hips. I wanted to know what was bothering him. When I asked him, he immediately stopped bullying me and went to his unmarked cruiser. Whatever I did seemed to work!

After a long while later — several minutes — he returned with a little piece of paper in his hand. I didn't know what it was, but I knew it wasn't a ticket because I hadn't broken any rules. He came up to my driver's window and limply handed me a piece of paper. I was able to see his face. He said this is a ticket for driving with high beams. This was no surprise because, after all, the constable was misusing his police powers to bully me.

I said nothing. He waited. He asked whether I'm going to dispute it. "Yes," I said. He then proceeded to check my headlights. He seemed awkward in trying to check my headlights. I felt irritated when he didn't inform me what he observed. Before the constable issued the ticket he had a chance to ask me "On what grounds are you going to dispute it?" Knowing that I would have no problem disputing the ticket in traffic court I replied that I'd answer in court when I dispute the ticket.

There was a long silence. I asked the VPD constable whether that's a British accent. I wanted to know more about him. He replied "It doesn't matter and walked away."

I feel confused.

Luncheon

February 4

Luncheon at First Nations Longhouse

Through Hum201's Isaac White, Hum was given the opportunity to share what we do with the vibrant community of the First Nations House of Learning at one of their regular Tuesday lunches for Indigenous students and allies. Over 100 people were present to share a meal and learn about Hum's place at UBC, and listen to some current participants and alumni take the stage to talk about their experiences with the Programme, and what it means for them to be involved in the different communities across campus.

**ISAAC WHITE | MY EXPERIENCE IN THE
CANADIAN SCHOOL SYSTEM**

The beginning of my education was by my Haida Nations Elders, grandparents, aunties and uncles, and my parents. They, like all other people and nations around the world, taught me the rules of our society's culture.

I began my formal education in 1954 to 1958, at what the church and state called Indian Day School, located in our village of Old Massett, BC, there we were taught how to speak, read and write English. In this school I repeated grade 1, passed grade 2 and repeated grade 3. My Elders, grandparents, parents, grades 2 and 3 teachers inspired me to continue my education, go to university and these teachings are still with me to this day.

I went to what everyone in my home town called the 'white man's school' (Canadian school system), which is located in what is called the white man's town of New Masset. In school from 1958 to 1964 I went from grade 1 to 12. In 1965 this school changed to grades 4 to grade 10.

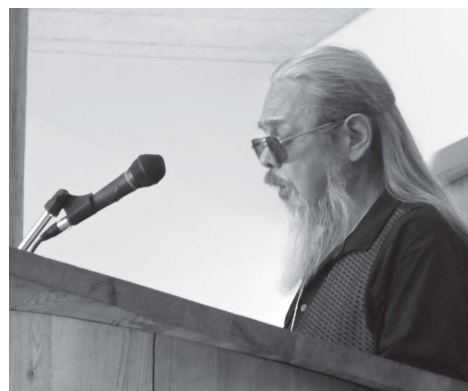
When I passed grade 10, I went to Queen Elizabeth Senior Secondary school in North Surry B.C., where I completed grade 11 in 1967, and graduated from grade 12 in 1968. I graduated high school for my dad because he was interested in me becoming a lawyer or a businessman. I passed all the regular school subjects required: English, Science, Math, History, etc. My most memorable programs in the entire school system were Guidance 11 & 12, Electricity 11 and Mechanics 12 A & B. I guess the reason that these programs were my favorite, is that I had a teacher who really tried to teach all students with the idea that we would put these programs to good use when we graduate from high school.

In the Electricity 11 program in 1968, I was very fortunate to be partnered up with a genius in electricity. With him I was his gofer welder and helper, as he developed his own radio station which broadcasted up to half a block from his house. It was a real treat to hear our names on air with music that was dedicated to our neighbourhood friends. That is until his dad caught on to his son's genius and made him destroy his radio station. In the mechanics 12 A & B, I studied machinist skills, auto mechanics and welding programs, as well as the use of the many shop machines required for work in machine shops. These programs prepared me for industrial trade school.

My guidance counselor requested all students go to the college or university of our choice, to pick up academic calendars. I went to UBC, where I requested an academic calendar to check out what academic disciplines I would like to possibly attend. The programs from 1966 to 1968 that I was interested in were all in (and still are) law: environment law, business law and political law. My first impression of UBC was 'this is really a white man's school,' because it had a very small amount of international students and no visible Native students. Back then I was impressed at how many women and men students were interested in discussions about school life and the difference within our respective cultures. I couldn't tell the professors from the students because the ladies were dressed very professionally and the men were dressed in suits and ties. I was very impressed because in those days my people dressed the same way, when we were out visiting within our own villages or main land towns.

Mechanics 12 A & B prepared me for trade school, I went on to BCIT to take a welding program where I finished with a DPW # 3 welding ticket in 1979. This welding ticket got me a job as a welder in the logging camp at Juskatla on Haida Gwaii. At this logging camp I went on to put my high school training as a gofer auto mechanic and machinist, and a full time certified welder I received at BCIT, to excellent use. I worked mainly as a logger, gofer mechanical machinist and welder in various logging camps on Haida Gwaii until 1993 when I retired from working life in logging camps because of health problems due to welding.

NOW TODAY... I have completed Hum101 (2013), Science 101 (2013) and this year I completed Hum201. Both these free university programmes have taught me so much that words can't express my gratitude for the knowledge that is being shared by the Humanities Programme staff, guest professors, student volunteers and fellow students.



English

with Larissa Lai | February 4
"Situating ourselves 'other'wise"

We learned about discriminatory issues in government policy and action, manifest as the head tax levied against Chinese immigrants, and the displacement and relocation of Japanese-Canadians during and after World War II and of Indigenous people by settlers. Social movements have aimed to redress them and challenge the continuation of settler mentalities. Larissa asked us to see how these are connected practices and offered us different ways of situating ourselves, too, such as through our relations with water....

English

with Larissa Lai and Margot Leigh Butler | February 6
"Poetry on and off the page"

We learned about the Russian Formalist theory that art primarily serves to 'defamiliarize' objects, making the familiar, unfamiliar, and thus creating a new perception of them. Larissa led us through the poems we'd brought to class and their use of poetic techniques. We found that repetition, for example, can defamiliarize words – like modernist poet Gertrude Stein's famous "A rose is a rose is a rose" – encouraging the reader to question what they truly mean and open up new possibilities.



TERESA CLOUD

I looked at a bottle lying on the sidewalk, an empty bottle that once contained booze. Wondering who drank the contents, and why. Where did this person go and why is it important to me. Perhaps it was a familiar person. In my subconscious, am I related to this object. Bringing back memories of childhood; of adulthood. So is it important to remember these things, and why? And what is that something missing. And what purpose, is that something missing. And then maybe a message is in the bottle. Thinking that I pick it up. Maybe keep it or take it to the bottle depot. Memory eventually finds a place.

JEAN-PIERRE LOISELLE

Art as Technique

Hum courses are true intellectual awakenings and healthy intellectual journeys! I am seriously impressed by the reading the lecturer gave us by the Russian formalist Victor Shklovsky, "Art as Technique." In the process of perception, awareness is the key to all change. 'I think I exist' is not the same as being aware of our own existence. Here are my reflections: An 'out of this world being' asked me one day "Why are you here, human?" I said, "I am here to explore, observe and learn and I truly believe that you are doing the same thing as me!" It said: "Welcome to my world! I am aware and I acknowledge the insignificance of our existence in this immense universe and I know we all are doomed. Yes I know I am doomed and my chance of survival is zero, my chances of dying without pain, healthy and happy are also zero."

As a prospector in mineral exploration, we do not always find what we are looking for. Often I found materials that were unknown and my employer would have to send them to a laboratory for analysis. The emotions can be hard to control at the moment I would first realize my discovery. Being aware that you are the first human to find and see an object that you know for certain no one on this planet has observed and seen before you is, in my opinion, the sign of a successful life. No amount of money and/or gold is equivalent to that moment. No matter if I did not get any money for the discovery. By experience, we learn that knowledge or 'witnessing something out of this world' has much more value than money! Shklovsky wrote "The whole complex lives of many people go on unconsciously." But not my life as a prospector.



JOHNNY JAWORSKI | THIS IS YOUR BRAIN ON H.U.M

It's like I've tried a couple dozen flavours of ice cream
Now which one do I prefer? Which is most pleasing?
Quietly contemplating, tasting and savouring new concepts
Understanding some, clueless to others, gathering wool
I've got a curiosity of philosophy, I thinketh
Swallowing sociology, semiotics to grow agency
I could never be a linguist
Teacher, teacher, can you hear me, give me more

Intellectual foreplay to arouse my wordplay
Via group discussions, probing questions
Eventually I'll know what I want to be when I grow up

ALAN GONCHAR / *CURIOSITY*

Curiosity is a curious thing
It did not kill the cat
Deconstruction is a labour of love
The pay is satisfaction

Life's menu features endless questions
A hunger never quelled
The joy is in the journey
Definitive answers rarely appear
Art mirrors life
Life mirrors art

Did worry and sorrow do the deed
Or 'twas it apathy that killed the cat?

JERIMIE MARION / *ECONOMIC HIT-MAN*

He's not savvy or skilled in the art of love
only plans to conquer and divide from above
small few will reap what in time he shall sow
rags to riches or so the story will go
underneath sleek exterior
posture unpleasant, feet up in a mix
cold sweat, cold calculation, cold war
cold means cold, as they write the score now
hot not cold, means more war
So...
arrange to invite massive loans
they'll end up paying through their bones
soon in time no one will be able to see
that they are stealthily, getting rid of our disgruntled anarchy
basically
disarming
our sovereign army

Steering Committee
February 11

Steering Committee meetings are held twice a term either at UBC, the Carnegie Centre, or the Gathering Place. All current participants and alumni are invited to be part of a discussion that helps guide all aspects of the Programme. In doing so, Hum stays responsive to the needs and desires of the low-income communities we call home.



LORALEE AVÉ MARIA JUDGE

Even from the time when I was taking Writing almost 2 years ago, I was surprised at how I reacted towards my fellow classmates. Some of them I immediately felt a connection to. Others I put a brick wall between us, not really knowing or caring why. There were times when my mental health issues and social anxiety made it hard for me not to have such reactions, but in the end I always had to ask myself what it was that was being reflected back to me from my other classmates, about myself? In the end, I was relieved to sever connections between me and those who did not fully respect or appreciate this wonderful free educational opportunity. But even so, I still learned from them.



S. STEEL / *WHAT THE HECK ARE MOOCs?*

MOOCs were invented by Canadians! MOOC stands for: Massive Open Online Course

FREE MOOCs
(Optional Payment)
Coursera
EDX
Udacity

CREDIT DISTANCE LEARNING MOOCs

(Fees Apply)

Thompson Rivers University

Athabasca University

The Open University

University of Texas

MOOC Reviews

Songwriting, Berklee College of Music. Weekly quizzes and assignments lead to writing a song.

U.S. Citizenship and Immigration, Emory University. Weekly quizzes and a timed final exam.

History of Rock Part One and Two, University of Rochester. Fun subject. Long weekly multiple choice questions.

Internet History, University of Michigan. Fun subject. Dr. Chuck travels the world meeting his students.

Archaeology's Dirty Little Secret, Brown University. You need a camera for this course. Weekly quizzes and assignments will keep you busy.

Vaccines, University of Pennsylvania. Very pro-vaccine. Weekly multiple choice quizzes.

Global Business of Sports, University of Pennsylvania. Fun for sports fans.

English Common Law: Principles and Practices, University of London. A challenging course with a challenging final multiple choice exam.

Introduction to Environmental Law, University of North Carolina. Interesting and accessible course. Weekly quizzes with optional essay.

Introduction to Philosophy, University of Edinburgh. A somewhat challenging course.

Conditions of Peace and War, University of Tokyo. Two essays with weekly quizzes.

Calvin, University of Geneva. Well-produced videos with weekly quizzes.

Law and the Entrepreneur, Northwestern University. You need to post in the forums to get full marks.

Exercise and Nutrition, University of Pittsburgh. Weekly quizzes.

Child Nutrition and Cooking 2.0, Stanford University. A common sense course with weekly multiple choice quizzes.

Hum Yearbook

with Paul Woodhouse | February 13

"Making our Yearbook, where the work of the Hum class of 2014 will blossom, for all time"

Every year, the form of the Hum yearbook is shaped by what took place across the three courses. This year had a strong emphasis on writing. Regular writing assignments were given and during class, Hum101/201 participants often 'stole' five+ minutes to write and reflect on what had been discussed in the lecture, a practice that has been a staple of the Writing course over the years. Responding to the quality and quantity of writing this year, this collective journal was formed.



RODNEY LITTLE MUSTACHE | INSPIRATIONS

Oki Niiskuni:

As I look back on the past year with Hum101, I look back with happiness and a new and stronger understanding of why education is so very important and is a gift worth treasuring. Why it is important to keep pushing yourself, to keep setting goals higher than the last, to keep finding new inspirations that will help you achieve your ultimate goal(s).

As a child, the biggest inspiration was Jim Henson who would use Muppets to teach the most important lessons in life... honesty, sharing, caring, truth, respect and LOVE.

Growing up on the Peigan Reserve, or "Canada" as I called it, I had no one on the reserve who would inspire me to do better; years later I would be proven wrong. An off-reserve Catholic school is where I learned of a power greater. To

disobey this power, would mean punishment. I would start to question my teachers on why he would be so mean to a hungry person who stole a piece of food to feed his starving family and send him to hell to pay for that sin. Or why a baby child would be judged even before it was born. I asked the teacher why? His answer was “because that is how God works. We are all judged before we are born” I thought about this and then asked “Then why was Hitler born?” “To teach us a lesson” was the answer. When I tried to talk more on this subject I was told ‘enough interruptions’ – we had to move on in the class.

A couple of years later I started to feel different from those around me. At the same time there was talk on television about how “God hates fags,” “being queer was a punishment from God,” “being gay was an abomination.” Religion was condemning gays even before I had a chance to be gay. At a religious youth event I decided to come out to a priest. He told me that God loves all his children and his light and love will show me the true happiness of life. What the F***, I WAS HAPPY! Religion for me started to change into Spirituality and Traditions, the ones my ancestors fought so hard to keep.

Fast forward 10 years to March 1994 when I found out that I was now HIV positive or as I call it, SELF AWARE. I blamed my mother, because when we are young we never blame ourselves. I was drunk one night and called her and took it out on her. A year later I would move to Vancouver, mostly because of the Stigma and Discrimination I faced back home. I also did not want my family to go through it as well.

Vancouver is where I would start learning more about who I really am. New inspirations started to come into my life and were found in places that I never thought I would find. When I moved here to the coast I knew very little of what it was to be First Nations. You see in school I learned more about White History and Religion, subjects I was told would help me make it in the world; First Nations history was hardly touched on. People asked me if I had an Indian name. “Yes I do” and I explained to them what it was. What I didn’t know is... what it meant to have one.

Working in the HIV/AIDS field for the past 15 years, I started to learn more about what it means to be HepC, HIV+, First Nations and the pride of being labelled 2-Spirit (gay/lesbian), a label that has a strong and honourable history. As a front line worker who is living with HIV/AIDS, HepC (8 years) and who was homeless because of addictions for a time, I could

feel that my views on life, sharing, respect and love were changing; it was by learning more about who I was that changed all of this.

I began to look at LIFE in a different way. I saw that people who were HIV+ and HepC+ were beautiful Creations; despite the isolation, stigmas and discriminations that they (we) faced on a daily basis they (we) are still a very happy people deep down. So I found inspiration in my fellow HIV+ and HepC Brother and Sisters.

I found that there were many First Nations People and organizations across Canada whose work is for those who are HIV+. Their hard work and determination each and every day to help strengthen communities and help to rid First Nation and non-First Nations communities of Stigma, Discrimination and Isolation makes me feel alive. They fight an unending (it seems like it) battle each day to make lives easier for those who are HIV+. These people – too many to name – have inspired me to continue to keep going forward with my education.

With all due respect, for inspiration I now look to my Mother who I think of more as a friend and sister. Her dedication to her family and to the Children of the Piikani Nation have Inspired me. Not only that but she has lived through traumas that no one should ever face – residential schools and the loss of my Father. When I saw her receive her degree from the University of Calgary it made me cry and think of my own future.

I never thought much about my history, especially the Indian residential schools. I have learned so much these past few years about the strength and courage of those who have gone to these places. I am angered and saddened and at times express my opinion. But I was told to let the SURVIVORS fight their battle and for me to honor and show respect to my ancestors is to complete my education.

So in Honour of my Mother, Father, Survivors, Grandmothers, Grandfathers, Family, Friends, the Ancestors... FOR YOU I WILL!



Rhetoric

with Margot Leigh Butler | February 25

"This is what ME

WE WANT! Manifesto writing"

The Writing and Hum101/201 classes teamed up for Margot's manifesto class. Manifestos are demands made by a specific community to a specific audience. We read sample manifestos written in response to gentrification, then wrote our own lists of WHAT WE WANT! After, participants partnered up to look for overlaps in their personal demands – this showed how manifestos turn 'ME' into 'WE.' We also discussed the value, as well as drawbacks, of emotionally-charged, unapologetic writing.

How DO WE FIGURE

(YVONNE) HUSEN HUANG

This is my experience with immigration policy: one needs to pay \$30 if one loses one's original immigration landing paper and only has a copy of it. As a result, the immigration ministry generates quite a lot of funds from this above-mentioned policy from the public. So, what's wrong and needs to change? It is not this point that is wrong and needs to change, but rather it is wrong that the omission wording in the original land paper states that when one reaches 65 and applies for CPP (Canada Pension Plan) and OAS (Old Age Security), one has to show one's original landed immigration papers. Otherwise, one has to pay \$30 to validate the copy of the landing paper. This is a cunning tactical plot.

ASSIGNMENT FIVE

Manifestos

Manifestos are statements of WHAT WE WANT, public declarations of our concerns, intentions, views, demands and desires for certain things to be possible. Often manifestos 'change-writing' or 'struggle-texts' are aimed at social institutions and embodied practices which we're meant to think of as normal, natural, commonsense, yet, they aren't. They're based in particular values and beliefs, or ideologies, and they're able to be changed by us – actually, they're ours. And our manifestos can point the way....

For this Assignment, please produce your own manifesto. It

can be in any form at all, focused toward any topic and listener/audience; and it can be emotional, hard-hitting, passionate, forceful, visceral....

There are three key parts to a manifesto: who makes it; what's said and how it's said; and who hears it, who really listens to it – this may be those who can help bring this about. (This is an old formulation – in fact, it's from the Aristotle's "The Art of Rhetoric" from the 4th century BCE). Consider who else in the world wants this, who wants this with you, who are you a bigger ME/WE with?

Remember that in the Manifesto genre, we're focusing on:
Who we are; How we say what we want;
Who we want to listen, to be moved and even to join us in making this happen....



JEAN-PIERRE LOISELLE / JUSTICE FOR
SMALL BUSINESS & ENTREPRENEURS



*Impartial Justice
It is true malice and hate;
it is hypocrisy*

*The justice-corrupting elite bastards purposely make
complicated rules for the public to defend themselves
against the crooks... yet*

*With the actual rules, you are protecting
the crooks*

*You are killing small entrepreneurs
When small entrepreneurs have disputes with associates
or contractors they go to
Small Claim Court BUT
When the judge gives a court order to the crooks
There is NO Law to implement the judgment.*

In the 1990s, I had 10 employees working for me, at \$100.00 a day, plus all expenses paid including motels, gas and food for 10 days, on an exploration project in northern BC. The company who contracted me paid a partner who was supposed to pay me but did not. As a result, my employees and I did not get our wages and therefore we did not have money to pay our rent and food for our families.

Armed with all my evidence, I won my case in Small Claims Court and the judge gave the crooks a court order to pay me and my employees but there are NO laws to implement the judgment.... The crooks walked away from the courthouse 'laughing their asses off' knowing that I will have to wait years for the next step of our UNREALISTIC, over-managed justice system which through their "political over-managed governance systems" are truly protecting the crooks.

References

Justice for small business http://www.ag.gov.bc.ca/courts/small_claims/

Small claims court is a "do-it-yourself" court, where members of the public who are not lawyers can handle their own cases for amounts under \$25,000.

Small Claims Court Settlement Conference <http://www.cfcj-fcjc.org/inventory-of-reforms/bc-small-claims-court-settlement-conference-rule-7>

Small Claims BC <http://www.smallclaimsbcc.ca/>

A common disinformation tactic is to mix some truth and observation with false conclusions and lies, or to reveal part of the truth while presenting it as the whole.

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Disinformation>, <http://impartiality.askdefine.com/>

Impartiality is a principle of justice holding that decisions should be based on objective criteria, rather than on the basis of bias, prejudice, or preferring the benefit of one person over another for improper reasons.

Art

with M. Simon Levin | February 27

"Locating collectively-made art in public spaces"

In Simon's class we discussed collaborative art in public spaces. There are four components to Simon's collective-based projects – play, politics, pedagogy and participation – which he explained through "Collective Echoes," in[]ex and "Maraya." These projects involved multiple artists and public spaces: the first used advertising billboards; the second, large shipping containers; and the third, cameras and screens placed along Vancouver and Dubai's sea walls to directly connect the two cities.

How DO WE FIGURE?

DON CLANCY

I found the class on the Maraya project absolutely fascinating. I never did like Yaletown but to see that it is a large cookie cutter design was fascinating. I was stimulated into fascination with the Dubai Marina and found pictures and maps of it online. Yes it was adapted for Dubai lifestyle, just larger. I've got to find the place in Hong Kong that this cookie cutter came from. I guess cookie cutter developments make sense to large real estate development companies – to go with a proven design rather than redesigning the wheel. Makes me wonder which other neighbourhoods are cookie cutters like this.

LEITH HARRIS

A class and idea that surprised me was "Locating collectively-made art in public spaces" presented by M. Simon Levin. I didn't realize there were two readings for that class and picked up only the one about Marx which was a difficult reading and I still wonder what it had to do with art... maybe because Marx was more interested in equality for all than beauty for some.

In response to the discussion question regarding what recreating False Creek in Dubai meant I said, "It means those people in Dubai have way too much money." From all I've heard about Dubai, it seems to be a huge spa-like monument to and for the rich and wannabe famous. As the class progressed, I tried to imagine being a developer or an artist examining the mirroring phenomena. I was surprised that I hadn't heard of this project before and happy to have

learned about it but I still think there's a lot of money being wasted over there.

JEAN-PIERRE LOISELLE

This lecture was in my opinion an insight into our global human consciousness and the perception of realities we all encounter in our lives, the similarities in our emotional needs no matter which country we are from and where we are located on this planet. We humans need love, and need to explore the beauties and mysteries of Mother Earth.

Our needs are similar no matter where we are located on our planet. Values and meanings are similar for all humans and I truly believe for all animals as well no matter where we are. We are all interconnected.

"We are all now cyborgs" said Donna Haraway. It is true we all swim into our wireless frequencies and satellite frequencies and our brain is now transformed at the molecular level BUT watch our children who were born in this ocean of frequencies. They truly will have to endure the transformation and the side effects of our super malicious abusive spying technologies from above our head. Poor children, they have no clue what is coming from the global surveillance and control of our societies!

In this experimental world it is a commodity culture as they say in the reading and we are all looking for pleasures. The biological needs of our body are in my opinion pretty well the same all over the planet, including dogs and cats, Ha, Ha, Ha. The capitalist wants profits and all the human feelings on this planet want to explore and have fun.

I am what I am, a poor miserable explorer and observer. Please, do not misjudge me, I have no malice and hate intended against any governments or countries or people. These are only point of views. I may be completely wrong and misunderstand this world.



Vancouver Art Gallery

March 4

Tour of the exhibitions "Deep Forest" & "A Terrible Beauty"

The evening at the Vancouver Art Gallery was memorable. It started with Jessa leading us around the Emily Carr and Edward Burtynsky exhibits, offering insight into the various ways that both artists push[ed] up against the culture and landscapes of their respective eras. We also had the privilege of viewing the work of First Nations artist James Hart as he complemented and complicated the settlers' work.



SUSAN KNUDSEN

I enjoyed the Field Trip to the Vancouver Art Gallery. My favourite painting of Emily Carr's is "The Red Cedar." Edward Burtynsky's photography is both amazingly detailed and abstract.

ELSIE VIOLA DUPUIS

At first glance

On Tuesday March 4th 2014, my Hum101 class met at the Pacific Centre food court. We were all offered an envelope containing cash to purchase a meal of our choice. We all sat relatively close to discuss what we thought of Emily Carr's work. What we heard about her and if indeed we shared in those calculations. We walked together to the Gallery and we met our tour guide. She frequently addressed us as UBC students and we all followed her lead attentively. As we stopped at the odd piece from the private collections of Emily Carr's work, we in turn expressed a change of opinion. I have been to this Art Gallery before to tour Henry Matisse's collection. But I was so overwhelmed with the intimacy of actually seeing Emily's raw sketches and then her acclaimed oil paintings up close.

I assumed the tour guide would speak technically about the artwork. But we were peppered with reflection about the artist's life situation when she painted some pieces. I was told Emily Carr's work is world renowned. How at times her work wasn't accepted for the times. But I will tell my audience to be open and experience Emily's unique expression and point of view. I now believe Emily's artwork is envelop-

ing, moving and thought provoking.

I loved reminiscing about artwork we all grew up with in our homes. The type of medium they used.

Classmates really wanted to dismantle preconceived attitudes about what is art that they were fed during their upbringings. We marvelled at what we saw close up. We shamelessly took several long gazes. We boldly stated we liked what we saw. I wish we had toured the Art Gallery earlier in the course. The attitude carried over into several classes, that we had our own opinions, tastes and voice.

Second Thoughts (March 18, 2014)

I was raised in Victoria BC. My home was within walking distance of Emily Carr's house. I've always known about her work. I hadn't seen an original painting of Emily's up close until our Vancouver Art Gallery field trip. It was a rare treat to see so many of her pieces side by side. At first glance I was irritated that each painting was framed. I felt it dictated the lines and dimensions of each piece. By framing a path or walkway it gave it an end. The sky was no longer infinite. It left little to the imagination. A blue sky was forced to be cheery encased in an equally upbeat blue frame. I wanted and expected to see more of Emily's first impressions. I had hoped her rough sketches would be matched with the final painting. I especially hoped Emily's artwork would be displayed in the order of production so we could see the influence in her technique and colour. But I was mostly surprised to learn that my taste for Emily Carr's artwork has increased, that my eyes searched beyond technique and reason. I am now equipped and gifted with the pleasure of fantasizing where those paths lead.

Critical Race Theory, History & Art
with Margot Leigh Butler | March 6
"12 Years a Slave"

"12 Years a Slave" is based on the memoir of Solomon Northup, a black man from New York who was kidnapped and enslaved in 1841. Its depictions of extreme brutality expose the inextricable relationship between violence and racism, while also foregrounding the objectification and commodification of human life that slavery hinges on. The film shows how 'pheneticizing' or projecting race onto a person,

a process we learned about in Critical Race Studies, enables violence and oppression.



LORALEE AVÉ MARIA JUDGE | TREMORS

They first happened when I was ten. It had been three months since my father had walked out on us: me, my little sister, our baby brother and my mother. It's funny how I always put my mother last when telling this part of the story.

After my father left, I would hear my mother's drunken stumbling footsteps coming up the stairs to where us kids slept, it became a weekly event. Eventually it was a nightly guarantee. She would kick open our bedroom door and slur "you goddamn kids don't even know...." My sister and I would pretend to be asleep until she left. Thank God my toddler brother was asleep in his little bed downstairs. I would clutch my "ET" doll in my hand, for comfort. He seemed to be shaking his head back and forth as if saying "no no no." That's when I noticed it was because my hand was shaking; it was the Tremors.

Twenty-three years later I ended up in the hospital after trying to self-detox from alcohol at home. I lived alone, spoke to no one and hid my problem from everyone: I wasn't fooling anybody. I can't even remember who found me after my seizure, or going to the detox ward. But I do remember the doctor trying to persuade me to take pills that he said would make the withdrawal process easier. I refused. "I'm going totally clean," I said. He laced his hands together and rested his chin on them, then shook his head slowly back and forth as if to say "no no no." I didn't give a flying frig. I was angry and sick. I can say "no" too... it was my first word as a baby and back then it became my only word as an adult.

That first night getting ready for bed in the ward, I couldn't wash my face without getting soap in my eyes; brushing my teeth, I left toothpaste smears all over my face. I tried to button up my hospital pajamas and failed. I sat down on my hospital bed, bowed my head and cried. I tried to wipe away the tears but couldn't do it. Because of... the Tremors.

Flash back to six months ago, seven years after that long-ago detox ward in a land far, far away. It's been two years since I left my life behind in that land. I'm working on a new life,

but no matter how well I do, the depression mixed with the mania and insomnia still continues. Finally a compassionate and intuitive psychiatrist diagnoses me with the same condition my father had – bipolar – and prescribes the appropriate medication. I am both afraid and relieved. "I am willing to do whatever it takes," I tell my doctor. "Yes" is now my new word, as an adult. She looks at me and smiles. She does not lace her hands under her chin and shake her head as if to say "no no no." Most of all, she does not say, "Loralee, you don't even frigging know."

After only two weeks my life changes. I sleep well, my energy improves and I no longer get so manic at night that I can't sleep nor so depressed in the mornings that I can't get out of bed. The season changes from summer to a cold autumn and yet I feel a kind of joy in simple things like shopping for veggies and fruit and Thai chicken curry at the market. I grieve for those who I loved and maybe couldn't love me back and I let go. Things still hurt, but they pass and I am not paralyzed by life anymore. I never knew I could live this way and I am so grateful.

However, I do experience some of the medication's side effects; there is some weight gain, but that's not a big deal for me and a small price to pay – I always needed a bit more meat on my bones. Also, my nose sometimes runs continually like Niagara Falls, but that's why God invented Kleenex.

There's just one side effect that bothers me, something I never thought I'd have to deal with again. A ghost that sneaks up on me almost daily and trails its dry-ice cold fingers across my hands. It's the meds....

It's... the Tremors.

*Anthropology & First Nations Studies with Margot Leigh Butler | Tuesday March 11

"Where are we + How do we figure?: finding what we value at MOA and showing each other what it means to us"

This evening we made our own self-guided tour of MOA, spending time just wandering solo around the museum and looking at whatever drew our interest. Then, we gathered together as a group again and each took turns guiding a part of a collective tour, leading the group to the objects/experiences that stood out the most to us. Then we spoke

about what we knew about it and what it meant to us. It was amazing to learn from each other in this way and to be shown participants' family and tribal cultural objects tucked inside glass-topped drawers.



How DO WE FIGURE

DON CLANCY

I always find something new when I go to the Museum of Anthropology. The last time we went we were asked to pick out a favourite exhibit and tell the class why we liked it. I really liked what was referred to as Aboriginal and New Guinea fusion. Snowboards, sheet metal and industrial by-products were all incorporated with West Coast Native and New Guinea artists into a fusion of modern artifact and traditional design. The results were fascinating. It let me know that Aboriginal cultures are still alive and contributing to design in the 21st century. And frankly, the nods of people acknowledging my opinion was priceless.

Theatre

with Michelle Turner | March 18

"Theatre of the Oppressed: A Forum Theatre workshop"

After a brief presentation on the history of Theatre of the Oppressed, we split in two groups and practiced theatre exercises. We 'froze' our bodies in positions to convey emotions, arranged chairs to represent power relationships and then staged scenes of oppression: each one involving an oppressor, an oppressed and a third-party. After, each group put together and performed small scenes for the whole class using the conventions of the theatre of the oppressed.



Writing

with Margot Leigh Butler | March 13

"Working on our Yearbook"

Everyone picked up their pens and started to write, edit and work on new drafts of the writings chosen to go in the yearbook. Each participant was paired up with a staff member to help guide them through the process throughout the term. We gathered in small groups and shared what work had been produced so far, giving and receiving feedback and helping to inspire new ideas.

STEVE KING

We did a small introduction to Theatre of the Oppressed. And while building up to the area where we could actually learn and grow, an interesting exchange took place at the end. This neatly tied in with an earlier class on language and learning.

A small scene was played out on the prior experience of an oppressor, an ally and the person. While we did not explore the oppressor or the motivation of the self, the possibility for change was presented and the learning came to me in the exchange that followed.

One of the fellow participants had lost a close relative due to the actions of a person similar to the oppressor or more correctly the behaviour and thinking of a similar oppressor. When this was mentioned, the actual presenter appropriately replied. Then a second member stated their opinion seconding the presenter. While the presenter replied correctly – explaining that no harm or hurt was meant; the second reply never mentioned an acknowledgment of the grief, focusing just on how it was a fun way to re-enact some actions.

In this case thankfully, there was no large emotional outburst that came with the relating of the loss. The commenter had to have worked through her loss and what was left was just natural sorrow.

The explanations were not the problem. The non-acknowledgement of the loss and grief of the commenter totally disregarded her side of the conversation and blocked any development of a meaningful exchange and possibility for growth.

While going through my own stages of recovery from traumas and addiction I know, understand and am on the alert for the way of thinking that negates everyone's experience but my own. In some cases it came from not being heard and later led into not taking anyone else into consideration. This in turn led into the exclusion of everyone but myself in my thinking. I was able to create a world centred just on myself and my own imagined needs. Many of us still exist in this type of reality as we struggle to overcome our own obstacles.

By using an honest acknowledgment of another person's experience, we include them into our world. Opening up the opportunity for rapport, a deeper conversation and an un-

derstanding of both ourselves and others.

Many of us have been termed excluded or marginalized. In some cases it is by our own doing, sometimes by circumstances and at other times it is just life. I can complain about not being heard but that just leads to yelling louder or acting out in an attempt to get a response, any response by others. I can just accept that is our system. Or I can choose to enter into respectful conversation. This means, not only do I expect the other person to hear what I say, it also means that I have to hear what they are saying and take that into consideration.

Our class has been offered the opportunity to expand our knowledge and experience. The trick is for us to take and use what we have been offered and incorporate it into our daily lives. Would using Theatre of the Oppressed and effective communications be a good way of repairing some of our thinking – of course? Is a Humanities course the proper venue for this – probably not. But it is an opportunity for us and potentially a chance for us to apply what we have learnt. Perhaps our greatest fear is not in being heard but in being heard and being judged to not been worthy of being heard. Is that a fear of our own or more a fear of others in having to rethink how they perceive us?



LEITH HARRIS

Something that affirmed what I already knew was the success of the "Theatre of the Oppressed: A Forum Theatre workshop" facilitated by Michelle Turner on March 18th. The evening brought back fond memories of "Theatre of the Oppressed" performances I had participated in, back in the last century, in Montreal. Performers and audience working

together to find solutions to common problems was always intense, full of laughter and tears, and usually made for powerful results.

When we presented Forum Theatre, we always spent at least five days to produce a first draft scenario of a piece and several weeks in rehearsals. As I was reading the handout for Michelle's class, I wondered how she could possibly compress Augusto Boal's plan into a few hours. I was very impressed at how well she managed but she, of course, didn't have time to go into the history extensively. Augusto Boal got a lot of his inspiration and methods from educator and theorist Paolo Friere, who organized an amazingly successful literacy program which treated learners as 'co-creators of knowledge.' This program, "Pedagogy of the Oppressed," is still used in third world countries and "Theatre of the Oppressed" is one of its tools. I'm happy to hear that students here are still learning this valuable form of theatre. And I was happy that our class was willing to try it.

Every topic and class of this Hum course has been informative and interesting but theatre week was definitely my favourite.

Economics

with Nancy Gallini | March 25

"Does the song remain the same? Music and copyright"

The Internet age has sparked huge changes in the ways the arts are created and disseminated, changing in turn the way they are experienced. Shifting ideas of ownership have led to questions about the role of copyright and patent law online and whether we should stick with older corporate understandings of property or move to the newer ideal of online freedom. Do we want to Stop Online Piracy Now (SOPA), or encourage open sources?

Theatre

March 26

The play "Ubu Roi" at Frederic Wood Theatre, UBC.

This year, for the first time, we were kindly offered tickets to see a play at UBC's Frederic Wood Theatre. Both Writing and Hum participants – and some of our children, too –



Dinner & Theatre

March 20

"Arcadia" at Green College, UBC

We dined as guests of Green College before watching the resident students perform "Arcadia." Unlike many conventional plays, where the audience sits in place and watches actors move across a stage in front of them, this play took place in many rooms. At times actors directly interacted with the audience members, leaning on us or getting us to dance. The experience made us feel like we were part of the play, not just passively watching it.

spent the evening immersed in the world of this notorious absurdist play first performed in France in 1896. We revelled in the all-woman cast decked out in fantastic costumes, with a ramshackle set and a plentiful supply of colourful language!

Tour of Vancouver Public Library

March 27

Tour of the Central Branch of the Vancouver Public Library

Our UBC cards give access to all of the campus libraries, yet since a Vancouver Public Library branch is always closer to home, we love to go there as a group every year for a refresher on what's on offer from their kind librarians.



DON CLANCY

I've always liked the Vancouver Public Library (VPL). What really surprised me on our tour was the wide selection under the topic 'Online Articles, Encyclopedias & More' on the VPL website. Some of these are available online at home and some only at a VPL branch. I'm going through them alphabetically and they're all so fascinating and I'm only at 'C.' I've spent time in the item Ancestry Library Edition which looks very promising in tracking my family tree. At home I spent hours looking at VPL's full collection of 'Consumer Reports' that promise some very thorough product research.

Music

with Gage Averill | April 1

"That old gang of mine on Main Street: Barbershop harmony and the 'unreal estate' of the American imaginary"

Our evening with Gage Averill offered us unique insight into the complex history of the seemingly docile musical form: barbershop. Gage clearly illustrated the ways in which colonialism and racism are embedded in the barbershop history and form. We also had the invigorating experience of singing as a class. No doubt, we all tuned in!

Architecture & Theatre

with Arthur Allen | April 3

Tour of The Orpheum Theatre

We drew the curtain on an exceptional year with a tour of the Orpheum Theatre, guided by our silver-tongued architecture teacher who is one of only a few official tour guides. Having the theatre to ourselves was an amazing experience, as was seeing its secrets from the basement to the suspended catwalks which ring the ceiling fresco. Arthur talked of the theatre's architectural influences and interwove Greek myths – of Orpheus, his mother Calliope, and his wife Eurydice; we were inside a play!

Graduation Ceremony

April 24

Graduation Ceremony for all of this year's Hum participants at the Museum of Anthropology (MOA) 6:00 to 9:00 p.m. There will be supper beforehand at the Haida House just behind at MOA and participants are welcome to bring guests for supper and to the Ceremony.

Hum
101/201
essays

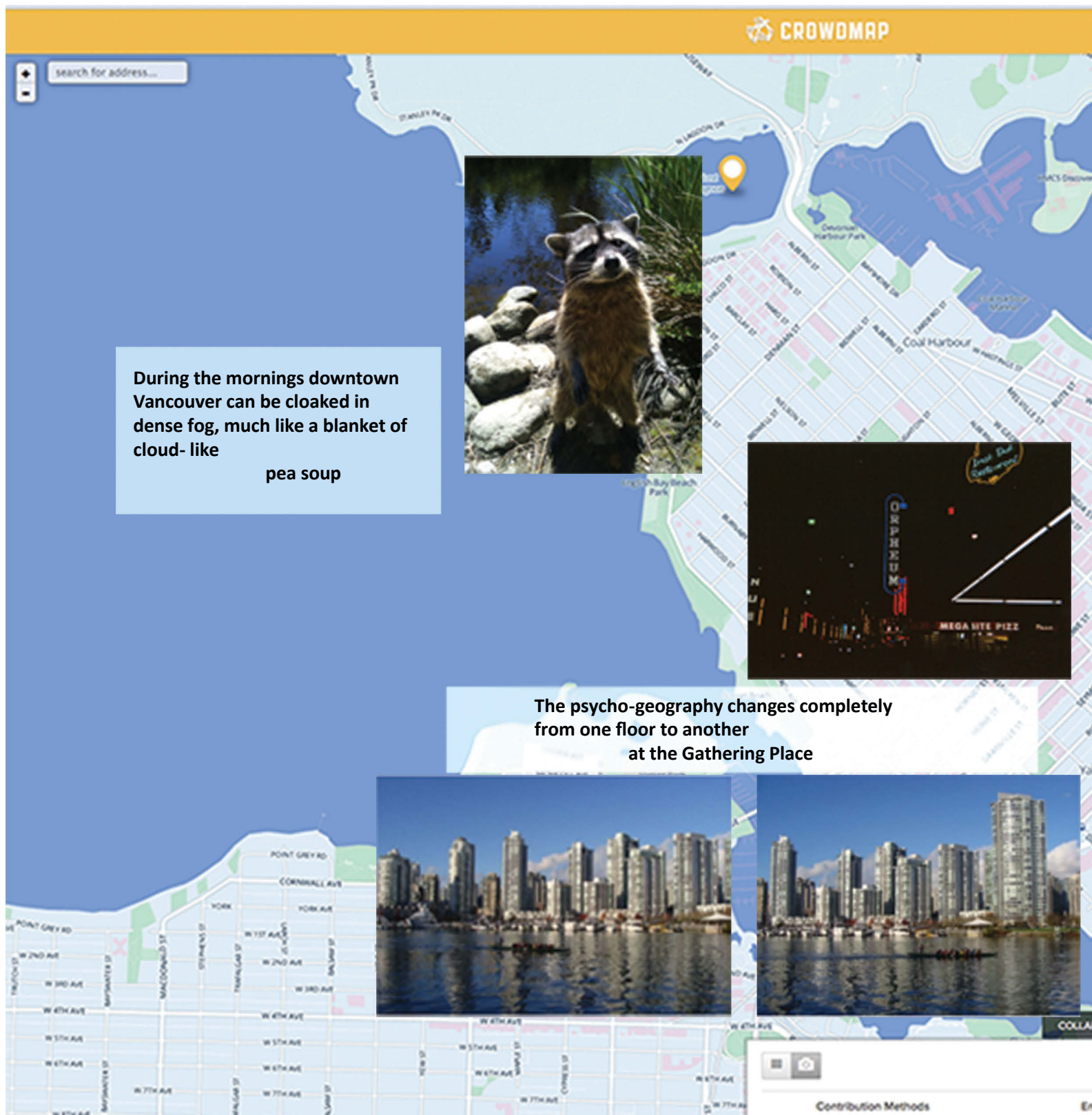
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Indigenous worldviews value interdependence and the co-existence of humans with natural environments. Capitalism exploits nature as a resource, including water. How can we reframe our relationship with water with interdependence and respect in mind?



HUM201 MAPPING PROJECT



During the mornings downtown Vancouver can be cloaked in dense fog, much like a blanket of cloud- like

pea soup

The psycho-geography changes completely from one floor to another at the Gathering Place

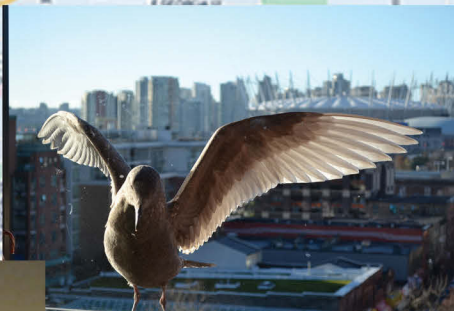
The Hum 201 class of 2013-14 teamed up to map Vancouver through their own lived experiences. 201s first wandered around the city on dérives, which they later wrote about, and then took photographs and sound recordings at various sites. To tie it all together, we created a crowdmap representing the photos, sounds and words to represent the Vancouver the 201s heard, felt and saw. Visit the interactive website to find how S.D., Wilson Liang, Jean-Pierre Loiselle, Kat Roivas and Isaac White answered the question, "Where are we + How do we figure?"

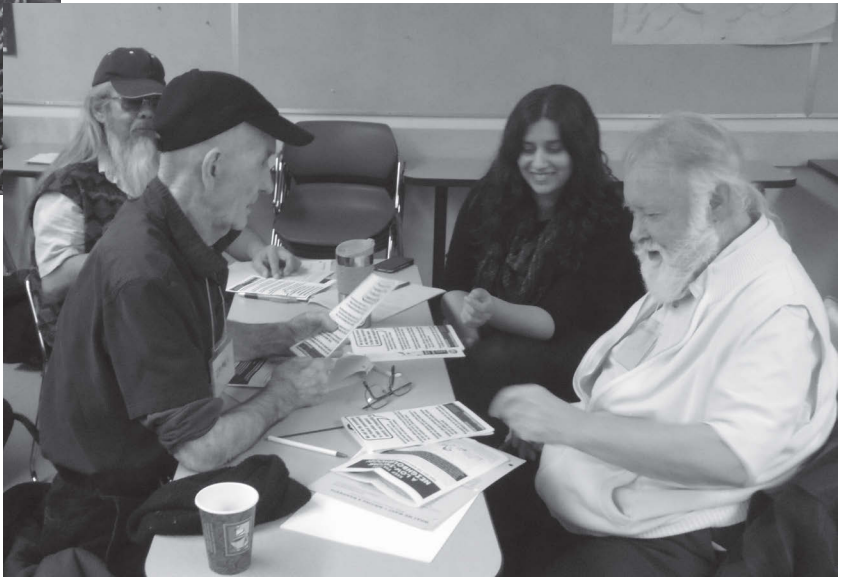
Sign up Log In English Explore ▾

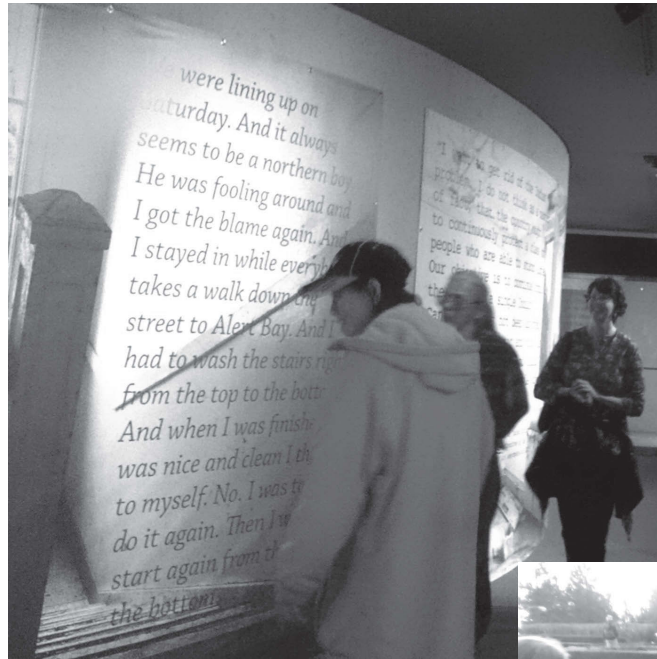
Flash photography
in the darkened lobby.
The library is lit up brightly.
Students study hard at the
library tables.



The swirl stairs
lead to a
second floor
restaurant
where the local
low
income
community can
afford to eat







Vancouver and Dubai are two cities separated by 12 time zones. The Maraya project makes us think about what it means to have Vancouver's False Creek model replicated and transplanted in Dubai's Marina - "the Vancouverization of Dubai". What does it mean to have another version of a place elsewhere?

What aspects of interacting with a police officer might make it difficult to assert your rights, even if you know what they are?





What would full equality for all genders look like? How might men participate in helping achieve full equality? What challenges might exist considering all of us can be negatively affected by gender roles?

WRITING

WRITING course

OUTLINE

Writing Coordinator Alison Rajah
Mentors Shahla Masoumnejad and Fred Joly

September 10 – December 3 2013
January 7 – April 1 2014

Tuesdays | 6:00-9:00 pm

Writing One-to-One | Writing Group | Writing Class

Classroom Buchanan D, Room 204 (1866 Main Mall)

*Field trips and extra events are marked with an asterisk**



COURSE DESCRIPTION In this course, we learn about and practice writing in many genres – some will be familiar and others may be new to you. Each evening, a different teacher will present a different style of writing: you'll then get a chance to pick up your pens and try that kind of writing for yourselves.

By the end of the course, you'll have learned the vocabulary and practices of writing for personal, creative, academic and professional purposes, helping you to organize, revise and shape your writing with new levels of expertise.

All of our teachers volunteer their time and expertise – we thank them!

FEEDBACK ON YOUR WRITING During the Writing course, there are a number of ways to receive input on your writing. You can receive spoken feedback weekly as follows:

- Writing One-to-One tutors Hilary Smith and Stephanie Fung are available to meet with you every Tuesday before class in room D 216 from 6:00 to 6:55 pm.
- Writing Group offers an opportunity for you to read out your assignments and receive constructive comments every Tuesday before class in room D 204 from 6:30 to 7:00 pm.
- Writing class often allows time for you to share your writing with the class and teacher.

In addition, you will receive written feedback on your assignments from Hum staff. Submit your work one week after it was assigned and you will receive written constructive comments the following week from Hum Programme Assistants Michelle Turner and Maddie Gorman. You can hand in your work handwritten or typed, or email it to h.u.m@ubc.ca if you would like us to print it out for you.

REQUIREMENTS There will be assignments most evenings. You may choose to do them all, and you must do at least 3 of them in order to graduate from the course. When you do the assignments, you'll turn them in for feedback, and revise one of which will be included in the Yearbook, ready for the Graduation Ceremony on April 24. You will need to attend at least eight classes to graduate from this course.

Autumn & Spring

MEETING, FEASTING & NAVIGATING / *September 10*
Meeting, feasting and navigating our way into Hum at UBC.

ACADEMIC WRITING / *September 17 + January 7*
Assignments and Essays with Alison Rajah, Writing Coordinator.

JOURNALING / *September 24 + January 14*
Journaling with Maureen Phillips, UBC Writing Centre.

SONGS & LYRICS / *October 1 + January 28*
Songs and Lyrics with Carol Sawyer, vocalist and visual artist.

CREATIVE WRITING / *October 8 + March 11*
Poetry with Ted Byrne, poet, translator and essayist.

FILM / *October 15 + February 4*

Screenplay with Michelle Turner, Hum Programme Assistant

***EXTRA EVENT** / *12:30-1:30 p.m. February 4*

Hum is hosting one of the weekly lunches for Indigenous students and allies at the Sty-Wet-Tan, the Great Hall of the First Nations Longhouse, 1985 West Mall, UBC. The lunch begins with a welcome from UBC's Resident Elder Larry Grant from the Musqueam First Nation. His greeting links students to the long tradition of the Musqueam People welcoming visitors to the ancestral, unceded, and traditional territory of the hən'q'əmin'əm' speaking Musqueam people. If you want to, you're welcome to come and share what we do in Hum.

ACADEMIC ESSAYS / *October 15, February 25*

Rhetoric: The Manifesto (What We Want!) with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum Director.

STEERING COMMITTEE / *October 22 + February 11*

Steering Committee meeting for current participants and alumni of Writing, Hum101 and Hum201. All participants and alumni are invited to be members of Hum's Steering Committee which meets regularly and guides all aspects of the Programme.

LIFE WRITING / *October 29 + March 4*

Taking words out, finding other stories with Leanne Johnson and My Name is Scot, editor and artist.

CREATIVE WRITING / *November 5 + January 21*

Short Stories with Jane Silcott, Langara College.

BLOGGING / *November 12 + April 1*

Blogging with Alexandra Samur, Langara College / Wil Steele, Hum Programme Assistant.

***TOUR OF THE VPL** / *November 19 + March 18*

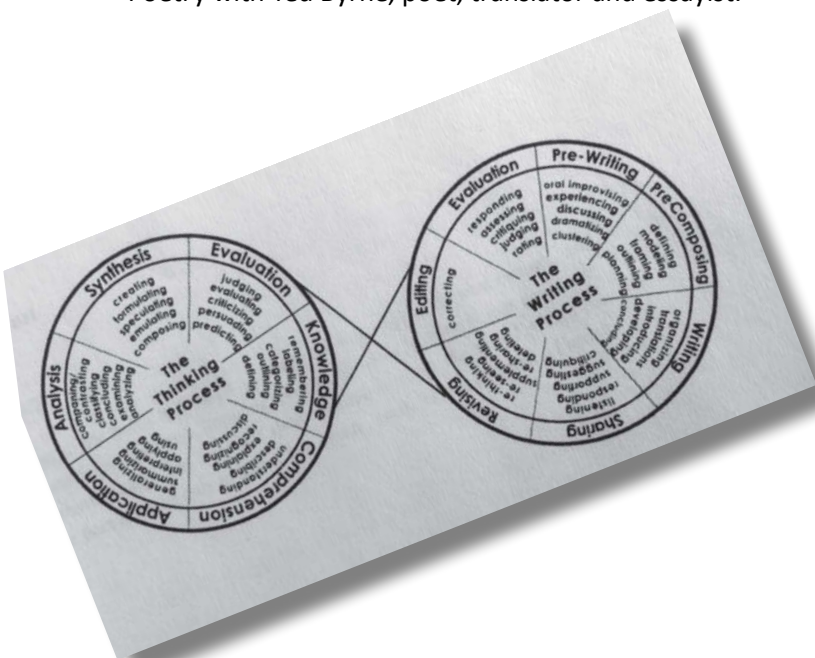
Field trip to the Vancouver Public Library (we'll meet in the foyer of the Vancouver Public Library Central Branch at 6:00 p.m., 350 West Georgia Street)

CREATIVE NON-FICTION / *November 26 + March 25*

Creative Non-Fiction with Mandy Catron, English, UBC.

***THEATRE** / *March 26*

The play "Ubu Roi" by Alfred Jarry at Frederic Wood Theatre, UBC. Meet in the Hum classroom, D201 at 6:30 p.m. and we'll walk to the Theatre together.



WRITING Compositions

Meeting, Feasting, & Navigating September 10

Meeting, feasting and navigating our way into Hum

Today, people came from all over the world, through the Downtown Eastside and Downtown South, upon B-Lines and trolley buses, towards UBC to meet for the first time as the Hum class of 2013-2014. Together with Hum staff and volunteers, we tucked into some food at the SUB, followed up with a 63-person ice-breaker that saw us making shapes all over the Meekison Lounge floor. After this traditional initiating, the term had truly begun.

Academic Writing with Alison Rajah | September 17 + January 7 *Assignments and Essays*

Alison led the class through a reading of "Culture is Ordinary" by Raymond Williams. We discussed Williams' expansive definitions of culture, learning and knowledge, which he locates in cultures of learning situated outside of historically mainstream institutions of knowledge. Alison talked about academic writing and the importance of clarity and organization and participants wrote about their own experiences of lived culture in response to the Williams reading

ROB MAKOWSKY | RECALCITRANT REASONING

Recalcitrant = defiance of authority

I hope to invoke discourse and understanding of what I deem to be the biggest threat to our freedom, happiness and prosperity. This ever insidious threat is, of course, blind

adherence to Government, of any name, type or nationalistic or religious origin.

Government was intended to instil order, coherence and functionality for, of and by the citizens it was elected to represent. Today's government resembles more of a cartel espousing catchphrases and anthems from a bygone era for the few well-connected and to benefit and inflate corporate profits. Sound bytes have replaced meaningful ideals and dialogue. Party loyalty is now akin with gang loyalty.

When Edmund Burke wrote some 200 years ago that "All tyranny needs to gain a foothold is for people of good conscience to remain silent," he and his fellow citizens of that simpler epoch must have been fully aware of the self-serving, self-righteous and dangerous privileged few who held sway over the average citizen. I suspect Mr. Burke would be aghast at today's breed of contemptuous sociopaths in our present leadership.

In the American state of Mississippi where the average citizen still clings to loyalty of country and where the average Mississippian cannot even correctly spell Mississippi, let alone get an education, abortion or fair access to vote, these disillusioned and desperate voters blindly follow the 'Democracy' game as if it may makes their lives better. Voting has proven beneficial to only a select few. So why vote? Why not cast aside the insane notion of democracy and begin a more anarchist and plausible path to helping themselves? Why pray to a God that has caused more suffering than any other rapacious institution? The answer of course is the whole game is rigged. Colluded between and promulgated and enforced by a few well-placed profiteers.

Can public execution of corrupt officials (yeah yeah yeah – I know! They're all corrupt) on pay per view be such a bad thing? Take the revenue and pay off the national debt

(another scam in itself, but that's for another time) or build state-of-the-art cancer agencies. Can public intoxication be a bad thing when the mob adjudicates the scandal-plagued bankers? Can having serious treatments for the insane and addicted, instead of incarceration, produce such negligible results as we have now?

Healthy recalcitrant recrimination can only serve to remind the power brokers of the limits of the public's taste for she-nanigans. Recalcitrance can only help in connecting people to greater unity, community and understanding. Recalcitrance also gives the powerless power, the afflicted compassion and care, and the wronged the opportunity to right deeds done so unjustly to them. If a violent overhaul is necessary to construct a better world, so be it. The ruling elite uses religion and invokes past words and deeds of dead patriots, that is dead people who have had some deed twisted in historical context, to further the aim of the cabal that is and always was Government. US fighting back is only natural, and much long overdue. The structure is crumbling around them. Religion is now only for the silly, fearful and extremist. No one has any faith in the justice system, less and less people vote, and public perception of our leaders is woeful at best. Now is the time for an overhaul of the decaying, decadent and ineffective system. They outlandishly and arrogantly attempt to place themselves at the altar of righteousness. They steal and then tell us only a banker can fix the mess they themselves created. Time for anarchy with a vengeance.

In closing, I leave you with the words of Oscar Wilde: "The only difference between the saint and the sinner is that every saint has a past and every sinner has a future."

JAMES McLEAN | *CULTURES AT HASTINGS AND MAIN*

Stepping off the bus, the culture facing me: negotiating my way for a 50 cents Free Trade coffee at the illustrious Carnegie Centre, greeted with T3s, Tylenol, methadone, a quick change of finance carefully accomplished in a culture of commerce. Further into our neighbourhood, a culture of commodities from empty beer cans, to fashionista clothing fitting where it touches, the price is always negotiable. Changing my 50 empty cans for capital, now a capitalist and of course a capital fellow. Don't forget we are all commodities and disposable when we are no use to whatever culture.

Journaling

with Maureen Phillips | September 24 + January 14

Maureen introduced us to some of the benefits of journaling: they offer records of events we might otherwise forget, as well as opportunities to reflect on growth, grief, dreams and emotions. In addition, they provide material for other life writing projects, such as autobiographies. The writing exercise at the end of class inspired a lot of diverse journaling assignments, demonstrating the flexibility of the genre.

NAILUJ IKSWEJEIZDROG | *THE HALF PERSON*

We're all familiar with the age old rhetorical question of looking at a half glass of water and pondering whether in fact it's half full or half empty. Our unique perspective gives insight as to whether we, as the observer, have an optimistic or pessimistic view of a given situation. The glass can represent a problem, condition or situation in which the outcome is entirely dependant on the view of the person analyzing it. As I look back on how I felt about myself when I first applied to become involved in this writing class and how I perceive myself now as the class comes to an end, is well, like looking at the proverbial glass and seeing it as half full instead of half empty.

As a thinking and feeling person who once again has been forced to come to terms with a lifelong addiction and all of the heartache, suffering and surrender that necessarily goes along with that condition, I have often viewed both myself and my life as half empty – a half-finished work whose final outcome is still uncertain. Even though I have enjoyed years of complete sobriety where I led a successful, productive and meaningful life as a business owner, model citizen and loving partner and father, I tend to look back and see my life as a book with missing or incomplete chapters.

Participating in this class has enabled me to understand that learning, specifically learning to write, is a valuable tool which I can use to more clearly examine, understand and reflect on the highs and lows of my life, write about my experiences and relate them to the lives of others who too have travelled this journey called life. As I've gotten older, I've gained perspective. Learning how to write has allowed me to channel that perspective into usable forms, which in turn has given me a greater sense of self, an improved sense of worth and an enhanced understanding of the shared feelings and experiences that connect us all.

I'm grateful for the opportunities and valuable ideas that this class has opened for me. I have renewed enthusiasm for reading and writing. The half person that entered Carnegie Centre for the information session, who returned to UBC after a 30-year absence with a renewed sense of purpose and passion for learning, is leaving with a freshly completed exciting new chapter in his life.

SANDRA DELORME / MY BOY

On June 22, 2003, my son Howard Wayne Delorme and his friend David got into a fatal car accident on Commercial Drive and 17th Avenue. I saw on BCTV News that a stolen silver Honda Civic had hit a Vancouver city bus. Two Aboriginal adolescents were involved. I saw the Honda Civic had split in half. I thought right away, "Where is my son?" I wanted to take a cab to the accident site, but I changed my mind. Instead, I waited until 9 a.m., then phoned my best friend, Frances, so I could go over to her house.

I walked 20 blocks to her place and by 11 a.m. my brother-in-law called me and said to me, "The cops came over to talk to you" and that he had kicked them out. I walked over to a payphone, and I phoned 911. I told the 911 emergency worker who I was, and asked why the VPD came over to see me. She said, "I don't know" and hung up. I phoned back and asked the same question. They said, "Where are you?" When I told them my name, they informed me that they would be sending over a car to pick me up. I gave them Frances' address and waited outside for them. I knew deep down that my son Howard was involved in that fatal car accident.

The VPD drove up and asked me to sit down in their car. After doing so the cop asked if I knew where my son Howie was. I told them that all morning I was phoning everybody and asking them if they knew where he was. Nobody knew. The VPD told me that he was involved in the fatal accident on Commercial and 17th Avenue. He had passed away. The cop said, "I am so sorry." Next he asked me if they could release his name to the media. I said, "Are you sure that it's my son? Maybe you have somebody else's kid and not my son." No, he said that he was positive it was Howard because the VPD fingerprinted my baby, and it was him. I just started to cry. I lost my only child in that stolen car. My first grandchild was expected any day. How was I supposed to live without him? He was my everything. The VPD asked if I wanted a ride back to my place. I told him to drive me to my father's house because I had to see my Dad. I also phoned my Mother in Manitoba to let her know. It was the

hardest thing that I had ever had to do, letting my parents know that their grandson had passed away.

The VPD traffic cops drove me to my Dad's place on Granville and 63rd Avenue so that I could tell him and my little brother Bobby the horrible news about Howie's fatal car accident. While I was telling my Dad and Bobby, I started throwing up in the garbage can. I almost passed out and we just all cried. I was wondering where the hell Jade was; I had to find her. She was due to give birth to my first grandson any day. I phoned Cecilia, my cousin, and told her about Howie. She said she already knew. Again I was crying. I asked her, "Where is Jade?" Cecilia said, "She is over at Nicola's place." Cecilia agreed to meet me at Nicola's place. I hung up on Cecilia and called Nicola. I told my Dad, "Let's go over to Nicola's place." All three of us jumped in my Dad's old Cadillac. My Dad drove down Granville Street going north to East Vancouver on Pender Street, towards Jade's cousin's apartment. I went running to Nic's apartment. I started to bang on her door, yelling at them to let me in.

The following day, June 23, 2003, I went to court for drug trafficking. I sold crack cocaine to an undercover cop. I knew that the crown counsel wanted to send me to jail for three months and my lawyer, Pat, told me that he could not save me. I also knew that I couldn't go to jail because I had a funeral to arrange for my only child. I asked my lawyer what to do. We walked into Courtroom 301, and we saw eight VPD. They were ready to testify against me. I could see that they had a whole bunch of pictures of my passing the cocaine to the undercover cop and pictures of me accepting money from her. Pat asked the desk clerk what time the trial was going to start. She said, "In thirty minutes." Pat told me to follow him to the fourth floor because he had to adjourn another trial. He wanted to make sure that the VPD didn't try to trick me or something. So I followed my lawyer to the fourth floor. I told Pat that I would pray so that I would not go to jail because I could not miss my child's funeral, which I needed to arrange. I sat on the first row bench and bowed my head to pray hard for me and my lawyer. We were up on the fourth floor for ten minutes and when he was done I said to Pat, "I prayed for my trial and for you too." When we went downstairs to Courtroom 301, it was empty. No VPD were around, just the judge and desk clerk and the crown prosecutor. Pat and I approached the judge and asked what was happening. The judge told him, "Pat, the charges against Sandra Delorme are stayed." The judge asked me to approach the bench. The judge said to me, "Sandra, you lost your only child. I hope that this

changes your life around and go back to school. It is stated that you attended Langara College in the fall. I highly recommend that you get out of drug trafficking. I never want to see you in court again and I'm giving you my condolences on the loss of your child." With his statement he slammed down his gavel and said, "This case is dismissed!" I was free to go. Pat and I walked away. I turned to Pat and told him "See, praying helps!" He said he had never see this happen in his entire career. I walked away and promised myself that I was going to stay out of trouble.

After that I left to begin the arrangements for my son's funeral.

EVELYN YOUNGCHIEF / *THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH*

Back in the days before Internet, cell phones, and such, people travelled back and forth from the Prairies to Vancouver. They would bring good and bad news to us, mostly in East Van and the Downtown Eastside. Always nice to hear about births, weddings, etc. from families. But some street brothers and sisters would tell us about who was incarcerated, in treatment, or who passed away. Very hard to hear at times when a loved one died and you can't go home for the funeral – either you can't afford it or it's too late.

One of my sisters, late Georgina Papin from Maskawacis, Alberta, was the one who named it the "Moccasin Telegraph." I met her in 1987. We were both hanging out in Boyle Street, known as 96th. A strip of bars, only one left standing. We became close like sisters, lived in motels, hotels, watched out for each other. We had many friends. In 1988 I left Edmonton for Montreal, Quebec. I lost touch with everyone until one day I wrote to the Native Brotherhood at the Drumheller Penitentiary for men. I was able to keep in touch with my late street brother, Rick Yellowbird. He was part of the Native Brotherhood. I was sent newsletters, art, and addresses of street friends. From then on for a while I was able to write back and forth. I was so lonesome those first years in Montreal, not knowing anyone. After being in Montreal for five years I decided to move to Vancouver with my two-year-old son. Hated to leave my son's father, but I had to come home west. He's bilingual, he could've found a job. Went through the Oka Crisis in 1990. I was there but that's a whole different story.

When we arrived in Vancouver we stayed at my new boyfriend's friend's place in East Van. The next day I got my own apartment. First thing I did was walk to the Downtown East-

side and look around for friends. I was welcomed with open arms. I had lived in the DTES in 1985. Was good to be back. I stayed for two months, then moved home to Edmonton, Alberta for three and a half months. I found it to be hard living. Lucky, I was able to find a decent home for a very good price and my son went to a very nice daycare. We stayed in Edmonton for four months and hitchhiked from Kamloops to Vancouver. We only had enough money to ride the Greyhound bus from Edmonton to Kamloops. We stayed at the Man Hotel. My boyfriend's friend gave us a room – she was the manager. My son and I slept in this room, because we had gone over to Powell Place Shelter, but after someone stole my gold cross and necklace and kids were screaming around, we decided to go to the hotel. In the middle of the night I felt something crawling on me. I turned the light on and found it was a cockroach. I checked my son and they were all over his shirt. I woke him up, took the mattress off the noisy springs and laid it on the floor. I left the light on – keeps them away for a little while. Anyways, I found an apartment and got settled in. Put my son at Crabtree Corner Daycare, walked around through the bars and gave everyone hugs and passed on all the good news from home. Delivered a few letters. A few years later I ran into the late Georgina again. She was living in Mission, B.C. with her boyfriend. We had so much to catch up on. As years passed we barely saw each other. I lived in Strathcona for five years, she and many other sisters and brothers came to stay with me. I didn't want anyone sleeping at a shelter or outside.

In 1998, the last time we took pictures of the late Georgina was on my balcony. I didn't know that would be the last time we would be taking any. That was the month of August. Later that year at the end of November we moved to South Vancouver. I had still been going to the Balmoral Hotel and other bars to hang out. In late January 1999, my beautiful best friend came and sat with me. We drank a few beers, had some good laughs and after she finished her cigarette, I gave her ten dollars. She told me as she was leaving that she would be back later. Several months passed, we didn't hear from her. I had kept the same number when we moved from Strathcona to Fraser Street. My friends and I never saw her around the Downtown Eastside again. I always thought she went home to Edmonton or Las Vegas where her oldest daughter lives. Our friends were going missing more and more as months went by. We always waited for Georgina's call, but it never came. In the meantime, more and more families were showing up in Vancouver looking for loved ones who were missing. The Vancouver Police Department didn't try hard enough to help search. This went on until

finally an RCMP rookie was at the Pickton farm in Port Coquitlam and found an inhaler belonging to late Serena Abotsway and many other items. He was finally arrested in 2001.

They found my best friend's DNA in 2002. That was my biggest fear for a few years, that she would end up there, sure enough. We were devastated by all the friends that were found at the pig farm. We were very surprised that she was even there. In 2002, the VPD task force had come over to my home and showed me many items on a laptop. I was looking for the four rings I had given her in 1998. Didn't find them. On May 16, 2007, Day 49 of court at New Westminster Courthouse, I was on the stand for my late best friend Georgina Papin. I was cross-examined. When I left I went home and had a good, long, hard cry. It's been very painful losing my best friend and many others at the pig farm. I have never spoken publicly about it, nor have I ever been interviewed on television. Only once at Georgina's memorial on September 27, 2002 at First United Church on E. Hastings and Gore, Aaron McArthur of Global News cornered me. I said many nice things about my friend. I dearly miss her, we all do. Hoping one day to write a book about it. For now, I'm focusing on working hard on keeping the violence away from mostly Aboriginal women.

ROODY ETIENNE / MY STORY

It was a bright sun shiny day at UBC on February 4th, 2014. I was at the cafeteria eating my favourite food when all of a sudden a young woman came and sat down by me. She was wearing a blue skirt the colour of heaven and a grey top. She reminded me of a picture that my mom took when she was 12. She was eating Chinese food. I reached for my pocket to take out my phone so that I could see the time to make sure that I wouldn't be late for class. I searched in my pocket and there was no phone. It must be in my bag. I was too lazy to go into my bag to get out the phone so I thought in my mind, *I will ask her for the time*. She seemed friendly. She smiled at me before she sat at my table. I thought for a while and then asked her for the time.

"So that is how you start flirting with a woman," she said.

I laughed and said, "I'm serious I really want to know what time it is because I don't want to be late for my next class."

She laughed as well and told me, "It is 5:30 p.m."

I had an extra half hour. "You are funny," I said.

"I bet I am," she replied.

I kept on laughing non-stop. There was nothing I could

do to stop myself from laughing.

After, she said, "Where do you come from?"

I said, "I'm from China." She laughed. "See, I can make you laugh too," I said. "I'm from Haiti."

She said, "Really, that's funny. I'm just learning about Haiti in my class and you are from Haiti. That makes us two Haitians." She smiled because she was Asian.

I asked her what she was learning, about Haiti.

She said, "About the history, the culture."

I asked her, "Where are you from?"

She said, "I'm from Japan."

"I see," I said. I told her that my time was up and I had to go to class.

"Okay," she said.

I told her that the conversation was great and that I would like to see her again.

She said, "Here is my email. You can email me any time you want."

"Thanks, I will see you then, okay?"

"Okay," she said.

I went back to class. It was a fun class. We talked about writing our own movie script, something I have always dreamt of doing. I emailed her in a few days, asking if she wanted to go for a coffee the next weekend. She accepted.

So on Saturday evening we went to Starbucks for a coffee. I asked her what her dreams are.

She said, "I want to be a scientist. What about you?"

I said, "Accounting is what I want to study."

She said, "Pick science, it is better."

I said, "Really, why do you say that?"

She said, "Look at all the suffering that exists in the world. Science has been able to cut the suffering in half. We have electricity, cars, internet, nuclear energy – a lot of great things! Science has done so much for us. We can feed the world with genetically modified crops. Come to science, it is the best. Think of all of the people dying of cancer and AIDS; only science can offer a cure. Don't waste your time, go to science." She passed me a book that she was reading. She told me, "Here, read this book. It is an amazing book. After you read this book you will come straight to science."

The book is called "Fantastic Voyage." I read so many amazing things in the book about genetic science, nuclear science and future technologies that I became convinced that a path to science would be the best path ever. That is why I applied to the Science 101 course. I always see her at UBC. We have become closer friends, but I don't know what the future holds for both of us.

For this class, Carol invited the class to pick one of their favourite songs. We listened to a minute of each song in class, paying special attention to the lyrics and discussing the genre of the song, the emotion conveyed by the singer and the strategies used, such as repetition, metaphor and rhyme. The writing exercise was to rewrite the song each participant had brought in.

KEN MAZER / *TAKE A WALK IN THE WEST END*

Prologue to TAKE A WALK IN THE WEST END:

An exposition of Lou Reed's "Take A Walk On The Wild Side"

While many people are familiar with Lou Reed's best known song, "Take A Walk On The Wild Side," most are unaware that it is a testimonial tribute to a few of Andy Warhol's Superstars.

Lou Reed's band "The Velvet Underground" were an integral part of Andy Warhol's New York "Factory" scene in the 1970s. He had many Superstars, most notably Edie Sedgwick, Nico and Joe D'Allessandro. In the song, Lou Reed pays tribute to four of these Superstars.

The lyrics go: Holly came from Miami, FLA.
Hitchhiked her way across the USA.
Plucked her eyebrows on the way,
Shaved her legs and then he was a she.

Holly is Holly Woodlawn, a transvestite.

Candy came from out on the island.
In the back room she was everybody's darling.
But she never lost her head,
even when she was giving head.

Candy is Candy Darling, a transsexual.

Little Joe never once gave it away.
Everybody had to pay and pay.
A hustle here and a hustle there,
New York City is the place where
they say hey babe, take a walk on the wild side.

Little Joe is Joe D'Allessandro, a bisexual hustler and Andy's muse in some of his films.

The Sugar Plum Fairy came and hit the street,
Looking for soul food and a place to eat,
Went to the Apollo,
Should have seen them go, go, go.

Presumably, the Sugar Plum Fairy is a black drug dealer (i.e. soul food) working out of the Apollo Theatre, a landmark Harlem music hall. The girls likely scored their speed there: "should have seen them go, go, go."

Jackie was just speeding away,
Thought she was James Dean for a day,
Then one day she had to crash,
Valium would have helped that bash.

Jackie is Jackie Curtis, a drag artist (not queen) who is attributed to creating trash glam (i.e. torn stockings) and the progenitor to glam-rock and glitter-rock à la David Bowie, and the New York Dolls. She was addicted to uppers and downers (speed and valium).

So, in this panopoly of Superstars we have: a transvestite, a transsexual, a hustler, a drug dealer and a drug addict.

In my rewrite of the lyrics, now based in Vancouver's West End, I am also paying tribute to a drag queen, a transsexual prostitute, a male hustler, a drug dealer and a methamphetamine addict. Names have not been changed and many in the West End will recognize these subjects.

TAKE A WALK IN THE WEST END

Based on Lou Reed's "Take A Walk On The Wild Side"

Willy T. came one summer to stay,
morphed from male to female in a day.
Hosted a bar drag show,
every one fueled by blow.

He says "Hey babe, take a walk in the West End"
He said "Hey honey, take a walk in the West End"

Iris from the rez made her way,
to the streets she plied her trade everyday.
Pimped out and beaten for being gay,
she was a man or woman, either way.

She says "Hey babe, take a walk in the West End"
He said "Hey honey, take a walk in the West End"
And the native girls go,

"Doo do doo, doo do doo, doo do doo."

Big dick Zach was a hustler from day one,
everyone pays for nine inches of fun.
But now he's old and showing his age,
can't run an ad on the back page.

They said "Hey babe, take a walk in the West End"

I said "Hey Zach, take a walk in the West End"

Tyrone was the alphabet man,
G, K, T or E he kept on hand.
Then one day he had a stroke,
physio doesn't hold much hope.

They said "Hey Ty, take a walk in the West End"
I said "Hey babe, take a walk in the West End"
Alright, huh.

Darren is again hidden away,
sticks a needle in his arm when he wants to play.
When again will he show his face?
It's anyone's guess at the time or place.

He said "Hey babe, take a walk in the West End "
I said "Hey honey, take a walk in the West End "
And the native girls go,
"Doo do doo, doo do doo, doo do doo."

WILLIAM RONDELLET / *WHY I LOVE HUM101*

I love Hum, I love Hum
Hum101 is so much fun
We come together and learn from one another
We learn to read and write each week
Because it is knowledge that we seek

We laugh and sing while sitting around the square
We miss you if we do not see you there
We come from different backgrounds and diverse territories
But we still enjoy everyone's stories

I love Hum, I love Hum
Hum101 it has been fun
Thank you to all involved with Hum and good luck to all
who have yet to come
For I know you will enjoy Hum101 and share in the fun

BOBBI O SHEA / *WHEN YOU WERE MY MAN* (BOBBI'S RENDITION)

Bigger bed and it feels just a bit better now
Most songs on the radio don't sound the same
when I listen to the words
All it does is just tear me down
Every time my heart feels pain when I remember your name
I wish you felt the same pain
Chorus
Mmmmmmm... it all just feels like ow ow ow ow ow
Too old, too high to try and change
I didn't need your flowers
But I liked when you held my hand
I'm sure you'll cheat on her too when you have the chance
You stopped taking me to parties
How I miss when we used to dance
But now I put on my dancing shoes
And I dance with another man

Your cheating, your lies and senseless ways
Let me know this was a game you played
All the turmoil within caused an ugly stain
The pain is so strong when I hear your name
I wish I could just push your head down the drain
Ya ya ya ya ya

Chorus repeat

Although it burns
I'll be the one to say
"Why did you do me so wrong?"
Oh! Well I'll go
I'll go on lots of dates
'Cause you'll never be my mate
But I just want you to know

I hope you buy her flowers
I hope you hold her hand
Give her all your hours
Before you lose another chance
Take her to every party
Hold her tight when you dance
Do that stuff for her
Because I'll never trust you again
Do all the stuff, you should have done
When you were my man.

Bobbi's rendition was inspired by, "When you were my man" by Madilyn Bailey

Same bed but it feels just a little bit bigger now
Our song on the radio but it don't sound the same
When our friends talk about you,
 all it does is just tear me down
'Cause my heart breaks a little when I hear your name
It all just sounds like ooooooh...
Mmm, too young, too dumb to realize
That you should have bought me flowers
And held my hand
Should have gave me all your hours
When you had the chance
Take me to every party
'Cause all I wanted to do was dance
But now baby I'm dancing
But I'm dancing with another man

Your pride, your ego, your needs and your selfish ways
Caused a nice young love like me to walk out your life
Now we'll never, never get to clean up the mess we made
And it haunts me every time I close my eyes

It all just sounds like ooooooh...
Mmm, too young, too dumb to realize
That you should have bought me flowers
And held my hand
Should have gave me all your hours
When you had the chance
Take me to all parties
'Cause all I wanted to do was dance
But now baby I'm dancing
But I'm dancing with another man

Although it hurts
I'll be the first to say I was wrong
Oh, I know I'm probably much too late
To try and apologize for the mistakes
But I just want you to know
Mmmm... he buys me flowers
And he holds my hand
And he gives me all his hours
'Cause he has the chance
Takes me to all the parties
'Cause he remembers how much I love to dance
Does all the things you should have done
 when you were my man

Does all the things you should have done
when you were my man.

Creative Writing

with Ted Byrne | October 8 + March 11

Poetry

Ted started the class with a round of exquisite corpse: passing a piece of paper around the room, each participant wrote down one line, with the catch being that people could only read the line immediately preceding theirs. Ted talked about how poetry combines two types of discourse: words that seek to convey or express and language strategies that evoke a kind of musicality – for example, rhyme and metre.

PERRY CIKALUK | TO THE SEA

Feelings beyond fanatic.
Feelings beyond understanding.
Need to know,
To understand, 'a push to the sea.'

As outsiders we need understanding.
Are we truly outsiders? Why is that need, needed?
Over and over, 'a drive to the sea.'

Understanding this 'push to the sea.'
What and who?
Is it in our interest?
It should be.

Blood runs freely from many,
Pushing 'to the sea.'
Pushing for answers,
It is my concern?

Is freedom of concern
To me?
Anger, retribution, understanding
If not for me, who?

Little, tiny and heartfelt
A message on green
'Until we get to the sea'
Spoken by peoples neglected.

'To the sea'
Scarves green, bearing white Arabic script.
The message simple
Once again, '...to the sea.'

Peoples, most disregarded,
Not concern nor care.
Not able, nor a want to understand,
By those behind walls and flying gunships.

To those,
That know, understand and feel.
Empires crumble and fall,
They must and will.

Not being a player,
Lacking empathy but full of compassion.
This drive 'to the sea' is all I know.
Understanding is all I can offer.

Palestine, disregarded
On all counts.
Terrorists, subhuman unable to play
By rules.
Succeed, in time, they will.

The drive of a focused heart
Will and does checkmate.
Uncountable arms and cluster bombs
Empire, cannot exist, by murder alone.

Heartfelt home turf centres people.
Numerous green scarves.
Too many to count but yet, too few
to matter.
In time, human numbers, can
And will overcome cluster bombs.

They will get 'to the sea'
Someday, money will no longer talk
Hearts trump prisons.
Scarves with a powerful message,
Can and will outlive the bombs
That cluster.

'To the sea,'
Will, no longer be a dream
And Hamas will,
Succeed.

JESSIE HAMILTON / *YELLOW*

at first
we took root
cells on a surface
and somehow
we nurtured
a will to live
a spine sprang forth
at some point in
time
and we wriggled up slowly
until we felt we knew our purpose
to grow
and from this crazed concept
something beautiful bloomed
a creature created
with a heart and a brain
who wanted nothing more
than to impress
the force he felt inside
with his own resilience
like a flower
a stalk climbing to heaven
our fruit our limbic system
which bloomed
with two gorgeous lobes of transient consciousness
and beyond that?
our flowery minds look deep into their
sol
and find a source within
mirroring their creator
they create
a dna strand of a new variety
a superstring of hopes
being eaten up by the higher computer
that governs all
so pray
for the strength
and the grace
to control your effects
as they immediately reflect
your state of existence
you are as patient as god.

LAUREN BLAIR / *GHAZE*

this familiar hallway
ancient buzzing neon
blinks intermittently
“the waiting place”

grey walls
surround me on all sides
as the vibrant world
dances behind Your memory

closing my eyes to remember
You were my rainbow
i felt Your colour
flew in Your brilliance

but basking too long
i fell under Your spell
forgetting the world
I lost myself

with head in a fog
my callused feet marched
through this hall
to the crematorium ahead

No I cannot allow
Myself to burn in
the flames where
this always ends

I must wait here
read the signs
rest my bones
shake off your ghaze

then turn back,
join the world
Yes, without a rainbow
but, of the living again

CHARMAINE GILES / *THE BUS STOP WAS...*

The bus stop was ordinary to me, yet I was grateful for it

Regular faces appeared occasionally

Hopping on and off

Quick smiles, polite hellos

Travelling from bus stop to bus stop

To and fro, up and down a many a road

Whether the weather was hell bent or not reflected on
the bus driver's face

Still the bus stop was ordinary

NORMAN HUNT / *SCHOOL OF AFFLICTION*

Pulled from loving arms and tossed into a school of affliction.
Institutionalized from a child, life was almost lost.
This school of affliction left its trail of alcoholism and
drug addiction
Thinking of living, only swimming and existing at any cost.

Broken and defeated, religion seemed right.
Keep on doing the same things that kept a prisoner.
Just light the candle and say a prayer,
only throw a dime into the light.
Still broken and falling, it's hard to be a listener.

Suicidal, giving up, defeated and lost
Falling to the knee and head bowed in submission
Said a prayer with a true heart, not knowing the cost
But the veil was lifted and I was free
from this school of affliction.

FRED JOLY / *THE WORDS OF AN ANGEL*

In one dark moment, defeated and alone;
I was struggling to find an answer, a reason to carry on.
My life of self-destruction has finally worn me down.
There's just nothing left to save me now, all hope is gone.

It's gonna have to take one of God's angels;
To help show me a way.
It's gonna have to take the words of an angel;
Promising to walk with me, every step and every day.

Then one day she came knocking; I opened up my door.
Man I wanted her more than anything
but I wanted the bottle more.
And one night after drinking I woke up fully dressed
on my floor;
Not yet realizing the pains that she'd endured.

It's gonna have to take one of God's angels;
To help show me a way.
It's gonna have to take the words of an angel;
Promising to walk with me, every step and every day.

Hiding back the tears she smiled and said "I love you.
Though you've fallen again my promises still stand true;
That no matter what it takes together we'll pull through."
And when she kissed my hand it was then I finally knew.

It had to take one of God's angels;
To help show me a way.
It had to take the words of an angel;
Promising to walk with me, every step and every day.

It's as if a light just lit up, inside of me.
Knowing just how blessed a man can be.
To have a righteous lady sent to set him free;
With unconditional love for all eternity.

It had to take one of God's angels;
To help show me the way.
It's had to take the words of my very own angel;
Promising to walk with me, every step and every day.

ROBERTA KEEPNESS / *THE BEAUTIFUL SINGING WOLF*

On March 15th, just last week, I had an amazing dream about two white wolves. In my dream I really love one of the wolves. He belongs to me. I am in this big castle. The castle is so huge. I am sitting on a blue, comfortable couch. I am loving this wolf, hugging and kissing him. I love him very much. In my dream my heart is swollen with love for him. I feel he is a part of me. One wolf is sitting down next to me and the one I love is lying on the floor in front of me. There is another person sitting across from me. I am familiar with this person. I think the person might be a family member but I'm not too sure. There's someone else standing on the right of me and I can't really see who gives a command to the beautiful wolf that I love. He or she gives a command. I do not understand the language that I hear. The language is not even of this world. The wolf that I love jumps up and starts rising in the air in front of the person who I think is a family member. At first I am scared but when the wolf starts singing, I'm not scared anymore. The music that comes out of his mouth is so beautiful. The music just intrigues me. My mind and my body are at peace with this music. The music is one that I do not recognize. It's certainly not of this world and like nothing I have ever heard.

PAK CHAN / *LAY DOWN TO REST*

Off my life cycle, end my roads
Where to go, where to go
No sole is good to go
Charcoal is the place where to go
Rest my mind, bury my soul
Burn my body and burn my soul
Grave is dark and cold
A soundless place release my soul

JUSTIN BURGAEVE / *DEAR ARTIST*

Disclaimer: Tupac Shakur never sold drugs for more than a week, in fact never was charged with a crime until he made his first million dollars.... Yet he wrote about the criminal lifestyle better than anyone before or after.... It is my goal to do the same with writing about what I have seen and experienced in the Downtown East side of Vancouver.... I never was much into crack yet my writing is filled with eight balls and crack pipes.... And no I never drank mouth wash, but don't condemn and have compassion for those whose addiction takes them there. Here is something I wrote:

When the odds are stacked against you
When the park bench you're sleeping on is
much colder than usual
When the drugs just aren't killing the pain anymore
When your best friend is 2nd only to your mind
on your list of enemies
When you can't even seem to end your life without failing
Look up my dear artist
Look up my dear writer
Remember the greats
When you have gotten your manuscript back in the mail
with your 26th rejection letter
when the world has turned its back
when your family has long given up and left you
when your stomach aches from hunger
and all the dumpsters have long been harvested
Don't cry dear artist
Don't cry dear writer
It gets better
Remember the greats
When Detox intake sighs, rolls their eyes
at the site of you literally crawling yet again into their office
When your daughter no longer takes your calls
When rats chew at your pants while you sleep
When you awaken no longer wearing shoes and you have

more hole than sock
 Say a prayer Dear Artist
 Say a prayer Dear Writer
 It gets better
 Remember the greats
 When the drink no longer keeps you warm
 When you are the last in line and the meal tickets are short
 When your arms are so abscessed
 you cannot lift your thumb to hitchhike away
 from this forsaken place
 Keep your head Dear Artist
 Keep your head dear Writer
 It gets better
 Remember the greats
 And who are the greats you ask?
 He Received 30 rejections and the author threw it in the trash.
 Luckily his wife fished it out again and encouraged him to resubmit it. The book was Carrie – the author Stephen King
 William S. Burroughs was almost 40 when his first novel
 Junky was published
 Hunter S. Thompson's first fiction novel wasn't published
 until 40 years after it was written, then it was made into a
 hit movie starring Hollywood's biggest actor Johnny Depp....
 Rum Diary
 Charles Bukowski lived on park benches, in skidrow hotels
 and worked menial job after menial low paying job until
 being offered \$100/month for the rest of his life to quit the
 post office and write full time. A year later he published his
 first novel, he was 49 years old.
 Hell, even Thomas De Quincy was 36 when he published
 confessions of an English Opium Eater
 you get the point Dear Artist
 So when you have worn out your welcome at the 12 step
 meetings
 When the voices in your head become louder than your own
 When those things you see out of the corner of your eye
 are getting closer
 When you can no longer tell when you are awake and when
 you are having a nightmare
 When the food on your plate begins to move on its own
 When the CIA has collected enough evidence against you
 When security moves towards you with the straight jacket
 When you are sure that you cannot go on
 When you are sure that this is the end
 Reach out Dear artist
 Reach out dear writer
 It gets bet..... aaaahhhhhh, who am I kidding
 By now you're pretty MUCH FUCKED!

Academic Essays

with Margot Leigh Butler | (October 15) + February 25
Rhetoric: The Manifesto (What We Want!)

The Writing and Hum101 classes teamed up for Margot's class on making manifestos. We read sample manifestos from the DTES community's response to gentrification and wrote our own lists of personal desires. Then, participants partnered up to look for overlaps in their personal demands—this showed how manifestos turn 'ME' into 'WE.' We also discussed the value, as well as drawbacks, of emotionally-charged, unapologetic writing.

Film

with Michelle Turner | October 15 + February 4
Screenplay

Michelle covered how screenplays were formatted, the three-act narrative structure, and screened the first half hour from "Little Miss Sunshine." We discussed the motivations of the characters, their conflicts, the central question at the heart of the story and how all those were conveyed visually. Lastly, participants worked on writing pitches for their screenplay ideas

ARLENE BOWMAN | *WHERE WILL SHE GO*

Where will she go? ZITA THE DENE woman, if she leaves Canada. She has ideas. She imagines it. She has not lived in the U.S. for fourteen years, but she wants to go: first to visit all her friends in Everett WA, Portland OR, LA, Phoenix AZ, Navajo Rez and then to Colorado. Go further into Louisiana, Mississippi for delta blues. Although she wishes she could go further into the Deep South, she cannot. Not enough money. Afterwards, return home to Phoenix and live with her father who is not physically well in his nineties. She worries about her father. Then work on creative ideas again. She dreams as she looks at red sand on the Navajo Reservation.

Her eyes look at the blue-green ocean water lap upon lap upon the sand, soft, calm, lulling to quiet.

Sand is orange-red, blue clear skies bright sun, very hot beats upon skin where Pacific Ocean meets Mexico's Sonoran desert, original Indigenous Seri.

Small salmon fries with red tails swim in small stream under the sunlight. Salmon fries with big eyes, black diamond shapes designed upon olive bodies.

LEE

I lost my key. That woman over there said fuck you to me because I wouldn't push her up the hill.

A white woman next door rides a scooter. ZITA and LEE live on a hill. MAN (25) from next door from India stands five-six feet way and taunts LEE. HEAVY SET WHITE WOMAN is their tenant who rides a scooter.

Man keeps yelling at Lee.

ZITA

Go away. You're aggravating the situation. It's a male thing. Go away. Key's lost.

Zita pushes Lee to stop Lee.

ZITA (to LEE)

Shut up!

Lee starts yelling.

LEE

She swore at me.

ZITA

Your key has to be around here. Stop it. Don't scream. Stop!

Zita pushes him back.

ZITA (to MAN)

Go away!

Finally he goes away.

ZITA (to LEE)

Get a shovel. Let's look for the key.

ZITA (to self)

Hope this landlord doesn't know it was us in an argument. Hope she doesn't know. Doesn't.

Zita shovels snow, pile by pile, where key maybe.

ZITA

I can't stand this place. I can't stand you. He doesn't see logic to find things. If I lose something, I go backwards to find it. He could do the same but no.

Her foot sifts through snow to find a key. She knew if she kept looking, sure enough, there it is, the key. She takes key inside.

ZITA

He doesn't know a person has to be patient, steadfast to look for a key in the snow. Keep on. Keep on. Why this arguing. I know that white woman is crazy. Not well. Not much maturity in thirteen years. Always the same, never ending anger. We might be told to leave. News may not sting. Not afraid because she wants to leave anyhow. If it happens. If it happens. Always walks a tight rope.

Zita and Lee bike through lonely country roads, Fraser Valley to the Fraser River, Matsqui Regional Park for a picnic. A long bike ride but they reach Matsqui by 2 p.m.-ish. on a hot, sunny day. A red tail hawk flies over a field of brush. Mature eagle with a white head and tail, circles in air currents of blue skies. No body close except surrounded by the Fraser and King Fishers. She shoots a million still photographs. To bike in Fraser Valley's nature space close by is quicker than to bike in Vancouver's squashed land. Good times.

She bikes to Hyland Creek Park alone. Walks to check small streams from heavy rains where big coho swam two months ago.

ZITA

Canadian people act as if they don't want to be close friends. Another American who has permanent residence here, too, said yeah, it's true in BC, but not in Quebec. She lived in Quebec. We had invitations comin right and left from people: come over. I'm not an unworthy friend? I tried fourteen years to be friends with Canadians. Not close with any Indigenous people, except

with Angie an Indigenous woman she met upon first arrival.

Zita crossed the border from U.S. at Abbotsford to Mission BC, May 1997 night. Lately Angie asked her, come over and have lunch. Just like that she asked. Other filmmaker friend Rita never asked just like that. She speaks with her once in a while, once a year. Friends are more than that, Zita believes.

Another close friend is Akira a Chinese, sweet sweet woman. Sweetness missed from other Canadian friends. Loneliness of sadness never meant to be to make friends in Vancouver BC. Zita misses friends from U.S.

After views of swollen creeks she bikes to her apartment.

Digital still photographs, May 2013, landscape and friends of U.S., NW WA, LA, Navajo Rez, Phoenix, her original Arizona home screen on LCD monitor.

ZITA

I'm a good still photographer; yet I've never had a show, although I've tried. Why can't curators see merit in my pictures? Maybe other forces and people put up walls.

To believe to believe in self sometimes goes out the window. She deserves better, a traveller with a filmmaker track record who has travelled outside of North America. Never meant to be, to be married. Solo sun. To believe.

DODDS

MOLLY (OFF)

So how does your movie start?

STUDENT (OFF):

Setting?

FADE IN: INT. UBC CLASSROOM – NIGHT

MOLLY (20s, Winona Ryder-type) is gesturing on the white-board diagram of a three act story arc.

MOLLY

Setting, right. We should have some idea where our movie's taking place. What else?

STUDENT

Title?

CAPTION: SCRIPTWRITING 101

STUDENT (CONT'D)

Characters?

We pan around the classroom at the motley crue of unexpected faces. A 97 year old man's face. We cut to him as an insolent officer in a prisoner of war camp. A big Honduran guy is the hero in his own romantic comedy and all the other faces flip to shots of their films. We have students from all parts for the world and their films are from all genres with the only unifying feature being that classroom and a pervasive theme of Vancouver's DTES.

MOLLY

So ya, we get to see who our characters are, and maybe we get to see what it is they want—

We cut from the students' faces to shots of their films: protests, tears of agony, a love story, basketball in Newark, a bee hive on an inner city roof, some kind of science fiction, a gritty black and white film noir.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

—until the end of the first act, there's a catalyst. Something you have to do.

We see the faces of the students looking brave, capable, strong, despite adversity.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

We see the characters going through what they have to do to get what they want, what they need.

The students concentrate, take notes, watching Molly closely. We cut to their characters, short shots of struggles, homelessness, drugs, violence, loss and despair.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

And then at the end of the second act?

Explosions ring out. The characters are all but defeated. The students tear paper out of their notebooks or scribble out their notes.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

(slowly)

But it's not over yet. We tie up the loose strings. We find our resolution.

The faces of the students and their characters look up from beyond doom, still alive.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

(more quickly)

Somehow we get through it. He finds the girl. They escape the villain. They find a way. All the people resolving what it was they've been chasing since the beginning. And... climax.

She makes a point on the board with her erasable marker and we cut to all the films of the students: a kiss, a judge's gavel, a ball through a hoop and all of justice is restored. A door opens to a box of groceries; a person graduates. Fireworks.

LUIS VELASQUEZ / *THREE SHIPS THREE WEAPONS*

PROLOGUE

Interesting things happen all the time and some of them mark history forever. This short play shows one of those things: the discovery of America, the continent. The play covers only three days: from October 12, 1492 to October 14, 1492. It shows the kindness of the inhabitants of the new world and the intentions of old world foreigners — their perverse, imperial mind seizing possessions that don't belong to them by unfair means. The source of the play is our own history and the last act, the admiral's monologue, has a source: Columbus's diary, his letters to the Queen of Spain and friends and his own quotations. It shows Christopher Columbus as he is known in the English world, his perverse brain and his disregard for the life and rights of the indigenous people that he and his crew had just met.

Note: According to the international convention of linguistic experts, proper names should be written and pronounced as they are in the original languages and the admiral's name must be Cristobal Colon.

THREE SHIPS THREE WEAPONS

The sea was calm and dormant, the sky was clear, no clouds, no stars, just light, no life around, no fish, no mammals, no

birds, no reptiles, nothing is moving, there is nothing to move, no whistling wind, no screaming, no roaring, the world is silent, is mute, is a desert of flat sleeping water, no waves.

Suddenly from nowhere three large, narrow and tall ships with three masts and a single top castle appear. They were ghost ships lost at sea looking for land. There was no more drinking water, no more food. There was no edible stuff in any of the three ships, just rats — some of them had already been eaten by the sailors. Other rats, running away from the sailors to avoid being served as dinner, had preferred to jump out into the open sea. Some rodents had been surviving by eating the sailors' shoes. The sailors were stressed, disoriented, lost at sea. They were planning to seize the ships, capture the admiral and all the captains, throw them out of the ships to feed the sharks, turn around the caravels and come back home to the old world, Europe. But, not one of the sailors knew how to read the maps and the stars to navigate on the open sea; without the captains and the admirals things would get worse. One day, on October 12, 1492.

SAILOR ONE

Land! Land! Land!

The ships are in shallow waters. One of the sailors is completely wrapped in metal plates, wearing a metallic helmet, a long knife as long as his legs hanging from his hip, a powder gun that he calls a musket at his left shoulder, a book the size of his head that he calls the sacred one and named Bible on his left hand, and the imperial banner in his right hand. A sailor carrying three weapons, a sword, a musket and a sacred book, jumps out of the flagship, enters the land and, aware that it is an uncharted place where not one of them has been before, plants the imperial banner.

SAILOR TWO

I take possession of this land in the name of my King and Queen and from now on everything on it: gold, silver, pearls, precious stones, trees, rivers, lakes and animals such as fishes, mammals, births, reptiles and people; men and women now belong to the Empire.

FIRST NATION CHIEF

Welcome home, don't worry, here we are living in community with everything: the Gods, the sun, the stars, the people,

animals, trees, rivers and lakes. We will show you how to get food, drinking water, and how to protect from storms, thunders, hot and cold, and you can stay as long as you wish, we will build a shelter for you.

October 14, 1492, a tall man wearing distinctive clothes that identify him as a high ranking official, perhaps as the captain or the admiral of the three caravels, on board the largest ship that sailor calls the Santa Maria, walks up and down between the poop deck and the castle in a full moon night and sky, plenty of stars, wearing a sword at the hip, a musket at the left shoulder, a sacred book in the right pocket of his long jacket and a telescope in his right hand, talking to himself in a soft voice, to let the sailors sleep.

ADMIRAL

These indigenous people, these savages are so naive, and very unskilled in arms. They don't know what war is about I have seen a crew boy purchasing from them a javelin with bits of plates and broken glass, with 50 men they could be subjected and made to do all that I wish.

They are artless and generous with what they have to such a degree as no one would believe, but whom who have seen it. Of anything they have if it be asked, for they never say no, but do rather invite the person to accept it and show as much loveliness as though they will give up their hearts.

I will enslave as many as I can, the men, their wives, their children. I will take away their goods: gold, silver, jewels, pearls, everything. I will do to them all the harm that I can.

I will read to them all the requirements without translations and from the flat top of the Santa Maria, before I send the crew to kill the ones who resist and make the rest slaves.

I will order each man to be presented with something like strings of ten or twelve glass beads apiece and thongs of leather, all which they value highly and those who

come on board, I will direct to be fed with molasses. Me, the admiral Christopher Columbus.

Steering Committee

October 22 + February 11

Steering Committee meetings are held twice a term either at UBC, the Carnegie Centre, or the Gathering Place. All current participants and alumni are invited to be part of a discussion that helps guide all aspects of the Programme. In doing so, Hum stays responsive to the needs and desires of the low-income communities we call home.

Life Writing

with Scot and Leanne | October 29 + March 4
Taking words out, finding other stories

Scot introduced us to his text-based art practice by asking participants to create a writing composition using photographed text that he documented throughout the Downtown Eastside. Fifty words and motifs were projected. Leanne then discussed the importance of editing and challenged the participants to edit their composition by taking words out to make the meaning clear.

LESLIE DARNELL / ON BECOMING AN ARTIST

Becoming an artist involves letting go of the accepted norms in life, the concrete, the comfortable – to go against the grain, to disobey 'society' as the 'Mother' symbol whose voice is ever present in our inner ear.

In letting go of the 'inner critic' one can instantly stop being a pedestrian in life, for in letting go, one finds that one has always had wings to fly.

In fact, once a person has experienced the joy of 'creative flight,' the releasing of the myriad of memories of past negative voices saying "You can't do that!", "You shouldn't do that!", "You're not that good!", "Just who do you think you are?", the true nature of the 'Artist within' is revealed.

The Pioneer, the Voyager, the Seeker is released upon the world's stage. To walk in one's truth as simply, as innocently as a child awakens each morning to his day, filled with a spirit of hope, optimism, expectation and vision, not yet aware of fear or negativity, merely present in an excited and positive state of Being-ness.

The inner child and the inner artist are one. Therefore, in becoming an artist, one must let go of the controlling influences of society and others around himself, so as to float, swim, fly in the warmth and supported One-ness of becoming one's True Self.

It is in the claiming of the right to become an artist that you will find yourself, your 'True Self.'

Once you set your intent with determination, nothing can stop you. The Universe will begin to move with you, maybe for the first time in your life, because for the first time, you are walking the path of Truth, your path, your truth.

Fill your lungs to the point of bursting, close your eyes, sit in silence and see yourself there in bright lights, painting, writing, singing, film making... it is in this meditative process that your personal power is released. Breathe.

Visualize, breathe in the becoming, sense the being of the new you, the old you, one and the same, comfortable yet refreshed by new visions, open to one's environment, one's senses, as open as two river banks are to the incessant current of a river.

And know that you are safe, loved and supported in the alone-time that you the artist must set aside for yourself.

Become the artist you dream of becoming. Just do it!

Creative Writing

with Jane Silcott | November 5 + January 21
Short Stories

Our lives are filled with stories; we need only to write them down. The Short Story class gave participants the chance to write from their own experiences while discussing the process of story building. Whether we approach our stories through outlining or instinct, we learned how to use action,

background, development, climax and ending to create a situation in which our stories could unfold in many possible ways.

DOROTHY KING / *THE FALL*

Autumn is a colourful season, Mother Nature's great gift to us. In my many years living in Vancouver, I was too busy for life, passing through the trees hundreds or even thousands of times, but I had not seen the beauty of fall.

One day, I was driving home after a busy day. The car was slowly swimming along the road between the trees. The trees growing on both sides of the road were old growth trees whose names I did not know. But one thing they all had in common was they all turned to a bright yellow colour.

The sunny day splendour is always so bright that sunglasses must be put on to protect the eyes, despite the sunglasses sometimes not detecting the origin colour of what can be seen. The magic moment suddenly hit me. The rays of sunlight between the leaves were turning them all gold.

The scenic beauty stunned me so much that I almost forgot I was driving. To appreciate the discovery, I got out the car and when I removed my sunglasses I was surrounded by millions of beautiful golden leaves.

Stepping on the golden carpet under my soles gave me such a warm welcome that it entered me into a fairytale. It seemed I was running in the forest from Alice's Wonderland. For the first time in my life I realized how beautiful the fall was.

This wonderful experience has allowed me to see the seasons in totally different ways. Now I appreciate the weather no matter if it is rainy weather or if it is a change of season, because they all have a beautiful angle to enjoy. Thanks to Mother Nature.

Blogging

with Alexandra Samur, Langara College / Wil Steele,
Hum Programme Assistant | November 12 + April 1
Blogging

Blogging is an electronically published form of personal writing which gives voice to the individual without inter-

ference of traditional gatekeepers. Wil discussed types of blogs as well as benefits of blogging, such as connecting with an audience. We then had the opportunity to create a blog and start writing on any topic we chose. We looked at many different examples of blogs on the internet, from personal and professional to cute and silly.

**JAEME GROSEVENOR / MY LIFE IS A BUZZ:
A TASTE OF HONEY**

In mid-June 2013, after weeks of great anticipation, the starter boxes of bees finally arrived at the building, in the back of my good friend and mentor Julia Common's (of Hives For Humanity) pickup truck. We began by placing the two hives into the rooftop garden of my residence in the False Creek Olympic Village. I carefully removed the tape that protected the openings and was delighted to see several dozen bees exiting the hives. With plenty of lavender already growing robustly in the planters as well as blackberry growing along the sides of the sea wall, the bees did not take long to make themselves at home.

Hives for Humanity is a non-profit society that supplies hives and equipment to people living in the DTES and other areas of the lower mainland. CEO Julia Common's prime directive is teaching beekeeping to residents, many of whom live in disadvantaged circumstances, as well as providing a solution to the pollination of the thousands of urban gardens and orchard plots throughout Vancouver and the Lower Mainland.

Sometime later some of the workers left to make reconnaissance flights around the area, locating forage (flowering plants and gardens in the area). In a couple of weeks Julia returned with the full sized supers (boxes) designed to hold 20 or so frames. Soon the entrance openings resembled the approaches of JFK airport in New York.

From time to time we inspected the hives, at first wearing bee keepers' garb: white hood, gloves and coveralls with hive tools in hand to separate the frames glued together with propolis. We also had smokers at the ready to pacify any unruly bees. We checked the health of the queens and the conditions inside the hive to determine if they were laying sufficiently large numbers of eggs to ensure ample honey production in the coming season. After several weeks we were very pleased to note the hives were very healthy. Our bees are quite passive to work with, which is not always the case. I needed only a hood on most occasions.

The hive also gathered much interest from several residents and staff on site, who thoroughly enjoyed viewing our work.

By late August we were ready to harvest some early season honey. To achieve this, the covers are removed, smoke is applied to pacify the bees, which are gently shaken off and any remaining bees are gently brushed off with a bee brush. The honey-filled frames are then placed in a large plastic sealable tote so the smell of the honey will not draw bees into the building after us. Soon, we had well over two dozen honey frames stored at Hives for Humanity's "Honey House."

By the end of September, into early October, we had successfully removed all honey-filled frames. Our two hives produced a total amount in excess of 60 lbs of honey.

On the chosen day, I entered the elevator with a super full of honey-laden frames. Two police officers, who happened to be in the building, entered the lift, and inquired what was under the cloth. I replied that it was honey from our rooftop hives. One of them asked if I'd mind if they observed the process and I said, after I thought for a moment, "You can even help, if you like!"

Soon there were two of Vancouver's finest helping to uncap the wax covering the honey-filled cells and we even had taken some photos of their assistance. Soon the frames were spun out and the honey packed into plastic buckets to await jarring. The two officers were then able to taste some honey as it flowed from the spigot. Two weeks or so later, we had hundreds of various jars filled with help of several volunteers. As it turned out the honey the hives produced was exceptional in many ways, tasting lavender with blackberry notes and very deep in colour, not to mention exceptionally flavourful!!!

Later, labels were created and applied to the jars which were distributed to residents in early November, and we were able to sample the sweet, delicious organic treat.

Observing the bees has brought me great insight into their natural and highly complex society, with well ordered (and mostly disciplined) behaviours. I've been able to watch the scouts dance the location of food to other forager bees in the hive through a complex series of movements and vibrations. They move in circles and wiggle their abdomens back and forth much like a dancer would... each dancer will be watched by several bees at once, then they may move to a different area to show others. I thoroughly enjoyed learning

this vital agricultural process and spent many hours meditating in the garden with the bees.

Near the end of the season one of the hives “swarmed” (a naturally occurring behaviour). Imagine, if you will, a cloud of 20,000 plus bees flying in formation!!! So we replaced the queen with a new one, which I appropriately named “Sunflower,” for the purpose of log entries.

My personal interest in apiarism is as an environmental activist and hobbyist who is concerned with the possibility of a future without bees in our time. Finding rapid depletion of bee populations worldwide is a very compelling problem. This is my form of proactive action. We all can help in many ways, for example, planting bee-friendly plants in your gardens. Monsanto Dow Chemical and a few other corporations are the largest threat to the survival of bee colonies worldwide due to the nicotinoid-based pesticides they produce (also produced by many of their genetically modified crops). There are now many groups concerned with the plight of bees in existence, so together we can all help to save these amazing creatures that in part help to feed the human race.

Creative Non-Fiction

with Mandy Catron | November 26 + March 25

Mandy discussed the peculiarity of describing a genre by what it's not, then touched upon the expansiveness of creative or literary non-fiction: it can include life writing such as memoir, as well as personal essays, travel or food writing and nature writing. We talked about creative non-fiction's relationship to truth and the trust that readers place in that relationship.

BEE MURRAY | *WORK TODAY GET PAID TODAY:*
A MONOLOGUE

When I got back to Vancouver in 2006, I found and rented the bunker that the landlords had been able to call an apartment and still keep a straight face. Work is slow to non-existent for painters in November and when I called the bank to get my balance, the automated teller, who sounded like she was sitting on a laugh said: your balance is – one dollar and 98 cents. To repeat the balance press one...

This was just what was the push I needed towards action.

I need a job
today, I thought feeling panicked.
I put on my boots, determined to find something.
When in doubt, with no
money to take the transit, walking is fantastic and free and
the only thing I could think of to do.

I walked to Broadway and Commercial and it was there that I saw the sign which gave me a sliver of hope:

LABOR READY “WORK TODAY, GET PAID TODAY”

They were closed for lunch so I saved the phone number to my phone to call later.

When someone finally answered, they were short and to the point hanging up immediately after they said,
“Be here at 5 a.m. sharp to
register. Bring ID.”

I left home the next morning at the crack of dawn, nervous that I'd be late. Snowflakes the size of golf balls were falling in slow motion and were dazzling and beautiful in the street lights.

As I got to Labor Ready it was still dark.

Vancouver Public Library

November 19 + March 18

Taking a physical and virtual tour of VPL's sublime central branch, we weaved our way through the library book stacks and online systems. We perused a variety of print materials, with particular focus on the 808 section of call numbers, which houses an array of books about poetics, poetry, rhyming dictionaries, fiction and non-fiction writing. In the computer lab, we explored the online resources, learning how to access specialized databases and refine our searches.

I pushed open the door and was surprised that the air inside seemed colder than the air outside and for one brief moment the thought that I just might be entering hell occurred to me.

The place is packed and glancing around I see that the unemployed here are mostly men, some slumped against walls, others sleeping on chairs with their arms folded tight across their chests with their feet up on the chair in front of them.

The smell of wet clothes and unwashed skin is overpowering and I have to clog my nostrils to let my senses adjust.

I stop to read the safety posters covering the wall just inside the door which gives me a chance to take in the room.

The poster I read is yellow with age showing dated cartoon drawings arranged in "safety first" attitudes. There is a caricature of Stupid riding a conveyer belt and getting his ass chopped off by the teeth the belt folds into at the end. The exploding blood makes me balk and turn away.

In all my life I have never seen anyone walking around with a chopped off ass. Who comes up with this stuff I wonder as I make my way up to the front counter which has a huge sign that says,

REGISTER HERE.

The woman who appears to be running the whole operation is about middle aged. Her complexion is grey like that of a smoker,

she is multitasking back and forth between the unemployed in the room and the

employers headhunting on the other end of the phone.

I wait for a long time for her to get to me and as I stand there I see that she has a distinctly polite but firm

manner when dealing with the employers, that there is a pecking order here, the ones lined up at the counter

exhibiting unusually high energy especially for this hour of the morning,

I assume are her obvious favourites

getting the all jobs coming in, and first in line for the strongly guarded weak coffee.

Finally she's off the phone and approaches me like a busy crab who is liable to go off in another direction at any moment and in a gruff smokers voice she says,

"We don't get office jobs here."

"I'm a painter and laborer," I tell her. "I will do whatever you have."

She gave me a dubious side long glance and hesitating for a power hungry moment longer she asks for my driver's license and social insurance card which she made photo copies of and slid them back across the counter at me along with an application form that is eight pages long.

My heart sinks and I think about turning around and walking out.

Then I remember my teeny tiny finances and take the application and find a seat.

I'm trying to remember who this woman reminds me of. The villian, Ursula, in "The Little Mermaid" comes to mind, an ominous Octopus who has the ability to emit poisonous ink from her armpit or some dark region of herself and using her powers of persuasion she traps her victims and badgers them into believing that she is doing them a favour and not the other way around. And at the end of the deal, she is the owner of souls.

As I begin to sign my life away the only other woman in the place besides me slides into the seat across the table and launches into her life story

"I'm hungry," she says

"I couldn't eat nothin' so early

in the morning and now I'm starving!"

I glance at her and nod and don't speak as my tongue is still in bed, then back to the application to begin concentrating on the boxes of questions that have my head swimming.

All I want is to finish and get out of here.

Working today and getting paid today seems further away than ever....

Well WISHES

Hum101/201 Participants

Congratulations
To the Class of 2013-14
Hum101/201, UBC
The brightest and best class ever!
Keep on Learning!!

Your Hum101/201 Mentor,
Susan Knudsen, Mentor

Thank you Everyone

Smiling #UM faces

creating thought spaces

and tours of cool places

made learning fun.

I'll miss you #UM chums

Leith Harris

Leith Harris, Hum101

Dear every one of my Hum101/201 classmates. I wish you well in your future studies or whatever your life journey brings your way. It was a pleasure to get to know you all. To the teachers, thank you for sharing your knowledge. These professors rock at professing. Inspiring the students. The joy of learning new information. Finally thanks to the many volunteers for helping out, you all have gone the extra mile. I am grateful for all those people who make this programme happen.

Kat "Raven" Roivas, Hum201

Thanks to Margot, Paul, Michelle, Maddie, Wil and Alison.
Thanks to our academic guest stars and volunteers.
Thanks so much to my fellow students for their company and wisdom.

Best wishes,
Sid, Hum201

I was grateful and amazed at the depth of knowledge that my classmates had. Wishing you all the success in your future goals. Thank you to all of the professors, volunteers and for the funding that makes this possible.

Alan Gonchar, Hum101

Participants

I enjoyed sharing time with each participant of Hum101/201. Field trips, coffee line ups and round table conversations were my favourite. I did a lot of networking and resource sharing as we got to know one another. I'm walking away with many friendships and great memories. As I hope for all of you.

Volunteers

They say volunteers don't get paid because they are priceless and 'they' never spoke a truer word! I liked having a volunteer lead our round table discussions. You all kept us on topic and encouraged sharing. Your equal enthusiasm made for lively discussions.

Teachers

I never would have believed the calibre of professors that Hum secures for us. You offer just a taste of your programs and opened your doors for us to seek more.

Staff: Margot and Paul

Your dedication to the residents of the DTES and Downtown South is contagious. The Hum Programme has made university accessible and attainable for me. I haven't and won't stop raving about all of the advantages taking Hum101 has

allotted me. A heartfelt thank-you Margot and Paul for your enthusiasm. Neither of you ever came to class treating Hum like a job. I truly think you two enjoyed the guest speakers as much as we did. You alternately lead with great questions. That stimulated and encouraged us to ask, to learn and explore further.

Elsie Viola Dupuis, Hum101

I am a low income senior with diminished abilities. It was great however to be chosen to be in this year's program. All people were truly exceptional persons and all truly friendly. This program has truly been a million dollar gift for me. Hum101 helps us toward a healthy curiosity and gives motivation for future personal projects. It was a true healthy intellectual journey. Thank you to all. Long and healthy life to all!

Jean-Pierre Loiselle:-), Hum201

Every time I tell my friends about the Humanities 101 Community Programme, and the people I get to take the lectures from and with, it reminds me how truly amazing it is. There is no other classroom on campus as diverse and exciting as ours. We cross generations, races (if there is any such thing as race), creeds, colours. Together we get to experience these topics from perspectives that no other student will get.

We're a classroom of people here because we want to learn, with professors here because they want to teach and staff and volunteers because they want to be involved in the process. There is nothing like it.

As much as I wish us all the best for the future, I admit it would have sucked had I been doing better these past few years. Had I been employed and affluent, I'd never have qualified to be a Hum student. The silverest of silver linings.

All the best,
John Barbour, Hum101

Growing up I always knew I would go to university, and for many years that dream ended with me graduating as a lawyer and living happily ever after. For many various reasons this dream diminished and left me in fear that I would never make it, or be able to afford to go, to university.

Hum101 reignited that flame and has encouraged my passion to push to succeed in many parts of my life. The gift of higher learning, in any capacity, for me – has given me hope and a

gentle reminder of "who I am, and what do I figure."

Endless gratitude goes out to all the wonderful staff, volunteers, participants, alumni (for ensuring there is still a programme to date), departmental heads, the Faculty of Arts for funding this courageous endeavour, UBC, and the Museum people most importantly for permitting all of this on their land.

Corey C. Ouellet, Hum101

Huge thanks to Margot and Paul for carrying the torch all these years. A humbling thanks to the teachers, for donating time and energy to educate us, as well as the volunteers that assist the whole class dynamic. Together teacher and students, staff and volunteers, we all play our part in continuing the crusade of helping humanity through free university education for low-income people. Each class brings us closer, lifting stereotypes, connecting cultures, understanding our rights, theorizing possible solutions to world problems and empathizing with environmental issues. Upon graduating I feel it is our duty to continue helping humanity to create a better world. Socrates is quoted as having said "wisdom begins in wonder."

Jerimie Marion, Hum101

The experience of Hum is great. I'd like to take this opportunity to thank all our Hum staff, our volunteer teachers, and our Hum volunteers. Thank you to each and all of my classmates. I'm grateful to be in the Hum Programme, which equipped us with different lenses to probe into our world. I really enjoyed the open-minded discussions, they filled me with wisdom and humour.

Wilson Liang, Hum201

Students in Hum101/201, Writing and Science 101 are from around the world, ranging in ages 18 to 81+. We have a very high love of learning, studying and research in the many disciplines offered and valued at UBC. We enjoy listening, studying, researching and learning: that is what brings us together... makes us a strong group of students... makes our love of learning incredibly enjoyable. I love it when these students ask the professors, student volunteers and guest speakers questions that are beyond the speaker's presentation, making the understanding of these presentations so much more enjoyable and unforgettable.

Thank you to all professor, doctors, teachers and students within your particular disciplines, for sharing your conceptualization of education, knowledge, people, power and place... for your insightful lectures. These high educational lectures provide us Down Town East Side and Low Income students with explanations... ruling... encouragement... advice... that we can use to contribute to the society we live in, with employment and enjoyment, that will lead to the fulfillment of a better environment and productivity we can pass on to our local, national and global communities.

Thank you to the Humanities 101 and Science 101 Community Programme teams, words of appreciation are not enough for the work you all do to give us DTES & Low Income students the education we look forward to. Thank you for witnessing and encouraging our Love of Learning, as we work toward a new career, to enhance an existing one or just to have fun.

Dr. Margot Leigh Butler, Academic Director / Paul Woodhouse, Hum Programme Coordinator / Elana Zaikova, Science 101 Programme Coordinator / Alison Rajah, Hum Writing Coordinator / Wil Steele, Hum Programme Assistant / Michelle Turner, Hum Programme Assistant / Madeline Gorman, Hum Programme Assistant / And Hum Student Volunteers Stephanie Fung / Alyssa Stryker / Hilary Smith / Lian Beveridge / Klaudia Wegschaider / Daria Boltokova / Angela MacDonald / Helene Miles

I am proud to witness and be a part of the cultures of learning in the Humanities, Writing and Science, here at UBC and on all levels of our continuing education.... We have a large group of progressive thinkers seeking a higher education. All of you Aboriginal, Canadian and Inter-national teachers and students have a diverse culture, language, way of life and common sense to offer in all Places of learning and the world we live in.... Howaa.... Thank you...:->

Isaac White, Hum201, Hum101 (2012-13)

To my classmates and teachers,

Thank you for making me look at the world in a different way; sometimes I get pretty downhearted. I do embrace the different and sometimes uncomfortable perspectives. I have especially loved the internal and external exploration. I am finding a new way to live in this world. Blessed be...

Loralee Avé Maria Judge, Hum101

I would like to say thank you for letting me be part of the Hum101 family. I really enjoyed myself and the class, staff and volunteers.

Thank you all,
Violet Bittern, Hum101

To My Classmates:

When I first read about the programme, I thought it was an amazing opportunity and a gift. I've always believed in education. Personally, it's brought joy, opportunities, understanding and a sense of the extraordinary journey of life. I share with you this writing from Rumi, that embodies the gift you have given.

"I've heard it said there's a window that opens from one mind to another, but if there's no wall, there's no need for fitting the window, or the latch." – Rumi (13th century Sufi poet)

Thank you for opening universes and reminding me of the infinite possibilities within us to give and share.

Louise McLaughlin, Hum101

*Thanks for being in class with us
We sure had a lot to discuss
And we did learn a lot from one another
In each and every way
Did we figure where we are?
And when and what we are?
And why?
Maybe
So good luck to you all
We will keep you all in mind
When and where we are*

Teresa Cloud, Hum101

First I would like to say what a pleasure it was getting to know the participants, staff and coordinators of this Programme. It was a beautiful experience seeing each of you every Tuesday and Thursday this past year, whether it was brief small talk or listening to your voice, your views and opinions. I hope you all never stop expressing, obtaining knowledge, creating and questioning what others have overlooked. kúkwstum'ckacw

Moccasin Runner, Hum101

To my fellow classmates:
 For your STRENGTH
 For your HUMOUR
 For your UNDERSTANDING
 For your VOICES
 For your COURAGE
 For your LOVE
 For your JOY
 For your DETERMINATION
 For your TENACITY
 For your IDEAS
 For your STORIES
 For your SHARING
 For your ENCOURAGEMENT
 For your ENERGY
 For your DEDICATION
 For your DRIVE
 For your CANDY
 For your SINGING
 For your FEARLESSNESS
 For your TEARS
 For your PERSISTENCE
 For your SPUNK
 For your WILLPOWER
 For your PATIENCE
 For your BRAVERY
 For your FORTITUDE
 For your ADVENTURENESS
 For your TALENTS
 For your SMILES....

But most of for your SPIRIT
 I SALUTE YOU

May Creator watch over you each and every day of your
 Continued Journey

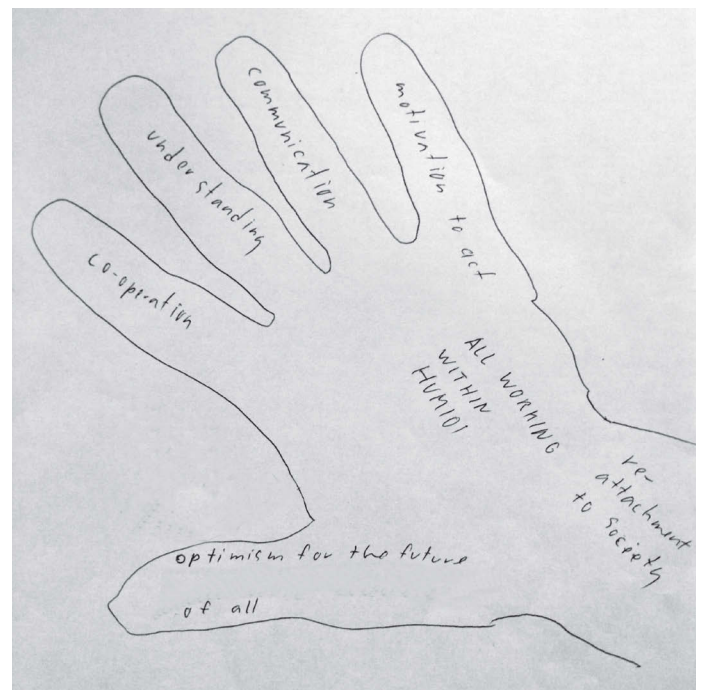
Maistoo'a waastan "Crow Flag"
aka.... Rodney Little Mustache, Hum101

Hum101, Dr. Margot, all staff, are marvellous, generous, kind. The deepest heart of gratitude is more than words can express. We are not only given every class a meal voucher and bus tickets, but also we have gone on so many expensive trips such as museums, galleries, movies, lunches and plays. My gosh – thanks just is not enough to convey my heart-felt appreciation to magnificent Hum101. Here is my heart.

Thanks a million :D
(Yvonne) Husen Huang, Hum101

The acquaintances I've met seemingly share similar zeal as I towards discovery and learning. I hope to even make a friend or two. The collective consciousness which has developed has become a friendly, respectful fellowship. I feel blessed to be a part of the huge diversified UBC family as one respected as having something to offer without some judgment attached. Thank-you Hum for welcoming this bum!

Johnny Jaworski, Hum101



Don Clancy, Hum101

Writing Participants

I came to the Hum Programme's Writing class to learn different ways to write and improve my skills. Instead I received a lot more. Thanks to all staff, teachers, students and volunteers, for inspiring me to continue one of my dreams. We may all be from diverse backgrounds but we became more like family. Not only will I have taken and graduated from this writing class but as of March 28, 2014 I have graduated with Community Journalism 101 and the first Community Journalism 201 (Level 2) at SFU Woodward's, as well as a couple of pieces published in Megaphone Magazine. I am graduating in May with my Adult Dogwood Grade 12 Diploma. Times I felt like giving up, but your words of support and inspirations were always there. Please, never give up on your dreams or being who you are. You will always be remembered and honoured for the awesome person you are and the amazing inspirations you share with others for generations. Wishing you all the best in the years ahead, no matter where you are or wherever you may be. You all have a special place in my heart and that will never cease.

Your friend,
William Rondelet, Writing

'The trouble with a kitten is, eventually it becomes a cat.'

Rob Makowsky, Writing

All the Hum people get my utmost respect for the enormous effort put forth. A special nod of appreciation to Alison for showing the exciting and endless creative possibilities. I was a big kid in her candy store. Every class of hers has given me a new and wondrous journey of expression in the many forms of creative writing and thinking. THANK YOU ALL at the Hum Programme.

Adam Gerard, Writing

My hat off to Alison! She did an amazing job trying to control the show.

Chris Winkler, Writing

What I liked about the Hum Programme's Writing class was to learn about all kinds of writing and to try writing the different styles. Then to listen to the other writers, how and what they wrote. I liked writing very much. Inspirational. I thought: return to the university and write film-television critical studies? Or write a screenplay about an Indigenous woman who meets James Morrison of the Doors which is what I really want to do. Make a feature film from that.

Arlene Bowman, Writing

There were things that impressed me very much during the writing course. The first was the poetry. It really opened my eyes about how to 'read' and understand an English poem. Almost anything, any form can be a poem. It was very interesting to learn about that. The second was the movie filmed and brought to the class from one of our classmates. The hidden message from the movie really made me think and see things from a different angle. That is the beauty of multi-cultures in our diverse societies.

Dorothy King, Writing

To all my Hum classmates, best wishes in all of your future studies and endeavours.

Regards,
Ken Mazer, Writing

I'm not sure what I learned because I wasn't given too much feedback about my writing, but I enjoyed meeting other people who are as interested in writing as I am. I felt I was in good company and I liked going to the classes because of the other students.

Norman Hunt, Writing

I wish everyone all the best and hope that you excel in everything you do from hereon in! It was nice meeting all of you.

Roberta Keepness, Writing

Well writers of the Hum it has been a slice! I loved the readings, the creativity and the subtle chaos of our room. Write on!

Much ink,
Bee Murray, Writing

New experiences, revelations, tears, laughter and camaraderie brought out from the tip of the pen.

Lauren Blair, Writing

How fortunate I am to be here and appreciative of all efforts of the amazing people who make Writing possible. A dream of mine long held is to have some writing published and contribute to community through the written word. Now that is much more attainable.

Thank you all,
Jaeme Grosvenor, Writing

O you Writing 101!

Writing groups can be something, eh? What things to have shared! Means more to me than I can say and I couldn't have done it without all of you, especially the ones that shared your writing. I never want to stop.

Dodds, Writing

Congratulations to all my fellow classmates for completing this wonderful course. I'm sure that it has inspired and challenged you in ways which I'm sure you didn't expect when you began. The longest journey begins with taking that first step. I hope that writing remains an important part of your life journey.

Nailuj Ikswejeizdrog, Writing

It's been fun coming here. I love it. I will come back. It's a great opportunity. I want everybody to do the same thing. I had a good time and met great people who learned a lot of stuff. Thank you Paul, thank you Alison, thank you Maddie. You are the best. God bless you. I wish you all the best. Have an awesome vacation and hope to see you soon.

Roody Etienne, Writing

Taking the Hum Programme's Writing class was a great time for me. I was able to learn writing format, gain writing knowledge such as writing methods, strategies, etc. The Writing class was a good place to share students' thoughts and issue students' opinions. Also the lecturers and professors were able to explain and guide students on various writings, provide comments, as well as give them useful writing examples. The class was full of fun and full of studying atmosphere. It was really enjoyable. I take this opportunity to thank all course helpers and mentors.

Pak Chan, Writing

A wish that we all progress, with the benefits in knowledge and friendship, and more, in our journey through Hum to graduation this year and future years.

James McLean, Writing

What a fabulous time I had here at UBC. There is so much to say. The faculty and staff were beyond amazing to work with but I think it was being with the other Writing students that has been the highlight of my two semesters here. I had a bit of a difficult time adjusting to the environment, but right from the beginning, I felt accepted by the group we had and I soon became just another part of them. They never judged me like my biggest fears predicted. They listened to my writing and listening to them share their stories, their lives, has taught me a great deal about the power of the written word.

I must admit, I was a bit awkward at first. After a few weeks I did start to know quite a few of the students, both in and out of class. I have the deepest respect for all the participants, both the ones that graduated and the ones that did not complete the course. I understand now how tough it was for some of us to write up the assignments. It was a little tricky for me to stay focused at times. I found it even more difficult to share but after experimenting and trusting a couple of times I began to feel bonded as a team regardless of the challenges that many of them were going through, facing their own obstacles in finishing the course. It wasn't easy for me (except the performing songs part) and I had to dig deep to find motivation but when all was said and done, I walk away a much richer man from the experience. I have already recommended this course to several

of my artist type friends in the Eastside, in hopes that they consider taking the course next term.

Thank you to the staff and faculty for this exceptionally rewarding opportunity and I certainly look forward to taking more courses here at UBC in the near future.

In best regards,
Fred Joly, Writing Mentor

Hum days are like bright and delightful windows to the world of knowledge and understanding. I am honored to be involved in Hum for more than 5 years, both as a student and a mentor, and would like to express my best appreciation to all who made this program so warm and welcoming. Thank you.

Your Writing mentor,
Shahla Masoumnejad, Writing Mentor

Teachers

To the Hum graduates:

Thank you for making me feel so welcome during our class time together and for being such an engaged, thoughtful and fun group of students! I really enjoyed the opportunity to share the work of the First Nations Studies Program with you and to learn from you, too, about how this work matters both within and beyond UBC. I wish you all the very best in your next endeavours and offer my best thoughts to you and to Hum for continued growth in the future!

All my very best,
Daniel Justice
"Why First Nations Studies? Contemporary Indigenous Issues and Academic Activism"

Education changes lives; changed lives change the world. May the education you have engaged this year empower you to create the world you can imagine and lives in which you may now and always fully thrive.

In appreciation for the time we spent together,
Wendy Fletcher
"Windows into understanding Indian residential schools"

Once again my experience with Hum has been wonderful. I continue to be impressed and engaged by the students, captured by your enthusiasm and wisdom. My classes with you are always a highlight of the teaching year for me.

Best wishes and congratulations.
Margot Young
"The Canadian Legal System?" and "The Right to Housing"

Dear graduands of Hum101/201.

As I wrote this, I was looking forward, as usual, to our annual tour of The Orpheum Theatre, to your ceremony and celebration at UBC in April and of course to another session with you in the fall.

Good work, and good times to all of you.
Arthur Allen
"Vancouver, Europe? Mythological architectural ornaments on Vancouver buildings", plus walking tours of downtown architecture and The Orpheum

Thanks to you, Hum101/201 is one of the most exciting courses I have had the pleasure to participate in. I hope the insights and curiosity you share with us also helps guide your futures and proves to be equally illuminating.

All the very best,
Anthony Shelton
Tour of MOA including the exhibition "The Marvelous Real: Art from Mexico, 1926-2011"

Dear Hum Graduates

Congratulations on completing this wonderful Programme. Your curiosity and passion made teaching you an absolute joy. I wish you nothing but the best as you continue with your journey of life-long learning.

Warmest
Sadira Rodrigues
"The shifting sands of racialization"

Dear Hum101/201 Grads:

Thank you for inspiring myself as your Instructor in Gender Studies as well as each other. I was enthralled with your insights, discussion and intelligent conversation. What a great privilege it was to meet with you and to share our thoughts and perspectives. My warmest congratulations to all of you on the occasion of your graduation. Bravo and Kudos!

Chris Shelley

"Intersections of Identity"

Thanks for being such a welcoming and enthusiastic class! You make my job easy and keep me inspired in my own writing.

Mandy Catron

Creative Non-fiction

Every well wish to all of you in Hum
You embody willingness mingling

With,

Margot Leigh Butler

"This is what ME

WE WANT! Manifesto writing"; "What if, wherever we are, Culture is Ordinary?"; "Write On the DOT!!" writing workshop"; "When are we + How do we figure? From the Enlightenment to Globalization"; "Whaddaya mean? Semiotics!"; "Semiotic analysis of representations of Downtown Eastside women figured as substance users"; "Poetry on and off the page"

Congratulations to all the graduates! Wishing you all the best with your stories and your futures – may both be long and full and filled with fabulous detail!

Jane Silcott

Creative Writing: Short Stories

Congratulations Hum Class of 2014!

This year's class on using our 'sociological bifocals,' and on updating Marx and Engels' 'Communist Manifesto' was the most exciting and interesting ever, at least for me. I will never forget the thrill of seeing Marx and Engels come to life before my eyes (with the help of some cardboard beards worn by performers John and Corey), and will always be grateful for the perceptive comments you made in class (and wrote for me in the card). Thanks again to Margot and Paul for the warm welcome.

Wishing you all the best,

Tom Kemple

"How do sociologists think about where and how we live? An overview of sociological perspectives" and "From 1848 to 2013: What does Marx and Engels' The Communist Manifesto help us to understand now?"

Best of luck on your journey! It was great sharing ideas.

Sylvia Berryman

"Can ancient Greek philosophy cure contemporary emotions?"

What a lovely time I had teaching Screenwriting in Writing and Forum Theatre in Hum101/201! It was lovely working with you to explore ideas, stories and creativity. Thank-you for sharing your experiences and being willing to question, offer insight and engage. You are a truly wonderful group of individuals, offering so much. Thanks for everything!

Michelle Turner

Screenwriting and "Theatre of the Oppressed: A Forum Theatre workshop"

Dear Hum101/201 Students

Congratulations on your Graduation! It was a pleasure teaching you Critical Thinking. I hope you all continue in your studies and I wish you happiness and success.

All the best,

Ana Harland

"Figuring out our philosophical perspectives"

Congratulations on your graduation, Hum students! I feel so blessed and honoured to have had the chance to work with you this year – not once but twice! I will always remember the conversations we had about water, land and poetic language. The work you are doing together is so important and I feel very privileged to have been included in it. I wish you much luck and joy in all your future endeavours.

Larissa Lai

“Situating ourselves ‘other’wise” and “Poetry on and off the page”

Dear Hum graduates,

It was a pleasure to work with you in the fall, to talk with you about the shape cities take, how we occupy them, and how we can make them better and more equitable places to live. For me, the best part of teaching is encountering a group of students who enlivens the material through their own stories. You were this group of students: engaged, chatty, interested and thoughtful. I am so grateful for your willingness to share your experiences of the ever-changing urban landscape. I left our class meetings with a richer sense of my adopted home!

With very best wishes,

Tiffany Muller Myrdahl

“Who’s included in which urban social spaces, how, when and why?” and “Making maps of our own communities”

Congratulations, Hum101 and 201 class, on your well-deserved graduation!! What a pleasure and honour it was to meet you! Thanks so much for sharing your clever insights and extensive knowledge with me as we explored the fascinating world of music in the internet age through the lens of economics. You make learning so much fun with your inquisitive minds and insatiable desire for knowledge! I’m so sorry that I will be out of town for your graduation but I send you my warmest and sincerest wishes for a wonderful graduation and a joyous life of intellectual adventures!

Nancy Gallini

“Does the song remain the same? Music and copyright”

Congratulations on a job well done and best wishes on all your future endeavours.

As you know, learning is a life long mission – thanks for being great students and teachers – I learned a lot from your questions and insights.

M. Simon Levin

“Locating Collectively-made Art in Public Spaces”

Facilitating the Hum workshop for discourse management, multiple intelligences and learning styles has provided some of the most rewarding learning experiences we teachers could have. Hum101/201 students bring so much to this workshop: a multiple array of views and perspectives. Multiple thanks for your dedication to the learning process and for the opportunity to learn from you! Congratulations to you all on your achievement! Well done!

All the best,

Ayah Ouziel and Sandra McGoldrick

“Learning: flying solo and together”

Thank you all for sharing your insights and perspectives with us at UBC to enrich our collective educational experiences and growth. Wishing you all the very best for a continuing journey of intellectual inquiry, inspiration and compassion.

All the very best,

Pat Shaw

“hən’q’əmin’am’ (Musqueam) here and now”

Congratulations to all our students in the Humanities 101 Community Programme on completing another term! I teach in the Programme every year and I always leave class more energetic and enthused than when I enter. I always appreciate the engagement, the passion for learning and the interesting questions and dialogue. Thanks for making UBC a part of your lives.

Gage Averill

“That old gang of mine on Main Street: Barbershop harmony and the ‘unreal estate’ of the American imaginary”

Dear Hum 101 Class of 2013-14:

It was an honour to participate in your class this year and I wish you all the best on graduation.

Mary Lynn Young

"Social Justice and Responsibility"

I want to wish all the graduating students of Hum the best. Your eloquence and spirits moved me so much. You have important things to say and amazing ways to express them.

Keep creating!

Carol Sawyer, Songs and Lyrics

Volunteers



I wanted to thank all the participants, staff and volunteers in the program for such an open learning environment. It was a pleasure to explore and learn about a range of relevant and interesting subjects through our discussions. Congratulations to the Humanities 101 graduates this year!

Cheers,
Hélène

Dear Hum Participants,

Thank you for being such an awesome bunch of intelligent, open-minded and creative people! I really enjoyed every class with you and was humbled by your unique experiences and expertise.

I wish you all the best in your personal and academic lives. Keep asking questions and never give up challenging the privileged, powerful and unjust.

Warm wishes,
Daria

What do we learn about a topic when we ask questions that come at it sideways? What do we teach when we ask questions from our own experience and perspective? What can we bring to light when we ask questions people don't want to answer? What changes can we force when we ask questions about information people wish we didn't know?

My wish for Hum is that we all keep asking questions.

Lian

Learning happens in all kinds of settings, but there is something particularly magical about talking through ideas with a group of smart people. Something about the intellectual chemistry that can develop when people get together to work something through – electrifying! I love getting to be part of this in Hum101. Thank you for your energy and exuberance, your curiosity and criticality. I was so enriched by sharing ideas and exploring big questions with you this year, and hope that you will continue to share and explore in all your future endeavours. I am so privileged to have had the opportunity to learn with such intelligent and creative thinkers; this year of Hum has truly been a gift.

Ever yours,
Alyssa

To the 2013/2014 Hum101/201 and Writing Participants—

Congratulations on your hard work and dedication to the course material and class objectives this year! I was blown away by your ability to connect the dots between the wide range of disciplines we studied and admired how you added meaning to these subjects by sharing your own lived experiences. You kept the university's top professors on their toes by engaging so thoroughly with each and every lecture. Thank you for your creativity, your kindness, your open-mindedness and your continual willingness to learn; you make me so proud to be a part of this programme. Please keep in touch as part of Hum alumni!

Best wishes,
Hilary

Dear graduating Writing Participants,

Thank you so much for the conversations we've had and for sharing your work with me this year. It was a privilege and a pleasure to chat with you in the tutoring sessions and participate in the classroom learning experience as often as I could. I hope the conversations we've had will spark new ideas and discoveries on living and learning as you move on in the world. I know they have for me. A big thank you also to the staff and other volunteers at Hum for their support and enthusiasm in making this programme possible and an amazing learning experience. I wish you all the very best for the future. Have a great summer!

Stephanie

Dear friends of learning! Thank you for being so engaged in discussions and committed to critical questioning. I have never been in a class with such a lively spirit. It is a privilege to learn alongside, with and from you. Remember the power of de-familiarizing and re-imagining the world. Thank you for showing me that learning is most fruitful in an enthusiastic and cooperative environment.

I wish you all the best,
Klaudia

To all my peers and fellow-learners of Hum,

I want to express my deepest thanks for everything we have accomplished this year. For the stories we have told, for the wisdom that has been passed on, and for the support we have shared. We have been on an incredible journey and I am grateful to every single one of you for allowing me to be a part of it. For every person involved with Hum, I wish you life long curiosity, the desire to know, and to question, and to challenge the world around you. You are all brilliant.

Angela

I have been coordinating a reading group on the Odyssey in Hum for a few years now and it gets better and better. This year one of the participants, James Vassiliou, suggested we read Margaret Atwood's Penelopiad. We've been reading it for a while and I think it's terrific. It's the first of her work that I've wanted to read. We're just about finished with it and another participant, Tina Lawlor, has suggested that we go on to The Golden Mean by Annabel Lyon. We'll be studying this book and the Odyssey over the summer and fall. Come and join us.

Steve Wexler

"Incredibly Close Reading, Aloud!" Study Group

Congratulations to the Hum class of 2013-14! Whether I have the pleasure of knowing you or we have yet to meet, I hope each of you had the kind of school year that only serves to deepen curiosity and grow the spirit.

Much love from the East Coast from a former Hum volunteer and staff member,
Kelsey Croft

Staff

My sincerest thanks and congratulations to the graduates of 2013-14, and to all the wonderful people who contributed their time to keep things humming along.

Reading the essays, messages and reflections that make up this book, I figure Hum is exactly where we were all meant to be this year. If the campus and course material were unfamiliar to you to begin with, clearly you are at home with them now. Hum and the university community at large are better off from having you here, and I hope you carry on making the trek across town, whether to participate in another Hum course or to access the resources that can satisfy your desire for education. Thanks to your willingness to participate in the making of this book, we can revisit and reflect on our remarkable year for a long time to come.

All the best,
Paul Woodhouse
Programme Coordinator



Dear Writing Graduates,

It was such a pleasure spending Tuesday evenings with you. During Writing Group and class, we had the wonderful opportunity of listening to how your voice in your writing developed, especially as you experimented with the styles, forms and strategies we learnt during the course.

I would like to take this opportunity to say a few thank yous, beginning with our mentors, Shahla and Fred. Shahla, as always, your warm enthusiasm and knowledge of writing made class so very enjoyable; and Fred, you encouraged and inspired others as you shared your writing (sometimes even

in song with the Hum guitar!), made everyone feel welcome and kept us all on task. I would also like to thank the Writing One-to-One tutors, Hilary and Stephanie, for the thoughtful and considered feedback they gave each week. And the staff: Margot and Paul, you are both such stellar people and it was a joy to learn from you; Wil, I will miss our conversations and was impressed with your grammar sessions and blogging class; Maddie, thank you for the considerable effort you put into giving assignment feedback; and Michelle, I'm so glad you were able to do the screenwriting class, as it has been a popular request for a couple of years now.

Congratulations to you, Writing Graduates, for your dedication to the course and your writing practice. I wish you the very best!

Alison Rajah
Writing Coordinator

To the Hum Community,

To steal words from my co-worker Michelle's mouth, this job feels like winning the lottery. I'm terribly grateful to have been part of a classroom that surpassed most of my undergraduate experience at UBC in terms of its atmosphere of curiosity, enthusiasm and supportiveness. I'm also proud to have witnessed so much learning and growth amongst the participants. Thanks for a great year, and keep situating yourselves in space and time!

Fondly,
Maddie Gorman
Programme Assistant

What a wonderful year! I feel honoured to have learned so much from such an amazing group of thoughtful and engaged people. I've really enjoyed the many opportunities we've had to explore ideas, experiences and stories with the instructors, staff, volunteers and participants. I truly hope our paths cross again!

All the best,
Michelle Turner
Programme Assistant

Hey all you Humligans,

Been great sharing a class and a cup of coffee with you all this past year. I am sure we will be seeing many of you in future classes, and for the rest of you who have done all the Hum classes ... it's not over yet. I hope you stay involved with your community and your hummunity. Two things I know about learning: learning really is a lifelong endeavour and no one is ever only a student or teacher but only always both.

Wil Steele

Programme Assistant

PUBLIC PROGRAMMES

Public Programmes are offered year round, in the DTES/ Downtown South locations where participants live, work and volunteer. These groups are a great way for people to stay involved with Hum and remain mentally active. Most groups begin with ideas generated by participants of the Hum Programme and continue to be shaped largely by those who attend. It is a way to have fun, remain involved and connected, and learn something along the way.

A TASTE OF THE MIDDLE EAST

Facilitated by alumna Shahla Masoumnejad

Middle Eastern countries have a rich culture, and although they are frequently identified as one region, each country represents a distinguished culture that is rooted in ancient traditions. In this ongoing study group, we enjoy the beauty of these cultures and explore the differences that make each country unique. Snacks and light refreshments are provided.

VERY CLOSE READING, ALOUD!

Facilitated by Steve Wexler

This ongoing group meets every Saturday to read and discuss two influential texts. Homer's classic Greek tragedy "The Odyssey" originates in the 8th century B.C.E. and follows Odysseus' struggles to return home after the Trojan War and the trials of his son Telemachus in attempting to run his father's house. "The Golden Mean" by Annabel Lyon examines/re-imagines the relationship between Alexander the Great and his teacher Aristotle. We will alternate between these texts each week. All readings will be supplied on the day of the meeting and read aloud.

MONTHLY SPEAKER SERIES

In collaboration with Carnegie Community Centre

This ongoing speaker series takes place on the fourth Wednesday of each month. We are treated to a stimulating presentation and discussion by guest speakers from across the academic and activist spectrums.

TRUTH AND RECONCILIATION COMMISSION STUDY GROUP

Facilitated by Katherine Carey

This discussion group explored the topic of reconciliation in relation to Indigenous and non-Indigenous peoples in Canada. Participants had the chance to approach the topic of reconciliation by looking at critical perspectives, theoretical frameworks, decolonizing methodologies, political theory and activism and strategic approaches to contemporary Indigenous issues. September 18th-21st was the Vancouver National Event of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission. As well, 2013 was the Year of Reconciliation, as proclaimed by the City of Vancouver. Now in 2014, it's possible to evaluate how effective 2013 was as a year of reconciliation, from our various perspectives as Indigenous and non-Indigenous people, students and community members. We asked ourselves what steps can be taken in each of our positions to better the relationships between Indigenous and non-Indigenous people.

DOCUMENTARY EVENINGS

Facilitated by Maddie Gorman, Paul Woodhouse and/or Georgina La Hue

Hum alumni have been hosting successful documentary viewings at the Carnegie Community Centre in the heart of Vancouver's Downtown Eastside since 2006. The documentaries provoke thought, as information showcased is often not found in mainstream media, resulting in a desire for viewers to go on researching for more information.

LEARNING MANDARIN

Facilitated by alumnus Willie Li

In Term One of the course, Hum alumnus Willie Li came out to UBC to teach lessons in Mandarin. As a native speaker with a background in Chinese literature and years of teaching in universities, the course was developed for English speakers.

Acknowledgements

All of the people who supported and contributed to the Humanities 101 Community Programme during the 2013-14 academic year are profoundly appreciated! You make Hum hum...

MEMBERS OF THE HUMANITIES 101

COMMUNITY PROGRAMME STEERING COMMITTEE:

The Steering Committee guides all aspects of the Programme. Everyone who has taken a Humanities 101 course since it started in 1998, for whom we have a current email address, is invited to each Steering Committee meeting, held twice a term in the Downtown Eastside, Downtown South or at UBC. As well, alumni receive regular invitations to all Hum Public Programmes – please come!

HUMANITIES 101 MENTORS:

Susan Knudsen, Shahla Masoumnejad and Fred Joly were this year's returning alumni who helped welcome the new participants and gave classroom support, and Tay invented a new kind of Hum alumni volunteer!

UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA:

President Stephen J. Toope, Dean of Arts Gage Averill, Associate Dean Mary Lynn Young, Associate Dean Geraldine Pratt, Dean of Arts Staff Ginger Dhamrait, Betty Wong, Brian Lee, Ikuko Takahashi, Coral Voss, Beth Howarth, Anne-Marie Fenger, Laura Hart, Gerald Vanderwoude, Emily Feng, Margaret Tom-Wing, Emily Williams, Laura Milligan & Victoria Auston (Arts Development); Gerald Calderon & Patricia Stephens (President's Office); Kat Lea, Lenkyn Ostapovich, Taher Hashemi & Gary Andraza (Arts Instructional Support and Information Technology). Eli Berenbeim (UBC Call Centre). Tessie Sy (AMS Food Services). Lewis Zhou, Ben Jan (UBC carding office). Arts Undergraduate Society. Alma Mater Society. Emmet Russell (Campus Security). Naayeli Ramirez, Margot Young & Steve Wexler (Law School). Elena Zaikova (Science 101). Tanya Bob & Jie le Baik (First Nations Studies Program). Eli, Deb Martel, Linc Kessler, Chris Gock (First Nations House of Learning). Frederic Wood Theatre. The Green College community. Gwilyn Timmers and the Grad night volunteers at MOA (Museum of Anthropology).

DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE, DOWNTOWN SOUTH AND VANCOUVER COMMUNITIES:

Carnegie Centre (Margaret Massingale, Brianna Schofield, Rika Uto); Paul R Taylor (Carnegie Newsletter); Carnegie Kitchen Staff; VPL Carnegie Branch; Skip Everall (Carnegie Security); Downtown Eastside Women's Centre; Sheway/Crabtree Corner Family Resource Centre; Vancouver Aboriginal Friendship Centre; Downtown Eastside Literacy Roundtable (members are from literacy programmes held in the DTES by teachers from Capilano University, Simon Fraser University, Vancouver Community College, UBC Learning Exchange, Union Gospel Mission, Vancouver School Board at the Downtown Eastside Education Centre and more); The Gathering Place (Rennie Keates, Jo-Ann Stevens, Rick Stewart); Dr. Peter Centre; Aboriginal Front Door; Vancouver Recovery Club; Vancouver Public Library (Helen Lightfoot); Vancouver Art Gallery (Jessa & Susan Rome); The Orpheum Theatre (Arthur Allen, tour guide); St. John Ambulance Emergency "First Aid – Community Care" Training staff.

HUM101/201 VOLUNTEER TEACHERS:

Sylvia Berryman (Philosophy); Patricia Shaw (First Nations' Languages Program); Wendy Fletcher (Vancouver School of Theology); Daniel Heath Justice (First Nations Studies Program); Sandra McGoldrick & Ayah Ouziel (English Language Institute); Ana Harland (Philosophy); Arthur Allen (Architect); Margot Leigh Butler (Hum); Tiffany Muller Myrdahl (Department of Gender, Sexuality & Women's Studies, SFU); Wil Steele (Hum); Paul Woodhouse (Hum); Tom Kemple (Sociology); Sadira Rodrigues (Emily Carr University); Anthony Shelton (MOA – Museum of Anthropology); Chris Shelley (Institute for Gender, Race, Sexuality and Social Justice); Margot Young (Law); Mary Lynn Young (Journalism); Alyssa Stryker (Hum discussion facilitator); Larissa Lai (English); M. Simon Levin (Emily Carr University); Michelle Turner (Hum); Nancy Gallini (Economics); Erin & Raili (Vancouver Public Library); Gage Averill (Music).

WRITING VOLUNTEER TEACHERS:

Carol Sawyer (Vocalist & Artist); Maureen Phillips (UBC Writing Centre); Michelle Turner (Hum); Patti & Patrick (Vancouver Public Library); Alison Rajah (Hum); Margot Leigh Butler (Hum); Leanne Johnstone & Scot (My Name is Scot) (Writer & Artist); Jane Silcott (Langara College, Creative Writing); Mandy Catron (English); Ted Byrne (Poet and Essayist, Kootenay School of Writing); Alexandra Samur (Langara College); Wil Steele (Hum).

VOLUNTEER FACILITATORS AND TUTORS:

Hilary Smith; Stephanie Fung; Alyssa Stryker; Lian Beveridge; Klaudia Wegschaider; Daria Boltokova; Angela MacDonald; Helene Miles.

PUBLIC PROGRAMMES AND EVENTS VOLUNTEERS:

Katherine Carey, "Truth and Reconciliation Committee Study Group" at Carnegie Centre. Steve Wexler, "Incredibly close reading, aloud!" held at Carnegie Centre. Shahla Masoumnejad "A Taste of the Middle East" held at The Gathering Place. Willie Li "Learning Mandarin" held at UBC. Colleen Carroll and Georgina La Hue "Documentaries for Thinkers", Carnegie Centre Saturday Night Documentaries.

FACULTY AND STAFF:

Dr. Margot Leigh Butler (Academic Director), Paul Woodhouse (Programme Coordinator); Alison Rajah (Writing Coordinator); Wil Steele, Maddie Gorman and Michelle Turner (Work Study Programme Assistants).

SPECIAL THANKS:

Elder Larry Grant, Alison Rajah, Gerald Ma, Isaac White, Kat Lea (yearbook graphic designer); alumna Pat Haram, Antonietta & Maria Decotiis Gesualdi; Jody Croft; Becky Cory (University 101, University of Victoria), Mary Lu Roffey-Redden (Halifax Humanities 101), Jeanette Eby (Discovery Program, McMaster's University), Jill Zmud and Laura Robinson (Discovery University, Ottawa Mission), Lisa Prins (Humanities 101, University of Alberta) – the cross-Canada Coordinators/Directors of Hum's sister programmes. Mary Lynn Young, Larissa Lai, Pat Shaw, Daniel Heath Justice, Geraldine Pratt, Tom Kemple, the Butler/Walker/Ouziel/Downward families, Erin O'Brien, Hertha Buller, Sid Meadows, Margo Weston, Fran Watters, Sheila Giffen, Shahla Masoumnejad.

IMAGE CREDITS:

Hum staff and participants. Special appreciation to Jean-Pierre Loiselle for being a diligent memory-keeper for all of us in Hum both this year and last year!

Graduating

Participants

HUMANITIES 101

Alan Gonchar
Corey C. Ouellet
Don Clancy
Elsie Viola Dupuis
Gerald Hemplar
Jerimie Marion
John Barbour
Johnny Jaworski
Leith Harris
Loralee Avé Maria Judge
Louise McLaughlin
Mercedes Thomas
Rodney Little Mustache
Steve King
Sue B.
Teresa Cloud
Violet Bittern
(Yvonne) Husen Huang

HUMANITIES 101 TERM 1

Assumpta Kwan
Jenny Zhen
Joshua Florence
Michael Kirk
Shade Brisance

HUMANITIES 201

Isaac White
Jean-Pierre Loiselle
Kat Roivas
S. Steel
Wilson Liang
Melissa Thomas

MENTOR

Susan Knudsen



Graduating

Participants

WRITING FALL 2013

Adam Gerard
Arlene Bowman
Bobbi O'Shea
Charmaine Giles
Christopher Winkler
Dorothy King
Fred Joly
Ken Mazer
Leslie Darnell
Lisa McTaggart
Luis Velasquez
Norman Hunt
Robert Makowsky
William Rondelet

MENTOR
Shahla Masoumnejad

WRITING SPRING 2014

Bee Murray
Bridget Keepness
DOBY McElmon
Dodds
Evelyn Youngchief
Jaeme Grosvenor
James McLean
Jessie Hamilton
Justin Burggraeve
Lauren Blair
Nailuj Ikswejeizdrog
Pak Chan
Perry Cikaluk
Phoenix
Roberta Keepness
Roody Etienne
Sandra Delorme

MENTOR
Fred Joly

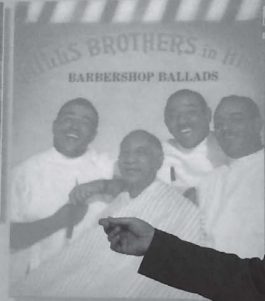




African Americans in the barbershop revival



Above: Red Cap Porters, winners of the New York Parks Contest, 1941, denied participation in SPESOSA contests. At right: the popular Mills Brothers, sons of a barbershop.



Free University: Humanities 101 Community Programme at UBC: Hum

WRITING assignment

Sept 17, 2013



On October 1, we'll be having a class on song and lyrics with Carol Sawyer.

We want this to be relevant to you, so for next week's class (September 24), please find a song which has words you really like.

Write down the **name of the song** and the **singer/musician**, and bring this info in next week, so that we can make up a playlist of you and your classmates' songs for the October 1 class.

Then, for October 1, please also bring in the written lyrics to share with the class. If you find them online, you can send the website to the Hum account h.u.m@ubc.ca and we'll print them.

<u>name of the song</u>	<u>singer/musician</u>
THE WHEEL OF THE FORTUNATE	GORDON LIGHTFOOT
LOSE YOURSELF	EMINEM
Greatest Love OFFALL	WHITNEY HOUSTON
Walk on The Wild Side	Lou Reed
You raise me up	unknown
Bron-Y-aur Stomp	Led Zeppelin
Wholl Stop The Rain	CGR.

In what way is race less about what's natural or common-sense, and more about what's socially constructed as 'racialization'? How might this approach to race unsettle our understandings of human differences?

Indigenous

Where do you most notice the presence of the law in your everyday life and how does it affect you and your community?

Under law reform (pg 7) it states that in order to address the changing morality and ethics of an evolving society, the government must reform its laws constantly. What laws would you like to see changed? Which laws do you like?

