



*Hum*

# Introduction

Well, what have we here?

It's what people involved in the Humanities 101 Community Programme, affectionately known as Hum, made this year, together.

Hum offers five—soon to be six—free, university-level courses that take place at UBC, with residents of Vancouver's Downtown Eastside and Downtown South (DTES/South) and nearby areas. Writing is a one-term course held on Tuesday evenings with different participants in the fall and the spring terms; and Hum101 and Hum201 are two-term courses that run on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, largely with the same participants for both terms. Each week we study a different genre, subject and academic discipline with a different teacher—all focused on relevant, interdisciplinary, critical and creative practices.

These courses are substantial—let's face it, they're intense—and they're non-credit (or as we like to say, credit-free), so you might be wondering: Why would anyone **do so much**, without the usual 'carrots and sticks'? Contributors to this book tell you why, for themselves; and there are as many whys as there are people. These wise people who live, work, organize and volunteer in their valued DTES/South neighbourhoods where so much is done differently, often money-free, to help each other to stay in their neighbourhoods if they want to.

Each year Hum101 and Hum201 courses have a theme; this year, it's 'no carrots, no sticks.' Participants have contributed much insightful writing and imagery about this puzzling phrase. Why not head into it backwards, by deferring, for a moment, to its domineering forbear, 'carrots and sticks,' a figure and a way of life that has become so seemingly 'normal' in the West—and often for those the West has colonized—that you need to clean your glasses, inside and out, to detect it. And so we did.

It soon became apparent that whole worlds are packed into this figure, and unpacking it might be tricky. For instance, when trying to focus on '**no carrots, no sticks**,' how tantalizing those carrots can be (often, but not always, coming from external forces) and how quietly terrorizing those sticks can be. We wondered: Are the West's liberation-minded projects of freedom, equality and solidarity infused by, or counter to, 'carrots and sticks'? And we noticed that the carrot dangling from the stick (the most common image) moves away as we move toward it because we are in lockstep with a fixed distance between our desire (or others' desires for us) and its realization. We are caught in a western 'progress narrative' driven by a fascination for what's next or what's just out of reach...

What could it mean to reside in a reward/punishment paradigm that may be tightly linked with how we understand our motivations and our very ability to be something called 'motivated'? This is a certain 'take' on humans' doing and being, and is present even in education. (Is Hum an eddy in a fast-paced river propelled by the 'carrots and sticks' of lure and rod, reward and punishment? In contemporary, increasingly corporate university-speak, 'carrots and sticks' is called incentivizing and instrumentalizing....)



By now, it may be difficult to tell a carrot from a stick! What a system! Leaning away from sticks and from carrots, the word 'no' in 'no carrots, no sticks,' once perplexing, began to attract, and call up words like inspire, Inquiry-based education, intrinsic (just for its own sake), autonomy, agency, responsive, balanced, fun, enthusiastic, wondering.... As can be seen in participants' work, the meanings of the carrots and sticks themselves can be detoured—sticks and carrots can roam free of their instrumentalized use, and a few even fell for each other!

Meantime, the Hum201 participants were having weekly discussions, trying to imagine and envision what a world without 'carrots and sticks' might look and feel like. How might people interact in a 'no carrots, no sticks' world? In concert with course content and methods, they generated scores of amazing discussion questions and produced a theory and practice of 'no carrots, not sticks' that looks like a game—how clever—and is included in the center pages, for you to enjoy.

This book is fragrant with 'no carrots, no sticks' ideas, senses, proposals (propositions, even), practices and theories in writing, images and action. And if we're going to put carrots and sticks aside for now, perhaps we could take up corn? The following quote is from one of our course readings, by Chickasaw writer Linda Hogan:

Cherokee writer Carroll Arnett once gave me a bracelet of corn. There were forty-nine kernels, representing the number of clans, stitched round in a circle of life. I said, "If I wear it when I die and am buried, won't it be wonderful to know that my life will grow up, out from beneath the earth? My life inside the green blades of corn, the stalks and tassels and flying pollen? That red corn, that corn will be this woman.

"A Different Yield." *Reclaiming Indigenous Voice and Vision*. ed. Battiste, Marie. 2000. UBC Press. Pp. 61.

Twice a year Paul and I have the great pleasure of meeting people who are interested in learning about, or joining, Hum courses at info and application sessions held at six community centres in the DTES/South and nearby. Some of us meet for the very first time, while others return to 'jump in' to different courses. Over the term and the year more connections are made between course participants, mentors, volunteers, teachers, staff and all the kind people at UBC, in the DTES/South and afar who support Hum. They are gratefully acknowledged in these pages. Hum's abundantly-gifted and eternally-willing staff Paul Woodhouse, student staff Wil Steele, Reuben Jentink and Doreen Ong, Writing Coordinators Angela MacDonald and Maureen Phillips, and our mentors, Dan Wilson, S. Steel and Terry Lui have keenly aided the people and nurtured the Programme. Each year, Hum grows closer with the people at the First Nations House of Learning at UBC, on the traditional, ancestral, unceded territory of the *hən̓q̓əmin̓əm̓* speaking *x̱məθkʷəy̓əm* (Musqueam) people. We want to extend a special thank you to Musqueam Elder-in-Residence at the First Nations House of Learning, Larry Grant, for his influence, education and humour.

Hum also offers Public Programmes in DTES/South community centres that are open to the public, and initiated and led by participants, alumni, volunteers, staff and faculty. These include study groups, a monthly speaker series, workshops and a documentary film series now in its ninth year. We hope you stay involved through these Public Programmes (let us know if you'd like to start a new one!), the Hum Steering Committee which all participants and graduates are invited to as members, as well as other Hum courses. We're thrilled to be adding another course next year, Writing 201, for people who've already whetted their appetites, and pencils, in Hum's first level Writing course and who want more....

To all graduates and Hum supporters, I impart my hearty congratulations and my appreciation for all you've brought, made and shared this year!

**Dr. Margot Leigh Butler**  
Academic Director  
Humanities 101 Community Programme

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# Humanities 101 & Humanities 201 Course Outline

## FACULTY

Dr. Margot Leigh Butler

## MENTOR

Dan Wilson

## CLASSROOM

Buchanan D, Room 201  
Tuesdays & Thursdays  
6:30-9:00 p.m.

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

## OFFICE

Buchanan E 270

## TERM 1 – 2014

September 16 -  
December 2

## TERM 2 – 2015

January 6 - April 7

## COURSE THEME: NO CARROTS, NO STICKS

## COURSE DESCRIPTION

This is a two-term interdisciplinary 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 an interdisciplinary 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. Written work includes: regular 10 minute in-class 'free writing' sessions, 4 essay assignments which correspond to different disciplines and the links between them, and reflection writing—you choose which of them you'd like included in the yearbook.

While it's preferable to take both Term 1 and Term 2 continuously, it is possible to graduate from Hum101 Term 1 only. Hum201 participants, who have already taken Hum101, do all of the course work and produce a final project every year.

This year Hum is collaborating with Carnegie Centre's Education Programming to produce a series of monthly talks by Hum teachers, held on the fourth Wednesday of each month. These optional classes are open to the public, and are marked on the course outline with &. In Term 2, there are five extra optional classes for Hum101, Hum201 and Writing participants, held for the hour before regular Tuesday classes, which focus on different aspects of writing: "Write On!" is taught by Hum staff Wil Steele and volunteer Jennefer Chen. These classes are in italics and preceded with +, and course room changes, field trips, and Steering Committee meetings with \*.





## SEPTEMBER

### TUESDAY / September 16

*"Meeting, feasting, and navigating our way into Hum at UBC" with Hum faculty and staff.*

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, 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, pausing at the Bookstore to see where to get UBC student cards, and ending at the bus stops.

### THURSDAY / September 18

*First Nations Studies: "Why Indigenous literature matters" with Daniel Justice, First Nations Studies, UBC.*

We often hear of First Nations people's oral traditions, but why is Indigenous literature less celebrated? In this class we learned of the rich and astonishing amount of literature that expresses all the different facets of Indigenous history and identity. Wampum belts are just one traditional means of storytelling. They are woven and re-woven to create and change stories, producing an authentic representation of living relationships.

#### READING:

- Grace, Patricia. 1987. "Butterflies." *Electric City and Other Stories*. New Zealand: Penguin Books.
- Joe, Rita. 2013. "I Lost My Talk." *An Anthology of Canadian Native Literature*. ed. Moses, D.D., Goldie, T., Ruffo, A.G.. Oxford University Press.
- Maracle, Lee. 2005. "Goodbye, Snauq." *Our Story: Aboriginal Voices on Canada's Past*. ed. Rudyard Griffiths. Anchor, Canada. Pp. 205-249.

### TUESDAY / September 23

*First Nations Studies: "Indian residential schools in Canada" with Ryanne James, First Nations House of Learning. Film: "Finding Our Way" by Giovanni Attili and Leonie Sandercock (2010).*

Ryanne started the class by speaking about her own mixed-race family background, and her experience as a coordinator of UBC's CEDAR summer camp for Indigenous youth. Initially she didn't understand First Nations parents' hesitation to send their children to this summer school, but learning about Indian residential schools explained it. Then, we watched a film called "Finding Our Way" by Giovanni Attili and Leonie Sandercock (2010), about two First Nations in the Carrier territory in BC which are struggling with Canadian governments and industries for their land and sovereignty; and working for healing and revitalization. "After almost a century of apartheid in this region, the film asks: Is there a way forward?" We discussed these questions: "If you belonged to a group of people that had been subject to cultural genocide similar to what First Nations have suffered, how would you feel if a member of the dominant society told you to get over your pain and move on?" and "Are there buried stories about colonization in your community? How could these stories be told and how could their telling support a process of truth and reconciliation among Native and non-Native peoples?"

#### READING:

- Angeconeb, Garnet. 2012. "Speaking My Truth: The Journey to Reconciliation". *"Speaking My Truth": Reflection on Reconciliation and Residential School*. ed. Rogers, Shelagh., DeGagné, Mike., Dewar, Jonathan., Lowry, Glen. Aboriginal Healing Foundation. Pp. 11-35.
- Fletcher, Wendy. 2011. "What Were We Thinking: Ten Windows on the Past." Paper prepared for Exploration in Indigenous Spirituality and Reconciliation.

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**& WEDNESDAY / September 24**

*Hum Speaker series at Carnegie Centre, open to the public.*

Critical Race Theory and First Nations Studies: talk and book launch of “Red Skin, White Masks: Rejecting the Colonial Politics of Recognition” by Glen Coulthard, First Nations Studies, UBC.

**THURSDAY / September 25**

*First Nations Languages: “Sounds of endangered languages: conservation and revitalization” with Patricia Shaw, First Nations Languages and Anthropology, UBC.*

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 cultures through discussing linguistic heritage. Many of these languages are endangered due to colonial practices of assimilation, but today the revitalization of many languages is underway with the desire of aboriginal youth to connect with their roots. In class we also had the pleasure of learning how to pronounce a few words in hən'q'əmin'əm', the language of the local Musqueam people.

**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, Pp. 39-55.
- Shaw, Patricia. 2004. “Negotiating against Loss: Responsibility, Reciprocity and Respect in Endangered Language Research.” Osaka: Lectures on Endangered Languages 4, Series C004 Pp. 181-194.

**TUESDAY / September 30**

*Philosophy: “Curioser and curioser: what are our philosophical perspectives?” with Ana Harland, Philosophy and Continuing Education, UBC.*

We started by talking about what kind of philosophy each of us is most interested in, 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?). We learned about the Coherence Theory of Truth which posits that philosophy's essence is to give reasons to support our beliefs; in our heads we have a web of beliefs that are connected to each other, and that which we say is true are the things that are coherent with our existing beliefs. This is not permanent though, since sometimes we revise our web of beliefs.

**READING:**

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

**OCTOBER**

**THURSDAY / October 2**

*Field trip to see Shakespeare's play “Twelfth Night” at Frederic Wood Theatre, UBC. Please meet at our regular classroom and we'll walk over to the Theatre together.*

In true Shakespearean style, UBC Theatre school's production of *Twelfth Night* was delightfully hilarious as it pushed boundaries. This adaptation was set in contemporary New Orleans during Mardi Gras which seemed a perfect fit for the content of this play: people playing games with one another and finding love all while hiding behind a mask. But even with changes from the original, this play held true to not only the meaning but the feeling of *Twelfth Night (or What You Will)*. The original play was written for and performed for Twelfth Night festivities in London, England, which included elements of licensed disorder under the Lord of Misrule. This makes New Orleans' Mardi Gras a perfect fit for a modern adaptation of perhaps Shakespeare's best comedy.

**\* SUNDAY / October 5**

*Walking tour of Vancouver architecture, with Arthur Allen, architect. We met at 11:00 a.m. at Victory Square, at Hastings and Cambie Streets and the tour went for about 2 hours.*

**TUESDAY / October 7**

*Architecture: "Buildings that stick with you..." with Arthur Allen, architect.*

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?

**READING:**

Allen, Arthur. 2014. "On Palaces and Prisons." unpublished paper.

**THURSDAY / October 9**

*Cultural Studies: "Culture is Ordinary" with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.*

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 disciplines 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.

**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.

**TUESDAY / October 14**

*English: "Carrots and revolution" a close reading of contemporary literature with Florian Gassner, Central, Eastern and Northern European Studies, UBC.*

In the aftermath of World War I, the revolutionary German author and playwright Berthold Brecht wrote the play *Drums in the Night*. The play focuses on the tensions that existed between the returning proletariat and the war-profiteering bourgeoisie. The class participated in a very close reading aloud, drawing out and deconstructing some of the key dialogue and even dimming the lights and sparking up candles to act out the protagonists' love story.

**READING:**

Brecht, Bertolt. 1970 (1922). "Drums in the Night." *Bertolt Brecht Collected Plays*. ed. Willett, John., Manheim, Ralph. trans. Willett, John. Methuen & Co Ltd, London. Pp. 62-115

**THURSDAY / October 16**

*Education: "Learning to learn" with Ayah Ouziel and Sandra McGoldrick, English Language Institute, UBC.*

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?

**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.

## **TUESDAY / October 21**

*Critical Race Theory: "Between: living in the hyphen"*  
Directed & written by Anne Marie Nakagawa, 2006  
(National Film Board).

"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 (aka Mr. In-between) in Anne Marie Nakagawa's, "Between: Living in the Hyphen" National Film Board of Canada, (2005): Time Code 00:0:28-00:00:59.

### **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.

## **& WEDNESDAY / October 22**

*Hum Speaker series at Carnegie Centre, open to the public.*

Writing: "Journaling—Get It Out, Get It Down" with Maureen Phillips, Hum Writing Course Coordinator and teacher.

## **THURSDAY / October 23**

*Education: "A smooth sea never made a skilled sailor" writing workshop with Margot Leigh Butler and Wil Steele, Hum, UBC.*

Formal writing, especially the academic essay, is full of conventions. Beyond grammar there is structure and style, the flow of an argument, and the introductions, conclusions, and transitions. All are designed to build a road map that your reader will know how to follow. These rules are more like guidelines but, as some people say, you need to know the rules before you can break them. We discussed different types of essays. We learned the basics of essay structure, the flow of an argument which dictates most of the body of an essay, and how it is wrapped within an introduction and a conclusion. We learned points of style, misused words and other bumps that can make a sailor skilled...

### **READING:**

Brecht, Bertolt. 1935. "Writing the Truth: Five Difficulties" essay translated by Richard Winston, Appendix A, pp. 133-150. In Brecht, Bertolt. *Galileo*. 1966. Edited and with an introduction by Eric Bentley, English version by Charles Laughton. New York, NY, Grove Press.

## **TUESDAY / October 28**

*English: "No rhyme, no reason" on writing poetry with Ted Byrne, Kootenay School of Writing.*

Ted started the class with a round of a Surrealist game called "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, rhythm and metre.

### **READING:**

Byrne, Ted. 2014. Poetry Compilation. Unpublished.

## **THURSDAY / October 30**

*English: "Beautiful Lies: poetry and meaning" with Ted Byrne.*

Song and poetry were, until the 1200s in the West, the same thing; poetry is rhyme and rhythm. To get into the swing of this, Ted asked us to write our own words to the replace the first verse of the song "My Funny Valentine", keeping the song's rhythm and rhyme scheme. We looked at a wide range of poems from across place and time—the most recent from local poet Donato Mancini who wrote "Poetry is not a thing, but a way of paying attention to language"—and then narrowed right down to ONE WORD. Ted asked us to choose a single word—beautiful, ugly, meaningful—and write one sentence of 10 words or less saying why you chose it. What word would you choose? Margot chose 'implicatedness', then wrote "Implicatedness is life in enmeshment, me we, with breathing space."

**TUESDAY / November 4**

*Cultural Studies and History: "From the Enlightenment to Globalization: a strange case in which the hurrier I go, the behinder I get..." with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.*

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 (the Enlightenment, modernism, post-modernism and globalization) and include the scientific, industrial, republican and technological revolutions. Using key images and the concepts of ideology, narrative, progress, culture, vision, meaning, dualisms and agency we asked: What are the implications of the West's practices on the world, and on itself?

**READING:**

- Descartes, Rene. 1641. *Meditations on First Philosophy*.  
[http://www.earlymoderntexts.com/pdf/descartes1641\\_1.pdf](http://www.earlymoderntexts.com/pdf/descartes1641_1.pdf)
- Evans, Mary. 2006. *Short History of Society: Chapter 5: The Making of the Modern World*. McGraw Hill Education, UK.
- Wikipedia. 2015. *Age of Enlightenment*. [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Age\\_of\\_Enlightenment](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Age_of_Enlightenment)

**THURSDAY / November 6**

*Globalization: "Scarce carrots and fierce sticks" films about globalization, with Paul Woodhouse, Hum, UBC.*

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 farmers, workers and 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.

**READING:**

- Biddle, Tony. 2004. "Globalization: Who's Winning and Who's Losing." Canadian Labour Conference.
- Roy, Arundhati. 2014. *Capitalism: A Ghost Story*. Haymarket Books, Chicago. pp. 7-17.

**THURSDAY / November 13**

*Cultural Studies: "Learning to unlearn" semiotics workshop with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.*

In this workshop, a shiny red apple is a semiotic 'sign' of knowledge that gets thrown through many cultural contexts and meanings (Eve to Adam, placed by a student on a pile of books on the teacher's desk, on an Apple Mac computer...). Semiotics is the study of systems of signs that convey meanings in languages; an analysis of signs (which can be objects, images, gestures, words, smells or sounds) starts with 'denotation'—saying just what you see—and 'connotation'—finding existing shared cultural meanings which can lead to making new meanings of our own...

**READINGS:**

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

**TUESDAY / November 18**

*Sociology and History: "What the bourgeoisie therefore produces, above all, are its own gravediggers." Marx and Engels' The Communist Manifesto with Tom Kemple, Sociology, UBC.*

"A spectre is haunting Europe - the spectre of communism." This class focused on Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels and their famous work "The Communist Manifesto". 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.

**READING:**

- Marx, Karl and Friedrich Engels. 1969 (1848). *The Communist Manifesto*. Progress Publishers, Moscow.



## THURSDAY / November 20

*Sociology: "What could 'no carrots no sticks' societies look like?" with Tom Kemple.*

We started by analyzing a fetching Marxist diagram of how hierarchical capitalist societies work: in short, the proletariat sells to buy, and the capitalist buys to sell. The basic principle of capitalism is that everything can be turned into a commodity for sale on the market (think bottled water and oxygen bars). But Marxists say that this system can't sustain itself: as it expands everywhere in the world, capitalism will even run out of exploitable, oppressed foreign workers. Building on the popularity of computer applications, or 'apps', Tom's newly-created "Marx-Engels Machine" helped to clarify four aspects of Marxism through The Theatrical App, The Legal App, The Pedagogical App and The Political App; these apps defy the digital by existing on paper only! And they point out features of possible 'no carrots, no sticks' societies: The Legal App "Abolish property, freedom, work, the family, countries, ideas", and the Pedagogical App "First lesson: Return to the past (reactionary socialism), Second lesson: preserve the present (conservative socialism), and Third lesson: imagine the future (utopian socialism)."

### READING:

Mill, John Stuart. 1869. Of Individuality, as One of the Elements of Well-Being. *On Liberty*. www.bartleby.com  
Hogan, Linda. 2000. A Different Yield. *Reclaiming Indigenous Voice and Vision*. ed. Marie Battiste. UBC Press.

## TUESDAY / November 25

*Philosophy: "S/he has the most who is most content with the least" said Diogenes, a 4<sup>th</sup> century B.C.E. philosopher, with Sylvia Berryman, Philosophy, UBC.*

Diogenes the Cynic didn't write out his philosophies, and so left no handbook for his followers. In this class, we learned about this unusual man who lived, homeless, in a barrel in the town square, with his dog. He was famous for his insightful criticisms of conventions —wealth, honour and obedience; when Alexander the Great stood before him, Diogenes told him to "Stand out of my light." In the second half of class, we went into groups and wrote up Diogenes' instructions and advice, creating "The Cynic's Handbook: Advice on Living" for ourselves which included: less is more; keep it simple; expect the unexpected; heart over matter; don't get caught up in expectations; perspective

is more important than circumstance; align yourself with those who aren't in power; trust yourself; see the reality that's in front of you; practise disappointment; confront your weaknesses; you must be brave to be afraid; speak the truth to all, regardless of their position.

### READING:

Laertius, Diogenes. 2015 (3<sup>rd</sup> century B.C.E.). The Lives and Opinions of Eminent Philosophers. *Life of Diogenes* (excerpts). Translated by C.D Young. <http://classicpersuasion.org>

## & WEDNESDAY / November 26

*Hum Speaker series at Carnegie Centre, open to the public. Sociology: "What could 'no carrots no sticks' societies look like?" with Tom Kemple, Sociology.*

## THURSDAY / November 27

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

The Director of the Museum of Anthropology, Anthony Shelton, led our class on a tour of the museum's galleries and exhibits. In the Great Hall, we learned about traditional burial boxes, totem poles, and more modern works by contemporary Aboriginal artists. At the exhibition, "Claiming Space: Voices of Urban Aboriginal Youth", we took in a rich variety of artwork by Aboriginal youth. As we walked through the Laboratory of Archaeology, we discovered objects from around the world, and learned how to access the museum's computerized object catalogue. We also learned about the intent behind the design of the museum's many architectural features, from the floor-to-ceiling windows in the Great Hall, to the use of copper on the handles of display drawers in the Laboratory of Archaeology.

### READING:

Buntinx, Gustavo and Ivan Karp. 2006. Tactical Museologies. *Museum Frictions*. Duke University Press, UK.

## DECEMBER

## TUESDAY / December 2

*End of term party for all current Hum101/201 and Writing students. As you can see from the photos in the centre of this book, a merry time was had by all!*



+ In Term 2, there were five extra optional classes for Hum101, Hum201 and Writing participants, held for the hour before regular Tuesday classes, and focused on different aspects of writing. “Write On!” was taught by Hum staff Wil Steele and volunteer Jennefer Chen on January 27, February 3, 10, 24 and March 10. Right On, eh?

Grammar and style are of great importance in the world. Though in reality, especially in everyday speech and in informal writing, grammar is about as important as the Canadian penny, the truth is that many parts of society still place a high value on grammar and style in writing. During 5 workshop sessions we discussed conventions of grammar, elements of style, and processes of argumentations to become more confident in our use of formal language for writing essays, but also because it is highly artistic and empowering to break conventions—but you first have to know what those conventions are.

## JANUARY

### TUESDAY / January 6

*Cultural Studies: “Women missing names, missing words, nevertheless speak: Semiotic analysis of photographs of Downtown Eastside women who the photographer represents as heroin addicts” with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.*

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’. Hum participants shared their first-hand experience, knowledge and wisdom about these photographic practices, their potential and their consequences.

### READING:

Butler, Margot Leigh. 2004. “The Hero of ‘Heroines’: Photographs by Lincoln Clarkes”, *Mosaic: a Journal for the Interdisciplinary Study of Literature* 37:4 (December): Pp. 275-296.

### THURSDAY / January 8

*Urban Geography: “Hmmm.....so, 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.*

There is nothing inevitable or natural about cities. “City spaces are not simply given: they are produced through many movements and interactions coming together in ways that create and disrupt existing rhythms and relationships across cities” wrote geographer Doreen Massey. And city spaces are personally and emotionally experienced. In class we took time to write about: “Where do you feel ‘in place’ in cities? What does your body feel like when you feel ‘in place’?” We felt big, safe, relaxed, confident, optimistic about tomorrow, just right, alive—such that we could take a dog for a walk in our pajamas! Infrastructure informs how we feel the space of a city, and how we can claim our space through being involved in policy, community mapping, public art, participatory government, social movements and activism.

### READING:

London Tenants Federation, Lees, L., Just Space, & Southwark Notes Archive Group. 2014. “Staying Put: An Anti-Gentrification Handbook for Council Estates in London.” Calverts Co-operative, London.

### TUESDAY / January 13

*Urban Geography: “The benefits of a low-income community: researching displacement & gentrification and WITH Downtown Eastsiders” with Jean Swanson, Coordinator of Carnegie Centre’s Carnegie Community Action Project (CCAP).*

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Jean has been an anti-poverty activist in the Downtown Eastside and nationally for 40 years, and is a truly respected mentor, elder, activist and organizer; along with Libby Davies and Bruce Erickson, in 1980 she secured Carnegie Centre as a community centre for the DTES. She spoke about the many CCAP reports that document the gentrification of the DTES and resulting displacement of local low-income residents, saying that when she's asked to speak to university students, they don't know about this, but Hum participants sure do. CCAP inspires and activates people through the processes that are involved in making their reports: 'visioning', 'community mapping' and generating 'what we want' with residents. She also taught us how the City's 'Social Impact Assessment' and 'Local Area Planning Process' (LAPP) work, or don't work.

**READING:**

- Pederson, W., & Swanson, J. 2010. "Community Vision for Change in Vancouver's Downtown Eastside." Carnegie Community Action Project, Vancouver.
- Sutherland, R., Swanson, J., & Herman, T. 2014. "No Place To Go: Losing Affordable Housing & Community." Carnegie Community Action Project, Vancouver.
- Swanson, J. 2004. "What poor people say about poor-bashing." *Poor-Bashing: The Politics of Exclusion*. Between the Lines, Toronto. pp. 9-28.

**THURSDAY / January 15**

*First Nations Studies: "Indigenous Feminisms: A Different Yield" with Dory Nason, First Nations Studies Program, UBC.*

Colonial violence has disproportionately affected Indigenous women. When Europeans arrived, they found that many Indigenous nations were politically organized along matriarchal lines; so as to gain access to land, colonizers introduced violent systems of patriarchal power. These early practices still affect Indigenous women. In class, we learned how these practices separated families and displaced people from their lands and cultures. Indigenous feminisms are attuned to these histories, challenging Indigenous men and settler men and women to recognize and

address the gendered violence of historical and ongoing colonialism. As a political project, Indigenous feminism looks to demonstrate the love that Indigenous women hold for their nations, their families, and their lands.

**READING:**

- Nason, D. 2013, December 6. "Violence is Not a Given." *Nation Rising*. Retrieved from <http://nationsrising.org/violence-is-not-a-given/>.
- Nason, D. 2013, February 12. "We Hold Our Hands Up: On Indigenous Women's Love and Resistance." *Decolonization: Indigeneity, Education & Society*. Retrieved from <https://decolonization.wordpress.com/2013/02/12/we-hold-our-hands-up-on-indigenous-womens-love-and-resistance/>
- Simpson, L. 2013. *Islands of Decolonial Love*. ARP Books, Winnipeg. Pp. 21, 126-133.

**TUESDAY / January 20**

*Anthropology: "Finding what we value at MOA (the Museum of Anthropology) and showing each other what it means to us" with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum.*

This evening we made our own self-guided tour of MOA. In preparation, participants visited the Museum, solo, keeping aware of what interested us, and finally choosing just one artifact. Then, for Assignment 3, asking questions about and researching this artifact, and preparing a written piece and a presentation to give at MOA during this class. We each took turns guiding a part of a collective tour, leading the group to the artifact that stood out the most to us. Then we spoke about what we knew about it and what it meant to us. There was an incredible range of artifacts highlighted, plenty of enthusiastic, passionate interest by speakers and listeners, and it was fascinating to learn from each other in this way.

**READING:**

- King, T. 2003. "You're Not the Indian I Had In Mind." *The Truth About Stories: A Native Narrative*. House of Anansi Press Inc., Toronto. pp. 31-60.

## THURSDAY / January 22

*Law: "The Canadian Legal System? All carrots and sticks?" with Margot Young, Law, UBC.*

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.

### READING:

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

## + TUESDAY / January 27 5:30-6:20 p.m.

*Write On! "Common Confusion" with Wil Steele and Jennefer Chen*

The transition from spoken to written language can often be a bumpy one because the way we talk tends to be a lot less formal than the way we write. Homonyms can present an especially difficult problem because they sound alike, but the different spellings mean different things. Changing one letter in a word could alter the whole meaning of a sentence. Common phrases are also likely to be written incorrectly because in speech, words are often shortened or slurred together so that not all of the letters are pronounced, making it easy to inadvertently leave these letters out when writing. Knowing which word to use or how to write a phrase correctly can make a big difference in your writing.

## TUESDAY / January 27

*Law: "Knowing your rights when dealing with the police, and why it may or may not do you any good" with Alyssa Stryker, longtime Hum volunteer and Caseworker at the B.C. Civil Liberties Association.*

Alyssa talked to our class about our rights when dealing with the police. We analyzed the wording of the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms. We also discussed what kinds of authority the police do and do not have, best practices for safe encounters with the police, and how to initiate a complaint against a police officer if necessary. Alyssa also described the types of services provided by the B.C. Civil Liberties Association, and explained the ways in which we can work with the Association if we feel our rights have been violated.

### READING:

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

## THURSDAY / January 29

*Law & Housing: "The right to housing: reading the Victoria (City) versus Adams Supreme Court Decision (2008)" with Margot Young, Law, UBC.*

Through the lens of a controversial 2008 BC Supreme Court decision which supported the right of homeless people to stay in a Victoria park under certain circumstances. We studied Canadian rules, laws, conventions and Constitutional Laws - anything that the Canadian government does must follow Constitutional Law which is supreme—and learned that the Canadian Constitution is meant to be "a mirror reflecting the national soul."

### 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.

## \* SATURDAY / January 31 10-11:30 a.m.

*Humanities 101 Community Programme Steering Committee Meeting for ALL current participants and graduates of Hum 101, 201 and Writing at Carnegie Centre, third floor classroom.*

## FEBRUARY

## + TUESDAY / February 3 5:30-6:20 p.m.

*Write On! "Drinking Grammar" with Wil Steele and Jennefer Chen*

Sentence structure can be a little difficult to dig into, but understanding how parts of a sentence, especially specific words, relate to one another and work together can be very important. An interesting method for this, rarely taught in English but still of great value, is called the Cognac Method. V.S.O.P. stands for Verb, Subject, Object Parsing. You first find the verb, which tells you what is happening, then the subject to tell you who is doing what is happening, then the object to tell you who it is being done to. Using

this method you can easily and *quickly break a sentence down to understand what is happening.*

## **TUESDAY / February 3**

*Hum: "We are the Hum101/201 Class of 2015: how shall we make our yearbook?" with Paul Woodhouse and Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.*

These pages you are flicking through have their very origins in this very class. After learning a short history of the ever-changing Hum yearbook production process, it didn't take long for people to come up with some whacky and wonderful ideas for this yearbook. Although the reflective metallic cover or the aerial photograph of our bodies spread across the sand in the shape of 'Hum 101' never made the cut (Wreck Beach just wasn't quite warm enough), as you enjoy turning these pages you can be sure that each crease you make touches on so many wonderful ideas and memories that were created throughout the Hum courses.

### **READING:**

The Learning Centre. 2010. Reflective Writing. The University of New South Wales.

## **THURSDAY / February 5**

*Hum: "Reading between the lines in the Downtown Eastside + Downtown South: what to look for when a researcher/journalist/artist makes you an offer that seems too good to refuse...." with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.*

Keeping in mind the 'touchstones' that we've kept in mind throughout the course - people, power, knowledge and place—we asked, from our perspectives in Hum, the DTES/South and UBC: What is research? What is 'community engagement' was explored through a short case study of Simon Fraser University which has promised to be Canada's most community engaged university. We analyzed research and representation done through 'community engaged art', plus took a short semiotic trip through representations of Downtown Eastsiders by students, researchers, photographers, journalists and bloggers. Recognizing the interwoven relationships between research, representation, community engagement and colonization, we then focused on decolonizing research methods, stressing Hum's commitments to its communities and our experiences, needs and thoughts regarding consent and confidentiality. We considered the connections between First Nations sovereignty, self-de-

termination, agency and research practices, highlighting the First Nations ethical research principles and framework called OCAP: Ownership, Control, Access, Possession. This led to a discussion of what values and practices we want at Hum, with research, and in everyday life!?

### **READING:**

Smith, Linda Tuhiwai. 1999. Research Through Imperial Eyes. In *Decolonizing Methodologies: Research and Indigenous Peoples*. Zed Books Ltd.  
Assembly of First Nations. 2009. Ethics in First Nations Research.

## **+ TUESDAY / February 10 5:30-6:20 p.m.**

*Write On! "Argumentative Much" with Wil Steele and Jennefer Chen*

Grammar, sentence structure, essay structure, and arguments structure are all types of relations. Though arguments can come in many forms and styles, logic is a foundation of a good argument. Understanding how to construct a logical argument, how different statements relate to and support each other, is an invaluable tool not only for writing but for understanding the arguments being made by others.

## **TUESDAY / February 10**

*Research Ethics: "What's involved in practising informed consent, confidentiality and researching communities, ethically?" with Micheal Vonn, BC Civil Liberties Association and Margot Leigh Butler, Hum.*

For this class, we read three chapters of the Tri-Council Policy Statement on Ethical Conduct for Research Involving Humans (2014). In it, research is defined as "an undertaking intended to extend knowledge through disciplined inquiry and/or systematic investigation"; autonomy is the ability to deliberate about a decision and act based on your deliberation, not in isolation but influenced by one's various connections and responsibilities' and consent must be free, informed and ongoing. This policy is administered by UBC's Behavioural Research Ethics Board (BREB), which all university research on humans needs approval from before funding applications or research is carried out. Micheal put this Policy into context, and focused on instances where implementing it has had surprising, sometimes disturbing, outcomes. Hum participants spoke about our experiences with researchers and being researched, raised questions about BREB's membership and suggested ways in which biases could be mitigated.



**READING:**

Government of Canada. 2014. Tri-Council Policy Statement: Ethical Conduct for Research Involving Humans.

Oisin, Curran. 2012. "A Painful elaboration": the ethics of studying people on the edge. [www.nfb.ca](http://www.nfb.ca).

\* On this day, from 12:15 to 1:30 Hum hosted 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. Each week, a different programme or group hosts these lunches. After sharing a delicious meal, we gave a short presentation about Hum; anyone involved with Hum was welcome to speak up, and we invited people there to consider becoming involved. The lunch began with a welcome from our Resident Elder Larry Grant from the Musqueam First Nation. His greeting linked students to the long tradition of the Musqueam people welcoming visitors to the ancestral, unceded, and traditional territory of the hən̓q̓əmi̓n̓əm speaking Musqueam people.

\* **THURSDAY** / February 12 5:00 -8:00 p.m.

*Field Trip: Cultural Studies: "Situated mingling: connecting material cultures" at MOV (Museum of Vancouver) with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum.*

Central to MOV's five exhibits is *čəsnaʔəm*, an important ancestral village of the Musqueam First Nation. Generations of families have lived at *čəsnaʔəm* and other areas in the territory for thousands of years. The bone, stone, and shell objects from *čəsnaʔəm*, which have survived thousands of years, are great catalysts for conversations about the relationship between Indigenous and settler societies in Vancouver. The exhibition asks, Whose home is Vancouver? How have newcomers claimed Vancouver as their own? How do the Musqueam understand their lengthy connection to this place?

**READING:**

Turkle, Sherry. 2007. *The Things That Matter. Evocative Objects: Things we think with*. MIT Press.  
Corp, Marilyn Gelfman. 2006. *The Object's Voice. Flagnant Collecto*. Abrams, NY.

\* **SATURDAY** / February 14

*25<sup>th</sup> Annual Women's Memorial March honouring the memory of Downtown Eastside women missing and murdered. Those who wanted to go together met on the steps of Carnegie Center at 1 p.m.*

+ **TUESDAY** / February 24 5:30-6:20

*Write On! "The Big Picture" with Wil Steele and Jennefer Chen*

Though probably not the most interesting way to write, the basic structure of an essay follows a formula. What is interesting is that the formula is the same as a basic paragraph—topic/thesis sentence, supporting sentences, conclusion (just switch sentence for paragraph). Understanding the process of essay writing as a bunch of little steps can take off the pressure and allow a symmetry of analysis between paragraphs and full essay.

\* **TUESDAY** / February 24

*Rhetoric: This is what ME*

*WE WANT! Manifesto writing, with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC. This class held with the Writing Class, and in another room.*

The Writing and Hum101/201 classes joined forces to have their voices heard. 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 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 of manifestos as emotionally-charged, unapologetic, struggle-texts and change-writing.

**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.

& **WEDNESDAY** / February 25

*Hum Speaker series at Carnegie Centre, open to the public. Rhetoric: "This is what ME*

*WE WANT!!! How to write a manifesto" with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum.*

## **THURSDAY / February 26**

*Writing and Publishing: “Because we want to” with all Hum faculty and staff. We worked on yearbook essays and yearbook cover artwork, signing up for a ½ hour timeslot with our own staff editors.*

After taking some time to reflect on the ideas proposed and generated in the first yearbook class, commitments were made as to what essay participants would like included this publication, and time was taken to think through what significant experience would form the basis of the reflective writing piece. Sitting in Hum’s conventionally unconventional pods, people conversed, wrote, edited, and enjoyed the coffee and cookies that somehow never found their way to our regular break room, Buchanan D 216.

## **MARCH**

### **\* TUESDAY / March 3**

*Art: Field Trip: Tour of the exhibition “Unscrolled: Reframing Tradition in Chinese Contemporary Art” at the Vancouver Art Gallery, plus a visit to the exhibition “Cézanne and the Modern: Masterpieces of European Art”. We met at the Pacific Centre Food Court (by The Bay) at 5:30 for supper, or inside the Gallery by the gift shop at 6:25, and the guided tour started at 6:30. The Vancouver Art Gallery is at 750 Hornby Street at Robson Street.*

“Unscrolled: Reframing Tradition in Chinese Contemporary Art” featured three generations of Chinese artists who have been trained in both Western art history and Chinese tradition and who engage with their cultural past as a continuation into the contemporary. The exhibition presented a diverse selection of Chinese contemporary artists whose practices are informed by their cultural heritage. Re-working traditional aesthetics in conceptual ways, featured artists used new forms and media—such as digital animations and site—specific installations—to provide a myriad of means to understand and examine tradition’s influence on visual culture in present-day China.

#### **READINGS:**

Vancouver Art Gallery. 2015. Unscrolled: Reframing Tradition In Chinese Contemporary Art. Teachers’ Study Guide.

### **\* THURSDAY / March 5**

*Field Trip: Tour of UBC Libraries with Sarah Dupont, Aboriginal Engagement Librarian. We met in our classroom and went to the Xwi7xwa (pronounced whe-whe which means ‘echo’ in the Squamish library), the Asian Library, the Art/Architecture/Music Library, and Koerner Library.*

In the Xwi7xwa library books are not organized alphabetically, but by relations; geographical, cultural, and linguistic. Librarian Sarah Dupont shared some insights on how this small academic library utilizes Indigenous ways of knowing in their library practices. After learning some nifty tips on navigating the UBC central libraries online database, the tour continued onto the Koerner library and Ike Barber learning centre.

### **+ TUESDAY / March 10 5:30-6:20 p.m.**

*Write On! “Being Stylish” with Jennefer Chen and Wil Steele*

Reading something can be often boring or even tough. Though the grammar may be prefect, the arguments logically flawless, and the structure solid, the words’ use—and more often than not the excess of words—can make a piece of writing feel too dry, too fancy or pretentious, or just a lot of fluff. It is important to know the best words to use. There is always a perfect word, and there is only one perfect word. Usually it is the first one. Just as long as it is a necessary one.

### **TUESDAY / March 10**

*Journalism: “Social Justice & Responsibility” with Mary Lynn Young, Journalism, UBC.*

What is journalism and what is ‘social justice journalism’? How can you contribute to public discourse through opinion writing? And on the theme of ‘no carrots, no sticks’, what would a journalism with publics look like? When considering taking up story, journalists’ main ‘values’ lead them to ask these five questions: What is its impact? Is it unusual, emotional, controversial? Is it timely, and is it useful? Does it have educational impact? And what is its proximity to the journalists’ location and audience? When asked if journalists have a duty to report, Mary Lynn said that they have a voluntary code of ethics to which they can apply their own knowledge and insights. We studied some insightful critiques of journalism—one arguing that journalism is like literary fiction and requires its audiences’ willing suspension of



disbelief; learned about social justice journalism; talked about journalists' representations of the DTES; and a Hum participant shared her own method of critical engagement with official news sources: YouTube the item so you can choose your sources—real people who have nothing to gain.

**READING:**

Ericson, Richard V. 1998. *How Journalists Visualize Fact*. Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. Sage Publications. Vol 560 pp. 83-95.

**\* THURSDAY / March 12**

*Journalism: "Blogging: Don't use a stick to censor my karats!" with Wil Steele, Hum staff. We'll meet in our classroom and walk to the nearby computer lab together.*

With rising use of the internet and cell phones, people have greater access to media today than ever before. Some of those people are creating media rather than just consuming, engaging in both local conversations and global discourses. Blogging, as the primary site of citizen journalism, has become a powerful tool to give a voice to the masses, a platform for advocating change, and a channel through which to challenge tradition mainstream media. We not only discussed changes to media over the past couple of decades but also the role of citizen journalism. We finished by creating blogs, our own digit soap box, to reach the world with whatever is important to us.

**READING:**

Leaning, M. 2011. "Understanding Blogs: Just another Medium?" in A. Charles and G. Stewart, *The End of Journalism?* London: Peter Lang. Pp. 87-98  
Radsch, Courtney C. 2012. "Unveiling the Revolutionaries: Cyberactivism and the Role of Women in the Arab Uprisings." Rice University  
James A. Baker III Institute for Public Policy Research Paper.

**TUESDAY / March 17**

*Journalism: "What's my informed opinion on that? Read my OpEd!" with Mary Lynn Young.*

Having learned about journalism, and just created new blogs, we were pleased to spend this class learning the form of opinion, or OpEd, pieces which can be used on our blogs and for other destinations. OpEds are 500-600 words, should focus on something that's relevant and timely, can be written in one sitting (about ½ hour), and are built on this scaffolding: a) What is your argument? b) What is your relevant experience, situation or knowledge regarding this subject that puts you in a position to speak about it (your 'special sauce')? c) What's your evidence? (include 3-5 pieces of evidence for your argument)? d) End with clarification, a summary or a 'kicker'—a light-hearted statement or quote. You can use this scaffolding for newspapers, etc., and on blogs you can include photos, links, audio, video to put forward your opinion.

**READING:**

Atton, Chris. 2003. "What is alternative' journalism?" In C. Atton and James Hamilton *Alternative Journalism, Journalism studies: key texts*. Sage Publications.

**THURSDAY / March 19**

*Field Trip: Dinner and the play "Life is a Dream" by Pedro Calderón de la Barca at Green College, UBC, performed by College residents. We had dinner with our Green College hosts in their Great Hall.*

Green College is home to a cohort of interdisciplinary graduate students who have an aptitude for theatrics. After feasting in their Victorian style dining room and taking a tour of the grounds, we sat down to a riveting adaption of Pedro Calderón de la Barca's 17<sup>th</sup> century play, 'Life is a dream.'

**READING:**

Fort, Alice and Herbert S. Keates. 1935. "Life is a dream in Minute History of Drama." New York: Grosset & Dunlap.

**TUESDAY / March 24**

*Hum: "Not the first nor the last but the next yearbook draft..."*

That's right folks. Rome was not built in a day, or two. The third episode of the yearbook trilogy made sure the i's were crossed and the t's dotted; you can never be two shoe-er.

**& WEDNESDAY / March 25**

*Hum Speaker series at Carnegie Centre, open to the public. Education: " 'No Carrots, No Sticks' approaches to education" with Ryanne James, First Nations House of Learning.*

**THURSDAY / March 26**

*Art and First Nations Studies: "How my ancestors acquired a sense of humour" with Beau Dick, Kwakwaka'wakw Hereditary Chief and Artist-in-Residence, Art History and Visual Art, UBC.*

In "The Truth About Stories", Cherokee author Thomas King writes, "the truth about stories is that that's all we are." Beau Dick's class on art, humour, and political action is a clear example of King's statement: stories filled the whole space of our class. Children's stories, political stories, personal stories—each weaving together, one with the other. We learned about the Kwakwaka'wakw mythology of raven the trickster, dynamic and comical, in a story Beau loves to tell to little kids—he told us that he gave up on adults a long time ago! This story, and others, he told mainly in English, a 'foreign language' to him, with some words in the Kwak'wala language. Beau told us a long story in which a boy named Kwakwabalas, step by step from birth to death, is taught about the meaning of life and how to share it with his people, as a gift of life. The many emotions, events, insights and characters in the story we were privileged to see, the next evening, in video, masks, weavings, carvings, boxes (and even an action figure) in "The Box of Treasures: Gifts from the Supernatural" field trip.

**READING:**

Reid, Martine. 2012. The Irony of Things: Humour in Contemporary Northwest Coast Art. In *Carrying on Regardless*. Bill Reid Gallery of the Northwest Coast.

**\* FRIDAY / March 27 1:30**

*Field Trip: Visit to the exhibition "The Box of Treasures: Gifts from the Supernatural" which reveals masterworks created for Kwakwaka'wakw potlatches by master artist and traditional Chief, Beau Dick, Gigame Walis Giyam (Gray whale) and other Kwakwaka'wakw master carvers. Featured objects include ceremonial masks depicting the magnificent beings from the forest, the sea, and from the supernatural realm. Bill Reid Gallery of Northwest Coast Art, 639 Hornby Street, between Dunsmuir and Georgia.*

**READING:**

Laurence, Robin. March 10, 2015. "The Box of Treasures: Gifts from the Supernatural", Georgia Straight <http://www.straight.com/arts/407286/box-treasures-gifts-supernatural-celebrates-cultural-legacy>  
Bill Reid Gallery of Northwest Coast Art. 2015. "Atlak'ima "Dance of the Forest Spirits"." Vancouver.

**TUESDAY / March 31**

*Art and First Nations Studies: "Potlatching" with Beau Dick, Kwakwaka'wakw Hereditary Chief and Artist-in-Residence, Art History and Visual Art, UBC.*

This class started with a screening of the film "Potlatch... a strict law bids us dance" by Dennis Wheeler (1975) made in collaboration with the U'mista Cultural Society in Alert Bay, Cormorant Island, on the Northwest Coast of Vancouver Island. We learned about the history, meaning, processes, structure and beauty of the potlatch, its centrality in the life of the Kwakwaka'wakw First Nations, and that it's the basis of their social and economic ecology, with 'coppers' as 'credit cards' inhabiting histories and relationships. "With the arrival of European settlers intent on the accumulation of property, traditional Native society came under attack. For years, the Canadian government outlawed the potlatch, crushing a unique culture and seizing its artifacts to be studied and "protected" (film description). With the 'breaking of the copper' in Victoria and Ottawa, Beau led Kwakwaka'wakw and other First Nations in sending a powerful message to colonial governments, non-Native and Native peoples.

APRIL

## THURSDAY / April 2

*Course Project Presentation by Hum201 participants: “no carrots, no sticks” was the theme of this year’s Hum101/201 course, and the name of the game made by Hum201 participants for their project. In this class the Hum201 participants presented their project and we played their game ourselves.*

Following this year’s course theme closely, the Hum201 team set out to imagine, design, and, ultimately develop a game which encouraged play that follows ‘no carrots, no sticks’ as both a critical pedagogy and a mode of political and theoretical engagement. Our team—Violet, Lorelee, Elsie, Don, and Steve—spent a great deal of time imagining what a world with ‘no carrots, no sticks’ might look and feel like. How might people interact in such a world? In this class we discovered how we interacted in the world of this game: very happily indeed! The game was so well thought-out, planned and produced, that it was easy to learn to play, and yet was rich with creativity and opportunities for deep, short, moving, discussions. Even those who were skeptical about the game’s non-competitive, co-operative nature were drawn into the rhythm of the game’s turns and flips. And it turned out that without carrots and sticks, there’s a different tone to the feeling of ‘itching to speak’ while waiting for your card to come up....

## TUESDAY / April 7

*Music: “Sound and Soundscapes” with Gage Averill, Dean of Arts, UBC.*

We ended our academic year with a true experience of Hum: we hummed, freely, soon discovering that we’d hummed the pitch of the electricity in our classroom! We learned that for Europeans, this magic trick aligns with their own electric current, not our 60 cycles, aka the note B. In brief, sound is vibration through a medium, and silence and sound constitute each other. Gage elucidated so many aspects of sound and how it works instinctually, physiologically (for humans and non-humans), emotionally, architecturally, culturally; both in interior, imaginative ways, and physically in, on, and between our bodies and the world’s soundscapes. Sound is the most intimate of senses—we don’t have ‘earlids’ so our ears are always open and responsive, and their vigilance protects and connects us. What’s that resonating Hummmmm?

## THURSDAY / April 30

*Graduation Ceremony for all of this year’s Hum participants at the Museum of Anthropology (MOA) 6:00 to 9:00. There was supper beforehand at the Haida House just behind at MOA, and students were welcome to bring guests for supper and to the Ceremony. (Some graduates moved straight into Science 101, a sister course which runs at UBC from May to August, and others stay involved as participants in other Hum courses, Public Programmes and/or active members of Hum’s Steering Committee—all graduates are welcome to come to every meeting.)*



## *Hum101/201 Compositions*

The writing compositions you will read in the following pages were produced by Hum101 and Hum201 participants. They are a combination of essays that were written in response to assignment questions set throughout the term—you can read the four questions below—and reflections that were written during class time and/or for this yearbook. Where both an essay and reflective writing piece were submitted, they are featured side-by-side—opening with an essay, followed by reflective writing.

ASSIGNMENT #1 FOR HUM101 AND HUM201 PARTICIPANTS  
*Due on Thursday October 16*

**Please write one page (500 - 600 words):**

Reflecting on your first month in Hum101 or Hum201, please write about what you notice about the cultures of learning and knowledge in your home neighbourhood and at UBC.

Remember that 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 a ‘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 has, 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).

So, again, reflecting on your first month in Hum101 or Hum201, please write about what you notice about the cultures of learning and knowledge in your home neighbourhood and at UBC.

Due on November 27

Please write one page (about 500 - 600 words).

Our classes on semiotics have taught us how to see familiar objects and images ('signs') with fresh eyes, and look for the culturally specific meanings that are embedded within them. In semiotics, a sign's meaning can change depending on the context in which it is seen, and the person who is interpreting it.

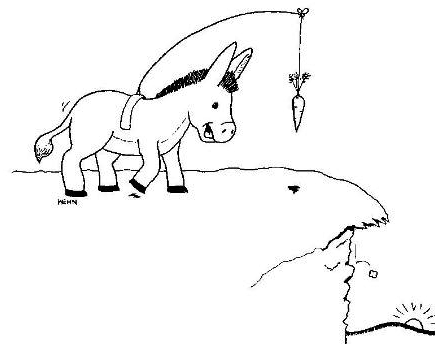
For this assignment choose one of the images on the following page to interpret. You will use the semiotic method to write about the literal definitions of the signs in the image ('denotation') as well as their culturally shared meanings ('connotation').

1. Notice or find a sign that interests you.
2. Describe what you see, as if you have never seen it before. This is the process of denotation (literal description).
3. Describe the shared cultural meanings of the sign. This is the process of connotation. How does the sign relate to the idea of carrots and sticks?

Keep in mind that:

- Denotation involves only a **surface** interpretation of the sign. Signs carry culturally specific meanings which change over time and place, and are interpreted by different audiences.
- As the interpreter, you can play with a sign's connotations to make different, critical and new meanings.

Just like we did in class, please select an image, and interpret it using the semiotic method.



### ASSIGNMENT #3 FOR HUM101 AND HUM201 PARTICIPANTS

Due on Tuesday January 20

#### **Please write one page (500 - 600 words):**

At the end of last term, we went to the Museum of Anthropology (MOA) for a tour with the Director, Anthony Shelton. While looking at the museum's collection, we saw—and in some cases touched—scores of artifacts from many different cultures, all displayed in particular ways.

For this assignment, please choose one or two artifacts from the collection that interest you; the ONLY CRITERIA is your own INTEREST! Please keep in mind your own personal interest in these artifacts: what drew you to them and what do they mean to you?

Then, find out about these artifacts. Use the museum's electronic catalogue system to do your research, and talk to people at the museum. You can access the catalogue by using the computers at the museum, just as Anthony

demonstrated. You can also see the entire catalogue online at <http://collectiona-online.moa.ubc.ca/>

If you would like to find out more information about the artifact(s), feel free to do some of your own research online or at the library. Limit yourself to one additional resource, as having too many resources can become too overwhelming.

Keep these questions in mind as you write: what are the artifacts' history, context, use, value (monetary or otherwise)? How did they get to be in the MOA collection? Semiotics might help; you could start by doing the denotation (description) and then the connotation (culturally shared meanings) of these artifacts.

Please write one page (approximately 600 words) about the artifact, and be ready to tell your classmates about it when we return for another class at MOA.

### ASSIGNMENT #4 FOR HUM101, HUM 201 AND WRITING PARTICIPANTS

Manifestos are a form of writing that belongs to the field called Rhetoric—the art of persuasion, of persuasive speech. Manifestos are statements of WHAT WE WANT! They are public declarations of our concerns, intentions, views, demands and desires for certain things to be possible. They can be made in any form—all the better if its form supports your content, such as an anti-smoking manifesto printed on lighters.

A big part of manifestos is the process you go through in making them – this is where your desires get formulated and your agency, your power to act and make meaning, blossoms (sometimes manifestos are called 'struggle-texts' and 'change-writing').

There are three key parts to a manifesto:

- a) who makes it ( ...we are the experts... )
- b) what's said and how it's said ( anti-smoking manifesto printed on lighters... )
- c) who hears it, who really listens to it. Remember, manifestos aim to persuade their listeners so that they're moved, and might even join them.

This is an old formulation—in fact, it's from the ancient Greek philosopher Aristotle's book *The Art of Rhetoric* from the 4<sup>th</sup> century B.C.E.

For this assignment, please make your own manifesto on any subject you like, on your own or with others, and in any form.

say What you want, and Who you want to listen, to be moved, even to join you in making this happen!

Remember to pay attention to: Who you are, How you



# Muskawiyinakopê escweo

(TAMMY HARPER) (CREE, CARRIER, FRENCH, SCOTTISH AND ENGLISH)

## / LET'S LEAVE ROOM FOR COMPASSION

I started a class called Humanities in September 2014 at the University of British Columbia. Experiencing the life of a student is an exciting feeling. The first things that I observed were the smells of the rich, fresh air and tall trees. The amount of people walking and running to and fro, building to building, gives off an almost chaotic feeling. Laptops and cellphones are at everyone's fingertips. University culture seems to be a separate culture from the rest of the world. I see books, pens, people, curriculum, living spaces on and off campus; and I notice that scarves and boots are popular in the wardrobe here. I love that there are many different cultures of peoples, all striving to make their mark on society.

Depending on where you live in Vancouver, being a student can also make you part of commuter culture. I take the transit twice a week, an hour's trip both ways on Tuesdays and Thursdays. I rush off from class to catch the 14 Downtown bus; it pulls out of the loop full. The diversity of all nations on this bus has me admiring each individual, their body language and clothing; they are young and old, all beautiful in different ways. Professors maybe? Students? Some tired, falling asleep, and others planning their evening's affairs. It all seems brighter in here at the moment. Colourful clothes, glowing faces, they are chitchatting about their day.

As we travel further we cross the Granville Bridge, and a change in culture happens. Clothes are darker shades of grey and black, faces are lowered, the bus feels less cheerful. We are now on Granville Street, nightlife and

bright lights, weekend warriors fill the streets. Rich, poor, black, red, white, it doesn't matter here.

As we travel further downtown, on Hastings Street there is another change that happens. In this culture, people now ask to get on the bus for free, lacking funds to pay, and makeshift carts and bags filled with bottles are now the norm. Scents are no longer of cherry shampoo and fruity perfume; they are now tobacco smells mixed with alcohol, with an undertone of urine. There are many factors and reasons for the feel of displacement and chaos, the incapacity to deal with life, here in the Downtown Eastside. Perhaps once rich and now poor, perhaps once happy but now destitute, perhaps once striving but now barely surviving. Drugs, drug dealers hustling, homelessness and mentally ill people forgotten and pushed even further away, hidden and morphed into different names. Social housing, recovery houses, eventually as time passes, lost, because of gentrification.

I know that there are 'cultures of learning' in the facets of life: the ones you learn from educationally, the ones you learn from family and the ones you learn from spiritually. We are naturally different—as our races, cultures and locations differ, our beliefs may differ—and we can respect and honour each other's differences and our rights to practice those ways. Whether in university culture, commuter culture or Downtown Eastside culture, this is what I want: rather than dividing, categorizing and labeling, or regarding people as 'better than' and 'less than,' let's leave room for compassion.

## */ EVENTUALLY THE PERSON I STARTED TO TRUST AND HAVE FAITH IN IS ME*

I'm a Native Indian, Cree, Carrier and I also have French, Scottish and English in my DNA. My English name is Tammy Marie Harper, but my true name is Muskawiyinakopê escweo, Bear Robe Woman.

I think that it is very important for women to be honoured and respected in a good way in this world. In my heart, this includes women living without homes, addicts, working girls, mothers fighting for their children, working single mothers, women helping women, Indigenous feminists. Unity and strength within the circle of life-givers: these are what we need to work toward. So I'm focusing on reconnecting with my Indigenous cultural traditions, reconnecting with myself culturally, surrounding myself with people who have integrity and, I am doing the work myself!

You might wonder, how did I become so disconnected? Why don't I tell you using the image we've been thinking with this year: 'no carrots, no sticks.'

Sticks I have known: displacement and colonization, being uprooted from my family and culture and taken and put into foster homes and an orphanage at a young age, shuffled through a broken system and put on medication in foster care. From this I have somehow brought myself into this society to be part of this world.

Having lost my connections has been really difficult, and having to readjust to living in a sober environment, after being a heroin addict in the Downtown Eastside day in day out, and surviving that and coming out and then trying to be part of society. Not having to be heartbroken anymore, so I could fade in and fade out and not be present. The drugs did get me through an unmanageable time—were they a carrot or a stick?

Carrots can help: winning my child back from social services permanently; claiming myself as an Indige-

nous person; and trying to find myself career-wise and educationally. While building myself up again from being totally assimilated, I have also held onto carrots for support. Even when I was being assimilated, I had to hold on to the help I could get: therapy and counseling; treatment—sometimes with Christian values—that was not based Indigenous traditions, since at that time I didn't know how to look for it. Eventually I found people who could help and did Sweat Lodge ceremonies, Indigenous programs, and AA. I attempted to do AA's 12 step work—it's not for everybody.

For any woman out there who is struggling at this moment, I just want to tell you that there is hope, and we can break the cycle of violence. Coming into Hum and having the actual educational experience, doing the readings, understanding our classes, having the epistemology part of it was huge to me. I went from knowing but not understanding before, and to now understanding it. Knowledge is key.

I have managed with a lot of support and self-encouragement and have reached a point of self-awareness. Now I am able to unclench my fist and let go of some of the shame and guilt, and admit that I just don't know. I found that there are people and resources out there so long as I reached out, showed up, and did my part. I learned that I could rely on my Native spirituality. Things started to look much better.

I can also tell you that being as low as I was in my life, there wasn't much left but just to hang on to my spirituality and trust someone and believe that with a little bit of faith and compassion, anything could happen. Eventually, the person I started to trust and have faith in is me.

# Terry Robin Wagner

## */CULTURE IS ORDINARY*

Everyday life in my environment is full of cultural changes over time and space. Each day as I step through my door, absorbing the outside world is such a learning experience. As I take transit from East Van, the multiculturalism and the range of generations are quite interesting. You see all economic spectrums, from the homeless to the career person, school kids to university students, and in particular, a lot of ethnic diversity.

As I start my day on the bus, we go through different transit stops. It is interesting to point out that you can totally see the demographics of who gets on and off in East Van, Downtown, Kitsilano, Point Grey, and UBC. Each area has its unique charm and feel. East Van has the allure of the working class and the homeless. You hear conversations about getting whatever is needed for the day, whether taking care of basic necessities for the household or work: living for the moment not worrying about the trivial things that seem fulfilling. Now, Downtown, especially the business district, it is all about economics. The focus is all about business, whether it's about sales, marketing, education, or climbing up the economic ladder. Motivation to move higher seems to fill the air in every term. There are many construction projects there. Kitsilano, on the other hand, is an active community where people are always focusing on recreational activities. You see many people with sporting

gear and attire for leisure. Fun in the sun seems to be the motto, rain or shine. I see, regardless of any background, we all strive to be better. We learn whether we are in academia, or just plain street smart where we are just surviving and trying to get a head.

As I get to my final destination, which is UBC, I am infused with excitement and joy. Young people of all walks of life striving to succeed and find the meaning of life. Culture filters through society and we choose how to interpret and adopt it. I truly believe culture comes from the streets, whether it's the fashion of clothes, music, hair, conversation topics, politics, attitudes, or compliancy/happiness. The thing we share in common is that we all seem to have smartphones as fashion accessories. The majority of knowledge is channeled through the internet, whether it's the news, social networking, academics, recreation, or recipes for tonight's dinner. It has a tremendous influence on how we learn and feel.

The greatest accomplishment one can achieve is to find happiness and fulfillment. If you're not learning, you're not living. There are many disciplines at UBC and Hum101 has taught me that they are all interconnected. The old adage of how the universe is one applies. Culture is how people come together in society, what binds us together.

## */ THE ARCHTECTURE OF HUMANITY*

Enrolling in the Humanities 101 Program has been one of the most enlightening experiences in the mature part of my life. I have always longed for a university experience of higher learning and was not sure what to expect. The program was a cluster of many disciplines all intertwined with the purpose of answering the age-old question, "What is the meaning of life?" One discipline really stood out in terms of how every discipline correlates to others; architecture.

I have always been fascinated with architecture, ever since I was quite young, when I played with Lego. I loved the beauty and the structural engineering behind it. Hum101 has shown me more about the discipline than structures. The moral issues of an architect are something I had never fathomed. Does an architect have a moral obligation to humanity? Should they deny their service when commissioned for projects that are harmful to humanity? The discipline of Philosophy comes into play.

Throughout time, man has created many structures that have been detrimental to society. The discipline of Philosophy has taught us about responsibility and accountability, doing what's right and avoiding what's wrong. Whether it was the building of concentration camps, military complexes, prisons, or Indian residential schools, someone had to design them. The discipline of First Nations Studies has showed us how catastrophic policies and structures have scarred entire generations.

Gentrification is a process Vancouver is facing, one which the First Nations Peoples have faced throughout history, in extreme ways. City planners and architects must make choices about business and what's good for the people as a whole. Yet another example of an architect trying to balance the pendulum of fairness and equality, and here the disciplines focusing on capitalism and Marxism come in.

Architecture symbolizes many facets of society. It can showcase many aspects of what the project represents. It can represent wealth and accomplishments, beauty, history, concepts, peace, technology, functionality, remembrance, and more. There is always some sort of ornament adorned on a structure, and semiotics can be used to interpret those ornaments.

As we approach the end of the year for Hum101, I am overjoyed and fulfilled at the journey we have taken. It has inspired and motivated. Just the fact that we were part of UBC is an extreme self-esteem booster. It has opened up a whole world of yearning to search, explore, and learn. I am also extremely blown away at how the program was designed, how all these disciplines from practically all the Faculty of Arts were coordinated, choreographed, interwoven, and executed so seamlessly in a highly entertaining way. It was pure genius in how professor Margot Butler and her dedicated staff brought this program to life. I would one day like to know if it was reverse engineering or what process was used to accomplish this feat of genius. My will to seek and learn has been ignited and I do not know how to thank UBC and all those that made this happen.

# Sandra Delorme

## */BROKEN CULTURE*

I am a fourth generation survivor of the Indian residential school system, and I come from a broken culture. My parents were alcoholics. My father was a functional alcoholic who raised me. He tried his best. While I was in day school, I witnessed all kinds of abuse that no child should witness. I suffered from PTSD as a result of my traumatic life. I tried to better my life by upgrading my education for five years, but I got involved with the drug culture.

Chaotic and dangerous environments were what I was used to. Getting involved in the drug business was not a healthy decision. This harsh lifestyle is possible because of the surreal drug culture that feeds thousands of addicts all over the Lower Mainland. I had five people working for me, until one day I lost my only son, Howard Delorme, in a stolen car. My grandson was born five days later.

Three weeks after the death of Howard, social services apprehended my grandchild from his mother. The social worker phoned me to ask me if I could look after my grandson. I had to fight like hell to keep him in my care because my crazy life on Hastings St. meant I had drug trafficking and other charges against me. I had to change my life around, which meant not selling drugs, so I forced myself to get out of the drug trade. This led me into poverty. I spent 10 years like this, relying on food banks to feed my children, but living in poverty was tiring. I sought education, which to me meant freedom and self-reliance.

I said to my friend Roberta Keepness, "Let's go and write an essay for the Vancouver School board (VSB), and see what grade we're in?" So we went to the VSB on Powell Street, and we wrote our essays. Dawn Courage marked them and she told us that we were ready for UBC. I was so scared that I almost started to cry. Roberta and I went off to the Carnegie Centre to meet Dr. Margot Butler and Paul Woodhouse, and I had all four children with me. Paul called me a week later to let me know that I got accepted into Writing101. I cried when he told me. In my past I never believed King Edward Campus' instructors when they told me that I had a writing talent. However, I completed Writing101. Alison, the Writing coordinator, marked my papers with comments that were powerful, compelling and said "nice work" and "thanks for sharing."

I enrolled into Hum101 this fall. At UBC, there are 39,000 undergraduates and almost 10,000 students on this beautiful, huge campus. It is located in one of Van city's wealthiest areas. My classes are on Tuesday and Thursday nights. We covered the Indian residential school system, a topic that I loved. These schools were a form of genocide, where First Nations children were forced into for 130 years. The schools stripped children of their culture, language, identity and everything that was of value to them, and they were also sexually, physically and emotionally abused.

## */RESILIENCE OF THE BUFFALO PEOPLE*

For one of our classes we were given a reading, 'What were we thinking, Ten Windows on the Past,' by Dr. Wendy Fletcher. I thought, how horrible was that genocide, forcing my people into horrible Indian residential schools. Right in the beginning stages of colonization, the colonizers gave First Nations people blankets that contained small pox as a form of germ warfare; it resulted in an epidemic amongst the First Nations people across Canada. I know these stories. My culture is one based in oral traditions, and growing up, my father would share these and many other stories with me.

The Canadian government could not control the Plains People, so as a strategy—along with the American government—they put a price on each buffalo head. This almost led to the extinction of the buffalo. No buffalo meant no food, and no survival for the First Nations people of the Great Plains. Because their people were starving, many great Chiefs were forced into signing treaties. However, a few badass Métis men stood up and died fighting for their rights. I am a direct descendent of Michael Trottier, who died in

the Louis Riel rebellion in 1885. This was a battle that was fought and lost against the Canadian government.

The Davin report of 1879 says the first Indian residential school system was built to get rid of the 'Indian problem' (Fletcher 2011). After Davin consulted with the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) in the U.S, he concluded that, "It is cheaper to educate an Indian than kill one." One hundred and thirty years of torture, starvation, physical and sexual abuse by the government and churches who ran these residential schools all across Canada. Four generations of horrible treatment. The last residential school closed in 1986, but the legacy lives on. These schools are to blame for my people's social dysfunction.

Small pox blankets, the slaughter of buffalo, and Indian residential schools couldn't kill the Indian in us because we are resilient, we are still here, and we are a thriving part of Canadian culture.

### **References**

Fletcher, Wendy. 2011. "What Were We Thinking: Ten Windows on the Past." Paper prepared for Exploration in Indigenous Spirituality and Reconciliation.



## Chan, Pak Keung

### */ CULTURES OF LEARNING AND KNOWLEDGE*

I usually go to the Hum101 class by taking bus number 3 on Main Street, near to Hastings Street. Those passengers waiting for buses will notice a heritage building just behind the bus stop. It is of European style architecture, made with stone blocks. This building has two big, high stone pillars sitting in front of the main entrance. I can see inside through glass windows where there is a nice spiral staircase. The Carnegie Community Centre is located in the building. In the 1930s, the antique building was originally the general library of the City of Vancouver. Across from the bus stop there is a post office. Those residents nearby use it to mail letters and parcels. Beside the post office is another unique squared architecture. This antique construction is made from stone blocks and has a Greek constructional style and at each corner there are beautiful carvings on the walls. This building is used as a branch by the Royal Bank. The Royal Bank branch provides bicycle racks for the convenience of their clients who come to the bank with their bicycles.

The bus stop has a light emitting diode (LED) indicator that is mounted on an iron post. The LED indicator is used to display the schedule of the next bus. It can show the number of the next bus, the buses destination and the buses arrival time. I find many but not all buses have installed bicycle racks on the head of the bus. It is convenient for those passengers with bicycles because they are able to place their bicycle on the rack and hook it up securely.

On the bus, when I pay the bus fare, I will get a transfer ticket which acts as proof-of-payment to let me transfer to the 99 bus going to the UBC campus. Any bus will allow those passengers with transfer tickets to get on the bus from the middle door, or the back door.

I am used to having a meal in the Student Union Building (SUB) after I arrive on UBC campus. I notice that some foods such as burgers, pizza, cookies and donuts are the students' favorite foods and the preferred drink is coffee. When I walk out of the Student Union Building to go to the classroom, I see a person who enjoys playing music sitting in front of a piano. The sweet music fascinates many audiences who give a glance to the pianist. I leave for home after class. On the way to the bus station, next to the SUB there is a bicycle co-op in which the volunteers help bikers repair and make adjustments to their bicycles for a nominal fee.

On the way from home to the UBC campus, Canadians may not notice the cultures of learning and knowledge because the trip is so ordinary and routine. But as a Chinese person, I observe that the antique architectures bicycle racks outside the Royal Bank or at the head of the bus, the LED indicator, the transfer ticket, getting on a bus from the back door, playing the piano outside of the SUB, the foods preferences, the bicycle co-op on the campus—these are integral parts of Canadian cultures because these particular ways of doing something are Canadian practices. The practices have been gained by learning from their parents, friends, and neighbors, or from the broader society. The practices will be passed down from generation to generation. No other place on the earth has the same situation as here. I believe that culture is ordinary. We can learn and acknowledge our cultures from unique heritage constructions, the way we live, our behaviour and habitual preferences.

## */ CARROT AND STICK APPROACH*

The “carrot and stick” approach refers to a policy of offering a combination of rewards and punishments to induce human behavior because the carrot and the stick represent the reward and the punishment, respectively (Wikipedia). People believe that rewards and punishment influence individual behavior. Thus, to achieve their intentions, folks in our society will apply rewards and punishments in different combinations, such as ‘no carrot only stick’ approach, ‘all carrots no stick’ approach, or ‘no carrot no stick’ approach.

The most workable and useful approach is ‘the carrot or the stick,’ which provides benefits e.g. money in order to persuade people to do something and punishments if people refuse to do it. On the other hand, the ‘no carrot and no stick’ approach is a ridiculous method only the fools believe in using because this method would never work in practice on the earth.

‘The carrot or the stick’ method is a common usage to teach children and students. First, the school teachers often compliment students on their doings, because the praise can make students feel greatly successful. Therefore the teachers are successfully able to motivate their students. However, when the teacher faces a naughty student, he will punish the student. I remember when I was a young boy taking elementary school, when I broke the school regulations, the penalty was that I needed to write 100 sentences. I will not break the school regulations again. Second, when a parent faces his well-behaved children, the parent treats them with a can of coke or some candies. Since most children adore candies and cokes, these foods could cause the children to obey to their parents. Nevertheless, when coping with a stubborn child, the parent can forbid him from watching television as punishment. However, if the ‘no carrot and no stick’ approach was completely

dominant on the earth, it would definitely be harmful to the students and children because it means not allowing us to use encouragement and punishment. Hence, students would have a lack of confidence and children’s behavior would be stubborn and aggressive.

Businessmen tend to use reward rather than penalty in their business. When a company promotes its merchandise or new products on the market, the company will provide a discount for the customers to buy its goods. Besides, when a business sells many things, it makes plenty of profits. The employer thus inspires his salesmen to work hard to sell as many goods as they can. The employer will offer the salesmen an attractively high commission. They will also obtain a bonus as their sales volume reaches a certain quota. Next the employer usually rewards faithful diligent employees by raising their wage or salary. For the excellent employee, the employer will promote him to a higher position in order to encourage him or her to stay at the company. However, when the employer finds any employee who lazes about during his work, he will give him a severe castigation. Moreover, when some administrator mismanages the company, the board of directors will terminate his employment by firing him. In contrast, using a ‘no carrots no sticks’ approach does not have either effects or results, or bring the company profits because firstly, it cannot stimulate the employees’ motivation, and secondly, it cannot remove unqualified employees.

The chasing of beneficial rewards and the fear of punishment are inherent in human nature, so I believe that ‘the carrot or the stick’ approach is workable. The Gold Rush is a proof of this. As well, Humans use a system of punishment, and people who do not break the law are proof.

### **References**

Wikipedia. <[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Carrot\\_and\\_stick](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Carrot_and_stick)>. 2014.

*/FORGIVE ME, FOR I KNOW NOT WHAT I'M WRITING*

Cultures of learning. It seems that the more lectures I attend at UBC, the fuzzier this phrase is to me. How shall I write about this 'cultures of learning?' Shall I take this at an axiological standpoint and philosophize about its value in the peoples (plural, because I still see us as divided) of Vancouver? Shall I dissect it as a cultural studies enthusiast would and identify the people, power, knowledge and place concerning the issue? Or shall I be creative and see this as Arthur Allen would: taking a photo of little details and figure out what it all means?

You can imagine how overwhelming this one bit of phrase, 'cultures of learning,' is to the youngest in Hum101. I simply do not know where to start. But I cannot put this off much longer—not when the person responsible for the essays has asked me about mine a couple times already, shame on me. (How many words have I wasted?) So, in this desperate time, I shall put Hemingway's words into action: "To get started, write one true sentence." And my truth begins with what I first saw.

As recent immigrant, I saw Vancouver with fresh eyes and boy, what a beauty!—and I'm not only talking about architecture and nature (you know, the visual stuff). I found beauty in the opportunities easily within reach. Libraries are stationed all around Vancouver just waiting for their contents to be devoured. Ads of colleges and universities call out to me like siren songs. If you look hard enough and are lucky (I did and I was), you might even get to join an amazing university program (c'mon, be smug; you know I'm talking about Hum) without monetary cost.

So, for someone who first looked from outside the shell, I would have said that Vancouver and its peoples value learning so much, they make it easy. Emphasis on the 'would have.' Not saying that I do, because, then, I started meeting people ... and the shell cracked mockingly wide.

See, the problem with abundance is, you get used to it to a point where it becomes invisible.

In the library, I rarely find people browsing from shelf to shelf to look for hidden gems. They simply head towards the popular section and curse when the latest supernatural young adult read is once again unavailable.

I ask acquaintances (I have yet to have friends, sad face) about what colleges and universities are like and I kid you not, they repeat the same answer in different renditions, "It's great; it helps you find a better job afterwards."

Is that really all post-secondary education is good for around here? A step closer towards higher income? Is learning just a fad? Another market for capitalists to exploit? Is this Vancouver's culture towards learning?

You would think that my time at Hum101 would deviate me from such depressing thoughts. After all, twice a week, I am surrounded by strange fellows such as myself who gather simply to learn in the wee hours when we should be outside partying (masochists, we are). There are teachers and volunteers who dedicate their time and effort in Hum, such as the person who is about to critique this absurdly informal essay (good luck, mate). I should be able to think the gooey inside of the egg I popped into is as pretty and shiny as its outside shell, right?

But no, alas, I don't. In fact, Hum only made it worse (darn you, Hum). Hum's classes only made it evident about how education is easily tailored to suit the image of those in power. For example, how in schools there is little awareness of the plight of First Nations and their languages as if to keep Canada's history clean.

Hum also showed me how many of us (yes, including me) have stopped asking questions and seeing the things we don't know. I mean, imagine the countless people passing by the intricate decors on architecture without asking what they all mean. We don't care anymore. The philosophers in us lie dormant and we let them. We take what we are given and make learning, education a means to a materialistic end.

But, I don't want this to end on a sour note. There is hope, after all, for Vancouver's culture of learning to shift towards a better state. Hum showed me that much. But, how do we change such a dry culture? I don't know. I have yet to wrap my head around it myself. And this concludes my truth. Thank you, Hemingway, for getting me started.

# Joshua-Kali Garcia

## / CULTURES OF LEARNING

As I reflect on my first month as a student here at UBC there are things I noticed about the cultures of learning and knowledge. The overall vibe of the campus is positive, alive and upbeat. This feeling of enlightened energy flows freely in the architecture supporting this place and I am learning. There are many large glass windows, vaulted ceilings and spacious quarters. The sense of grandeur is just enough to state confidence but not at all pretentious.

The students beam with pride as I grace the halls. There is a happiness to be a part of this place of higher learning that is humbling and infectious. The students appear collected and are seldom late or frustrated or confused looking. Their discipline reflects, to me, an appreciation for the shared experience of attending university. What stands out most to me is the set up and use of the eating areas. Students eat alone in front of the books and computers. Their food is seen for exactly what it is; fuel to continue their studies. There are few social

set-ups. Unlike a restaurant, catering to a social crowd, these tables and chairs do little to support the socially inclined or most talkative students. Rather, eating spaces are designed for those eating on the fly between classes with little time for comfort and chitchat. There is nothing abnormal about eating in isolation here at UBC.

The culture of learning in our classroom however is much different. Isolation is not an option as we sit in 'pods.' We sit around the outside of tables that have been pushed together, facing in. We're in one another's direct line of vision. So no one goes unnoticed unless they are absent. I like this. I like this very much. Each person's presence is appreciated. These pods invite us to engage with one another, providing an opportunity for discussion. We discuss our weekly readings and what they mean to us. And although in the time allotted we each only share our 'two cents,' the value of our communication is priceless.



## / REFLECTION

I applied for Hum101 last summer while attending rehab in the Downtown Eastside. One afternoon, just looking for an excuse to get out of the building, I tagged along with a friend of mine from the treatment centre to an info session for the Hum program at Carnegie Hall. I had no idea what to expect, but I was curious, and by the time the program director, Margot Leigh Butler, had finished speaking I was literally on the edge of my seat eager to apply.

I was raised as a typical North American boy and grew up like many, speaking only English. Though I am of Mexican decent I rarely ever identify as such, let alone 'Latino.' Early on, educators insisted if my siblings and I were to be successful we were not to learn Spanish. With no linger of another language in my speech I was always that kid with 'a permanent tan' among my Caucasian friends, or that 'whitewashed' wannabe among 'true' Latinos.

Our class entitled "Living in the Hyphen" really hit close to home. I easily identified with the people from multiracial families, who like me struggle to identify with members of their ethnic race. In particular I relate to those who as a child were often mistaken for and even teased as being adopted.

After learning about Colonialism and its effects on the Aboriginal peoples of Canada, I find myself asking: was I robbed of a second language like those raised in the residential school system? Is my lack of racial identity the result of post-colonial racism? Furthermore, is my disconnect from the Latino community rooted in shame from early childhood education?

Perhaps language is a larger barrier than skin colour? After all, one look at my face and you'd swear I'd have no problem fitting in south of the American border with friends named 'Juan' and 'Carlos,' not 'Chris' and 'Sean.' Nevertheless I'm not terribly concerned in answering these questions. I'm rather amazed just to be asking them.

Hum101 gave me an opportunity to examine the lives of others while provoking my own in unexpected ways, and thus an activist that I did not know lay dormant, was awakened. Issues of discrimination—such as gentrification and globalization—opened my eyes to woes far greater than mine and aroused something inside me to scream for justice for those living under oppression. I now have a deeper reverence for humanity and a strong desire to help in any way I can.

I am absolutely astonished to have had this remarkable opportunity to grow and learn among such gifted people. This time of unity and solidarity with my peers has given me a sense of belonging for which I am truly grateful.

# HEATHER BLAIS

## / THE LEGEND OF SNAUQ

The following writing is a creative essay that integrates my writing with a number of significant readings from the Hum101/201 course: 'Goodbye, Snaug' by Lee Maracle; 'A Different Yield' by Linda Hogan; 'What Were We Thinking: Ten Windows on the Past' by Wendy Fletcher; and writing from 'Spirits of the West Coast Art Gallery.'

Once upon a time there was a beautiful bay in a beautiful land. The water was fresh, clean, cold and clear. It was filled with many fish and flourishing plants in and around the edges. The surrounding forests were thick with huge trees, 400 ft. high and 16 ft. in girth. They were the biggest trees in the whole world. It was a rainforest with cedar, sequoia, arbutus and douglas firs, which were extremely important in providing oxygen to the world.

Orcas, dolphins, seals, sea lions and otters frolicked in the ocean. They chased the abundant fish swimming in the bay. The surrounding forest had: bears, wolves, cougars, raccoons, deer, elk, rabbits, squirrels and skunks.

Three Native tribes lived happily here; fishing, hunting, farming, and gathering their food. They wove clothes from the hair of mountain sheep and dogs, carved bowls, cutlery, and boxes out of wood, cured illnesses with medicinal plants. They took very good care of their children, teaching them how to make things they needed, how to hunt, cook, carve and paddle a canoe. They told their children many stories passed down through their grandfathers and grandmothers, to teach them all about the world, how to respect the land, water, animals, and their fellow tribes.

They were spiritual people, who felt connected to their land and water, so they revered the spirits of the living trees, and all the creatures of the land, air, and water.

*The Raven was a God who symbolized creation, knowledge, and was a trickster. The Eagle was the master of the skies and carried prayers to the Creator, flying between the physical and spiritual world. Only a powerful warrior could earn an eagle feather. The Owl was a bird of wisdom, intuition, magic, and prophecy. The Salmon fish symbolized abundance, prosperity, fertility and renewal. The tribes subsisted on salmon and believed they were immortal humans disguised as fish. The Wolf represents loyalty, family, understanding, and good communication. The people carved totem poles with creatures they admired to represent their family clans.*

Each summer the three tribes would gather at the beach of their beautiful bay to harvest the food for winter, plan marriages and play a gambling game called Lahal. The men would go hunting for ducks, grouse, geese, deer and elk. The women stayed with their children in the village and picked berry bushes while they laughed and told jokes and old stories.

They raked the oyster and clam beds on the sandbar of their bay. 'Snaug' means sandbar in their language. They picked sea asparagus, and blue camas along the shoreline, along with mushrooms and wild medicinal plants. They tilled fields of wild cabbage, and tended the smokehouses and drying racks filled with sturgeon, oolichans, spring and sockeye salmon, and clams.

Khatsahlano and his wife Swanamia, and their 3 children had grown up around their beautiful bay, which they called the Snaug. His father was named Khatsahlanough, and he came as a young man when Chief George (Chipkayam) of the Squamish nation decided to move to the area because a smallpox epidemic killed almost all the people from the Tsleil-Waututh nation in Deep Cove. The third tribe of people were the Musqueam nation who lived on the land of what is now UBC. Chief George built longhouses on the shore of what is now Granville Island. Kitsalano Beach is named after Khatsahlano. Khatsahlano and his tribe lived peacefully, until one day Invaders from a faraway land uprooted them and tore them away from their traditional ways.

The Invaders were Europeans who had arrived in huge ships, surveyed the beautiful bay, and reported back to foreign powers who decided to move in and build a city. They spoke strange languages, and had strange behaviour also. They were mostly men, and they had foreign rules excluding Natives and claiming land belonged to them. They first started cutting down all the trees.

The invaders dumped sewage, toxic chemicals from sawmills, and garbage into the Snaug. The Natives kept waiting to see if they would stop and notice they were ruining the water and the environment. But the invaders did not stop. They cut down all the trees, built sawmills, factories, roads and endless houses. Then the invaders dredged and drained the Snaug to make more land to build a railway yard. Originally the waters were over a mile wide. The gathering place for summer harvest was in John Hendry Park. This happened between 1850 AD and 1905 AD.

One terrible day the European invaders came to Khatsahlano, Swanamia, and their tribe at Snaug and demanded they leave their home. "Only 3 duffles worth" the skipper of a

barge shouted at them. Swanamia choked on tears as she tried to choose treasured items. There were hand woven clothes, cutlery, bowls, and boxes hand carved by Khatsahlano, baskets Swanamia made that took hours to pound the cedar roots before weaving.

They were taken away by a barge to a reserve on the north shore. Several women gasped as the invaders set fire to their longhouses. The men who set the fires were cheering. It was horrific and the whole tribe was in trauma over the loss of their village. Swanamia had no reference point to understand the invaders motives.

Khatsahlano never gave up fighting for his rights. In 1905 he gathered a group of determined men and marched all over British Columbia to fight the law that made natives non-citizens. He memorized the laws of British colonial relations with other countries. He formed the Allied Tribes, the first modern organization of Aboriginal people. The current organization is the Squamish Nation Band Council.

The natives suffered many indignities and losses over Khatsahlano's lifetime. He lived until 1967. In an old picture he is standing with his son, both of them wearing sheep's wool coats made by Swanamia, who lovingly decorated the coats with fur, feathers, shells and fringe.

All the medicinal plants, wild foods and fish were gone from the Snauq due to pollution dumped in the water, and all the berry bushes and trees gone due to development.

According to Mr. N.F. Davin's study (year) the Canadian government decided to solve the "Indian problem" by educating the Aboriginal children. They concluded it was "cheaper to educate an Indian than kill one." The government sent the RCMP to every Native family to forcibly take their children and put them in Indian residential schools.

The children were abused in many ways in these institutions, by teachers

with no qualifications and assistants with no mercy. The government gave such a low budget that many children were starving, eating from school gardens. The schools were dilapidated, with poor ventilation. Teachers abused the children, beating them for speaking their own language, working slave labour with no medical care, so many suffered tuberculosis, and in some schools as many as 40% died.

They were not permitted to see their parents for many years. It's almost too much to think these children were also sexually abused. Finally sent home in their late teens, they were so traumatized that many turned to drinking and drugs, and couldn't speak of what they had suffered. They were unable to speak their own language, know any of their traditions, or relate to their own family.

Somehow the people must return to their roots to heal and to flourish. Marie Battiste writes in *Reclaiming Indigenous Voice and Vision*, that in the distant past all cultures had myths that told us of listening to nature on a spiritual level, treating it with respect, and careful contemplation

Psychologist C.A. Meier notes that the whole of Western society is approaching a physical and mental breaking point. The result is a spiritual fragmentation accompanying our ecological destruction.

We are looking for a connection with Earth that returns us to our own sacredness, to a self love and respect that will carry out to others.

I am a European, first generation Canadian, and my children are European and Aboriginal from Canada. They are true Canadian and a joy to my heart. If we discriminate against others we are kicking ourselves. We must regain that spirituality that encompasses love for all people, all animals, and the Earth, so we can all Live Happily Ever After.

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# Violet Bittern

(SAULTEAUX OJIBWAY NATION)

## / BLUE DONKEY SIGHTINGS FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE CARROT



Bold capitalization: ‘THE DEATH of AMBITION!’ The caption written in black and white is giving the view that there are only two options or opinions working here: wrong/right, bad/good. And that there is only one vision of how life is to be in the eyes of society and the government.

Two scenarios: the first, sat upon, striving to get the orange carrot, the prizes of life, the ambitions and the pursuit of fulfillment and happiness; and the second, underneath and with us, the blue mule of the working class of society, a class that we all take part in in life.

This cartoon lampoons a way of living in an ‘acceptable’ manner in society that echoes the government’s view. The first image we’ve seen a million times. The second image shows the ‘unacceptable class’, people who are dazzled by this crispy white government cheque which represents the death of ambition and the death of so-

ciety’s standings. But, from the donkey’s perspective, this is not so, since government cheques can be Income Assistance, Employment Insurance and Disability Benefits for people who cannot work at the present time. Family Allowance and BC Bonus supplements can help families to barely emerge out of poverty if they are under the tax brackets of the middle class.

Who is the man in the green coat? It’s the government’s image of itself, sitting down. Does it see itself riding on us, and with its stick and carrot, offering a robotic life, generation after generation? The old image of the rich riding on the backs of the poor. When the donkey sits, it has time to reflect on its own path, to learn a new way to gain its own fulfillment and pursuit of happiness. I wonder, does the government do the same?

## / Being...IN...Hum

I had a great time in all of the classes this year. I gained new insights and views from each class and from the great field trips we went on, especially the trip to the Vancouver Art Gallery where I was frozen in place by some paintings in the exhibition, *Unscrolled: Reframing Tradition in Chinese Contemporary Art*. White paint had been used to cover landscapes, but I could still see the paintbrush marks which made me ponder what was underneath.

Discovering that I am a visual learner in our 'Learning to learn' class gave me insight into why I really like the semiotics classes. I like doing semiotic's steps, denotation and connotation, because they help me to understand images better and to analyze the hidden meanings of pictures—I guess you can tell that I like reading between the storylines! Oh, no wonder I liked those particular paintings at the Art Gallery—there too, I was seeing underneath the plainness of the white-coloured paint.

As a Hum201 participant, I was really keen to research the images for our class project, a mystifying card game where players use cards in unusual and imaginative ways. I wondered: which images would correlate with the course content, the course theme of 'no carrots, no sticks,' and which images would other participants connect with? To make this game, the Hum201 participants met every week for the whole academic year, using neither carrots nor sticks—everybody had their own ideas and we connected them together to make our very own game idea into a reality.

When I was in Hum101 last year I had a vision of how Hum201 would be, but the experience turned out to be more diverse than I had thought. I became more involved in Hum's community connections and community learning by attending Hum's Steering Committee meetings and documentary film evenings at Carnegie Centre, learning about the Carnegie Community Action Project, and joining Hum people for the 25<sup>th</sup> Women's Memorial March through the Downtown Eastside on Valentine's Day.

For me, this year was more exciting. I felt more informed and made new friends. I was more into the Programme, more into the group, in the class, in the frame, in the framework. I was within the frame and part of the framework this year. I am IN...Hum.

# Hunddee Oddaa

*/CATCH ME IF YOU CAN*



I am interested in analyzing this visual semiotic sign: the carrot and the guy who wants to catch the carrot, as well as the hand that is holding the stick that has the carrot hung on it.

The carrot is green, fresh, a bright orange colour with a stem and leaves. It is flung in front of him, very close-by. It looks like it's catchable, holdable, enjoyable, likeable, edible at any moment. He is so attracted to the carrot, so eager to get the carrot that all his focus is on looking ahead; he's not thinking that he can never catch it.

This man who wants to catch the carrot looks like he could jump up into the air; he's going for it! He stretches his body as much as he can and forces himself to try to catch this impossible carrot without enough knowledge of the heavy-handed truth behind this carrot.

His devotion is misplaced because he hasn't calculated what's going on. He doesn't understand. What is behind him and controlling the stick with the carrot hung on it? No matter how hard he tries, no matter how much effort is needed to catch the carrot, he will not succeed. Though we can see that this guy approaches the goal with all of his gestures, stretching his arms and his hands, splitting his legs, it does not change anything. His whole body is pitched toward that tasty carrot. He wants to have this nice thing to nourish his body and his future.

The change will come only if the guy looks behind and learns who is controlling the carrot with the stick hung on it, who is controlling the distance between the carrot and the him, and asks why they are controlling him this way, from behind. Even so, he may believe that if he catches this one carrot, he will succeed in his whole life and achieve happiness. He may be the kind of guy who thinks that if he doesn't catch the carrot, he'll learn to become stronger so that he can catch it in the future. "Catch me if you can" it's saying, and if you can't, then you must get stronger...Then again, what if we are the kind of guys who become bigger, together?

The hand behind the man that is holding the stick is controlling the man's efforts and his abilities to catch the stick. Therefore, the beautiful carrot in front of the man is not really edible, it is just a tool of empire and the controllers that they can use to control the people's attention, abilities and efforts to get what they want. They can show you something beautiful and then not let you have it. In this way, you become a slave. In closing, my hope and wish is to fight the empires which make the society blind, and who suck people's life-blood, brought to justice. I believe that together we can make the impossible into the possible.



## / AN INDIGENOUS VOICE ON COLONIZATION

I am from Oromia, which you likely know as Ethiopia—the country’s name was changed from Abyssinia to Ethiopia when it occupied Oromo land in the south and central areas (Gnamo, p. 120). Before the occupation in the 1880s (Jimjimo, p. 2), Oromo administrated itself under the ‘Gaada system,’ a system which had served the basis of democratic and egalitarian political systems and helped the Oromo people maintain democratic political, economic, social civilization and religious institutions for many centuries.

The Oromo nation’s 30 million people, who represent half of Ethiopia’s total population (Jimjimo, p. 5), speak a single common mother tongue called ‘Afaan Oromo,’ and share a basic common culture. After Arabic and Hausa, Afaan Oromo is the third most widely spoken language in Africa and the second most widely spoken Indigenous language in Africa, south of the Sahara.

Oromia has a very rich culture fostered by the size of the population and a large landmass with diverse climate conditions. Oromians believe in Waaqa Tokkich (the one God) who created heaven and earth, and has a spiritual connection through which he connects himself to his creatures (Melbaa, p. 19).

Though my family is there, I left Oromia in 1991 because the conditions were horrendous, with ‘sweeping repression’ and people being killed and put in jail. I was looking for opportunities to educate myself, express myself freely and find freedom. I was attracted to Canada because it is a free country where people can pursue what they want. But when I arrived, I found that there is hardship here, too.

I personally believe that the First Nations in Canada and Indigenous Oromians have many common problems that they have faced because they were occupied by colonizers.

Since the occupation, First Nations in Canada have suffered and have been abused by endless, complicated colonial systems. These great Nations almost lost their identity, culture, base, language, land, spirituality and

more. One of the tools that the Canadian government and churches used to destroy the meaning of love and happiness for children, parents and families involved taking children away from their sweet homes and families, and putting them in Indian residential schools and foster homes. To me these are not homes, they are liveable ‘home graves’ in life; they disrupt family ties and create dysfunction because children have been robbed of the care of their families’ love and attachment, their cultures, stories, spirituality and happiness, widely.

I consider myself lucky to be between two countries—Canada and Oromia—and to be a witness in both countries to the systemic similarities and differences.

In my own country, I am one of the Indigenous people who have been abused by our colonizers. In October 2014, Amnesty International released a report on what Ethiopia is doing to the Oromo people. An article published in *The Guardian*, headlined “Ethiopia ‘ruthlessly targeting’ and torturing Oromo people”, says Amnesty: the damning report says thousands of people from country’s largest ethnic group are subjected to abuse including rape and killings:

Thousands of people from the Oromo ethnic group have been “regularly subjected to arbitrary arrest, prolonged detention without charge, enforced disappearance, repeated torture and unlawful state killings,” according to a damning report based on more than 200 testimonies. “Dozens of actual or suspected dissenters have been killed.” Former detainees who have fled the country and were interviewed by Amnesty in neighbouring Kenya, Somaliland and Uganda described torture “including beatings, electric shocks, mock execution, burning with heated metal or molten plastic and rape, including gang-rape,” the report added. One young girl said hot coals had been dropped on her stomach because her father was suspected of supporting the Oromo Liberation Front (OLF), while a teacher described how he was stabbed in the eye with a bayonet after he refused to teach “propaganda about the ruling party” to students. (www.theguard-

ian.com/world/2014/oct/28/ethiopia-torture-oromo-group-amnesty-rape-killings)

I have witnessed what seems like endless killing since the declaration of war, with bombing all the time from the land and from airplanes in the sky. The rain of weapons and clouds of smoke are unspeakable. The death of innocent people, animals, trees and mountains, and the poisoning of rivers are hard to explain. The rape of women, abuse of children, robbing of property, burning of houses, burning of crops, of trees and of bushes has always been the colonizer's work, alongside the bombing. Furthermore, the cutting of the right breast from the strongest women, the cutting of the right hand from the strongest men in Anole (in Arsii region) and the mass killing in Azule (in Arsii region) and Calli Calanqo (in Harrerge) demonstrates the brutality of the Ethiopian government system very well (Gnamo 153-160).

This is the unforgettable pain and disease that remains in the hearts and minds of all Oromo people, and it hurts all the time.

Amnesty International reported that between 2011 and 2014 at least 5,000 people have been arrested based on their actual or suspected peaceful opposi-

tion to the government (October 28 2014, Amnesty International AFR25/006/2014). But the reality is far beyond that number. It could be more than 30,000 Oromo people imprisoned, with many women, men and children tortured every day and every minute. In numerous cases, actual or suspected dissenters have been detained without charge or trial, killed by security services during protests, arrests and in detention.

For Indigenous people in both countries, there are similar practices and effects of colonization: the introduction of alcohol, prostitution through sex trafficking, poisoning, reservations, and both the outright restriction of education and a restricted quality of education. The reason for all these tragedies is just to control the Oromian people, land, resources and property—nothing else—and it is ongoing. All my life this is what I've seen: my people's culture, identities, spirituality and language under siege, all the time; or buried, like our history, from the eyes of the world. It is my hope that the Indigenous people in Canada and in Oromia will get equal treatment and social justice, relief and release from brutal and unjust colonial systems. Together with people who believe in social justice, prosperity, freedom and equality, we will change the world to be a better place for all.

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# Rachel Ann Fowler

## /NO CARROTS NO STICKS



I picked the image on the top left-hand corner of the page. This picture represents the most information I could have hoped to find to help me understand and register this class and otherwise.

It shows me that the people who hold the most power in our lives and over us in general are usually so much bigger than we could ever believe them to be. With the big black hand so much bigger than our whole body, trying to stimulate and excite us with the smallest bit of something that is still so much further out of our reach. It's a wonder that we keep trying for it. Even though it's such a humble offering we are near beside ourselves to try to get our tiny little hand anywhere near it. Reaching out so far and so hard. It is more colourful. It does have potential. It is an offering for us! We should recognize it. We have been here before. We will probably be here again. It's an offering for us! To be for us and to be satisfied. Why does it always feel so far away?

Although they are only offering us a little bit they hold it over our heads. They hold it far away from us. They hold it with a tool that doesn't touch us. Keeping us at bay. Making us feel so small and powerless and rejected. Like we don't even deserve our own selves anymore. Like they don't want us. Like they never did. No matter how close we are we are still being led into something bigger and blacker and more powerful than we could ever feel, or that we ever seemed to. Do we really want to keep trying? Is it really that important? Will we ever get our reward or will it just keep dangling there? It just keeps dangling there! They are big and black and cold

and distant. But it is so much more than we have and is it actually what we really need?

I feel so sad for myself when I see this picture. So sad that that's the way it has to be or seems to be for so many out there, including myself. Maybe not so much anymore, maybe never again. And wouldn't that be just peachy. But for now, and in this picture, sometimes I'm comforted by the familiarity of it all. I've spent most of my life hanging off of broken promises and shattered dreams and hopes of something I've kinda gotten used to never being fulfilled. Waiting and wanting and wondering so desperately for any or all or some of the tiny little bits of something. That some kinda something is holding out or onto something else that might actually be there. Just dangling there. Somewhere out there. In my face or not! Most of the things that I've always really wanted? Hoping someday the world would want to make up for something that it's always seemed to be taking away. Trying so hard to reach out to something so small. Finding even the little things appears much more appealing than having to do without anything. Up there somewhere. Just barely out of my reach. I'm still jumping up and down and the 'Big Man' is still so much more. Bigger and blacker and more powerful than anything I've ever tried to be. For myself, for you, for the world as it stands now or ever did or ever will so help us God.

Anyway, I still want 'that carrot!'

## /FREEDOM

I chose the topic of 'freedom!' This is the most meaningful and important word or topic that I can find in this life or in the world to me right now. This matters to me so much, now that I've lived much of this life afraid of strange and unusual punishment which leaves me so frustrated and fearful of the inevitable consequence of going to jail or being locked up indefinitely. Which may very well be the case relatively soon, as far as I can tell.

Every time I turn around these days I feel like there's someone or something very nasty either breathing heavily down my neck, figuratively, or actually, or wanting me to be breathing down somebody else's. Just begging me to either be punished so severely for something that I've never done or wanting me to punish something else which I have little or no interest in.

I'd really like to just live this life the best way that I know how. Which is beautifully and happily and healthily and so on. I don't think that I've ever warranted this much abuse from anything in this life. But there it is, almost constantly. This nagging voice or this constant pain or this horrible feeling of dread and loss and impending doom. Like I'm fighting a losing battle all the time. Like nothing I could ever do will be good enough. Like whatever is left of this life is just not and never will be fair. If you know what I mean.

I've always tried so hard, for as long as I can remember, to try to get along and be good and use my common sense. To keep my cool and rationalize and try to make sense of the situation and be on top of my game. Not that I've ever played too many 'games' in my life, figuratively or otherwise. Maybe if I had spent more of my life playing or something or other, I would have a bit more of an understanding of what the heck keeps getting me down and making me feel so totally responsible for these terrible things that I myself don't even remember thinking about. But I'm getting the heck choked out of me most of the time these days and it is so ridiculous and completely unnecessary.

If I have ever done or thought or wanted to do anything out of the ordinary, for as long as I can remember, in this life, I have always had a presence be known that would make me aware and keep everything under wraps, right? But, for the past few years especially, it has been like pulling teeth, trying to keep everything together and feel like I was able to keep everything under control and remain calm and be able to keep my 'peace of mind'; the only thing I believe I have left in this world, so very unfortunately.

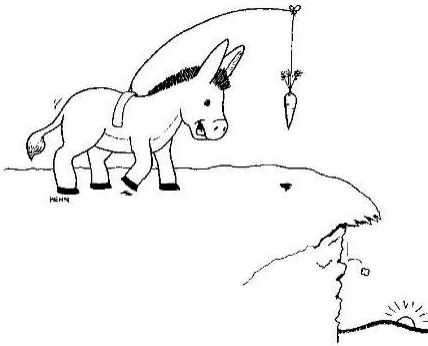
This is so much of the reason why I really, really do appreciate and respect the word and the meaning and the actuality of 'freedom'. There is nothing in the world right now, if ever, that has meant anything more to me and then some. I wonder if you can relate? My most precious sense of being and knowing and coming together for the betterment of everything. Please God give me the strength and the knowledge and the power to keep it all together. To not give into the fear and the anger and the chaos of this neverending cycle of being so lost inside myself that these things take control and take over and finally finish me off. Mostly because the powers that be right now want to rule and hurt and destroy and want me to give into them and join their destructive tendencies or just kill me off instead which to them right now would be a drop in the bucket. Like my life was nothing, because I refuse to torture and rape and steal and lie and so on. How could it ever get this wrong?

## A.J. Komperdo 'Low Horn

(SIKSIKA, OJBIWAY, MOHAWK, CREE)

### /KAROSHI

The image and the meaning of the donkey are used to illustrate different ideas around the world. In England, the donkey is commonly referred to as a beast of burden. In the U.S.A., the donkey image is used as a logo for the Democratic Party, and in Hebrew, the word chamor (donkey) is translated as “very ‘material’ but loving and loyal” ([beithashoavah.org/tag/blog/](http://beithashoavah.org/tag/blog/)).



This particular image of a donkey walking toward the cliff chasing a carrot reminds me of a problem from the 1980s that the Japanese had. They called it ‘karoshi’; translated, it means death from overwork. In the 1980s, Japanese workers were dying all over Japan, mysteriously. After some research, it was discovered that people were working themselves to death. This led to working hours being cut back and all sorts of vacation time given to employees.

In this image, the donkey could represent the working class, the carrot could mean retirement, and the cliff would be death. So, the poor donkey is fixated on the carrot, not on what is ahead. This scenario is repeated over and over again with big corporations which promise an abundant retirement to their employees. The employees of these corporations work so much that it has an adverse effect on their health, and some even die. In Canada in 2012, there were 977 workplace-related fatalities, an average of 3 every week ([www.cbc.ca/news/canada/workplace-safety-by-the-numbers-1.2622466](http://www.cbc.ca/news/canada/workplace-safety-by-the-numbers-1.2622466)).

The question you need to ask for yourself is “Do I want to die for a heartless corporation?”

Thankfully in Canada and the U.S.A. there is the Better Business Bureau (BBB). They are a leader in ethics and

performance for the business market. The BBB make sure that their accredited businesses—those businesses which obey BBB’s codes—are of a high standard of doing business ethically and properly. They also have a website that explains who they are and what their mission is: [www.bbb.org](http://www.bbb.org). So there are organizations out there that put big business in its place and protect the consumer from bad business. There is always a light at the end of the tunnel if you go far enough in.

In today’s business world, some big corporations are into secretly funding political campaigns, and some get away with dumping waste wherever they feel like it, legally or illegally. Recently in BC, city officials refused to disclose the names of companies that illegally dumped toxic fracking chemicals into the Dawson Creek Water Treatment system ([www.desmog.ca/2014/07/31/companies-illegally-dumped-toxic-fracking-chemicals-dawson-creek-water-treatment-systems-twice](http://www.desmog.ca/2014/07/31/companies-illegally-dumped-toxic-fracking-chemicals-dawson-creek-water-treatment-systems-twice)). If we, as a superior species, cannot get it into our heads that the garbage we produce in order to have an easy life is not worth it, then I’m afraid that we are all going to learn the last lesson of our existence.

My grandmother said “All mothers need to teach their children a harsh lesson once in a while.” I pray we are smart enough to avoid that lesson.



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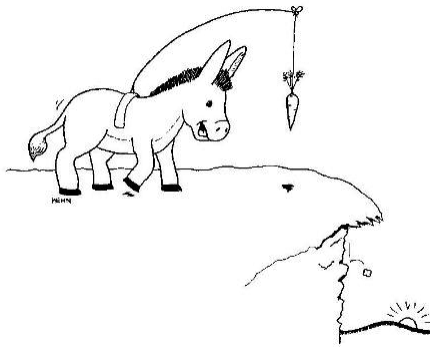
## */HOW UBC HAS CHANGED ME!*

Well, where do I begin? How about at the beginning. UBC has changed me from being an uneducated person to an informed individual. The way our professors have gone about teaching us, in class as well as on our field trips, gave me a sense of social activism and fighting for our rights as free citizens. Activism is right up my alley. So it would be sound to say that I paid attention to every class. The classes were easy to understand and precise. One of the classes I really took an interest in was on 'Knowing your rights when dealing with the police, and why it may or may not do you any good.' There was a time when I was not a nice person and the police were always harassing me for one thing or the other. I didn't know my rights back then so the police would lock me up every time they saw me. Now that I know my rights, the police leave me alone and stay away. I feel like a normal citizen for the first time in the city, and that, in itself, is what I've wanted all these years. I'm more productive than I was a year ago, and I really enjoy participating in class. The professors make it easy to understand what they're teaching and I enjoy listening to the lessons.

One of my contributions to the class is not a physical one, but a mental one. I'm told that others enjoy how I take time to think before speaking—and out comes a complex paragraph! This is one of my natural talents; it's about reciprocation, this is my gift to them. The other contribution is humour in writing. We should all write something funny so that we can laugh at our own seriousness in our writing style, as it shows the reader that we have personality and life. Thank you UBC for putting up with my antics!

# Jason Laxdal

## /SEMIOTICS



Above, you see a picture of a donkey, a stick, and a carrot. The donkey is so engaged in the chance to possibly get this reward that he is unaware of his path. The donkey is looking happily at the carrot. The mood the donkey shows is amiable and carefree. Attached to the donkey's back is a stick, which has a string attached. Tied to the end of the stick is a carrot. The donkey is motivated by the carrot. In moving towards the carrot, the donkey walks towards a cliff. A distant horizon showing the sun signifies the height which the donkey's path has taken. The donkey's fate is open-ended; the conclusion is left to interpretation.

In this picture, instead of a blanket, or a person in the saddle, the donkey has a carrot and a stick with the treat hung just out of reach. The origin of the metaphor shown in this picture is from *The Economist*, December 11<sup>th</sup>, 1948. *The Economist* decried failure in the method of economic recovery being put in place at the time by creating this image of a donkey being induced to move by alternately rewarding it with carrots, and pushing it forward with a stick. The image speaks of making progress towards a certain goal or outcome, but never actually attaining it.

In Stanley Kubrick's movie, *A Clockwork Orange*, a young man named Alex joins a program that promises to rehabilitate him and change his criminal ways. During treatment, he enjoys release from prison, the hospital staff, and the food they offer while he goes along with the tests. These were carrots. With continued treatment, which included injections and the viewing of violent films, Alex starts to get sick, shake, and have convulsions. These treatments were the sticks. Outside, and without any support, he tries to take his life. The program itself fails.

This story, of course, was a novel made into a film. It could take many forms: shows on television, advertising, or the newspaper you read on the bus. I see the media as a stick that makes us unable to look away, or look down in time to see the cliff. The carrot, in its bare, raw, cool, crunchy nature, dangling just out of reach, can make you wonder if it is really so fulfilling to attain the snack of a carrot, and stop just before the cliff. Why do we go after it at all?

*/ REFLECTION*

I felt a big change, going back to school for the first time in a while, taking in information, and establishing that I had to rethink what was history, or even noted events. Right from the beginning, I knew things were very different. The first was that we acknowledge that we are participating in a society that is on unceded land. Noting that the First Nations are still hard at work trying to get simple land claims and titles is disappointing to me to say the least. I am aware of the First Nations art, pictures, totem poles, carvings and many other pieces of public art that are on display to remind us of an Indigenous past. I notice a change taking place as the structure and planning of schools often have new ways to involve people in learning about the country and our past. Like re-writing history, we bring in other stories and articles from those who witnessed events hands on. During the lectures and the tours, I've seen a transition from the usual narratives and now have another perspective on something that had happened in the past. I would hope that we can connect and correct the mistakes, own the wrongdoings, and make it right. I feel so troubled to learn that the history classes I've been part of in the past were so out of touch with what I have been taking in Hum. I hope that other schools, and other Hum101, 201, and science classes all re-examine the past, and bring forward those new stories to open our eyes. They can bring awareness to those affected by intrusive government or industry, and the obstructions forced on reserves and government housing projects. Homelessness is a huge problem, and to have any effect on the number of homeless people would help at all levels to get that one person inside and supporting them.

All of this can be like a carrot. I see all these make for a really new perspective for myself and see them as a motivator—a carrot at the end of a stick. I am seeing this class just like watching a film again, and getting the joke. Or to see all those different ideas. As an optimist, I learned that there may not be a carrot, and there may not be a stick—just your future.

Whatever people have as a heritage, those that recorded our past owe a part of our country's history to those that started the stand against indifference to the past. So I'm looking down, and unfortunately, I have no stick.

# Hon Ming Poon

## /SEMIOTICS



In the image there are five objects: one hand, one stick, one wire, one carrot and one person.

One object is in the colour orange, the others are in black.

The scale of the hand is not matching with the other objects. It is a large hand of black colour with an irregular pattern of white marks.

The hand is holding a stick between the thumb and two fingers.

The thin black stick has three sections, and the bottom-end of the stick is held by the hand. Attached to the upper-end of the stick is a black wire.

The end of wire is fixed to a small circular ring which is inserted inside the top portion of the carrot. The length of the wire is about one third that of the stick.

Attached to the wire is a carrot of orange colour, with green leaves. The leaves stand on top of the carrot and its root is pointed downwards. The carrot looks fresh—bright and pure in colour.

Reaching for the carrot is a person with a black body, black face and fingers. They are wearing a long black shirt and long pants, black cap and boots.

The person's head is inclined upward and facing the carrot. The body is inclined upward, the hand is stretched straight upwards towards the carrot, and the other hand is at the back of their body. One of the legs is bent at a right angle and the toes are touching the ground's surface. The other leg is stretched out back, only balanced on their tip-toes.

The person in the image is showing one hand held out towards a long stick with a carrot tied to it, but the carrot is in front of the person, just out of reach. As the person runs toward the carrot, the carrot always remains at a distance just out of reach, and the stick moves forward.

The carrot on the stick is referring to a policy of offering a reward.

I work in a grocery store as a part-time helper. My work duties include: loading the goods from the trucks and placing them in order in the loading area, to help other staff for shipping the goods beside the shelves, to clean the store and loading area, to help the customers pick up their items.

The supervisor is always shouting "Hurry up, quick, quick, we will get customer complaints." I must report to the supervisor if the goods are dented or broken, otherwise the company will deduct my salary.

Everyday, I need about 1.5 hours to allow for traffic and my wage rate is basic. After work, I will enjoy a coffee before going back home. After taking a bath I will help my wife to prepare the meal, wash the dishes, meat and vegetables, and then enjoy a pleasant meal with my family. My family gives me warmth and friendship; we enjoy music and television shows.

I receive my salary on payday. A salary is my reward, and then it is used to pay for the costs of goods and other expenditures.

## / CLIMATE CHANGE

In recent years scientists have been talking about global warming a lot more often. Global warming refers to the increase in average temperature of the earth's surface, air, and oceans. It has become one of the worst problems to face human beings.

Climate change is caused by factors such as solar radiation, volcanic eruptions (wikipedia), and certain human activities. Human activity is causing the earth's temperature to become hotter through an increase in the amount of greenhouse gasses in Earth's atmosphere. Changing the abundance of atmospheric properties can lead to a warming or cooling of climate system. The largest known contributor comes from the burning of fossil fuels—such as coal or petroleum—which cause the release of carbon dioxide and other heat trapping greenhouse gas into the atmosphere.

Since the start of the industrial era, around the year 1750, the overall result of human activities on the climate has been a warming of the planet. The Industrial Revolution has changed our lives, and it has had a big impact on our consumption of energy. Most of

Having a salary helps with health and happiness. A positive attitude is required too.

The reward value is dependent on the individual and their position. Even a bottle of water can be a reward, if the person is thirsty.

the energy has been generated using fossil fuels. Fuels are burnt for energy, and we use them to power our cars, trucks, trains, ships and aircrafts. They run our industries, heat or cool our houses, hospitals, schools and communities, and generate most of our electricity. Oil is also transformed into plastic products ranging from food packaging to computers.

Global warming impacts the planet's health, food supply, economic growth, migration, societal change, and essential public goods, such as drinking water. The majority of the consequences of climate change are experienced by poor and low-income communities around the world who have a much higher level of vulnerability to environmental determinants of health, wealth and other factors.

I suggest to the government that it is time to implement solutions for climate change and get the world in better shape.

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# Loralee Avé Maria Judge

## /SEMIOTICS



### Denotation of Carrot and Stick

There is a square with curved corners. The color of the curved square is grainy black. It has an outside border of vibrant yellow. There is a red plus (+) sign between two objects: one on the left and one on the right. The object on the left is a vertical standing upright orange rectangle that tapers off to a blunted point at the bottom. There are three separate full and green lines emanating from the top of this object; one is pointed almost at a 45 degree angle to the left, one is pointed almost straight up, and the third one is pointed slightly to the right but very close to the line standing almost straight up. The object to the right is standing upright and is shaped like a bat. The top of the bat is rounded and tapers down to the bottom, getting smaller as it tapers down. There is a small knob at the bottom of the object. About three quarters of the way towards the top of this object is a thin appendage extending at a 45 degree angle that is the same color as the rest of the object, which is a combination of bruised violet and light brown. Extending from this thin appendage is a green small tear-shaped appendage tilting to the left at an approximately 45

### Connotation of the Carrot and Stick

**Connotation:** an idea or feeling that a word invokes in addition to its literary or primary meaning; associated or secondary meaning; the last real official record of 'carrot and stick' was in 1895.

#### Carrot

- Nourishing.
- Reward.
- Incentive to do something.
- Used as an image at a market for selling.
- Used as an image for a marker for when it is planted in soil/a garden.
- Roasted for a stew/ holiday meal.
- Sometimes referred to as a phallic symbol.
- Important to visual health.
- Contributes vitamin A.
- One of the foods as part of Rosh Hashana, supposed to express the desire that God will nullify any negative decrees against people.
- Among Yiddish speakers, carrots symbolize the desire for increased blessings in the New Year.



<u>Denotation of Carrot and Stick</u>	<u>Connotation of the Carrot and Stick</u>
<p>degree angle. There is a thin stem at the bottom of this appendage that holds it to the aforementioned object's thin appendage extending from the original object. Everything described in this denotation is on a white piece of paper and surrounded by three other images that seem to be drawn by hand or copied.</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>Waiting for Godot</i>: Godot, a character in a play adapted from the French version. Original French text composed between October 9<sup>th</sup>, 1948, and January 29<sup>th</sup>, 1949.</li> <li>• Estragon, a character in the same play; he was the one who ate the carrot, given to him by Vladimir. The symbolism is that Estragon bit it and tasted life.</li> <li>• Fertility, lust.</li> <li>• Carrots are what Bugs Bunny loved and dug up in Elmer Fudd's garden.</li> <li>• What you hold in front of a horse/donkey as an incentive for them to move forward.</li> </ul>
<p style="text-align: center;"><b><u>Both 'Carrot and Stick' = Ego</u></b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• If 'no carrot, no stick,' impossible to counteract the ego.</li> <li>• Ego buried in the subconscious; carrots ... buried in the ground. The soil is the subconscious; the carrots are what lie beneath. You don't know what's there until you take a chance and plunge your hands into it.</li> <li>• When Karl Marx said "Religion is the opiate of the masses," this was a good example of "no carrots and no sticks" because the bourgeoisie (the status quo) would tell the proletariat that if they worked hard they would get divine or heavenly rewards. This was a form of manipulation to get the proletariats working extremely hard and perhaps die an early death as a result, but God would reward them for their efforts. The Protestant work ethic and the Bourgeoisie were fond of quoting to the Proletariat phrases such as "idle hands are the work of the devil." That would be the stick; work hard and die young, that is the carrot.</li> <li>• In reference to Pavlov's Dog Theory: Carrots can mean rewards but they also can be an incentive to do something for gain; the stick can mean punishment but also an incentive to not do something because of negative consequences. Both modes of incentive are equal and share the same path, but the carrot and stick walk it differently.</li> <li>• The (no) carrots and (no) sticks way of thinking impacts our understanding of our own behaviour. Behavioural psychology is fundamentally '(no) carrots and (no) sticks' thinking.</li> </ul> <p>Since being in Hum, the carrot is my incentive to do something with my life, with the possibility of getting what I want. The stick is my fear and trepidation about not getting what I want in life, but it's also about giving up on life. I don't want that stick.</p>	

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*/ THE SINS AND  
THE DREAMS OF A FATHER*

Eighteen months ago, I was diagnosed with bipolar disorder. I seem to be more depressive than manic, but the medication (lithium, limotrogene) helps beyond belief. I probably wouldn't be alive now if it wasn't for that, and my mental health team. I'm not ashamed to admit that I have these support systems in place.

I've been thinking about my father lately. I haven't seen him for 25 years, around the same time he was diagnosed with bipolar as well. Before that, we were closer than blood is to skin. That was the definition of my life. He refused to accept the diagnosis. He went away. In every aspect, he went away.

As a little girl, I used to watch him run baseball fields barefoot. I would crawl out onto the farmhouse roof, shimmy down the drainpipe, and follow him. He didn't know I was there. I would fall asleep in the dugout,

and he would wake me up and talk about his ideas of teaching dance classes on a cruise ship or opening up his own bartending school. He was 32, divorced, with four young children, and wasn't paying child support. He would look so excited, but I didn't have the heart to tell him, "Daddy, at this moment, I am the parent. You are the child." It broke my heart not to tell him that.

Whatever his dreams were, they became sins. I am my father's daughter, but, in a sense, I can't be that anymore. I have his eyes, I have his hair, I have his laughter... but I no longer want his heartbreak.

I love my father, and I miss him. But more than ever, I miss the man who was forced to become a husband and a father before he was ready to stop being a boy—a boy who dreamed and didn't sin.



# Denise de Jong

## /WHAT DO YOU REALLY KNOW WHEN YOU LOOK AT THIS PICTURE?

I'll start by describing a photograph, that is, doing the semiotic denotation of what I see. I've chosen pictures that are different than the 'no carrots, no sticks' images contained in this Assignment. The ones I've selected come from our second Semiotics class called "Women missing names, missing words, nevertheless speak: Semiotic analysis of photographs of Downtown Eastside women who the photographer represents as heroin addicts."

I see a photograph on the cover of Lincoln Clarkes' *Heroines* series of the Downtown Eastside (DTES) which portrays a young woman. Before I say any more, I want to say that I have seen Clarkes taking photographs in the DTES and I rejected his offer to be photographed. I had reservations about the type of fame that would ensue. I was present when the photo on the *Heroines* book cover was taken, and remember telling the woman, who is pictured in a doorway, that it may affect her current business and lifelong decisions. I think that people always want to be able to make a moral choice. She went inside and thought about it, and then came back out and was photographed. She accepted Clarkes' offer of money. If you've never been addicted, it's very hard to understand why you would accept this money and wouldn't just go into detox—largely a waiting area where you wait until your addiction withdrawal is over. Addiction makes a predicament in which a person becomes so sick that choice is taken away from them when they're in need of money for drugs. Withdrawal symptoms includes shivers, chills, muscle seizures, disillusionment and despair that goes on for weeks, so where's your choice? Often in this circumstance, there's only one thing to do to get better which is to get more drugs.

So now I'd like to move on and do another *Heroines* picture denotation, or description, which is on page 28. I know that the reader can't see this photo, but you should 'get the picture' from my description. The woman is brunette with a neat, clean haircut and clean clothes.

She wears a light-coloured top and an expensive embroidered leather jacket. The sunlight hits the woman's face so that her right side is in light, and her left side is in shadow. Her face is covered with scabs, and her neck has a long fresh gash that goes from one side to the other, from either a knife slash or a wire strangulation device. If I was analyzing the connotation, or cultural meaning, of her facial expression, I'd say that her eyes have a look of resentment and fear, and that her mouth is downturned as if she is using all her determination to face the future. Her expression is the precursor to crying, to despair, but in that situation you'll just get sicker, there's no way out unless you have a family that will support you which is educated about addiction.

But I've got ahead of myself again—it's so hard not to slip into connotation, or meaning, and to stay with description, denotation. Behind the pictured woman, to her left, there is a dilapidated sign with a sloppy thin coat of paint covering up its previous advertisement. The new advertisement reads: HOUSEKEEPING, HOT & COLD WATER IN EVERY ROOM. Below that there are Chinese characters which I can't decipher, and I wonder if they describe the rooms in a different way. It was really bothering me that I didn't know what it said, so I couldn't know the connotation, the meaning. I asked a classmate who speaks Cantonese and she translated it as "Newsland"—it turned out that it was just the proper name of the hotel, after all—mystery solved, for the moment, anyway. The sign is on a stand and both look filthy. Touching them might cause slivers, infections and disease. The brick of the building that the sign it refers to is chipped and sooty. The sign's promise of HOT & COLD WATER IN EVERY ROOM makes one think that it might be the only help that this sick and injured woman will ever get. Despite her leather jacket, she obviously can't afford anything but the worst. What help can water be to take away the scars this woman has? How can it rectify whatever situation caused her scars and the expression

in her eyes? If the sign is that awfully depressing and unwelcoming, what of the inside of the building as well?

It's important to remember that this is a photograph, it's an image on a surface just like the HOUSEKEEPING sign. I want to ask what the photographer is doing to make this photo look like art, or to look like reality. And to ask: What is his point? Is it his own self-expression through using his insider knowledge of the DTES? I've learned that the *Heroines* series is a genre of photograph known as 'street photography.' In the photograph, to the right of the woman and next to the sign, is a street scene. That part of the photograph looks as if it's been overexposed. It suggests ordinary everyday urban life, but in the photo, the sunlight glares, distorts and discourages, and it's annoying to me to look at. It's mimicking how drugs affect people's vision, how your past affects your past and your future, and how drugs play in the ugliness of the past. The woman pictured is leaning away from the sunlight, paralleling her desire to lean away from an ugly past; it makes the viewer want to turn away, too. I think that her present condition is 'what you see is what you get', as portrayed by the future promise of hot and cold water in every room, which you know is a lie.

The effect of this photo is that of a hostile environment: the hostile environment of the rest of the world outside the Downtown Eastside, area as seen from the perspec-

tive of someone who has been marginalized, isolated and alienated, yet is at home in the DTES. A tree and a traffic sign can be picked out. The leaves of the tree look unnatural. They don't look healthy as they suffer in the sun. Maybe they echo the woman's face.

The overall effect of this photograph conveys a sense of despair. The woman's situation is hopeless. The blotchy past, as symbolized by the sunlight and trees to her right, won't be a help to her present situation. Also, because of the way the photographer composed this photograph, the sign looms, stating that the present situation is her future as well. And the past is too unwelcoming to consider.

For this assignment, each time I tried to stick to doing the semiotic denotation before doing the connotation, I couldn't; I know too much to not interpret every picture personally and in accord with the time, experience and people met during my 27 years living in the DTES. This makes my interpretation informed from interpersonal, street-level associations in my neighbourhood. Now, with 2<sup>1/2</sup> years without drugs and a different perspective, I can see that this book is grotesque art for the general public, since what else could it mean unless you've lived 'the life?'

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*/ A PAINFUL ELABORATION*

My family's oral history:

"It was a community of twenty-one, now twenty-four and seven more. The other albino communities (colonies) weren't that many. I counted three more communities like that within a walkable distance at night."

I know this from my uncle. He claims this as his own writing; other relatives say it's their story, too.

The Tri-Council policy on 'Ethical Conduct for Research Involving Humans' has three core principles: Respect for Persons, Concern for Welfare, and Justice. While reading this policy and comparing it to the Hum101 reading, 'Research through Imperial Eyes' in Linda Tuhiwai Smith's *Decolonizing Methodologies*, I realized I could make comparisons to my and my family's past, including studies and 'interventions' full of misunderstandings about 'albinos' and others. In these texts, certain terminology and other examples of unethical research let me see these policies in my own family's history. These stories opened up an avenue for me to deal with the confusion and sorting out of events. It is clear, now, that the research conducted on my family was not ethical; the misguided motives of others harmed people and then left those same people in turmoil without even an explanation.

Exposure to First Nations stories and the reading, 'Research through Imperial Eyes,' helped me understand that the scientific and military classification of 'non-human' and 'alien' gave me the necessary sarcasm to heal old memories, as the classification was used on members of my extended biological family, and I had to consider at a way-too-young age that I might be included or excluded. I think that it is hopeful that there is a policy for research on humans, but I wonder about how many people had to suffer before those conclusions were made.

Another aspect of the policy reflects on people not bound by it. The Downtown Eastside of Vancouver has 'slum tourists' wanting to watch the poor, perhaps because of news-media reports or just out of plain curiosity. Real estate and other businesses draw attention as well. The attitude of some is that catching an addict 'doing it,' or catching homeless people sleeping on the sidewalk, is their right. Others try to be sociologists in their own minds, and make incorrect interpretations, but without a moral context for their cameras and devices. Others use bribe money for people in a 'high' state or going through withdrawal symptoms, to get the experiences and photographs they want. There are professionals (i.e. police) who do this in the public as well. Others follow suit; artists, as well.

I hope and think that the ethical conduct of those who must answer to the Research Ethics Board (REB) or similar departments can be a good example to everyone who is in their influence, and that young children should learn about ethics like this at school.





# Assumpta Kwan

## / THE WHITENESS OF PORCELAIN WILL LAST FOR ALL ETERNITY

On our visit to the Museum of Anthropology (MOA), I caught a glimpse of the ceramic pots and urns. I decided to write about fine china because what I saw in the museum did not represent what the British once pined for.

During the British exploration of the seas, Cathay was found to abound with silk, porcelain and tea (Opium in China: The Downfall of Imperial China 2008). The merchants had to pay a huge amount of money to acquire these treasures. In order to reap without effort, the British cultivated opium in India, which was transported to China. The Chinese became so addicted that they were willing to give up anything—including fine china. As the British longed for these fine things they forced the doors of the secluded China open in the Opium Wars.

The Chinese started to produce ceramics in the latter half of the Shang Dynasty (17<sup>th</sup> century B.C. to 11<sup>th</sup> century B.C.), (Travel China 2015). The heating of clay and other ceramics between 1200 degrees Celsius and 1400 degrees Celsius produced ceramics that are strong, hard, tough, white, and opaque. Like jade, the whiteness of porcelain is highly revered in Chinese culture. Figures and ornamental designs are painted on the clay before

it is fired, so they don't come off in washing. A porcelain bowl will break, but the design remains intact, as do the figures on spoons and jars.

Porcelain derives its present name from the Old Italian *porcellana* (cowrie shell) because it resembles the opaque surface of the shell (OED 2015). In Chinese history, only the Emperors, or the rich, used porcelain. Common people, as still today, used ceramics like those displayed in the Museum of Anthropology that are crude with common designs.

The most beautiful designs of porcelain or fine china have been on display in the museums of London, Scotland, Paris and Munich during the past 150 years. These are common designs from bygone eras when a vegetable became artistic: in fine china, the stalks become white and the whiteness is enticing. The leaves are luxuriously green. These colours call for immediate appreciation of the vegetable. Recently, the Chinese have begun trying to buy back some of these porcelains from the 'Powers.'

These awesomely beautiful porcelain designs will stay forever in the memory of those who have seen their splendor in museums.

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## / TWELFTH NIGHT

The field trip to see *Twelfth Night* at Freddy Wood Theatre was savoury and wholesome.

As a little one without any material means, it is impossible to get a chance to see a play by Shakespeare.

The play was performed in a theatre in the round style. The evening shade gradually darkens, and the lights are spilling in the places where the players are moving. My senses are all the more alert. Hearing and assimilating English is fascinating. Even though this is an adaptation of the original play, the players are marvelous. Viola disguises herself as a boy, and the boy is a handsome youth. Sir Toby is so arrogant that he arouses laughter from viewers. The mix and match of young men and women brings complications to their love. Countess Olivia falls immediately in love with a messenger, Cesario. She cannot love Duke Orsino. The introduction of Viola's twin brother, Sebastian, brings

another trick. Sebastian marries Olivia, Orsino marries Viola, and Sir Toby marries Maria. Each player memorized the lines of the play so well that no prompter is present.

Whenever I watched a play by Shakespeare I normally read the play first. However, the assigned readings were too overwhelming, and so I had not read *Twelfth Night*. However, I opened up my ears and caught every syllable uttered by these players.

In the days back home, I always went to watch Shakespeare's plays, but seldom did I see a play performed by English speaking people. Chinese scholars translated Shakespeare into the classical language of the day.

My enjoyment of the play lasted for many days. I even tasted the savouriness and wholesomeness of Shakespeare's words.

*/SALISH FOOTPRINT*

At the entrance to the Museum of Anthropology (MOA) is a beautiful, always trod-upon, and often overlooked piece of artwork: Susan Point's "Salish Footprint." The work was commissioned and installed in 2010. It is a granite sculpture incorporating stylized elements of the sea, land and air. These are present in panels that are randomly arranged so no recognizable pattern or picture is presented. A wide streak of red runs through the entire length.

I love this 'artifact', not only for its aesthetics (which are many), but mostly because it reminds me how everything that connects to our real world is important. After taking a moment to sink from my brain down into my heart, and allowing the connections in life to flow through me, I go into the museum and explore. I allow myself to revert back to childhood and do my best to experience the exhibition pieces, not just with my mind, but with my core and feel for the cultures presented. Reading a description of an exhibition is intriguing, but for me, being able to feel yourself as part of that society is more human and rewarding.

Taking with me this sense of connectedness to the world allows me to observe the different motifs, and wonder about the world views presented by the museum—not just within a small slice of the society that is presented, but to feel how these people were or are. Whether it be the architecture of the MOA itself, or the space opened for First Nations, or the collections—without a sense of somehow being connected, for me it becomes just a voyeuristic experience. I have a sense of Western building, motif, and symbolism from our architecture classes. Viewing Aboriginal house poles, serving platters, and even burial boxes is a gift, and being able to remember the moment at the entrance and the footprint makes me wait, drop my consciousness, feel the culture and the energy of it, and how it connected to the world.

The value of the welcoming mat or entrance is that it allows me a moment to remove the detritus of the day before I enter a building. "Salish Footprint" welcomes me into territorial Musqueam (Salish) lands, and asks me to leave behind the detritus of my day, and enjoy the feast the MOA has prepared for me.

While "Salish Footprint" creates a sense of connectedness to the world, it also evokes a feeling. The world just is. We cannot expect things to always occur in a set manner. Just as the Musqueam relied on seasonal events—the return of the salmon, harvesting wild food, or the winter rains—these events were never the same; some years were good and some were poor. The motifs are like this; I can pick out a part of a salmon or a crow, which may be missing from the next panel or may appear turned around (I am never sure), but it will be there—somewhere, somehow. It is this feeling of connectedness and also expectancy that appeals to me. Something will occur, just not perhaps the way I want it to. I have to open to the next instant and also prepare myself to experience it fully.

Even my UBC experience can be reflected by "Salish Footprint." While the footprint is made of long-lasting granite, it has a very low profile and flows with the environment. My exposure to the university and the opportunity to be exposed to many different disciplines will have a long term impact on my life, but it is just a small slice of my real life. UBC can flow with my life if I choose to let it, or I can just use it as a temporary shelter from our West Coast rains.



# Fred Shantz

## / ARMOUR FROM THE AGE OF THE SAMURAI

I was interested in the two suits of Japanese armour that the Museum of Anthropology had in their collection. What drew me to these items was a T.V. miniseries that I had seen when I was in grade five or six, a time when I had not learned anything about world history in school. It was five days long and was based on the novel *Shogun*. It showed such a different and fascinating culture that to this day still intrigues me.

The museum catalogue gives very little information on these suits other than the date they were donated and the materials in their construction. The first suit is in the O-Yoroi style of armour. This type was used from the 14<sup>th</sup> century through the 16<sup>th</sup> and was made of hundreds of small rectangular pieces of metal—in this case bronze rectangles about 1 cm by 4 cm with a small hole drilled in the top and bottom and lacquered for colour and corrosion resistance. These metal pieces, called lamellae, were then woven together by laces of silk, in this case a rich purple usually worn by the rich or powerful. This gave a light and flexible form of protection. The helmet also had a neck guard of lamellae plates also woven together with the same purple silk laces. The shoulder and thigh guards are of the same type of construction. The combination of the bronze of the lamellae plates and the purple silk is very striking. The arms were protected by a silk tunic—the sleeves of which were covered with a mix of lamellae plates and chainmail. This type of armour

came out of wide use after approximately 1542, when the Portuguese introduced the match lock firearm into Japan as they were not strong enough to withstand a musket ball. However, in the late Edo period (1615 to 1876), a period of very little conflict, armour was made mostly to the taste of the owner for ceremony and not necessarily for the demands of combat. During this period, many suits of armour were made in the ancient style purely for beauty.

The other suit of armour is in the Kebihi style and is made of large chest and back plates usually made of soft iron faced with hard steel then lacquered to the desired finish. These are topped mid-chest and back by broad iron bands laced together with silk laces. These gave a much greater resistance to fire arms than the earlier O-Yoroi style of tightly laced armour. The helmet is a solid metal bowl with a neck guard of a broad iron band joined with silk laces. The thigh and shoulder guards were of the same style of broad iron bands with silk lacing.

Armour was last used in large scale in 1887 during the Satsuma Rebellion when the Samurai tried to halt the changes made in 1867 when power had been taken from them and returned to the Emperor. A conscript peasant army armed with firearms ended their power for good.

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*/ REFLECTION*

Thinking back on the beginning of Hum101, I look back on my time at Kwantlen College thirty years ago. The entire atmosphere was totally different. In class, the instructor would stand and talk for most of the class. Questions were directed at her or from her and the interaction between the students practically did not exist.

In Hum101 all the students are willing to come over and engage you in small talk, which really builds a welcoming feeling that makes class and even the bus ride home enjoyable. Even though I am status Indian, I grew up in Surrey, my parents having split up when I was five years old. I did not even know my father was Native until I was in grade six, when my mother got my status so I could enjoy the benefits it provided. This is why I was disappointed to have missed the Native Studies part of the course, though the readings were interesting.

Talking with the architect was something I enjoyed a

lot as well. It is a hobby of mine on nice days to wander around downtown and take pictures of buildings that I find to be unique. It really was a surprise to find out that the white detail work on the Marine Building was not stone or concrete, but made from pottery that can be replaced if damaged. I also liked the story of Anthony Ekundayo Lennon, who—even though he was from a white Irish family—took the persona of a black man—just because after being perceived that way for so long he just went with it rather than bothering to justify or defend himself to strangers.

Education in my neighbourhood starts at the University of British Columbia Learning Exchange. It is so close to my front door that standing there I could hit it with a pebble. Though, from what I can glean from the posters in the window, it seems to have a focus on English language training. They seem to have some introductory computer courses as well. This is really the only place near home I can think of though I hear the Carnegie Center has some meetings and seminars.

# Aaron C. Banmen

## /WAKIZASHI

Throughout history, swords and daggers have been used for various reasons ranging from decorative use, practical functioning for fighting, as well as to convey social status. Although swords have been manufactured to various sizes and functions over the years, it's not the length of the weapon that counts but its use based on cultural significance. The Wakizashi sword of the Japanese Samurai of feudal Japan is no exception.

Used as far back as the 15<sup>th</sup> or 16<sup>th</sup> century, the Wakizashi sword, meaning side-inserted sword, was worn on the left side and secured to the wearers waist with a sash. This sword was worn in tandem with the Kitana, which was worn on the right side. Together these two swords were called daishō meaning 'big-little.'

Wearing Wakizashi was an official sign that the wearer was a Samurai or swordsman of feudal Japan. It consists of steel, copper, horn, wood, shark skin, silk fibre and lacquer. The handle has black silk cords tied decoratively

(tsuka-ito) over a grey shark skin and a pair of sword fittings called menuki. There is a unique metal design on the guard while the sheath contains in-laid horns. The Edo period in Japan began in 1638 in which rulers of Japan tried to regulate sword lengths, presumably to allow for fair competition in honourable combat. The Wakizashi, being a backup or auxiliary sword, was used for close-quarters fighting.

Today Wakizashi swords can be quite valuable ranging in the hundreds to thousands of dollars. The sword on display at the University of British Columbia's Museum of Anthropology was acquired in 1935 by donation.

Whether decorative or practical or conveying social status, swords and daggers offer us a glimpse of our ancient past and allow us a window to view cultures long since diminished.



## */ REFLECTIVE WRITING*

When I first moved to Vancouver I was lost, devastated and broken. Trying to become a Phoenix rising from the ashes of my past, I enrolled myself into the Salvation Army Harbour Light treatment program. Rehab helped me to develop some of the tools and resources to pursue activities like the Humanities 101 Programme. I wrote the following poem for my graduation ceremony at Harbour Light last summer:

A new day dawns, the night fades, eclipsing my soul with renewed hope.  
I long to feel again; yearning to see, my sight restored.  
God radiating forever and eternity, He will be with me, guiding my sobriety...  
Into recovery.

Though I still struggle with various life issues, my time at UBC, as well as my involvement with the Salvation Army 614 programs, has given me hope for a future free of the limitations that I have cast upon myself throughout the years.

“Success is not final, failure is not fatal, it is the courage to continue that counts.”  
W. Churchill

Often I like to reflect on one of my favourite quotes which in a way goes along with the ‘no carrots, no sticks’ theme from this year’s Hum class:

# Daniel Wilson

## /CANNON



On a trip to the Museum of Anthropology, we were asked to pick out an object from the museum, and discuss it with the class. In going through the catalogue, I think the reason the cannon that I am writing about caught my eye is because of my days as a youngster. I read many pirate and swashbuckling adventure tale books and that cannon certainly has that mystique.

The cannon has many patterns and geometric designs on the shaft. One end has a ribbed tube and the hole is closed; the other end is flared and has paper stuffed in the hole near the centre. There are two circular protrusions, to which the cone-shaped part that fits into the base is attached. The brown, wooden disc has a centre hole, which allows the disc to sit between the cannon and the base. The base is rectangular, with a raised middle and a centre hole where the cannon rests. The bottom middle of the base is also raised, with a simple decorative carving.

The cannons from the 1500s are probably Portuguese, and were used on riverboats in raids before 1846. The wooden stand is Dayak from Borneo. Dayak is the term for the native people of Borneo. It is a loose term for over 200 river and hill dwelling ethnic subgroups located principally in the interior of Borneo, each with its own dialect, customs, laws, territories, and cultures—although common, distinguishing traits are readily identifiable. Dayak languages are categorized as part of the Austro-nesian language in Asia.

The Dayak were animist in belief; however, many converted to Christianity, and some more recently to Islam. Estimates for the Dayak population range from 18 to 20 million. The cannon was a status heirloom, and used as a signal cannon.

*/CLIMATE CHANGE*

As it is today, I try and fit academics into my life as a deterrent to laziness (stick approach). People have mentioned to me, “Why did you not go for a degree? Why spend so much time on non-credit courses?”

In reality, my finances, housing situation and social lifestyle did not allow me; rather than could have, would have, should have, I was surviving—trying to make reason out of an unreasonable situation.

Today my housing and social situation are more secure, and I have just been hired on a one-year contractual agreement as a peer research assistant. This was made possible through attending Hum, and gaining knowledge from classes such as Ethical Research, Cultural Studies, and a lecture from Micheal Vonn of BC Civil Liberties Association. I was then able to apply and do well in the job interview.

I find my situation ironic in that I have participated in many research projects mainly for the stipend (carrot). I felt mostly well treated and respected but there were a couple of times that I felt very used and somewhat like an outsider examined by martians. I felt like a deviant from the norm. These experiences though have taught me compassion and respect while dealing with others.

I feel the disciplines that were taught this semester were pertinent to my living and work situation and were practical as well as academic.

# Don Clancy aka Thatcher McGee

## /AN INTRO TO A VERY OFFBEAT MOA ARTIFACT



My choice piece from our trip to the Museum of Anthropology (MOA) was “2657/4.” This piece portrays a miniature bicycle vending cart made out of multiple pop bottle caps from brands available in South Africa. Wire is also used. Apparently all of the materials are salvaged from refuse. The bicycle and cart are made from wire. The driver with his peaked cap is fashioned from bottle caps. Also the basket of this cart and the load are all bottle caps. The price tag is attached at 70.00 R (South African Rand) or about \$7.38 CAD.<sup>1</sup> The item was donated or created in 2005 by Nancy Brodie. The dimensions are about 6” high by about 8” long and 1” wide.

### *What is it used for?*

Definitely ornamental and sold in South Africa. The average monthly wage in South Africa is \$1,567 CAD<sup>2</sup> so this piece would likely be affordable to many South Africans. The craftsmanship on this model bicycle cart and driver is outstanding. The object is without title. To me the item looks most like a model of a North America style ice cream bicycle cart with a hatch in it. This is especially so to me, as the load is in the front like an ice cream cart rather than in the back like most cargo hauling trailers. The model also portrays the hatch on top of the cart. Also, according to my web search, there are bicycle ice cream carts of this sort in South Africa.<sup>3</sup>

### *How was it made?*

The piece was created with skillfulness and creativity. Everything is handcrafted from refuse wire and bottle caps. The wire wheels are perfectly round and the spokes and hub are all perfectly symmetrical and in scale to all

the other parts. The driver is made from bottle caps bent to form arms, body, legs, head and even the driver’s peaked cap. The cart is made from bottle caps with a square small tray (cart hatch perhaps) of a bottle cap and wire on top the cart. The wires through the caps are all at 90, 180, and 270 degrees.

The piece itself looks like a great example of South African art made from easily obtainable parts, but with notable skill. The piece looks to represent the fairly ordinary delivery or ice cream cart in South Africa. MOA also has a similarly made hand basket made of bottle caps and a South African tribal mask made out of scrap metal, both associated to Nancy Brodie. I also wonder if turning refuse into quality crafts is a popular form of art creation in South Africa.

### *Why do I like it?*

Generally, I enjoy art created in the last three decades at MOA from many different cultures. I find these pieces give me a window onto these cultures’ cultural values in the present day. I appreciate this piece in particular because I know bicycle delivery and ice cream carts are common in the developing world. The model cart represents the ultimate recycling, taking something worth nothing and giving it value. There is an abstract creativity to it. I cycle and perhaps I can see myself on that tiny little cart. This piece is a great example of the creativity I really love seeing at MOA.

### *What does it mean?*

My interpretation is that the artist is saying there is

value in what society considers worthless. The artist sees beauty in junk. I can visualize the artist looking at all the refuse in our modern world and asking, "What can I do with that?" and then doing it, which is where many pack rats like myself get stuck. As mentioned, this piece really touches me. The artist represents items that are common to everyday life and uses modern materials to keep the piece current with our times. This is a great example of why the Museum of Anthropology includes art from the last 30 years. It shows us what individual cultures look like now, today. It shows us how these cultures' art can still flourish. I'd love to find the artist and see how many of their pieces are online, as one museum staff believed they were.

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<sup>1</sup>*Convert South African Rand to Canadian Dollar / ZAR to CAD*. The Money Converter.com, 25 March 2015, Web. 25 March 2015. <<http://themoneyconverter.com/Default.aspx>>.

<sup>2</sup>*South Africa Average Monthly Gross Wage 2004-2015*. Trading Economics, nd. Web 25 March 2015. <<http://www.tradingeconomics.com/south-africa/wages>>.

<sup>3</sup>*Ice Cream—tri-carts, Push carts, Ice Cream Bicycles – Pretoria*. Ads Africa, 29 April 2013. Web. 25 March 2015. <<http://pretoria.adsafrica.co.za/item/114723/>>.

## / MY NEW RELATIONSHIP TO THE MOA

I've been through the collections at the MOA several times. I now suggest it as a destination for out-of-town visitors, if they don't mention it first, as MOA is world renowned. The price in the past has left me uncomfortable and I'm glad that, for the next four years anyway, I can get in for free. I'm getting very familiar with the organization and, after last year's tour with a curator, feel very comfortable with the staff as well. However, what I really revel in at MOA are the displays of art from less visible sources around the world that has been created in the last 30 years, which is most of my adult life. Patterns and styles from around the world are used to decorate items that we use today, such as snowboards, mouse pads, or even the gum boots. The gift shop sells some of these items. The museum has these artifacts scattered throughout as

*What is the piece's value?*

A tough one. As mentioned this piece originally went for \$7.50 CAD. I'm sure that a similar piece by the artist would sell for much more in Canada, even without this piece in MOA. The appearance of the aforementioned mask and hand basket indicates this style of art may be common in South Africa. This piece represents to me why people travel and buy art from around the world. The piece makes me want to look for African art online.

I don't know if you're the artist or the donor but thank you Nancy Brodie, whoever you are.

Thank You.

well as featuring them in temporary exhibit galleries.

I admire a great many pieces in the museum. The gum boots and snowboard have west coast native art designs. They are both unique for the way they stand out from the patterns normally put on these items. I also found a tiny delivery bike cart model from South Africa made from discarded bottle caps and wire with an original price tag equal to about \$7.50 CAD. Related to this piece was a more conventional African tribal mask design, but made completely out of scrap metal. I could see myself as the driver of the cart. I cycle a lot and actually have used a bike cart a few times. I have snowboarded in the past and if I had the snowboard in MOA I'd have the coolest board on the mountain. I have a nice pair of gum boots, but love the great

looking boots in the gift shop. Every time I go in MOA I look inside and think about what it would be like to wear them.

So, from my perspective, what's the point of the above artifacts and many more like them in MOA? It's been my conception that anthropology is all about artifacts from the more distant past. My conception also concluded that anthropology is only about documenting cultural practices that are no longer common. MOA has shown to me that both these conceptions are false. MOA displays artifacts that are both cutting edge and made by cultures that are happening now. MOA shows small cultures have not been entirely eradicated by the great wave of contemporary western culture. These artifacts are examples of how different cultures are still creating and adding to their cultures' identity. They also contribute to my culture and probably yours as, in my opinion, we all benefit from and can enjoy such diverse creativity.

# Hum201 Project

INTRODUCTION TO THIS  
YEAR'S HUM201 PROJECT:  
the 'no carrots, no sticks' game.

Each year, the Hum201 participants produce an innovative project based in the course content, theme, and the Programme's shared ways of being and doing, to be presented (or played) near the end of Term 2. This year's 201 group—Don Clancy, Elsie Viola Dupuis, Lorelee Avé Maria Judge, Steve King and Violet Bittern, with staff, Reuben Jentink—produced an enticing and satisfying game.

Following this year's course theme closely, the Hum201 team set out to imagine, design, and, ultimately, develop a game which encouraged play that follows 'no carrots, no sticks' (NCNS) as both a critical pedagogy and a mode of political and theoretical engagement. Our team—Violet, Lorelee, Elsie, Don, and Steve—spent a great deal of time imagining what a world with NCNS might look and feel like. How might people interact in such a world? The final game reflects our team's thoughtfulness and creativity. An emphasis on conversation, breathing exercises, and bodily movement were all indicated as important features to include from the very start. It was determined that the game needed to reflect classroom activities while simultaneously encouraging modes of participation beyond those found in the classroom. Because gaming boards so often follow a progress narrative from beginning ('start line') to end ('finish line') with one winner, the team chose to forego a physical board; instead, the table surface where image tiles are placed during gameplay encourages collaboration between players. The prospect of 'reward' reflects an NCNS ontology since the 'reward' (image tiles) each team or individual player 'harvests' is shared between all the players.



The simplicity of the game also reflects NCNS. There are only two main components: a deck of question cards, and a bank of image tiles. The five basic rules are amenable to—perhaps even encourage—flexibility and iterative rule changes from game to game. The game, however, is not simplistic. Our team was careful to work through many variations, drawing inspiration from game components and rules that proved to be generative, and setting aside those which did not. The process took seven months of group brainstorming; hundreds of ideas were proposed and explored.

Eventually, following the careful parsing of each possibility, each team member took charge of one aspect of the game's design: gameplay rules, time keeping, question cards, and image tiles. After each member had refined the details for which they were responsible, the team at large narrowed down ideas one last time, selecting those which naturally 'fit' one to the other. Even the process of designing the game was NCNS!



## QUICKIE INSTRUCTIONS

1. Draw a question card, discuss as a team. There is no wrong answer!
2. After sharing your answer, draw the number of image pieces indicated in the top right hand corner of the question card.
3. Lay the image pieces down in front of the whole table. Next team's turn.
4. Continue play until there is a complete image. At this point, all players participate in denotation then connotation of the image.
5. After having completed an image, a team may choose to 'flip' the image over rather than draw new image pieces. Then denotate and connotate for the new image.
6. Continue play until all the images are complete.



## 'NO CARROTS, NO STICKS' INSTRUCTIONS

### Purpose:

Learning a new game can be complicated; you might want to learn all of the rules before you start playing. But, in Hum101 we just jump right in—that's how we learn! This year we've studied over twenty unique disciplines. So, in keeping with the spirit of the class, this is a game that you can jump right into!

### Game Basics:

This game has five main actions. From these, many different variations can be played; these are only our suggestions. The game, then, is yours to (re)create again and again. This is an embodiment of 'no carrots, no sticks.'

### Actions:

1. Make sure you have a clear surface to play the game on.
2. In teams, or, as individuals, players draw and answer one question card from the deck. Play continues in order, one at a time. No answer is wrong! Teams can be any size: Individuals, pairs, or larger groups. You can even play as quasi-teams with whoever is sitting on your left and right.
3. After answering the question, the same player (or team) randomly draws image pieces from the bank. You'll find the right number to draw in the top right corner of the question card. (There are two numbers on every card. For a slow game, play with the smaller number; for a fast game, play with the larger number.) The players then lay these pieces on the table,

so everyone can see. If there are matching pieces (from previous turns) those pieces should go with the ones already laid. Every piece is uniquely shaped and sized; there is also a colour border to help with matching.

**\*\*Images are double sided; if, for whatever reason, pieces have been lain down from two different sides, a player/team may choose to flip the pieces to make a match, rather than draw new pieces. (Variation: Following the completion of an image, the next player, after having answered a question, can choose to either draw the number of image pieces, as specified on the card, or flip over the image to reveal the picture on the reverse side.)\*\***

4. Play continues until there is a complete image on the table. When an image has been completed, question play stops and all players participate in a connotation/denotation of the image. (This can start with the player who made the completing match, and go forwards and back around the table until everyone has had a turn to speak.) When two or more images emerge (as images are completed) players can discuss the relationship between images.
5. Play continues until all images have been matched, including the image on the reverse side. If you want to play a faster game, or, a slower game with more focus on conversation, consider putting a limit on the number of images completed; maybe play only until four or five images are complete.

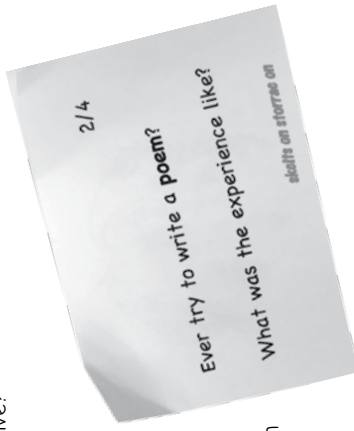
### Frequently Asked Questions:

When in doubt, work it out...

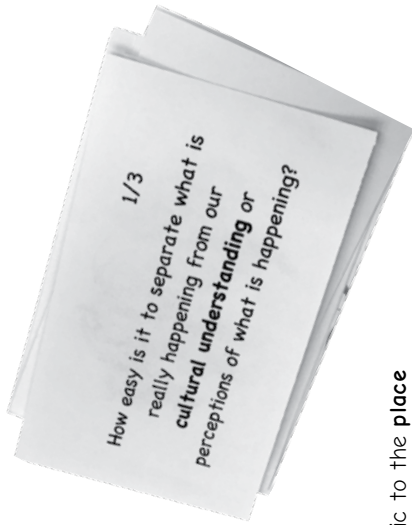
Or, after finding consensus amongst all players, make up your own rules!

!!!ENJOY!!!

- What could 'no carrots, no sticks' societies look like?
- What kind of tricks do you use to help yourself **learn**? How do they work for you?
- Discuss an item in a **museum** that really struck you. What drew you to this item? Was your experience positive or negative?
- What are your favourite buildings? What elements make you really like them?
- What is/are your preferred **learning style(s)**: visual, aural, or kinaesthetic (movement-based)?
- What **Native languages** have you seen written or heard spoken?
- What is **global culture**? Is it a good thing or a bad thing? Please explain.
- Try to come up with a **limerick**, either alone or with others' help. Start with: "There was a \_\_\_\_\_ in Hum."
- What political, religious, and social messages are there in local **architecture**? What specific elements draw your eye in architecture?
- Have you ever refused to identify your **racial, ethnic, or religious heritage, or sexual orientation** to someone else when queried? If so, what were your reasons for doing this? If not, why have you never felt this necessary?
- What is **art**? Does art change the way you think or feel?
- What do you think of three-dimensional, often site-specific **art** works? How do they affect your emotions and senses?
- Should **First Nations languages** be taught in schools? Or, as second languages in ESL classes?
- How would you approach a subject or item of interest to you **philosophically**?
- Have you ever tried to write a poem? What was the experience like?
- Are there any Canadian **writers/artists** that would seem like OUR version of Bertolt Brecht? Who would it be? If you can't think of any, speculate on why not....
- How do you define **gentrification** of a neighbourhood. Is it inevitable?
- Are there any pieces of **poetry** that you really like? What draws you to these pieces? Is it the theme, voice, style, etc.?
- Are **Bertolt Brecht's** works what you think of when you think of Germany after World War One? What comes to mind with his work?
- Discuss a small museum you've visited before and discuss your experience. If you've never visited a museum, imagine and discuss what your experience might be like.
- What types of **poetry** style were you taught in school? Was knowing them valuable to you?
- How do First Nations and non-First Nations communities recover from the inherited violence resulting from **colonization**, including Indian residential school and the 1960s and 70s 'scoop'?
- What are similarities and/or differences between **Western culture** and **global culture**?
- What are your thoughts on **Shakespeare** even if you don't like his work?
- What does one need to do to ignore someone's **race** when dealing with them? How hard is that for you?
- What's the value of **poetry** over typical writing?
- Have you ever tried to 'pass' as belonging to a **racial** group that you thought you didn't really belong to? Please explain.
- What **nation(s)** benefited from 'Truth and Reconciliation' – First Nations or the Canadian government?
- What is your favourite **resistance** organization? Why?
- Have you ever done a small action in life just to make a larger **political** point? What was it?
- What new **cultural practices** have we accepted in the last 20 years? Were they forced upon us or voluntary?
- How easy is it to separate what is really happening from our **cultural understanding** or perceptions of what is happening?
- What new **words** have recently come into use that are widely accepted now? How do you feel about these words?
- Do you see **globalization** as good, or bad, or both? Are there any aspects of it you'd like to discuss?
- How would the world be different without artists?
- What period of **history** would you like to go back and live in? Why would you like to be there?

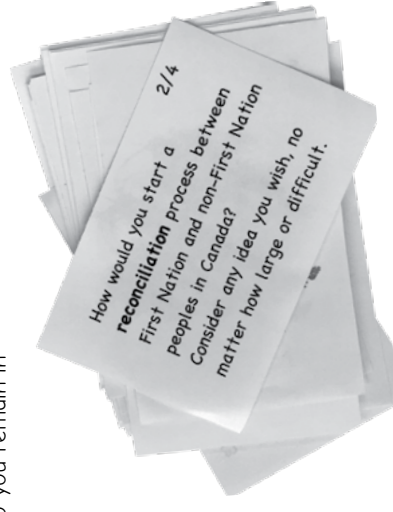


- What **Indigenous literature** or stories are you familiar with? Are there specific examples (including authors and texts) that you like most? If not, discuss why that might be?
- Do you think **history** repeats itself? How does that happen?
- Is **global culture** popular because it's so great, it's a force of arms, or some other reason?
- What's the difference between **knowledge** and **education**?
- People say **conversation** is an art. What do you think?
- If you were a fly on a wall, which **conversation** in history would you like to listen to?
- How do you personally manage to **talk to people** respectfully, even if they bother you?
- What basic differences do you see existing between the philosophies of **First Nations** and **Europeans**?
- What would be a few goals you might look to achieve if you were an **Indigenous feminist**? Are these goals specific to the **place** you're in? For example, are there specific goals in British Columbia?
- What do you think are the positive and negative results of **Native activism**? Can you give some examples from within Canada?
- What does **Indigenous feminism** mean to you?
- What does the word 'reconciliation' mean to you? How did the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada help (or not help) **First Nations** peoples to recover from the effects of colonization, specifically the Indian Residential Schools? Part of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission's mandate was to offer payments to **Indian residential school** survivors as a form of reparation. Was this approach the best offer of redress? How do you think payments should have been distributed?
- Do you regard **Marxism** as a good or bad force in the world? Why?
- Is there a period in **history** when you think the majority of people were treated better than now? When was that, and why was that?
- What makes **Shakespeare's writing** so universal?
- What **First Nations** terms do you know that have been adopted into local cultures?
- How would you start a **reconciliation** process between First Nation and non-First Nation peoples in Canada? Consider any idea you wish, no matter how large or difficult.
- Was anyone held accountable for the offenses committed at **Indian residential schools**? If there was, how many? And, how many should have been?
- Do you think **history** repeats itself? How does that happen?
- If the records are incomplete and children are still missing and unaccounted for from **Indian residential schools**, what right does the Canadian government have in claiming reconciliation?
- What foods from the **Indigenous** peoples of the Americas are you fond of?
- How can we promote the use of **Native languages** in your part of Canada?
- How many **First Nations** place names are used that you know of?
- What would you have done if you couldn't speak your **native language** at school?
- How do you think **art** has changed and how did it change? (i.e. in terms of artists, traditions, materials, themes, technologies, contexts, timeframes, meanings...)
- How can **regional traits** differentiate people? Are these valid to describe people of an entire region? Explain why or why not.
- How can **racial traits** differentiate people? Are these valid in describing an entire race? Why or why not?
- How would you stop **gentrification** in your neighbourhood. Do you want to? Why or why not?
- Should **First Nations languages** be considered as official or national languages? Why do you think these languages are not already considered official languages?
- What ideas can you think of to work against the **gentrification** of Vancouver?
- What is a good **blog** that you know of? Why do you like it?
- Has professional **journalism** failed us? How or how not?
- What **law** would you most like to see either enacted or removed in Canada? Why?





- How would you have responded as a child if you'd been forcibly removed from functional parents?
- What tips would you suggest when dealing with **police**?
- If '**poor-bashing**' is, in general terms, speaking badly of the poor, discuss an incident either where you participated in poor-bashing or where you suffered from it.
- What **legal rights organizations** do you know of? How useful are they?
- What are **human rights**? What are **legal** rights?
- Are **blogs journalism**? Why or why not is this so?
- Do you volunteer with or give money to **human rights** groups?
- Diogenes was asked, "What is the difference between life and death?" "No difference," he replied. "Well then, why do you remain in this life?" he was asked. "Because there is no difference." How do you feel about this quote?
- What tips do you think would be valuable for people being **arrested**?
- How much usage is there of **First Nations languages** on signs? Why do you think this is the case? How would you create more?
- Who is morally responsible in the creation, development, and construction of **buildings** and institutions: architects, engineers, developers, government, no one, or some combination? Can humane buildings even be built?
- What value is there in curmudgeonly **philosophers** like Diogenes the Cynic? Is there a place for them today?
- Has anyone ever asked you questions about yourself for a **research** project? Discuss whether you felt safe and supported or violated afterward.
- If you were a **researcher**, how would you safeguard the rights and privacy of the people you were studying?
- Look at something in the room. Discuss that thing in terms stripped of all societal meaning (**semiotic denotation**). Then describe it with its layers of societal meaning (**semiotic connotation**). This is tough. Is someone wearing jeans or do they have their legs encased in blue cloth?
- Are people more equal under **socialism**? Please explain why this is or is not the case.
- How has **technology** changed society?
- If **capitalism** is so great, why are there many people living below the poverty line in capitalist countries?
- How does **capitalism** make the rich richer and the poor poorer?
- The British activist Tony Benn said: "Socialism is the flame of anger against injustice and the flame of hope that you can build a better world." Why or why not would this be the case?
- What is **feminism**? What is **gender equality**?
- "He who is not a socialist at 19, has no heart. He who is still a socialist at 30, has no brain." What do you think of this quote?
- What is YOUR opinion of what the following means? (even a guess): If music be the food of love, play on, / Give me excess of it, surfeiting, (to overdo) / The appetite may sicken, and so die; / That strain (music) again. It had a dying fall (falling cadence); / O, it came o'er my ear like a sweet sound / That breathes upon a bank of violets. William Shakespeare, Twelfth Night
- How does **capitalism** destroy the environment? How could this be changed?
- What are the major values of your own personal **philosophy**?
- What practices would encourage **First Nations language** revitalization in both Native and non-Native communities?
- Do you have a favourite **poem** or poetic song? What makes it your favourite?
- What **legal rights** do you know of in B.C.? Could we use more? What would they be?





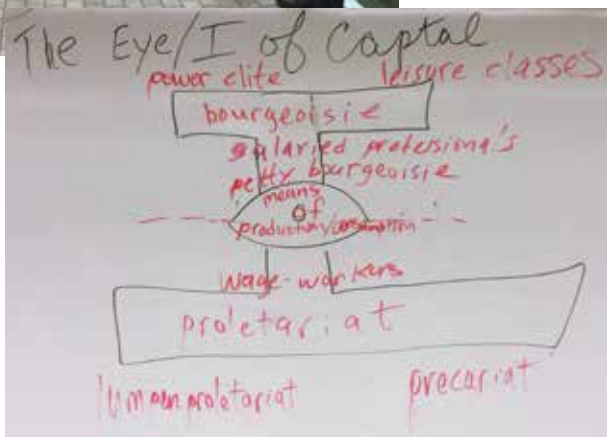




























# Writing Course Outline

## WRITING COORDINATORS

Angela MacDonald, Fall  
Maureen Phillips, Spring

## MENTORS

S. Steel and Terence Lui

## CLASSROOM

Buchanan D, Room 204  
Tuesdays 6:30-9:00 p.m.

## TERM 1 – 2014

September 16 - December 2

## TERM 2 – 2015

January 6 - April 7

## COURSE DESCRIPTION

In this course, we learn about and practise 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

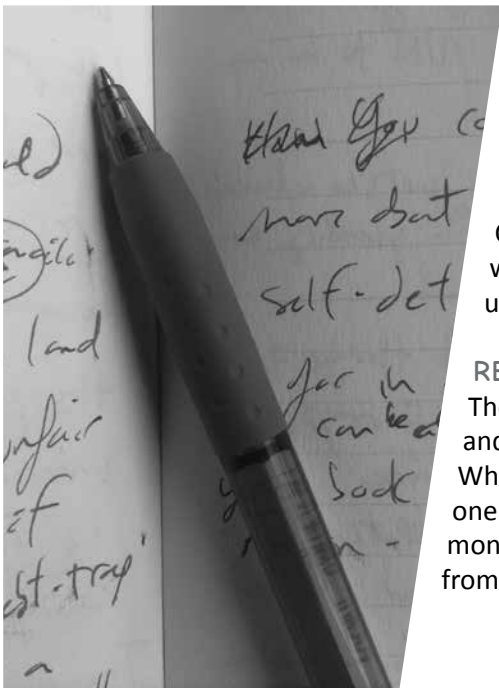
During the Writing course, there are a number of ways to receive input on your writing. You can receive spoken feedback weekly as follows:

- Writing One-to-One tutors Maureen Phillips, Stephanie Fung, Cynthia Minh and Mathew Arthur are available to meet with you every Tuesday before class in room D 216 from 5:30 to 6:25 p.m.
- 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 p.m.
- Writing class often allows for time for you to share your in-class 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 Writing Coordinators Angela MacDonald or Maureen Phillips. You can hand in your work handwritten or typed, or email it to [h.u.m@ubc.ca](mailto: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 three of them in order to graduate from the course. When you do the assignments, you'll turn them in for feedback, and revise one which will be included in the Yearbook, ready for the Graduation Ceremony on April 30<sup>th</sup>. You will need to attend at least eight classes to graduate from this course.





**MEET AND GREET** / September 16 + January 6

*Meeting, feasting, and navigating our way into Hum at UBC.*

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 2014–2015'. Together with Hum staff and volunteers, we tucked into some food at the Student Union Building (SUB), followed up with a 63-person circle 'ice-breaker game' that saw us introducing ourselves in delightful ways—if it was a dance floor, we would have been sighted 'making shapes' all over the Meekison Lounge. After this traditional Hum initiation, the term had truly begun.

**JOURNALING** / September 23 + January 6

*Journaling, with Maureen Phillips, UBC Writing Centre and Writing Coordinator.*

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, it provides material for other life writing projects, such as autobiography and memoir. The writing exercise at the end of class inspired a lot of diverse journaling assignments, demonstrating the flexibility of the genre.

**ARGUMENT ESSAYS** / September 30 + January 20

*Argument Essays, with Peter Babiak, English, Langara College.*

Argumentative essays focus on an attempt to convince someone of something. Though they need not be formal, they must make an argument in a manner that is highly formulaic. Peter Babiak discussed the formula with the class, emphasizing the difference between argument and opinion and how to write an argument clearly. Arguments need to be clearly written because they need to convey the points and the conclusion without ambiguity or vagueness.

**CREATIVE NON-FICTION** / October 7 + January 13

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

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.

**SONGS AND LYRICS** / October 14 + January 27

*Songs and Lyrics, with Carol Sawyer, vocalist and visual artist.*

For this class, Carol invited participants to pick one of their favorite 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.

**LIFE WRITING** / October 21 + February 3

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

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.

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**COLLABORATIVE WRITING / October 28**

*Collaborative Writing, with Cecily Nicholson, writer, Gallery Gachet.*

In this poetry class, participants formed into groups to write and recite a collaborative poem. Each group chose an *image* that would set the scene for the poem, and then after digging deep into a bag full of scrumptious *words*, the two elements combined and the poems collectively took shape. Participants were encouraged to write from the heart and let the style flow with the ideas, rather than attempting to fit the ideas into a pre-chosen form.

**BLOGGING / November 4 + March 24**

*Blogging, with Wil Steele, Hum Programme Assistant.*

Blogging is an electronically published form of personal writing that gives voice to the individual without interference of traditional gatekeepers. We looked at many different examples of blogs on the Internet, from personal and professional to cute and silly. 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.

**POETRY / November 11 + March 3**

*Creative Writing: Poetry, with Ted Byrne, poet, translator and essayist.*

Ted started the class with a round of ‘exquisite corpse’: passing a long piece of paper around the room, each participant wrote down just 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 meter.

**RHETORIC / November 18 + February 24**

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

The Writing and Hum101/201 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.

**ACADEMIC WRITING / November 25 + April 7**

*Academic Writing: Assignments and Essays, with Alison Rajah, former Hum Writing Coordinator.*

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.

**MEMOIR / February 10**

*Memoir writing, with Maureen Phillips, UBC Writing Centre and Writing Coordinator.*

Writing a memoir is a way for us to tell our life stories by looking back in time, recalling our experiences, and understanding the choices we made to get where we are today. Maureen discussed the different approaches to memoir—how to figure out where to start and how much to include. As a writing exercise, we were challenged to “write our life stories” in ten minutes.

### **CREATIVE WRITING / March 10**

*Creative Writing: Postcard Stories, with Stephanie Maricevic, UBC Continuing Studies.*

Stephanie introduced us to the genre of postcard stories, which falls under the category of flash fiction or short, short, short fiction. Postcard stories often contain all the elements of classic storytelling: protagonist, conflict, obstacles or complications, and resolution. We were given an assignment to find a postcard or a photo that intrigues us and write a 250-word story around the image we chose.

### **SCREENWRITING / March 17**

*Screenwriting, with Steve Hahn, UBC Continuing Studies.*

After describing the three-act structure for screenwriting, Steve discussed the fundamentals of Act 1: exposition, the inciting incident, the dramatic question, protagonist establishment, dramatic need, and point of no return. To illustrate the shift from exposition to the inciting incident, Steve showed us a series of classic movie clips, indicating where this shift occurs in each story.

### **LIBRARY TOUR / March 31**

*Vancouver Public Library.*

Taking a physical and virtual tour of VPL's sublime central branch, we weaved and navigated our way through the library book stacks and online systems. We perused a variety of print materials, and in the computer lab, we explored the online resources, learning how to identify and access specialized databases and refine our searches.



*Writing* Brody Williams / *ADDICTED*  
*Compositions* *ON THE EASTSIDE*

East Vancouver has been the place I call home for twenty-three years. I spent seventeen years of my time feeding my addiction of alcohol and drugs. Even through my addiction, I did manage to accomplish going to a life-skills program twice, once with Aims and the other with Vancouver Native Health. I also went to culinary school at the Food & Service group in North Vancouver and at Dubrulle Culinary Arts Institute in West Vancouver. I assisted in helping open the Pot Luck Café and the Radio Station Café. Then for eleven years I worked as a cook on a Grind Train, travelling multiple times through Canada and the United States of America. In 1995, I was diagnosed with Hep C because from 1991–1995 I was shooting up drugs. Then I was drinking alcohol heavily from 1995–1998; until 2009, I smoked crack. Crack was starting to get the best of me, as I could no longer pay rent or keep a job. I was experiencing really bad sound hallucinations, often thinking I heard jet planes crashing.

So, for the spring and summer of 1999, I was homeless. Then in September, I decided to get treatment for my addictions. I went to Union Gospel Mission for a six-month program. Much to my dismay, I was kicked out of the program for not watching a Morgan Freeman movie.

For just over five and a half years, I've been clean and sober. I do a lot of activism for homeless, gentrification and supportive living, and tenant's rights. Just this past summer of 2014, I spearheaded a homeless camp at Oppenheimer Park for three months. I learned a great deal from some of the mistakes I made at camp. My first mistake was that I did not make the entire camp zero tolerance for drugs and alcohol. My second mistake was to allow people who are not from our East Side Community to take leadership. The one thing I am happy for is that a hotel in the West End became available for the homeless for two years. Also, I have been very adamant about a First Nations Healing Centre to be located in Stanley Park. I have gathered a number of First Nations Elders, and alcohol and drug counsellors and a private funder. I want to see the healing centre be 100% First Nations-owned and operated.

## James Gillis / *THE MOON*

The Earth has one natural satellite. It's a few hundred thousand miles away and people have named it the Moon.

I can remember, like most kids, thinking the Moon was following me. I'd be in the back seat of the car wondering, "Why can't we put some distance between the car and the Moon?" The car was certainly going fast enough. My father eventually explained it to me.

Getting older, I would often 'Moon watch' on a clear night. It had 'mountains' and 'seas' like Earth, but was it ever green and blue? Would the Earth ever lose its colour and look like the Moon? It was never boring, always presenting itself in different shapes: full moon, crescent moon, half moon. It was also a little private, always keeping its dark side away from us.

## Robert Young

My grandfather worked for fifty years in the shipyards. He retired in his 70s and probably would have kept on working but his retirement allowed for more time in the pub.

He would say, "You learn more out of school than you do in it," a homespun philosophy which my father would counterbalance by saying, "If you learned nothing in school, obviously you'll learn more out of it."

He invented mostly unlikely stories. How he met Hitler in a pub (he came over before the war to get a better understanding of the British psyche—he left confused by the Paisley people). "You wouldn't have recognized him without his mustache." Greta Garbo, "a bit stand-offish." Sydney Greenstreet, "Helluva nice big fellow—but he loved his pies."

The Moon links humankind across time and location. A Mongolian will never see an ocean, a Tahitian will never see snow. A Siberian will never see a palm tree. But they can all Moon watch.

I will never know Shakespeare or Columbus or Alexander, but we have all Moon watched.

Neil Armstrong did better than all of us. He was the first human, of billions, to step there. He will be in history books as long as there are history books.

Future generations will most likely colonize the Moon and it will lose some of its mystery. But every kid on Earth will, at least once, think they are being followed by a Moon shadow.

He worked for 50 years in a low-paying job; he was happy with the money for a pint, cigarettes, and a fish supper.

He ate veal once in a fancy restaurant ('fancy' by the standards of Paisley in the 70s), "Lovely bit of veal that."

On football he would say, "St. Mirren would make a good Junior team."

The aspirations were never high. It was the simple things in life that were to be enjoyed.

"If it's not for you, it will not go by you."

Sometimes the simple things are true.

## Rebecca Wei / *CHINESE NEW YEAR*

Going home on Chinese New Year is a Chinese tradition. People who normally work away from their families get the chance to come back and visit them on Chinese New Year's Eve. I remember when I first went home on New Year's Day; I was carrying a big bag on my back while holding another in my hand. I crowded onto the train, which was packed with people; seats that normally held only three people carried four or five. Even the aisles and bathrooms were crowded with several people. Later

on, due to the advancement of technology, people had more options for transportation, such as taking a taxi or a high-speed train. Chinese New Year is an incredibly important holiday, and for many it is the only way workers can see their families no matter how far or how difficult the journey may be. Unfortunately, since immigrating to Canada, the possibility of seeing my family overseas on this holiday is no longer realistic, yet I still care for them greatly. The holiday has become my homesickness.

## Lucien Nasilowski / *THE STORY*

I have three good friends. I have known them for several years and we spend quality time together.

Their names are Rod, Don and Stewart.

The first is Rod, and I have known him the longest. We go for walks and sometimes we go for coffee. He listens to me carefully and we talk about everything. We talk about art, music and hockey. We laugh together about funny things.

Then Don is my other close friend. We go to meetings and talk about intimate stuff. I can share all my secrets with him. He is a good listener too. He does not judge me, and he knows that I won't judge him. We talk about

our families and our friends. When we get into trouble together, we try to find the best solution. I normally see him every three weeks, but sometimes every week. I am glad to have him as a friend. He makes me feel good and accepted.

At last is Stewart. He is a banker and he knows a lot about money. I don't see him that often because he lives far away. We often talk about life and our futures. He tells me how to save money and plan for my future.

I am glad to have such good friends. They make me feel content and secure. I wish to see them more often and for a longer time.

## Donna Hill / *JOURNALING*

The course is near the end.  
Just one more class.

It was incredible.

Each class was interesting. There were a lot of things covered. More than I thought there would be. Every topic was different and interested me.

In the Creative Non-Fiction class with Mandy, I was surprised and happy about her idea of thinking about something I had as a child, and how it affects me as an adult. It's true.

I hadn't thought of it before, and it was something that had an effect on me in a way that was more meaningful and with a deeper understanding when I wrote about it. That's what matters.

In Margot's Manifesto writing class, Margot explained ways to write a manifesto that I didn't know were in manifestos, but they are.

All the guest teachers and all the people involved in the course have really been good. I appreciate what each has brought to the course.

## S. Merasty / *THE RING*

The door to my heart has been shut for a very long time. Not just anyone can get in. It has been locked to everyone else and hidden in a lingering, secret memory of one person ... a beautiful and dangerous person. He lives in the neighborhood and the life that I left behind. It is a story about the symbolic object and token of his love. I will call him the Fox in order to protect his identity. It is a sterling silver ring inlaid with a small square ruby stone in the middle of it. The Fox gave it to me one summer evening in July approximately four years ago on top of the homemade loft bed he had built in his room. There were curtains surrounding each corner and a soft light lit above the bed near the ceiling, our feet dangling over the edge when he gave it to me and asked me the question. I had joyously accepted it because I loved him. I was willing to go to the end of time with him. It didn't work out that way.

I lost the ring. It could have been lost in a washing machine at the Chinese-owned Laundromat three blocks up the street, having been washed out of a pair of one of my jeans or in a pile of dirty laundry somewhere on the floor. It could have been stolen or found by someone who has left it in their jewelry box collection somewhere, gathering dust, abandoned and forgotten by the keeper without their ever knowing what it meant to me or anyone else.

The ruby was a fiery red color—a symbol of love, devotion and desire. It is also a symbol of immortality. I was touched by the Fox's gift and his idea of an engagement ring and I had accepted it as such. I wore it on my left-hand finger next to my smallest finger where the vein of love runs and is believed to be connected directly to the heart.

Looking back, what I understand now about the world and about my life that I didn't understand when I first encountered the ring is that nothing that is tangible and physical lasts. The ring was only a symbol of his love and desire for me to be his lifelong partner. The ruby, the color of his heart, which he was giving me, was blood red in a silver lining. The silver lining is symbolic to me of his character which is intellectually beautiful, cool, introspective and quietly passionate. I understand it is possible to love someone without the confusion and mixture of feelings that sexual intimacy can produce. I

understand that love is not limited and bound in physicality. I understand it is possible to feel great love for another in spite of physical and sexual limitations. I also understand that I don't have the power to save another and my love was not sufficient to do so. I left the Fox because I had to save myself. I could not save us both. It was one of the most heartbreaking and difficult things I have ever done.

The ring reminds me of the movie starring Robin Williams, called *'What Dreams May Come'*. He played a man whose wife had committed suicide after her husband and sons accidental deaths. She had been a creative, talented and beautiful visual artist whose paintings were splashed with the vibrant colors on the canvas of her life. She ended up in a cold and empty room where there was no color and only gray decay. This was where her suicide took her. It was filled with depression and the futility of her despair. Her spirit was dying and this is how he found her when he went to search for her. He went to her hell and tried to bring her back with him to the beautiful, happy and colorful world of spirit that he came from. Even then, she was despondent and wouldn't fight for the life of her own dying spirit so he stayed with her. So great was his love for her that in the process of trying to save her life, his spirit almost died along with hers. It was only when she saw this happening to him that she realized she didn't want him to die with her and realized that she had to fight for her life also, or lose him with her to all eternity of a self-imposed death. Their love freed and saved them from this chamber of entrapment.

My love story with the Fox didn't end this way. It didn't end. He is still alive and so am I. Although it is similar in that I had almost followed him to the gates of my own insanity and death.

It also reminds me of another story of a man who had allowed himself to fall deeply in love with his girlfriend's sister though she was dying of a terminal disease. He chose to leave his girlfriend for the dying woman and married her in spite of the hurt and bewilderment it caused her sister. He understood their happiness would be brief and it was. She died in his arms shortly after they married.

It reminded me of how the spirit of love is so powerful



that even in the face of death, it endures.

It reminds me of my love for the Fox who lives in active addiction to painkillers and who also lives with the HIV virus. I was willing to be with him even though I knew that we could never be fully together. Ours was not a relationship based on sexual intimacy. We did not have that in its entirety as we did not want to put me at risk of infection.

I learned that it is possible to love another passionately and intensely without the act of physical sex. Lovemaking becomes about touching in other ways that can be more intimate and satisfying than actual intercourse. It becomes about touching another person's heart and soul in the most personal of ways.

It is the touch of the soul's yearning and longing to be connected to another's heart and spirit that is lasting and eternal.

I don't know where the ring is. All I know is I will always love him and no one can ever replace him. I realize it's okay to love him like this and that it's also okay to let it be. I have been given a great gift which causes me to think of grace, grace which has been bestowed upon me and my torn and battered soul. And grace has been much needed. There are no more pretensions, no more masks, no more hiding, no more ego inflating situations in my life today ... it's good. I am free now ... finally ... to be who I really am. I didn't have to let go of love ... all I had to do was let go of my old self.

## Kahei Wong / *CALIFORNIA DREAM*

If you search the word 'paradise' on the Internet, chances are that you will find pictures of sunny beaches and tropical palm trees in California. These ravishing images of California have bewitched me since I was a boy. Growing up as a kid in the Old World, I always envisioned myself leaving behind the ancient continent, sailing across the ocean and settling in the New World, the United States of America to be exact. "California is the place!" I proclaimed. Other than Shangri-La and Utopia, California was the only other name for heaven in real life that I learnt. The ambition of moving to the fabled California crept into my dreams before I knew it. Hence, I decorated my bedroom with the picturesque theme of California. I had a spectacular scrapbook about California, I hung a gigantic poster of the magnificent Golden Gate Bridge on my wall, but the centrepiece of my marvellous collection was a shining map of the Golden State of California. California, California, it was all about California.

When I first laid my eyes on that lustrous map in the window of a bookstore, I knew it was mine. On the cover, the radiant word 'California' in bold completely outshone other maps there. Being a kid and receiving little allowance from my parents, I saved up for a month before I was able to purchase it. I still recollect the chills and excitement while I unfolded the glossy map of the charted paradise. It was a thousand times more thrilling than when Sir William Herschel beheld his newly discovered planet. It was a million times more sensational

than when Balboa sighted the Pacific in Panama. My eyes shone brighter and dreams glimmered anew. The word 'California' suddenly had music of its own.

In an era when digital cartography was not available, a printed map was our only dependable instrument for navigation. Whenever the TV or the radio mentioned some places in California that I had not heard of, I tended to 'manually' search for them on my map. "That's Anaheim, that's Huntington Beach. Oh hey, there's Newport Beach that I have been seeking!" I carefully scanned through my map, "Eureka<sup>1</sup>! I found Mount Whitney!" I frequently lost myself in exploring that map. When I scrolled my finger through those places on my map, I often thought, "When I grow up, I am going to live there." My colourful map did not just dramatically show many dazzling places that I had never travelled to, but it also mirrored my gilded California dream. For those places I wanted to live in, I carefully circled in red with notes of their advantageous geographical features. Like the archetypical 'X' mark on a pirate treasure map, I believed there were fabulous riches and boundless prosperity beyond imagination in that remote land of gold. All that glitters is gold.

My childhood dream did not fade away when my darkest adolescent years arrived; it thrived on. "Friends, there is a land of eternal summer on the yonder side of the

<sup>1</sup> "Eureka" means "I found it" in Greek. It is also the state motto of California.



ocean,” I shared with my fellow schoolmates. None of them took it seriously and dismissed me as a daydreamer, but I knew deep inside that I would get there someday. “California or Bust!” California was my beacon of hope; it was the only light in the dark when all other lights were gone.

My prayer was finally answered when I turned seventeen. I saw a poster concerning a study abroad exchange programme between my bleak secondary school in the barren Far East and a wonderful high school in the enthralling state of California, and I knew I was going to fulfil my destiny. Against all odds and adversities, I persevered and was chosen as the sole emissary to study among the grandeurs of California for one memorable year. An eastbound 747 finally carried this daydreamer to see the El Dorado that he had so long dreamt about. Perhaps my words cannot adequately convey the joy of my encounter with the fertile ground of California and the warm-hearted Californian people; therefore, I look to the remarkable words of William Shakespeare in his famous final play, *The Tempest*. He wrote,

O Wonder!  
How many goodly creatures are there here!  
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,  
That has such people in’t!

It was the best year of my life. Every street in California felt like it was paved in gold. One short year went by like the blink of an eye. My family situation did not permit me to extend my stay in California. I had to bow to the will of Providence and go back home to the Old World. California was like a brilliant comet—only appearing for a short moment in my life, and then it was gone.

Although my quest for California did not have a perfect fairy tale ending, I am still trying to make the best out of my remaining years. As much as I want to flee from this one-horse town and make a run for the rugged shores of my dear old California, I also surmise that my life is no longer there but somewhere beyond the distant land of my perpetual obsession. Whether I can live in California or not does not define my life, and my days in California only play a small part of my legacy. I cannot focus on the sorrow that I feel for this shattered dream, but I must celebrate that which this fascinating California dream has given me. It once gave a young man what he needed the most in his coming of age, a chance not only to dream, but a chance to believe. It has been my greatest honour and privilege to stay awhile and call California home, even though it was just for one brief year. For that, I am infinitely grateful.

Years have gone by, and I still find myself silently staring at the same poster of the unmistakable Golden Gate Bridge on my wall. It feels different nowadays. Gone is the fire in my eyes; those stirring feelings are replaced by a sense of sadness that springs from a dream left undone. The grand old California was like a holy grail to me, it was just not meant to be. I must have tried to go a bridge too far. Reflecting on my unfinished California dream, I found words of consolation in the Old Testament, “I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all” (Ecclesiastes 9:11). I had a dream; it was golden one.

## Tia Maria Perrault / *METAPHYSICS OF WORDS*

*The following writing by Tia Maria was done in class during a 15-minute in-class writing exercise, in November 2014. Writing students were instructed to write on the topic of 'Words' ...*

Words are alive and are very powerful in creating our own lives. What comes out of our mouths are living words drawn from the material of our minds and brains.

Don't underestimate the power of your words as they are projected from brain to vocal cords to tongue and into the ethers of our planetary energy. The words you speak carry energy as they leap from your mouth and like all energy, what you send out will return to you ten times the energy's strength and enhance or impede your own state of being.

So the question is, "What are words, really?" One answer could be they are an expression of our thoughts or our thinking process, but really they are magical alive thoughts transforming our world and ourselves. As we speak or write 'words', we are igniting our innate creative abilities as human life forces on this planet to bring forth realities into the earth's plane.

So therefore, words are not only alive with a life force of their own vibrating into existence, they are intentions of ideas, messages, conveyed from thought energy and set adrift into the physical, material world.

Amen  
Tia Maria  
Flower Girl

## Amanda Rae / *HAIRBRUSH*

The hairbrush is in a bush at the bottom of the bedroom window where I previously lived on Haro Street downtown. It has been there for almost two years now. The location is the ground between two buildings that have a very small shrub garden with no path, entry, or exit.

My hairbrush is made of wood with densely packed bristles around its top part. The handle is narrow and about six inches long, leading up to the wide circular array of bristles. This brush will hurt your hand slightly if grabbed by the top bristled part. Through the bristled part, the wood is hollowed out.

My object of choice to write about is important to me because until two years ago, when I was too lazy to go get it after it fell, it had been the only steady thing in my life since I was 13 years old. This hairbrush came into my life when I decided, at age 13½ to run away with my 17-year-old boyfriend. I stole it from my foster mom and packed it. My boyfriend and I hitchhiked across Canada, and when I was brought back from Ontario by police, the brush returned with me. Then 10 years later, when I learned to blowout my hair, I did it every morning before university classes. I loved that brush; my new one isn't as great.

So back to how it ended up where it is now. The last time I was using that brush I was almost one year into a heavy two-and-a-half-year addiction of cocaine and alcohol. I was high and drunk all alone on a summer day cooped up in the small room I rented on Haro. The brush was resting on the window ledge, and I bumped into it and knocked it out of the open window. As far as I can remember, I felt 'dumped' by my hairbrush, like it had just left me after our 15 years together. Sadly, and irrationally, I wallowed in pity for myself, while at the same time felt guilty for not going after it. I just couldn't do much at all, so how could I save my hairbrush? I couldn't even save myself.

## Terence Liu / *SENSATION*

(SONG RE-WITTEN)  
SENSATION Lyrics

Doused his hair in kerosene  
The auto-focus strays  
If that's the price to being seen  
He'll set your eyes ablaze

He's a ... Sensation  
(on YouTube)  
He's a ... Sensation  
(on YouTube)  
He's a ... Sensation  
You can't resist

O, she may be pious, may be a tramp  
Depending on your sway  
Reality is just as thin  
As a facebook page, yeah

She's a ... Sensation  
(on YouTube)  
She's a ... Sensation  
(on YouTube)  
She's a ... Sensation  
You can't resist

Thus began my time of hell and bliss  
Shed my armour and took a risk  
Bared my soul to a camera lens  
A 100,000 views is where I'm at, baby

I'm a ... Sensation  
(on YouTube)  
I'm a ... Sensation  
(on YouTube)  
I'm a ... Sensation  
You can't resist

I can't resist

Music by Tom Waits  
Revision Lyrics by Terence Lui

(ORIGINAL SONG)  
TEMPTATION -Lyrics

Rusted brandy in a diamond glass  
everything is made from dreams  
time is made from honey slow and sweet  
only the fools know what it means

temptation,  
temptation,  
temptation  
I can't resist

I know that she is made of smoke  
but I've lost my way  
she knows that I am broke  
so that I must play

temptation,  
temptation,  
temptation  
I can't resist

Dutch pink and Italian blue  
she is waiting there for you  
my will has disappeared  
now my confusions oh so clear

temptation,  
temptation,  
temptation  
whoa, temptation  
I can't resist

Music and lyrics by Tom Waits  
link to listen/watch Tom Waits - Temptation:  
<http://youtu.be/kfskVyTVJc>

## Adeline Martin / *GOOD DAY*

Where is the moment you were hugging me  
You took such a long time to come back, Dean  
Well now many things have changed in you  
You look like someone I really love too  
And I don't need to worry now

You've become so sweet with me, oh my god  
I can hardly believe in it, it's so odd  
If there's something wrong then you don't mind  
You go on smiling and stay in the line  
And I don't need to worry now

### *Chorus*

'Cause you have a good day  
You're so pretty babe  
You look like an angel about to take me away  
You tell me stay here  
You're coming with me  
You're riding so fast and we go for a ride  
You have a good day  
Your eyes never lie  
You keep on smiling and you're free of your mind

You have a good day  
You have a good day

Well now you need me all the day  
I am in your heart that's what you say  
And I don't need to worry now

### *Repeat Chorus*

Oh holiday

When I look at the sky, I see you're holding your hand  
for me  
No need to think, I'm in, 'cause now it's the only place  
I wanna be  
It feels so good yeahhhhhh, yeah, yeah, yeah

When you were in my dream, the magic began  
Oh you and I  
Now this is true and I don't want to run

### *Repeat Chorus*

**Good Day by Daniel Powter (Original lyrics)**

Where is the moment we needed the most  
You kick up the leaves and the magic is lost  
They tell me your blue skies fade to grey  
They tell me your passion's gone away  
And I don't need no carryin' on

You stand in the line just to hit a new low  
You're faking a smile with the coffee to go  
You tell me your life's been way off line  
You're falling to pieces every time  
And I don't need no carryin' on

'Cause you had a bad day  
You're taking one down  
You sing a sad song just to turn it around  
You say you don't know  
You tell me don't lie  
You work at a smile and you go for a ride  
You had a bad day  
The camera don't lie  
You're coming back down and you really don't mind  
You had a bad day  
You had a bad day

Well you need a blue sky holiday  
The point is they laugh at what you say  
And I don't need no carryin' on

*Repeat Chorus*  
(Oh, on a holiday)

Sometimes the system goes on the blink  
And the whole thing turns out wrong  
You might not make it back and you know  
That you could be well oh that strong  
And I'm not wrong

(Yeah,yeah,yeah,yeah)

So where is the passion when you need it the most  
Oh you and I  
You kick up the leaves and the magic is lost

*Repeat Chorus*

Had a bad day  
Had a bad day  
Had a bad day  
Had a bad day  
Had a bad day

## LeiChandra Truong

### / ICE CREAM ADVICE

Her almond eyes shone  
a spark, twinkle  
she was glowing  
at her book signing

I told her about  
my issues with identity  
how inspiring her talk was  
in fostering self-acceptance

Why do you have to choose she says  
to be Vietnamese, American, or Canadian  
let others identify you  
as they like

Be like ice cream  
one day have chocolate-flavoured  
on another eat green tea  
mung bean, taro, peach

Sprinkle cornflakes on top  
add a banana  
tortilla and fry it  
or dribble caramel syrup

Multiplicitous, duplicitous  
way of being  
of eating  
of letting others watch

As I say goodbye  
the cold rain pours  
daydreaming  
my ice cream bowl

## B. Gibeault

### / HE WALKED ON WATER

He walked on water; still they didn't believe.  
Because they were fooled and deceived.  
With His mighty power He parted the sea.  
Still they where blind and couldn't see.

He healed the sick and the lame.  
Still they searched for gold and fame.  
When He cured the crippled and raised the dead.  
They crowned Him with thorns until He bled.

He taught them through parables.  
Still they drank and took pills.  
When He turned water into wine.  
They cursed and acted worse than swine.

He offered them peace and joy.  
They were only interested in the world's toys.  
When He offered them forgiveness.  
They refused to leave their mess.

He lived His life free of lies.  
They took Him to be crucified.  
When He asked the Lord to forgive them.  
They mocked Him with their sins.

## Leith Harris

### / HAIKU

Dark skies shed cold tears  
Lucky I am to be warm  
And to have a home

## Stergios Vlioras

### / FLOU

High in the sky, clouds  
acrobating and stillness  
the mind trapped and free.

## Veronica Gardiner

### / *LOST AND FOUND*

I'm lost in a dream  
But I just came back  
I got myself back on track  
I'm not going back  
I'll roll on down, I'll pass the enemy  
Line  
I'll shout surrender—I'm right on Time  
I spent my whole life searching for what I never had  
Till I realized my self is not too bad  
I put myself back together not to hear  
You say  
Oh no, she's back to stay  
Oh no, she's back to stay

## Rhiannon Reid

### / *GRADE NINE*

Home's always mean  
Loud and then violent  
She's feeling serene  
and then painfully violent.

She feels so happy  
It's almost like panic  
then throws up,  
And feels senselessly manic.

The confusion's too much  
She grasps, desperately squeezing,  
feels like she's drowning  
Coughing and wheezing.

Math test tomorrow  
What should she wear?  
Suddenly. Sorrow.  
Starts cutting her hair.

She turns out the light,  
And climbs into bed,  
Drinks till she sleeps,  
The only rest for her head.

Another day's passed,  
She's sick of pretend.  
Why haven't they asked?  
And she waits for the end.

## Danny Koch

### / *WONDERING*

Whispering moments upon a gentle breeze,  
shades of love brighten within the trees.  
Are you the one, you know what I mean,  
of crystal clear and bright within the open air.  
Come to me each and every day as I kneel and pray,  
for I'm weak of your ways.

## Anne Larson

### / *MY FIELDS OF GREEN*

My fields of green, I dream of my youth once again

On my grandparents' farm there is honeysuckle that  
clings to the vine.

There is also goldenrod, so tall and lean.

So I must atone, this field of green is mine, and mine  
alone.

## Raul Castillo

### / *UNTITLED*

In my anguish and my  
solitude  
I go to meditate  
listening to the sounds of birds.

In my silence  
I remember my childhood  
full of energy  
and joy.

At all times  
I feel accompanied  
by emotions of sadness  
and joy.

In my memory  
is the joy  
of my success  
in participating in taekwondo.

In all these scriptures  
where melancholy and joy  
are mescla  
to write this  
paragraph has downloaded all  
the emotions that I  
have within me.

At the sound  
of the birds  
I am driven to where her  
singing is profundisa in me.

In my deep look afar  
I empty my mind.



## Jean-Pierre Loïselle / *THE CROW AND THE DOG*

I gave part of my lunch to my dog  
    A smart crow stole his good lunch  
        My dog used to live in a mental fog  
            The crow enjoyed my dog's lunch  
                My dog woke up from the chub  
            The crow ate my dog's lunch in his nest  
        My dog is surprised by the crow's intelligence  
    The crow had a good rest in his nest  
My dog seeks deadly vengeance  
    The crow laughs at the four-legged furball  
        Chewing his bone my dog dreams of revenge  
            My dog tries to climb the tree but falls  
                The crow feels pity for the hairy furball  
            My dog hates crows 'cause they are smarter  
        The crow dropped a bone close to my dog  
    My dog and the crow became friends and winners  
Together they were stronger and friends forever

## Perry Cikaluk / *IT'S MY LIFE*

It comes and slowly goes,  
At times, paralyzing  
And others, just discomfort,  
Just.

Tasks  
Becoming difficult and more difficult  
And much more, than  
That.

Darkness and fear,  
Taking all I've got,  
A break in reason.  
All's a blur.

Homework put on hold  
As my life  
Also comes to,  
The same.

Personal affairs, stained  
By unseen;  
The illness, once again  
Goes nowhere; but alive.

Putting a hold  
On my affairs and my life,  
Once again, goes  
Nowhere.

Please allow me  
Free access  
To my life;  
Mine.

Calls for reason  
Go unheard  
Overcoming, alone,  
Might be,  
A way.

## Sandi Rooke / *DON'T STOP*

### DON'T STOP

The understanding  
is worth more  
than the accolades

Shyness is a den  
of experience  
waiting to happen

Learn so you can  
exceed and understand

Don't Stop!

Question until you cannot  
be questioned

Reality is not so much as  
how you look and feel  
as it is how you determine it

Find a place worthy of you

Don't Stop!

Listen - love - learn  
Live - love - laugh!

Hang in there - Believe -  
Shine

Don't Stop!

# Kathleen Gowman

## / MANIFESTA MANIFESTATION

((Affirmation of the day: I AM a MANifestaTION))

### Socio-economic Eugenics and the Neoliberal Dick Sucking System

You don't feel as alone as when you are sticking syringes in your arms eight to ten times a day and avoiding eating so you don't have to do it again (may all my anorexic wet dreams come true). I mean a couple of times a day you even get to stick yourself twice, simultaneously (look ma, no hands), because you can't mix medicines (these little technicalities). Damn pH balances cancel each other out.

But. Yeah, I know I'm not supposed to commence a sentence with "but." But, the non-tangible thing that makes you feel so screamingly alone is that in this blood-dripping-trickle-down-laissez-faire society no one gives a fuck.

And so. Like sending children in the 2/3 majority (formerly known as the Third World), like sending "them" a copy of *The Secret*, or *How to Heal Your Life*, I would like to ask you how you might feel if someone ripped out one of your organs and sold it back to you incrementally, replete with a five-year warranty, so you can buy it back again.

Before you hit the "who gives a fuck" button in your frontal cortex, wallet, or crotch, and not that Type 2 Diabetes do not deserve proper medical care, I did not do this to myself (hey, I'm appealing to your meritocratic belief system here). Before children started getting Type 2, the original Type 1 diabetes was an autoimmune disease caused by a non-needed vaccine (just speak to your first year prof). Less than ten percent of diabetics have this and it is, by far, the most severe kind (although everybody bitches about everything). The original Type 1 is either congenital (present at birth) or contracted before approximately age six. There are anomalies. I am not here to discuss them, or your grandparent who had all their limbs amputated and died slowly from this disease (so much to look forward to).

Type 1 brittle diabetes is difficult to control. That's the aim: control. Like most control freaks this requires constant monitoring and attention unless you want to wind

up like good ol' grandpa at a younger age and accelerated rate. Frequent blood glucose monitoring is essential: evening and night, before and two hours after eating anything (ffs). During exercise (which is imperative if you want to keep your limbs) and even during sex (sorta kidding). What you want to do is as closely mirror a healthy body as possible. This reduces risk of death, blindness, limb loss, nerve damage, kidney failure, healing problems, and the like. Oh yeah, and heart failure. In order to emulate a normal human body, corporate capitalists have invented synthetic insulin.

Despite Type 1 diabetic military training, I have all these types of damage. I exercise, eat healthy, and get lots of blood transfusions (another issue, another time). Like I said, I take care of myself like a military sergeant on speed. My insulin pump, which I was common-law married to for several years before it kicked the bucket, was fundamental in this life-sustaining process.

The cost of an insulin pump is nearly \$7,000 every few years (depends on how much extra you have for your warranty). The cost of societal guilt? Perhaps another massive blow job. Maybe a trip to Hawaii. Consulting my endocrinologist, who previously advocated (and gave up) for the coverage of pumps, he says no one wants to go out of the budget for the year. Nonetheless, we already do with extra medical care required for Type 1 diabetics.

As a third wave (do your research, I did mine) feminist, I do not usually engage in the topic of my physical body as subject matter. I am not up for consideration or debate. Not digging this compromised position. Consider frenemies that the cost of death (\$1500 to get carelessly cremated), kidney dialysis, blindness, hospital visits, limb loss and amputation, and so forth, far exceeds \$7,000 dollars every few years. If you're worried it might get too cushy (hey, I'm a needle cushion) after the artificial organ enslavement, don't. Still have to live my life like a military sergeant on speed. But, it makes it a whole lot easier.

An insulin pump, as much as possible and with constant monitoring, closely emulates the human body's natural functions. Instead of multiple injections that

deliver all the insulin at once, these crafty little devices can deliver half a unit over a half an hour or all at once. They can be programmed to give your body differing base levels of insulin needed at different times (more in the morning due to the body's production of adrenaline upon awakening, etc). Although syringe technology has come a long way (let me tell you), this cannot be done with injected insulin. Ten shots a day is a freak show. I wouldn't ask you to live like that. Prior to electric shock therapy, there was insulin shock therapy, but the resulting deaths made electricity more attractive. Try having several of these a day.

So yeah. This shit should be covered. No holds barred. Pin it on an individual's charity for an individual and you create an uneven power dynamic (i.e., dick sucking position). This is also another version of "I'm alright Jack, pull the ladder up" mentality we are infamous for. I have read *The Secret*, but, I reiterate I did not do this to myself (please go away with past life theories.) I have busted my white-trash ass to the best of my ability. The real secret is that you can't have equality of choice without equality of conditions. Meritocracy and The-Just-World-Hypothesis are lies you tell yourself every time you look in the mirror, so like Oedipus Rex, the all-original muthaphuka, you do not have to gouge your own eyes out with your mother's golden broaches (we white trash pawned them). Really. The person is political. I repeat, you can't have equality of choice without equality of conditions. You might not want to go endanger yourself by becoming completely egalitarian overnight and level the playing field, but at least remove some of the land mines. Peace bewithyou, my friends and frenemies.

Terence Lui  
/ MANIFESTO

Front Side



Flip Side

**\$5** is small change, my friend. you need **BIGGER CHANGE** Stuck in your **DTES** multi-barrier limbo? I know. Take a break! **RELAX**. (Your barriers aren't going anywhere.) Get outside and

**LISTEN!** to all the invitations around you. (to the **FREE** operas/concerts/films/trips at the Carnegie Center /to **FREE** education at UBC Hum101 /to the open call at the Vancouver Moving Theater Co., Just listen!)

**COMMIT!** to **MORE**. (next time, bring a friend / make a friend / volunteer / tell the story of.../ Whatever. But, commit...to add something new to your experience.

**ENJOY!** quality does not always mean costly. Your talented peers behind those invitations are skilled professionals (and with more **SOUL** than most) So, open your **HEART**... and enjoy.

**SIMPLE**. Now, with so much more in your life, your barriers will begin to dwarf by comparison. It works. I know, because I've Been there...Am there...and hope to see **YOU** there. (And you thought you were only **\$5** richer. Ha!)

 <p>Brains Club Be beautiful and we serve</p>	<p><b>Positive ABC正向思考123</b></p> <p><b>Appreciation 感恩   Balance 均衡   Corporation 合作</b></p> <p><b>Care our Attitude 態度   Behaviors 德行   Confident 信心</b></p> <p><b>Sharing is caring 分享關愛</b></p> <p><b>Brains Club , Be beautiful and we serve. Make the most of what we have.</b> 腦友會   安分守己   活在當下   尊德樂義</p>
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## BCs Positive ABC 精靈腦友樂誦讀

### Positive word games + Read & Recite Program for all ages.

*Choose to see beauty and joy:*

*Much in life can be seen as ugly or beautiful – it's our choice.*

*Why would we choose to see any part of life as ugly?*

— Jonathan Lockwood Huie

*Once you replace negative thoughts with positive ones,  
you'll start having positive results.*

— Willie Nelson

*Stay Positive and say no to negativity to have  
a better you and better living.*

— Cindy ^ \_ ^ QT

P—Proper Priority Potential	適當	優先	潛力	Plan ahead Practice makes Perfect
O—Open Option Observation	開放	選擇	觀察	Always keep an Open mind
S—Share Smile Serenity	共享	微笑	安詳	Sharing is caring.
I—Involve Integrity Infinite	參與	誠實	無限	Integrity has no need of rules.
T—Teamwork Talent Time	配合	天賦	時間	Lost Time is never found again.
I—Inspiration Instilling Inclusive	激勵	循序漸進	包容	We can be more Inclusive.
V—Volunteer Vibrant Value	自願	活躍	價值	Love is the expression of one's Values.
E—Enthusiasm Encourage Equality	熱情	促進	平等	Equality is the soul of liberty.
A—Attitude Appreciation Accept	態度	感恩	接納	
B—Better Beautiful Balance	改善	美好	平衡	
C—Care Compassion Commitment	關愛	同情	承諾	

## Adrian Winter / *GUY-GUY AND SLEET*

He came to in the snow. It was dark now. His head and body hurt bad. He'd be sleeping outside again. It was difficult, but he made it to his feet. He struggled toward the stilted house.

Burrowing through the snow, Guy-Guy found himself once more under a pile of dirty blankets and filthy rags. He cried softly and asked why he was so bad.

He woke to find it hard to breathe. He heard the dog, Sleet, whimpering and felt his tongue upon his face. Even knowing that the dog ate his own shit, he didn't push him away. Instead he pulled him into his arms and kissed him. His friend had been beaten many times trying to protect him. He loved him. They loved each other.

"I'm sorry I'm so bad, Sleet," he whispered.

His tears were licked away.

His spirit lingered there for a time.

Then his spirit was gone, gently pulled into the Light.

## Alysen Cameron / *ANGEL FISH*

"I accomplished it! I have, Amariah, look."

Amran looked up from his papryi sheets through the stone lattice of the window to the view of his youngest son running through the garden towards the courtyard, just one story below. His eldest son, Amariah, was working out the calculations for his entry to the upcoming science competition. Amran watched as Amariah looked from his work to his panting brother, placing a hand on the younger's shoulder.

"Is it alive, Anaiah?" asked the elder; a beautiful, young man of great height. Amran had been surprised at the length of his eldest son's limbs upon first seeing him. The infant looked far too delicate for him to hold close to his chest, let alone stretched above his head as custom demanded. But, he did. He rushed through the naming prayers to bring the boy back to the safety of his chest when his wife cried out. He returned to the foot of her bed as the women repositioned her back into the birthing chair. He barely took a breath when he saw the crowning of another child from between her legs.

Efrat, his Beloved Blossom, the answer to his heart song, gritted her teeth and bore down hard to push another boy from her belly. The sweat streamed from the crown of her head and down to her shoulders as the oldest woman expertly caught the child with one hand to nestle the twin's head, and with the other position the infant's body

between her forearms on her lap. The other handful of women efficiently took warm, wet towels and cleaned the bloody belly and limbs of the infant, as another cleansed the mucus from the boy's nose and mouth. Another set of women were cleaning Efrat in preparation for her return to the bed to nurse her first born.

Some of the women chuckled as they washed her breasts and anointed them with a salve perfumed to ease the bond between mother and child. She, they said, would need to have the blessings of the Ruling Elite's fertility goddess with two sons to feed. As her first born wriggled and wailed, making the latching onto her breast cumbersome, Efrat heard her husband announce the name of her second. She had known there had been two strong sons growing in her belly; the pair she had envisioned in childhood, sitting at the feet of the first Priestess her education was entrusted to. But, the Old Wife had said she heard only one heart beat, and warned her if she did carry two, then one would be stillborn. Efrat didn't argue, everyone knew there is nothing to be gained by arguing with Elders. As the Old Wife stood at the foot of her bed smiling, the second—healthy and living—son was placed on her other breast.

Amran shook his head from the memory to be in the present, where before him he saw his sons walk off into the garden. They were headed for the fish ponds he had put in a decade or so before, to satisfy Anaiah's love of



All-That-Lived-in-the-Waters. He was not as beautiful as his brother, having been born with facial defects that somewhat impeded his ability to hear and talk. But he was stronger in character than his older brother. Amran didn't know if it was the impediments or the personality that made Anaiah more determined to succeed at tasks others would shy from, but he loved him as deeply. Either child was destined for greatness on the day of their birth, so the High Priest had deemed. It is why Amran's High Priest chose their names: Amariah, God has Said; and, Anaiah, God has Answered.

God had said he was to have a son as his first born, and as one of the Ruling Class it was always prayed the second child would be a boy. It ensured the familial dynasty, and gave him stronger bargaining powers with other families looking to place their daughters with good husbands. He, Amran, had been fortunate to have known Efrat all her life. She had been the daughter of a woman his father's cousin had betrothed late in life. Her father had named her after the town her mother hailed from in southern Sinai. Efrat, a town surrounded by fertile lands, and it was believed the name was a good omen for her ability to satisfy Amran's dynastic responsibilities. She was, as a child, Amran's chosen first wife, his Blossom. He waited until she had reached the appropriate age for him to claim her, and she blushed in full bloom when he made the public announcement. She had always loved him, too.

"Father," called Amariah. Amran looked behind him to the doorway where his two sons stood. He beckoned them to him. The young men lumbered to him, sharing the load of a large, square, clay bowl full of water. The boys had set the bowl on leather straps, strongly woven to carry heavy loads, and placed it before their father's feet.

"Father, be proud of your Second Son, for he has completed a task no one has been able to do in the lifetimes of many ancestors. Behold, he has bred a fish like no other," Amariah announced.

Amran looked down into the bowl and saw one of the most exquisite fish of gold with electric blue stripes gathered together at the head and spreading wide over the body to gather at the tail, which was iridescent blue, unlike the golden fins. He looked to his Second Son with mouth agape.

"Yes, Father. I have created a fish worthy of our seas. It shall be entered in the King's Competition as the 'Angel Fish,' in your honour..."

The End

## *Well-Wishes*

HUM101/201 PARTICIPANTS



As a tiny dove I embrace the rain, and enjoy the drying of my feathers in the sun. I inhale the wind and drink the dew. However, I cannot fly too high because of my little wings. Peering into the windows of Room D201, I find strangers working hard on Humanities. I know nothing, but I have an ardent wish to join them. Gradually, they become my classmates. Olive saplings and bulrush grasses on the river bank flourish. I am a dove carrying a sprig. I bring peace to share with all my Humanities classmates. My mouth agape, the sprig makes an escape.

Farewell my beloved classmates. My gratitude, like a stream, flows to eternity. My great well-wishes go to all of you. Keep well and keep in touch.

**Assumpta Kwan, Hum101**

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To my Humanities classmates, staff members, volunteers, mentors, and teachers: Thank you for sharing this learning experience with me; I am honoured. I have come to learn that the gift of knowledge is sweeter when shared with others. I am in awe at how we have shown up week after week, month after month, sometimes when circumstances made it hard. And yet, we all still committed ourselves to the journey of learning. I won't forget the many golden words of wisdom and awareness coming from so many of you. I wish you all laughter, academic delight, and hope you take every chance in life you can.

**Loralee Avé Maria Judge, Hum201**

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I have really enjoyed taking the Hum101 programme over the past winter. The many and various topics covered meant that every week was something different and interesting to look forward to. I especially liked that there was a lot of First Nations focus since in high school that subject was barely touched upon. The great mix of backgrounds and life experiences of my classmates always lead to mixed and often unexpected paths during our discussions. So I hope that everyone will take something positive away from this course and all the best for the future.

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**Fred Shantz**, Hum101

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*The light that was shadowed then  
Was seen to be our lives,  
Everything about us that love might wish to examine,  
Then put away for a certain length of time, until  
The whole is to be reviewed, and we turned  
Toward each other, to each other.*  
— John Ashbery

To the other class members of Hum, to the teachers, the volunteers, to all the supporters of adult education, I wish for the idea. I want the intuitive understanding, foresight, insight and experience to see the ideas and dreams grow.

I hope the energy I had felt in class continues with utmost vigor and buzz. I hope the rest of the class continues on through as I do towards the Writing class, HUM201 and Science 101.

Thank you, a great experience.  
**Jay Laxdall**, Hum101

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Well my fellow classmates, here we are, graduation is upon us and the world is ours to do what we want with. University ... Who could have told us that we would be graduating from university? Not me. I look back on the year and at how fortunate we are to have met one another and how the professors opened our eyes to a world we didn't think existed. I feel now that we can change the world and ourselves.

I wish you all a bright future and hope to see your names in bright lights and glitter.

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**A.J. Komperdo/Low Horn**  
(Siksika, Ojibway, Mohawk, Cree), Hum101

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Humanities has been a very valuable aspect of my year. I feel it has really helped me to have a little more understanding as to where I stand in this world. I have had the pleasure of meeting some beautiful people. Thank you UBC for this opportunity to have been taught in a way I needed to be taught. Thank you to Margot for being a light in the abyss of academia.

---

**Muskawiyinakopê escweo** (Tammy Harper), (Cree, Carrier, French, Scottish and English), Hum101

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Well-wishes to 2015 Hum101/201 and Writing101 students

Times are hard. Education doesn't have to be.

Thanks to all Hum students, staff, lecturers and benefactors for a great time, great year and wealth of ideas from everyone. In order, I have now completed Writing101, Hum101, Science101 and Hum201. These classes are one of the great unknown resources of Vancouver. I learned so much from each course. They have led me to great personal growth I didn't think I had in me. I recommend all these programs to anyone with a thirst for knowledge and a desire to live life to the max.

A special shout out to Reuben, who really helped us execute our 201 project effectively.

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**Don Clancy**, Hum201  
and graduate of all the above courses.

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Sad to see another year come to an end, but I am happy for all of my fellow classmates graduating with me. I've had an exceptionally great time, studying and exploring all that Hum brought us this year.

Thank you all, and the best of luck in your future endeavours!

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**Violet Bittern** (Salteaux Ojibway Nation), Hum201

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I am so grateful that I was accepted into Writing101, and then into Hum101.

I totally forgot I had a writing talent. I was told by my upgrading instructors at King Edward campus to get into Creative Writing at Langara 21 years ago, but I dropped out in my first semester.

Thank you Dr. Butler, Paul Woodhouse and our volunteers for awakening my spirit and helping me find my confidence to write my powerful stories.

Meegwitch,  
**Sandra Delorme**, Hum101

---

To my dear Humanities family, thank you for making this experience everything it has been. It's been an absolute joy and truly a privilege to have studied alongside you all.

The subjects were, without a doubt, captivating and insightful, but it was the people involved which kept me coming back for more each week. Despite any outside issues I had in the early half of the first semester, I could always count on my classmates, the volunteers, the staff and professors to provoke my attention to a place of greater importance—a place capable of seeing the bigger picture, a picture of hope, courage and valour. Though initially I struggled to maintain a consistent attendance, my days present accumulated as my fondness for the class grew, and with this I found hope to reclaim my sobriety.

I am truly grateful to have met people I may otherwise not have had the opportunity to engage with so intimately. This experience has opened my eyes and my heart to concerns I did not know I had. I truly feel as though it is the bonds made here that brought the work to life and gave it meaning. It is in this love that I've found my inner activist.

I don't know what the future will bring for us, but my hope for everyone here is that this experience continues to empower us to lead ourselves out of ignorance and into roles of leadership within our homes, our communities and the world at large. Thank you Humanities for allowing me to be a part of something greater than myself, and for allowing me the gift of knowledge, wisdom and friendship.

**Joshua-Kali Garcia**, Hum101

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To be given the opportunity to attend classes at the University of British Columbia has been a real treat. For someone who has wanted to experience campus life, to be a part of the school from which my father graduated, and to share in the learning of a whole variety of subjects free of charge has been an enjoyable paradigm. Swimming, eating and museum visits are all in a day's fun here at UBC.

Thank you to all UBC staff, professors, class helpers, my fellow students and in particular, Margot for this wonderful experience and for inspiring me to continue my education that may very well shape my future!

**Aaron C. Banmen**, Hum101

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In the beginning of the school year I was overtaken by a feeling of awkwardness and shyness at the newness of a formal school setting. Now the ice has broken I feel a warmth and familiarity and more enthusiasm than ever. I'm sorry to see the end of the school year, and look forward to coming back again next year.

**Denise de Jong**, Hum101

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I would like to thank my classmates and the faculty for the most inspiring and enlightening experience in the mature part of my life. It's been a non-stop thrilling journey, as if we travelled through time and circled the globe. I appreciate all the input my peers brought from their life experiences and expertise. First-hand accounts of personal views, opinions, and knowledge are priceless. You have all inspired me to seek, explore, and learn. But most of all, I would like to thank Professor Margot Butler for her pure genius in designing this program and making it come to life.

**Terry Robin Wagner**, Hum101

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Hum101 has provided me with an excellent introduction to many humanities topics.

Through Hum101, I have a better understanding of humanity and have gained perspectives on culture, history, philosophy and literature.

I enjoyed all the lectures and field trips. Thanks to all of my classmates, the programme's teachers, staff and volunteers, who have helped me through the course.

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**Hon Ming Poon**, Hum101

I wish everybody a happy life, wellness, success in their lives with their families and friends. I believe that we all benefit from what we have learned together in class and from what we have learned from each others' experiences. In this case I would like to say thank you for the Hum Community Programme faculty and staff at UBC who gave us this chance, and the people who are volunteers and those who donate money for this course. I hope it will continue and help the community and the people who need a chance to go to university or pursue higher education and knowledge.

---

**Hunddee Oddaa**, Hum101

Overall I had a really good time in class. I enjoyed being a part of this challenge, to myself and then some. I was sorry for not committing myself as much as I would have liked to, but I thank you for helping me think and grow and change and be. Thank you all for participating in this project, and to help bring to life whatever it is or will be. I hope this kind of education continues into the future. It has always been such an excellent thing to try to use your brain more, I know it has been for me. There's nothing I'd rather do than try to learn how to be a better person, as I know all of you at Hum have taught me to do. Thank you.

Yours Truly  
**Rachel Ann Fowler**, Hum101

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The Hum101 class is a good place that not only lets me learn English, but also helps me understand Aboriginal culture and history. It is also an ideal place to share my happiness and my thoughts. I can take advantage of the humanities classes to open my eyes to see Canada.

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**Chan, Pak Cheung**, Hum101

As a mentor for Hum101 this year, I had a lot of apprehension on how I would be received, and how I could contribute. That apprehension was unfounded, as I felt just as welcome and welcoming to the new students as the first year I took Hum.

The spirit is still alive and thriving as it ever was, and it shows in the Hum participants. They learn, and become familiar with one another.

I would like to thank everyone involved in Hum and wish them the best, not only in Hum, but their lives as well.

---

**Dan Wilson**, Hum 101/201 mentor

## WRITING PARTICIPANTS

Something truly interesting happened to me a couple of years ago. I was invited to attend a series of courses at UBC concerning Humanities. It was a super gift and I enjoyed every minutes of it. I wish the same to happen to all. I thank Mother Earth, the Academic Director and all coordinators and assistants for this great opportunity.

Sincerely,  
**Jean-Pierre :-)**, Writing

---

True power lies in the knowledge and the language we use to convey our creativity; may you all build great lives upon your UBC Humanities experience.

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**Alysen Cameron**, Writing

I'm very grateful of having this experience. It put a new frame on my picture. The people and staff were very helpful and I found it a positive experience.

---

**Veronica Gardiner**, Writing

All things have two sides.  
The more we focus on the positive,  
the less the negative will come.  
We all have strengths and weaknesses.  
We should always focus on our strengths  
instead of our weaknesses.  
Make the most of our strength to better ourselves and  
move on.

Best Regards,  
^\_^ **Cindy QT**, Writing

---

I wish the very best for all my classmates in this Writing 101 class. What a wonderful group of generous and unique individuals. I so appreciated the way people really listened to one another, and no one monopolized the airwaves. And I loved listening to the writings read aloud. There's a lot of talent in this group!

**Leith Harris**, Writing

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Dear Maureen, Wil, Paul, Terry, and all my lovely classmates:

It has been such an awesome, life-affirming experience – to be with people who are supportive, kind, and creative. I've enjoyed the classes so much, all of your hard work, input, and sharing. Thank you all for being my teachers. I learned something from all of you, whether you were in front of the class or in a student seat. Warm wishes now and always.

Love,  
**LeiChandra Truong**, Writing

---

The learning experience in Writing 101 was very enriching with all the diverse personalities in the class. All of the different perspectives really made class enjoyable.

**Amanda McRae**, Writing

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I would like to thank Maureen for her guidance and support, Terrence, Will, and Paul for their enthusiasm and motivation, and the visiting teachers for their insight and knowledge. Thank you to everyone for dedicating their time and expertise. It has been much appreciated.

**Robert Young**, Writing

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May past stumbling blocks transform into a paved road for your dreams and future goals.

May skills honed and abilities acquired during this course ease the transition from a mature student to a scholar.

**Stergios Vlioras**, Writing

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I am grateful to have met you all and enjoyed the difference in one's opinions and thoughts.

Sincerely,  
**Denis A. Tro.**, Writing

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Thanks for the memories, everyone. And I wish you all the best.

**Brody Williams**, Writing

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I had such an amazing experience in this program. I met great people in the classroom and enjoyed everyone's works. Thank you to all the volunteers and professors who contribute their time. I wish I could stay all year long!

**Rhiannon Reid**, Writing

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Thank you to all the staff and facilitators of the program for making the course so fun and productive. I enjoyed the topics and exercises as a means for getting back into writing, and the experiences shared by the other participants were quite memorable. Best wishes to all and hopes for continued success in all your endeavours.

**Rodney T. Whalen**, Writing

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Thank you – keep doing it. Ya' all are changing the world (and believe me, it needs it).

Peace,  
**Kathleen Gowman**, Writing

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This is an important memory in my life.



**Heather Blais**, Hum101

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#### VOLUNTEERS

After five years as a Hum volunteer, I'm still not tired of it! I keep coming back for more – more lectures, more readings, and especially more conversations. Our conversations educate me, surprise me, challenge me and nourish me. Hum is absolutely everything that a community of scholars should be, and I'm so lucky that I get to be a part of it. I hope that you'll keep this community alive even after the course ends. Keep seeking out new knowledges that expand your perspectives and challenge your preconceived notions of how things work. Most importantly, keep having educational, surprising, challenging and nourishing conversations. Great minds like yours deserve to be fed.

Ever yours,

**Alyssa Stryker**, Hum101/201 discussion facilitator + teacher, "Knowing your rights when dealing with the police, and why it may or may not do you any good"

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To all my fellow-learners of the Hum community,

Thank you for what has been a truly inspiring year. Thank you for sharing your stories and developing a community of support for and with one another. We have all been on an incredible journey and I am grateful to all of you for allowing me to be a part of it. In all your future endeavours, I wish you a desire to explore and pursue your desire to know, to remain curious, and to continue to challenge the world around you.

With all my gratitude,

**Angela MacDonald**, Hum101/201 discussion facilitator

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What a wonderful group of people! UBC may be a 'place of mind,' but it is a rare privilege to find a classroom filled with so many critical thinkers. So thank you to all the HUM participants for your active discussions, passion for learning, social consciousness, humour, mindfulness, and sharing of your knowledge. I wish you all the best in your next pursuits.

**Hedda Hakvag**, Hum101/201 discussion facilitator

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For me, few things in life are more rewarding than being part of a community of people so passionate about learning. And Hum's got all the passion!

It's been an immense pleasure being a part of it this year: Thanks for having me. I have really enjoyed our conversations and learnt tons from all of you. I hope all of our learning adventures will continue a long long time.

**Maryam Rezaei**, Hum101/201 discussion facilitator

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Happy graduation to the writing class of Hum 2014/15!

This year has been a joy getting to know you while reading some wonderfully written pieces. I hope you always stay creative and courageous enough to let others read your work. Even though we've only spent a brief time together, I will always remember our conversations. May all of your future endeavours inspire new questions and engaging conversations that continue to promote a sense of community. And a heartfelt thank you to all those involved in Hum for letting me be a part of one here. All the best, and keep on rockin'.

Warmest,

**Cynthia Minh**, Writing Tutor

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A special well-wish for all the people who came to writing tutorial! The pieces of writing and assignments you all shared were thoughtful, politically engaged, creative, honest, and thought-provoking. The conversations we had were inspiring, illuminating, emotional, and passionate. I can't wait to read more and I hope you all continue on writing, ranting, resisting, and making colourful poetry.

**Mat Arthur**, Writing Tutor

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Dear graduating Writing Participants,

Thank you very much for the stimulating conversations we had this year! It was an honour to chat with you in the tutoring sessions and share and create together. I hope the discussions we've had will spark new ideas as we move on in the world. Thank you so much as well to the staff and volunteers at Hum who make this programme possible. Have a great summer!

Best wishes,

**Stephanie Fong**, Writing Tutor

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Thank you to the Hum staff for the opportunity to be involved with the Hum program. It is a program I've admired for a long time, and now to be a part of it means a lot. It's been a pleasure and privilege to get to know all the students. Your curiosity of the world and eagerness to learn is something I rarely witness in my own classrooms. Being with the class, I'm reminded of what David Foster Wallace has to say about the true value of a liberal arts degree: that we're able to transform classroom material through critical thinking, to not only enrich our knowledge but the quality of our day-to-day experiences. The Hum class captures this spirit in so many ways: that class trip to the MOA where I found each of you transfixed by the different displays made me question if I held that level of curiosity for any of the subjects I studied. We weren't even in a classroom. I hope that whether you continue on with Hum, or are onto bigger and better pursuits, that you preserve this curiosity of all things and continue to inspire others because of it.

Cheers,

**Jen Cheng**, Hum101/201 discussion facilitator + Write on!!!  
facilitator

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Dear everyone,

This year has been, for me, the occasion to learn so much with you and from you. The discussions during the classes were always phenomenal, and the sense of community that of HUM truly humbled me. I am very grateful I have gotten to spend my Thursdays with all of you. And somehow, the classes were always exactly in touch with what I was going through on a personal level at any given time.

I think one particular evening will stay with me: our visit to the Museum of Anthropology at UBC. It was an occasion to be less organized than in class and to talk to everybody. This museum visit was so different from anything I've experienced, and I understood the purpose of having so little information by the artifacts in the museum and to experiencing their presence relative to our position as observers, discoverers, and group. I look forward to graduation happening there, it will be like coming full circle. What I will be taking out of Hum this year is that some things are not meant to be learnt and discovered alone and I feel very grateful we all did this together.

Thank you Margot, thank you to all the staff and, more than anything, thank you to all the Hum participants who made this experience so wonderful!

To all of you who will continue on, good luck and sail on. Without carrots or sticks, the experience is worth so much more.

Thank you all!

**Agathe de Marcillac**

Hum101/201 discussion facilitator

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Dear HUMers,

Though it's impossible to sum up the past seven months, they have been rich and rewarding for me. I went in to this course thinking it would feel more like a job; instead, Hum has become my favourite part of the week, what I look forward to most. I'm proud that I attend a university where professors are passionate enough to spend their time teaching to anyone who wants to learn. I'm in awe of the Hum staffers that I see every Thursday - Margot, Paul, Wil, Doreen, Rodney, Reuben, Agathe - and their tireless dedication to maintaining both high academic standards and their promotion of alternative ways of learning. But most of all, I am grateful to my fellow HUMers for your enthusiasm, courage, and openness; it has helped me approach my own education with a renewed enthusiasm. I am grateful for your friendship and hope our paths cross again in the very near future.

Best regards,  
**Katie Cairnes**, Hum101/201 discussion facilitator

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A well Wish from the Heart and  
To the Humanities 101, 201 and Writing class of 2015. I would like to say the following....

Through the years I have been influenced by family, those in leadership, and by peers, both living and in the Happy Hunting Grounds. The past eight months I have heard your voices, your concerns, your humour and your personal stories.

I, like you, have seen many changes in the world, we adjust and try to fit in each day. At times yes it can be a daunting task to FIT IN, but we do and we come out feeling better about ourselves for taking that chance. The Staff (Margot, Paul, Maureen, Doreen, Reuben, and Wil) as well as my fellow volunteers (Alyssa, Agate, Hedda, Katie, Mat, Maryram, Angela, Jennefer, Stephanie and Cynthia), have given you and me the tools to help bring about change in our fast paced world. To use our voices to help change the policies that effect each of us in our way. To use our critical way of thinking to question what is being presented.

Your commitment and your enthusiasm to know more about the world around you make me humbled to be in your presence every Thursday night.

I pray that Creator is with you each and every day of your continued journey.

**Rodney Little Mustache**, Hum101/201 discussion facilitator

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## TEACHERS

Congratulations Hum Class of '15!

It was a pleasure and a privilege for me to introduce you to *The Communist Manifesto* this year. I hope I was able to show you how this old text can still give us some new insights. Mostly I'd like to thank you for your intelligence, your attention, and your wonderful and often surprising insights in showing me how relevant these ideas about 'bourgeois and proletariat', 'petty bourgeois and lumpenproletariat' are for us today. Perhaps Marx and Engels can help us to imagine a world that does not need 'carrots and sticks' in order to survive.

I wish the best to you all in your future educational endeavours!

**Tom Kemple**

"What the bourgeoisie therefore produces, above all, are its own gravediggers" Marx and Engels' The Communist Manifesto"; "What could 'no carrots, no sticks' societies look like?"; "What could 'no carrots, no sticks' societies look like?" at Carnegie Centre

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THE FUTURE IS YOURS. GO GET IT.  
GI LA KAS LA

Many Blessings,  
**Beau Dick**

"How my ancestors acquired a sense of humour", "Potlatching"; plus a tour of the exhibition "The Box of Treasures: Gifts from the Supernatural" at the Bill Reid Gallery of Northwest Coast Art.

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Thank you all for sharing your insights and perspectives with us at UBC to enrich our collective educational experiences and growth. The speed with which you learned words in hən'q'əmin'əm' (Musqueam) impressed me, and I hope that your interest in First Nations languages continues!

Wishing you all the very best in your journey of intellectual inquiry, inspiration and compassion.

All the very best,

**Pat Shaw**

"Sounds of endangered languages: conservation and revitalization"

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Thinking of you at this wonderful time, and wishing all the Hum graduates the best for the future.

Bon Appetit – enjoy your education!

**Antonietta and Maria Gesualdi**

Friends of the Humanities 101 Community Programme

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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 shared with us also helps guide your futures and proves to be equally illuminating.

All the very best,

**Anthony Shelton**

Tour of MOA (Museum of Anthropology)

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To the Hum 101/201 graduates:

Thank you so much for the opportunity to share with you all my thoughts on Indigenous feminisms this year! Here's to your achievements in this course and many more to come!

Chi Miigwetch,

**Dory Nason**

"Indigenous Feminisms: A Different Yield"

---

Dear Hum 101 Class of 2015,

May you continue sharing your insights and knowledge on your journey of learning; your contribution to the UBC community is rich and appreciated. Thank you for sharing your classroom and your community of learning with me.

Sincerely,

**Ryanne James**

"Indian residential schools in Canada"; " 'No carrots, no sticks' approaches to education" at Carnegie Centre

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I'd like to give a big shout out to our Hum101/201 students on a great year! It's always privilege for me to teach in a course full of students who have made an intentional decision to return to learn more. It's always an inspiring interaction, I always learn something, and it would be hard to find a livelier classroom at UBC.

Thanks for making UBC a part of your lives!

**Gage Averill**

"Sound & Soundscapes"

---

To the Hum 101/201 and Writing peeps of 2014/2015

It's been a great pleasure working with you this year. Teaching on the Programme is always a joy. I find Hum to be a collaborative process of learning. I know many teachers, myself included, feel that when we teach you we are being taught by you as well. It makes for a wonderful experience—a multi-directional multi-modal discourse. Of course I would see that in Hum, given the subject I teach. Having greatly considered the internet and electronically mediated communication and experience over many years, and having worked with Hum for a few years now, I feel that Hum is almost a physical "real world" representation of the best qualities we see in the internet. Collaboration, freedom, a multitude of voices, a non-linear mixing of all that humanity is and can be, working towards our own individual goals but as a single community. As such, I hope you all keep making your voices heard by whichever medium you choose. Never be silenced and never hide yourselves or your great minds from the world – the loss for the rest of us would be too great.

**Wil Steele**

"Blogging: Don't use a stick to censor my karats!"; "Blogging"

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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**

“Curioser and curioser: what are our philosophical perspectives?”

---

It was a rare pleasure to work with the students in the Humanities 101 program. I wish you only the very best for your future.

Best wishes,

**Florian Gassner**

“‘Carrots and revolution’ a close reading of contemporary literature”

---

Congratulations on your well-earned graduation! UBC is lucky to have you in its community. You offer to the University the best qualities we could wish for in our students: bright, inquiring minds and boundless enthusiasm for learning and intellectual challenge. It was a privilege to share class time with all of you.

Best Wishes,

**Margot Young**

“The Canadian Legal System? All carrots and sticks?”; “The right to housing: reading the Victoria (City) versus Adams Supreme Court Decision (2008)”; “Insite and Oversight: Safe injection sites, prescription heroin and federal regulation” at Carnegie Centre

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Again this year, facilitating the Hum workshop for discourse management, multiple intelligences, and learning styles provided some of the most rewarding learning experiences we teachers could have. It was wonderful to see Hum101/201 students bringing so much to this workshop, especially your 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 to learn”

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Dear Hum Class of 2014-15:

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 & Responsibility”; “What’s my informed opinion on that? Read my OpEd!”

---

Congratulations Hum students on your well-deserved graduation!! 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**

Friend of the Humanities 101 Community Programme

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Dear graduands of Hum101/201

Congratulations on graduation, and on all YOUR contributions to Hum. Plus thanks for listening as we ramble down Hastings.

**Arthur Allen**

“Buildings that stick with you...”; “Is an architect morally obliged to work in challenging the status quo?” at Carnegie Centre; plus walking tours of Vancouver architecture and The Orpheum Theatre

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*I enjoy sending updates and Hum photos to Hum's dear friend Gerald Ma, who lives very far away. He sent this note and well-wish for us. - Margot*

Lovely pictures, Margot. Missed you much. I think about you, your smile and big heart often as someone and an ideal I should strive towards, or, at least as a reminder of how one should live. Your mission, whether you know it or not, is one that promotes love, in the service of hope.

The HUM students and movement are part of me now, and the spirit of the Programme and its participants keep me in check and serve as a shield from the dark side, so to speak.

I wish that you and the students continue to be rejuvenated by the richness of the Programme, and feel that the opportunity to share their thoughts, emotions, and knowledge has been a rewarding experience. Go HUM!!!

**Gerald Ma**, Friend of the  
Humanities 101 Community Programme

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Thank you Hum 101. I had a wonderful time working with you. Wishing you a happy grad!

Best,  
**Micheal Vonn**

"What's involved in practising informed consent, confidentiality and researching communities, ethically?"

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To Hum101/201 –

You're the best group of students I get to chat with – many congratulations, many thanks, and all good wishes for the next step in your adventure!

All best,  
**Daniel Justice**  
"Why Indigenous literature matters"

---

*Ted sent Hum the following email the night of his last session:*

"That was the most amazing class ever. I miss them already. Don't know how I'll sleep tonight!"

*When reminded of it, he added:* But they're all amazing in some way, and surprisingly different each time. This means that I get to learn and not just teach. As if reading my thoughts, one of the students, Raul, wrote the following, in his poem Taekwondo: "I am a teacher in my art / I spend my time in learning".

Thanks to everyone, staff and students. Looking forward to next time.

**Ted Byrne**

"No rhyme, no reason" on writing poetry"; "Beautiful lies: Poetry and Meaning" and "Beautiful lies: Poetry and Meaning" at Carnegie Centre

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What an honour it is to sit with you all considering, savouring, differing, surprising, enlivening, week upon week with neither carrots nor sticks...

**Margot Leigh Butler**

"Culture is Ordinary"; "A smooth sea never made a skilled sailor"; "From the Enlightenment to Globalization: a strange case in which the hurrier I go, the behinder I get..."; "Learning to unlearn": semiotics workshop"; "Women missing names, missing words, nevertheless speak: Semiotic analysis of photographs of Downtown Eastside women who the photographer represents as heroin addicts"; "Finding what we value at MOA and showing each other what it means to us"; "We are the Hum101/201 Class of 2015: how shall we make our yearbook?"; "Reading between the lines in the Downtown Eastside + Downtown South: what to look for when a researcher/ journalist/artist makes you an offer that seems too good to refuse...."; "Situated mingling: connecting material cultures" at the Museum of Vancouver"; "This is what ME WE WANT! Manifesto writing"; "Writing and Publishing "because we want to" ; plus "This is what ME WE WANT!!! How to write a manifesto" at Carnegie Centre

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Congratulations and thank you for all your hard work! Your courage in writing about your life experiences and sharing them with the class was inspiring, and it has been a privilege to work with you. Keep on writing!

**Maureen Phillips**, Journaling + Memoir writing

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Congratulations on completing the program and thank you for your curiosity and participation and making the class so much fun to teach!

**Stephanie Maricevic**, Creative Writing:  
Postcard Stories

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It was such a pleasure working with the Writing 101 group again this year. Thank you for your stories and your lives and for being so inquisitive and enthusiastic. I'm looking forward to reading your work!

**Mandy Catron**, Creative Non-Fiction

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May your curiosity and creativity continue to lead you to exciting new discoveries and opportunities! Thank-you for being such an inspiring and generous group of people to work with!

**Carol Sawyer**, Songs and Lyrics

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Congratulations to you, Writing Graduates, for your dedication to the course and your writing practice. I wish you the very best!

**Alison Rajah**, Academic Writing: Assignments  
and Essays

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## STAFF

At an intake session in August last year, after introducing the Programme to some eager applicants, I was caught off guard when someone asked, "Do you learn anything?" Although I've done my fair share of courses that turned out to be a waste of time, the question surprised me because I've been around Hum long enough to know how much can be gained through participating in these courses. Still, I couldn't make any promises. In a 'no carrots, no sticks' approach, where education is undertaken for intrinsic reasons, there are no guarantees. What's required is an open mind with a willingness and desire to participate, and then the opportunities to learn are boundless. It's safe to say there was no shortage of enthusiasm from the start of the course to the end; this was embodied in the fact we had so many questions to ask, we didn't let the teacher leave until 9:15 p.m. on the very last Hum101/201 class of the year.

In March, after eight months of Hum101/201, I approached the same person who had stumped me at the intake session, and I asked the same question back to them. I was faced with a gleeful smile and a recollection of significant classes, conversations and people. As a collective group we learned tons of interesting stuff in Hum, from our teachers, on our field trips and from each other. This yearbook taps into the breadth and depth of the subjects that were tackled throughout the year, and it celebrates participants' diverse knowledge, skills and interests.

Thank you to all the remarkable people who made their mark on Hum this year. Volunteers, teachers, staff and participants, you made this a joyful experience. I hope you'll 'stick' around for many years to come.

**Paul Woodhouse**, Programme Coordinator

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Thank you and best wishes to all the participants of the Humanities and Writing classes, 2014/15! From the start of term way back in September right up to now, at its close, your knowledge and dedication have been a joy to encounter. It has been an honour to experience your generosity, inclusivity, thoughtfulness, willingness to share, and intellectual creativity. I am grateful to have had the opportunity to spend time learning alongside and from all of you; wishing you all the best in your future pursuits, educational or otherwise. Until we meet again.

**Reuben Jentink**, Programme Assistant

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To the inspiring and courageous Writing class (Term 1, 2014/15)

I am so grateful to have been a part of your class and writing experience. Every week with you was filled with so much discussion and animation, I always left your presence feeling elated. I want to sincerely thank you for your willingness to share your writing and experiences with the group. Every piece we shared brought up interesting topics and dialogue. Thank you for sharing your thoughts on each other's work and for being willing to share your own. For every member of our class, I wish you further explorations and revelations through your writing and your sharing. You all have wonderful strong voices, and I hope you will continue to share them—through manifestos, and poetry, and essays, and music and more! Thank you for allowing me to be a part of this community. I am grateful beyond words.

**Angela Macdonald**, Writing Coordinator, Fall term

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\*Big Wave\* Hi everybody!

It's been a great year. A very interesting year. And, as always and always unfortunately, too short of a year. It has been a pleasure working with all the Hum and Writing people this year and it has been my honour to get to teach on the programme. Such an engaged lot you are. I hope you all keep up with studies in whatever way you best enjoy – university is only one tool for education, not the sole means of acquiring knowledge or the wisdom and courage to use it.

In the immortal words of Paul, "Cheers."

**Wil Steele**, Programme Assistant

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Congratulations, Writing Graduates!

It's been a great privilege to work with you each Tuesday evening from January to April. I have come to know you through your writing, in journaling, memoir, creative nonfiction, argument essays, poetry, or song lyrics. Your compositions have moved me and reminded me that everyone has a story to tell, each in their own way. Having the courage to write about your experiences, to bring them to life through the written word, is testimony to your resiliency. And as each of you read aloud and shared your writing, I was impressed with the respect you showed one other and how, through listening with quiet attentiveness, you created a circle of trust.

I would like to thank Wil for keeping us organized, to Terry for his mentoring and contributions to the class, and to Doreen who made sure we had refreshments just when we needed them. Also, thank you to Mat, Cynthia, and Stephanie for volunteering to work with those who took advantage of the tutoring sessions, and to Reuben who organized the tutoring schedule.

Thank you, Writing Graduates, for your dedication to making the journey all the way to UBC each Tuesday night and for your participation and enthusiasm once you got there. I wish you well in everything you do and, please—keep writing!

**Maureen Phillips**, Writing Coordinator, Spring term

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As my first year with Hum comes to a close, I would like to extend heartfelt thanks to all of the Hum volunteers, staff members, teachers, and donors who make this program's existence possible. To this year's group of Hum participants, it has been an especially great privilege to work with you all. Your creativity, sincere openness to learning, and the spirited energy you bring to every class have made this a truly rewarding experience. I hope that you will continue Hum-ing long after our time here together.

**Doreen Ong**, Programme Assistant

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# Public Programmes

Hum's 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 to continue on with their shared intellectual and creative practices. They typically begin with ideas generated by participants of the Hum Programme and continue to be shaped largely by those who attend. Public Programmes are 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 three-year-old 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 group meets every Saturday to read aloud and discuss some time-honoured literature. Three classics have been read aloud this year: Homer's classic Greek tragedy *The Odyssey* originates in the 8<sup>th</sup> 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; and Stefan Zweig's *The Post Office Girl* is based around a powerful social history, describing in moving detail the impact of the First World War, and the extreme poverty in which so many people were forced to live.

## DOCUMENTRIES FOR THINKERS

Facilitators: Wil Steele, Terence Lui and Paul Woodhouse



Twice monthly, on Saturday evenings, the Carnegie Auditorium is filled with eager viewers looking to catch the latest scintillating documentaries from some of the best filmmakers across the globe. These films cover politics, nature, art, society, philosophy, science and more. They often raise eyebrows, provoke thought, and lead to further inquiry from the audience. Thanks to the Carnegie kitchen for providing delicious cakes and beverages to help feed our appetites.

## MONTHLY SPEAKER SERIES,

IN COLLABORATION WITH CARNEGIE COMMUNITY CENTRE

For this speaker series, Hum teamed up with the Carnegie Centre to share the treasures of our classroom with members of the Centre. Guest speakers from across the academic and activist spectrums gave these stimulating presentations:

Margot Young, Hum law teacher, approached the hot topic of "Insite and Oversight: Safe injection sites, prescription heroin and federal regulation." (April 2014)

Arthur Allen, Hum architecture teacher, asked us to weigh in on the question “Is an architect morally obliged to work in challenging the status quo?” (May 2014)

Ted Byrne, Hum poetry teacher, proposed “Beautiful lies: Poetry and Meaning.” (June 2014)

Michelle Turner, Hum staff and screenwriting teacher, inflamed attendees by “Making a Scene: The art of screenwriting and playwriting.” (July 2014)

Glen Coulthard, Hum First Nations Studies teacher, launched his new book “Red Skin, White Masks: Rejecting the Colonial Politics of Recognition.” (September 2014)

Maureen Phillips, Hum staff and Writing teacher, urged attendees to take up “Journaling – Get It Out, Get It Down.” (October 2014)

Tom Kemple, Hum sociology teacher, transformed Marx and Engels’ ideas into computer apps to thumb through the question “What could ‘no carrots no sticks’ societies look like?” (November 2014)

Margot Leigh Butler, Hum Director and teacher, proclaimed:  
“This is what ME

WE WANT!!! How to write a manifesto” (February 2015)

Ryanne James, Hum First Nations Studies teacher, sparked a spirited discussion on what inspires us to be involved with “‘No carrots no sticks’ approaches to education.” (March 2015)

## Acknowledgements 2014–2015

All of the people who supported and contributed to the Humanities 101 Community Programme during the 2014–15 academic year are profoundly appreciated! Hum is grateful to gather on the traditional, ancestral, unceded territory of the xʷməθkʷəy̓əm (Musqueam) people, also known as the Point Grey campus of UBC.

### 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:

Dan Wilson, S. Steel and Terence Lui were this year's returning alumni who helped welcome the new participants and gave classroom support.

#### UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA:

Dean of Arts Gage Averill, Associate Dean Mary Lynn Young, Associate Dean Geraldine Pratt, Dean of Arts Staff Laura Hart, Ginger Dhamrait, Betty Wong, Brian Lee, Ikuko Takahashi, Beth Howarth, Gerald Vanderwoude, Margaret Tom-Wing; Michelle Keong & Victoria Auston (Arts Development); KathyLea, Lenkyn Ostapovich, Taher Hashemi & Gary Andraza (Arts Instructional Support and Information Technology); Jessica Earle-Meadows and Daniel Iwama (Discussion Facilitation Workshop, Centre for Teaching, Learning and Technology); Hedda Hakvag, Eva Thomas, Sophia Kim (Really? Anti-Racism Workshop with Access & Diversity); Tessie Sy (AMS Food Services); Alia Abu-Sharife (Bookstore); Ben Jan (Recreation); Josefina Pablo (Carding Office); Arts Undergraduate Society; Alma Mater Society; Emmet Russell (Campus Security). Elena Zaikova (Science 101). Tanya Bob, Jie le Baik & Candice Yu (First Nations Studies Program); Linc Kesler, Deb Martel, Nadine Alvarado Hensley, RYANNE JAMES, David Liou (First Nations House of Learning). UBC Call Centre; Frederick 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, Rika Uto); PaulR Taylor (Carnegie Newsletter); Carnegie Kitchen staff; VPL Carnegie Branch; Skip Overall (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; Vancouver Recovery Club; Vancouver Public Library (Helen Lightfoot); Vancouver Art Gallery; Bill Reid Gallery of Northwest Coast Art (Meredith Areskoug); The Orpheum Theatre (Arthur Allen, tour guide).

#### HUMANITIES 101/201 VOLUNTEER TEACHERS

Daniel Heath Justice (First Nations Studies Program); Ryanne James (First Nations House of Learning); Glen Coulthard (First Nations Studies Program); Patricia Shaw (First Nations Languages Program); Ana Harland (Philosophy); Arthur Allen (Architect); Margot Leigh Butler (Hum); Florian Gassner (Central, Eastern & Northern European Studies); Sandra McGoldrick & Ayah Ouziel (English Language Institute); Wil Steele (Hum); Ted Byrne (Poet and Essayist, Kootenay School of Writing); Paul Woodhouse (Hum); Tom Kemple (Sociology); Anthony Shelton (MOA – Museum of Anthropology); Tiffany Muller Myrdahl (Department of Gender, Sexuality & Women's Studies, SFU); Jean Swanson (Carnegie Community Action Project); Dory Nason (First Nations Studies Program); Margot Young (Law); Alyssa Stryker (BC Civil Liberties Association and Hum discussion facilitator); Michael Vonn (BC Civil Liberties Association); Laura Busby, Susan Rome, & Lynn Chen Groppi (Vancouver Art Gallery); Sarah Dupont (UBC Aboriginal Engagement Librarian); Mary Lynn Young (Journalism); Beau Dick (Art History and Visual Art); Gage Averill (Music).

#### WRITING VOLUNTEER TEACHERS

Maureen Phillips (UBC Writing Centre); Peter Babiak (Langara College, English, and former long-time Academic Director of Hum); Mandy Catron (English); Carol Sawyer (Vocalist & Artist); Leanne Johnstone & Scot (My Name is Scot) (Writer & Artist); Wil Steele (Hum); Ted Byrne (Poet and Essayist, Kootenay School of Writing); Margot Leigh Butler (Hum); Alison Rajah (Curator, Surrey Art Gallery and former long-time Hum staff); Stephanie Maricevic (UBC Continuing Studies); Stephen Hahn (UBC Continuing Studies); Cecily Nicholson (Writer, Gallery Gachet).

#### VOLUNTEER FACILITATORS AND TUTORS

Alyssa Stryker; Hedda Hakvag; Maryam Rezaei; Angela Macdonald; Agathe De Marcillac; Katie Cairns; Rodney Little Mustache; Jennefer Chen; Stephanie Fung; Cynthia Minh; Mathew Arthur.

#### PUBLIC PROGRAMMES AND EVENTS VOLUNTEERS:

Hum Alumna Shahla Masoumnejad “A Taste of the Middle East” held at The Gathering Place; Hum teacher Steve Wexler “Incredibly close reading, aloud!” held at Carnegie Centre. Hum staff Wil Steele, Paul Woodhouse and Writing mentor Terence Lui “Documentaries for Thinkers”, Carnegie Centre Saturday Night Documentaries.

Carnegie Centre’s Arts and Education Programmer Rika Uto who collaborated with Hum on a series of monthly talks by: Margot Young “Insite and Oversight: Safe injection sites, prescription heroin and federal regulation”; Arthur Allen “Is an architect morally obliged to work in challenging the status quo?”; Ted Byrne “Beautiful lies: Poetry and meaning”; Michelle Turner “Making a Scene: The art of screenwriting and playwriting”; Glen Coulthard “Red Skin, White Masks: Rejecting the Colonial Politics of Recognition”; Maureen Phillips “Journaling – Get It Out, Get It Down”; Tom Kemple “What could ‘no carrots no sticks’ societies look like?”; Margot Leigh Butler “This is what ME WE WANT!!!”; Rynne James, “ ‘No carrots no sticks’ approaches to education.”

#### FACULTY AND STAFF

Dr. Margot Leigh Butler (Academic Director), Paul Woodhouse (Programme Coordinator), Angela MacDonald and Maureen Phillips (Writing Coordinators), WorkLearn Programme Assistants Wil Steele, Reuben Jentink and Doreen Ong.

#### SPECIAL THANKS

Musqueam Elder Larry Grant, Gerald Ma, KathyLea (yearbook graphic designer); alumna Antonietta and Maria Gesualdi; Kelsey and Jody Croft; Becky Cory (University 101, University of Victoria), Mary Lu Roffey-Redden (Halifax Humanities 101), Jeanette Eby (Discovery Program, McMaster’s University), 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, Pat Shaw, Tom Kemple, Daniel Heath Justice (Faculty Advisory Committee); Gigi Butler, Barbara and Frank Butler, Jody Butler Walker and the Butler/ Walker/Ouziel/Downward families. Margo Weston, Sheila Giffen, Damian Piper (graphic artist).

#### IMAGE CREDITS

Hum staff and participants.

# Graduating Participants

## HUMANITIES 101:

Terms 1 and 2

Aaron C. Banmen  
Assumpta Kwan  
AJ Komperdo  
Chan, Pak Keung  
Denise de Jong  
Fred Shantz  
Heather Blais  
Hon Ming Poon  
Hunddee Oddaa  
Jason Laxdal  
Joshua-Kali Garcia  
Rachel Ann Fowler  
Sandra Delorme  
Muskawiyinakopê escweo  
Terry Robin Wagner

## HUMANITIES 101:

Term 1

Avril Schafer  
Bridget Keepness  
M. R. Villamor  
Roberta Keepness  
Shirley Normand  
Tim Martin

## HUMANITIES 201:

Terms 1 and 2

Don Clancy aka Thatcher McGee  
Elsie Viola Dupuis  
Loralee Avé Maria Judge  
Steve King  
Violet Bittern

## MENTOR

Daniel Wilson

## WRITING FALL 2014

Adeline Martin  
Alysen Cameron  
Anne Larson  
Cindy Ting  
Danny Koch  
Dave Ross  
Donna Hill  
James Gillis  
Jean-Pierre Loiselle  
Kahei Wong  
Keith Steeves  
Lucien Nasilowski  
Perry Cikaluk  
Sharon David  
S. Merasty  
Terence Lui  
Tia-Maria Perrault  
Veronica Gardiner

## MENTOR

S. Steel

## WRITING SPRING 2015

Adrian Winter  
Amanda Rae  
B. Gibeault  
Brody Williams  
Denis A. Tro  
Glen Ryznar  
Gregory Cromwell  
Kathleen Gowman  
LeiChandra Truong  
Leith Harris  
Raul Castillo  
Rebecca Wei  
Rhiannon Reid  
Robert Young  
Rodney T. Whalen  
Sandi Rooke  
Stergios Vlioras  
Victoria Blind

## MENTOR

Terence Lui





# 101 Humanities COMMUNITY Programme



Faculty of Arts

#270 Buchanan E, 1866 Main Mall

University of British Columbia, on the traditional, ancestral, unceded territory of the **hən̓q̓əmi̓ñəm'** speaking **xʷməθkʷəy̓əm** (Musqueam) people  
Vancouver, BC, Canada, V6T 1Z1

604-822-0028 | [humanities101.arts.ubc.ca](http://humanities101.arts.ubc.ca)

Humanities 101—Hum—is a 16-year-old Community Programme and the oldest programme of its kind in Canada. Supported by residents of Vancouver's Downtown Eastside and Downtown South (DTES/South), it is sponsored by the University of British Columbia's Office of the Dean of Arts and private donations, largely from UBC alumni. 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 five free university-level courses which are grounded in relevant, interdisciplinary critical and creative thinking practices (Humanities 101 (two terms), Humanities 201 (two terms) and Writing (one term offered twice a year)), Hum also runs Public Programmes in the DTES/South initiated and led by participants and alumni: study groups, monthly speakers series, workshops and an alumna-led documentary film series now in its ninth 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 more than 760 Hum alumni and many more people enmeshed in the handful of sister programmes across Canada and similar courses elsewhere. Along with the current focus on responsible relationships between communities and universities, and international interest in freeing education, Hum is part of several movements....

