



What are you
in a perfect position to
know + do,
now?

Hum

Hum

PROGRAMME DESCRIPTION

Hum, the Humanities 101 Community Programme, is part of communities in Vancouver's Downtown Eastside, Downtown South (DTES/South) and at the University of British Columbia (Coast Salish territory), across Canada and beyond. With tuition-free courses that are prerequisite-free, students who are "entitlement-free," free Public Programmes downtown, and a Steering Committee perpetually open to all students and alumni, Hum demonstrates that university can be "set free" of some of its precepts and remain intensive, empowering and enthusiastically-attended—in fact, it turns out that this is what Hum is in a perfect position to do + know + show, now.

Who is involved? Hum participants live in the DTES/South and nearby areas, with diverse experience and knowledge: people from around the world and Indigenous people. They are working to overcome personally-felt oppressions and obstacles that are financial, institutional, educational, governmental, health-related and social, while experiencing intense gentrification and displacement in their home neighbourhoods. The Programme works closely with DTES/South communities and is sponsored by the UBC's Faculty of Arts and private donations, largely from UBC alumni. Its dedication to being situated and responsive to both DTES/South residents and UBC communities means that Hum is always changing!

What do we do? The Programme is committed to being responsible through respectful relationships based in learning. It runs four free, dedicated, university-level courses which are grounded in relevant, interdisciplinary critical and creative thinking practices: two are wildly interdisciplinary, delving into 20+ disciplines with many invited teachers over a full academic year (Hum101 and Hum201), and two are hands-on writing courses that touch on 13 genres in 13 weeks (Writing 101 and Writing 201). Classes are a lively mix of people coming together, sharing knowledge, expertise and humour, and creating conversations that may carry on for years

How do we do it? Prerequisite-free, and with many supportive practices to meet students' material and learning needs, Hum's courses value participants' own situated knowledges and desire to join in. Each year, courses have a different theme, such as *Where there's walls there's holes*, *No carrots no sticks*, *Find freedom in the context you inherit* (a quote from Stó:lō feminist writer Lee Maracle) and, this year, *What are you in a perfect position to know + do, now?* Students do preparatory readings, engage in small group discussions and read their work aloud at the start of classes, and do assignments—poems, reflections, essays, artworks—that are gathered in yearly publications.

What else do we do? Hum also runs weekly Public Programmes at DTES/South community centres (Carnegie Centre and the Gathering Place) initiated and led by participants and alumni: study groups,

workshops and an alumni-led documentary film series now in its 11th year. Members of Hum's Steering Committee, that meets regularly in the DTES, have sung Hum's body electric, stating that: "Hum takes us on an adventure of open-mindedness, possibilities, social participation and connectivity by unpacking preconceived ideas. Hum generates direction, community, knowledge, opportunity, possibilities and self-awareness through practices that distinguish our unity, creativity, knowledge, self-esteem, self-respect and self-determination."

How long has this been going on? Now, Hum is 18 years old, a frisky young adult and the first programme of its kind in Canada. To date, 895 students have graduated (since adding second level courses, about 75 people graduate each year), and there have been 192 volunteer teachers and scores of supportive UBC student/alumni volunteers who assist the dedicated Programme faculty/staff. Many more people are enmeshed in the growing number of devoted sister programmes across Canada and similar courses elsewhere. Along with the current focus on responsible relationships between communities and universities, support for Indigenous people's educational desires, and international interest in freeing education, Hum is part of many movements....



INTRODUCTION

“What are you in a perfect position to know + do, now?”

Just by landing on water, every single raindrop creates a rising up of itself. For an instant, it’s a distinct shape rounded together by its own surface tension, a ME, just now. Quickly that ME drops again, perfectly smaller and then perfectly smaller, each time marking a distinct now, now, now. It’s not alone: each time it touches down, it creates rings of diffraction that interfere with others and change the fleeting, shared surface of WE. And so a

ME

WE ripples in our classrooms and in this book.

What are you in a perfect position to know + do, now? This slow-burning question sparked Hum101/201 classes this year—it’s been our theme, companion and guide. While seeking, searching for **THE** perfect position is a never-ending trick (it never happens, but you try, you try), why not consider if all of us are always in **A** perfect position to be ourselves, to change, to influence each other and be influenced while knowing and doing, together?

In Hum, have you ever felt a lift of curiosity—as if you’re suspended for a moment before settling into depth, width, resonance, company? Featured here, participants’ writing and images inhabit the people—students, teachers, volunteers, staff, supporters—and the different subjects and disciplines we’ve studied and practiced this year, plus more. Mingling at the shore or further out at sea, readers can hear tidal exchanges of booms and murmurs. You see, it’s not that WE are a downpour landing upon an unchanging surface, but the drencher as well as what’s drenched, eddying, implicated.

This book is a material sign of the movement we made, held in your hands. Amidst moments of calm dusk blue, find flashes of roiling activity and humour, piercing clarity and daring questions, all held together by its fluent, articulate spine. On the book’s cover, the title instills suspense, always inviting us to wonder which perfect situation we’re in now. At home on a bookshelf, its neighbouring books will grow damp from its influence.

You might have noticed Hum’s watermark on the cover’s lower corner, a ballast that grounds us for a term, a year, a decade or more. The Programme description on the previous page fleshes out what we do. Channel swimmers all, this year we’ve traversed 13 writing genres and 20+ academic disciplines with 43 teachers, plus field trips, Public Programmes and Steering Committee meetings in the Downtown Eastside and Downtown South (DTES/South), participants’ home or nearby neighbourhoods, about which many wrote passionately and powerfully.

Just by landing nearby, every one of us creates rings of diffraction that touch others. This year we were touched by sadness when two of Hum's beloved teachers passed away: Colleen Carroll, Downtown Eastside champion, Hum alumna and founder/curator of "Documentaries for Thinkers," an 11-year-old Saturday night film series at Carnegie Centre; and long-time Hum teacher and friend, Kwakwaka'wakw Hereditary Chief Beau Dick, Walas Giyam. Still, always, learning from them, we realize now that they are both Hum's "elders," our twin gravities.

Every year, so many people shape and hold Hum; all are included in the Acknowledgement section that concludes this book, and many send their well wishes. Hum gathers, with gratitude, on the unceded, ancestral, traditional land of the hən'q'əmin'əm'-speaking x̣'məθk'əyəm (Musqueam) people. The Programme is profoundly influenced by Musqueam Elder Larry Grant, and by the work of both Donna Haraway and my sister Jody Butler Walker who dropped the seed of this year's image/theme in my consciousness many years ago. Special thanks go to Reuben Jentink, erstwhile Hum staff and this year's constant gardener, and to Leslie Robertson, editor of the journal BC Studies, who invited two Hum alumni, Lorna J. Johnson and Buffalo Star Woman (Sandra Delorme), to contribute essays from last year's publication so that their wise and brave words can resonate, further.

Each moment marking a distinct now, now, now, our Hum time together continues, undulating inward, outward. And WE're not alone: see how those drops of water send out and receive each others' influences, how they carry on and on? There's lots more Hum to stay involved with, and you will always be welcome to cultivate new Hum capacities, too! To the graduates of Hum101, Hum201, Writing101 and Writing201, I send my admiration—may you continue to rock boats gently, bravely, wisely and outrageously.

Dr. Margot Leigh Butler
Academic Director, Hum



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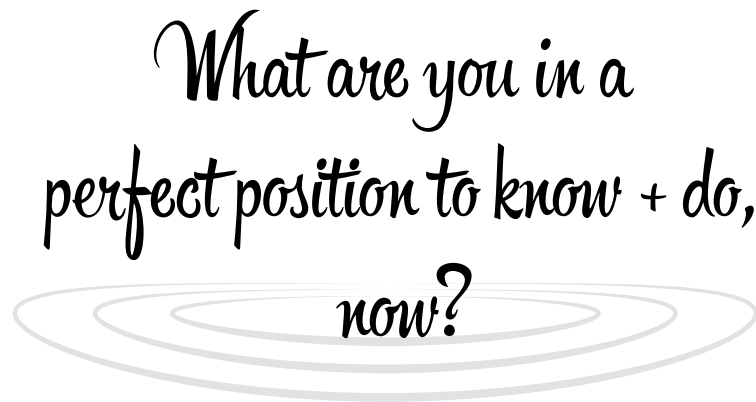
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HUM 101/201 COURSE OUTLINE



FACULTY Dr. Margot Leigh Butler

MENTORS Lorna Johnson term 1 & Fred Shantz term 2

CLASSROOM Buchanan D, Room 201

TERM 1 September 13 – December 6, 2016

TERM 2 January 3 – April 6, 2017

SCHEDULE¹ Tuesdays + Thursdays 6:30 to 9:00 pm

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: five minute in-class “free writing” sessions, three essay assignments which correspond to different disciplines and the links between them, and a reflective writing piece.

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

1. Field trips are marked with *| Extra events are marked with **and put in *italics* | Class readings will always be available a week in advance, both as photocopies and online at connect.ubc.ca

Starting where we are

SEPTEMBER

Tuesday, September 13

Meet, greet, please take your seat. Our classroom is on the traditional, ancestral, unceded land of the hən'q'əmin'əm'-speaking Musqueam people, inhabited continuously for 4,000 years, at the Point Grey campus of the University of British Columbia, now 101 years old.

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 2016-2017. Together with Hum staff and volunteers, we tucked into some food at the Nest, and then made shapes all over the Meekson lounge floor in traditional icebreaker fashion. After being introduced to the course outline and highlighting what's in store for the year, class ended with a short walking tour of campus.

Thursday, September 15

First Nations and Indigenous Studies & English: "Nothing about us without us: informed subjectivities, academic activism and Indigenizing the university" with Daniel Heath Justice (Cherokee), First Nations and Indigenous Studies & English, UBC.

Cultures teach us how to produce knowledge, and what knowledge to value. Daniel taught us about Indigenous approaches that offer ways to understand knowledge as creating and uncreating people from within, rather than the abstract. One traditional means of knowledge production are Wampum belts. 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*. Auckland, N.Z.: Penguin Books.

Joe, Rita. 2013. "I Lost My Talk." *An Anthology of Canadian Native Literature*. Eds. Daniel David Moses, Terry Goldie, Armand Garnet Ruffo. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 4-5.

McLeod, Neal. 2000. "Indigenous Studies: Negotiating the Space Between Tribal Communities and Academia." *Expressions in Canadian Native Studies*. Ed. Ron F. Laliberte. Saskatoon: University Extension Press. 27-39.

The Brain

*SATURDAY NIGHT DOCUMENTARY SERIES

The Brain with David Eagleman: What Is Reality. 2016. Perf. David Eagleman. BBC Panorama.

Child Genius. 2007. Channel 4. Warner Brothers.

Tuesday, September 20

Cultural Studies: "What are you in a perfect position to know + do, now?" with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.

Back in the olden days, "culture" was considered a highbrow 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+TIME, to ground us. Cultural Studies loves "agency"—the power to act and make meaning.

READING

Williams, Raymond. 2002 (1958). "Culture is Ordinary." *The Everyday Life Reader*. Ed. Ben Highmore. London: Routledge. 91-100.

Johnson, Lorna. 2016. "Reflective Writing: Learning

about St. Eugene Residential School." *Find Freedom In The Context You Inherit*. Hum Yearbook.

Ulo, Ayube. 2016. "In the context of you inherit." *Find Freedom In The Context You Inherit*. Hum Yearbook.

Thursday, September 22

Anthropology & First Nations Studies: "Mobilizing hope through self-knowledge: collaborative ethnography with Kwakwaka'wakw peoples" with Leslie Robertson, Anthropology, UBC.

Ga'axsta'las (Jane Cook) was a Kwakwaka'wakw woman from noble heritage whose life and legacy were strained through her seemingly contrasting positions as a First Nations woman advocating for property and civil rights, and a devout Christian who served as president of the Anglican Women's Auxillary. Mother of 16 and caregiver to the broader community, Ga'axsta'las did not follow the customs expected of her noble title; for instance speaking out against pot-latching and only marrying once. Her social justice work was overshadowed by non-conformist positions that made her a target for community members, public figures and academics. To offer an alternative story of Ga'axsta'las—one that celebrates her remarkable achievements and challenge the stigma still facing her family—Leslie worked closely with the Kwagu'l Gixsam Clan to author the biography: *Standing Up with Ga'axsta'las* (2012).

READING

Robertson, Leslie A., and the Kwagu'l Gixsam Clan. 2012. "Having Oneness on Your Face." *Standing Up with Ga'axsta'las*. Vancouver, CA: UBC Press. 10-21.

Robertson, Leslie A., and the Kwagu'l Gixsam Clan. 2012. "The Living Text: Traces of Jane Cook." *Standing Up with Ga'axsta'las*. Vancouver, CA: UBC Press. 23-44.

Tuesday, September 27

First Nations and Indigenous Studies & New Media: "A Landless Territory? Indigenous Storytelling in Cyberspace" with David Gaertner, First Nations and Indigenous Studies, UBC.

How do we articulate cyberspace, a landless territory, within the discourse of Indigenous studies? While the power relations and control over what counts as people, power, knowledge, place and time are being co-opted (Google as God) in Web 2.0, Indigenous people are doing progressive work in the area of digital storytelling, David's area of specialization. We looked at the evolution of digital storytelling, beginning around 1996, and looked at some interactive works by influential Indigenous figures like Kevin Lee Burton.

READING

Todd, Loretta. 1996. "Aboriginal Narratives In Cyberspace." *Immersed In Technology: Art and Virtual Environments*. Eds. Mary Anne Moser et al. Banff Centre for the Arts. MIT Press. 153-163.

Thursday, September 29

First Nations and Endangered Languages: "x̣m̄əθk̄'əȳəm (Musqueam), a living culture: being guests on Musqueam traditional, ancestral unceded land" with Elder Larry Grant, Elder-in-Residence at the First Nations House of Learning, First Nations and Endangered Languages, UBC.

The reading we did for tonight, *Musqueam: A Living Culture*, is a powerful self-representation in the form of a reference guide to interpreting and portraying the hən'q'əmin'əm'-speaking x̣m̄əθk̄'əȳəm (Musqueam) people. Through this reading, we learned about their living history, their present life and using cultural protocols to show respect. Through learning about Elder Grant's family—his Musqueam mother and Chinese father—his life and his work, we came to understand him as an important person and figure, and a powerful speak-

er, teacher and advocate. Last year, he welcomed us formally at our Graduation Ceremony at the Museum of Anthropology.

READING

Musqueam Indian Band. 2006. *Musqueam: A Living Culture*. Victoria: CopperMoon Communications.

PART TWO

Implicating oneself

OCTOBER

Tuesday, October 4

****12:30-1:30 Extra event: lunch for Indigenous students and allies at Sty-Wet-Tan, the Great Hall of the First Nations Longhouse, 1985 West Mall, UBC.**

First Nations and Endangered Languages: "Intricate entanglements with Indigenous Nepali Himalayan communities" with Mark Turin, First Nations and Endangered Languages, UBC.

A positive correlation exists between areas of the world that are diverse and rich in ecology (flora and fauna) and those rich in language and diversity. The Himalayan region is one of these areas, where one-sixth of the world's languages are spoken. With the dominant Nepalese language being transmitted through the education system and media, and a lack of recognition for peripheral languages, children are no longer learning their native tongue—to the point where entirely different languages are spoken across three generations of family members living in the same home. Mark spent six years developing the first and official dictionary for one unique Himalayan language, called Thangmi. In this class, he shared stories of his remarkable experience.

READING

Turin, Mark. 2005. "Language Endangerment and Linguistic Rights in the Himalayas: A Case Study from Nepal." *Mountain Research and Development* 25.1: 4-9.

Shaw, Patricia. 2001. "Language and Identity, Language and the Land." *BC Studies* 131: 39-55.

Thursday, October 6

***2:45-4:00 Field Trip: "Walking the talk" guided tour through the "Indigenous Health Research and Education Garden (IHREG)" at UBC farm with Reuben Jentink, IHREG collective member and Hum volunteer.**

Forestry: "Community forestry: earthly stories of embeddedness" with D'Arcy Davis-Case, Forestry, UBC.

"We bust our arses today so you can wipe yours tomorrow"—Tree planters' motto. Why do we ignore forest management systems put in place by local communities? With over 35 years experience working with communities in sustainable forest management, D'Arcy questioned the power structures that govern the way forests are managed, including those of the UN, her former employer. The patriarchal, paternalistic approach of global governing bodies undermines the local situated expertise of communities around the world. Working in contrast to the dominant Western ways of thinking, D'Arcy's philosophy is, "If it works in practice, it works in theory."

READING

Chupein, Thomas. 2010. "Discovering Gross National Happiness." *Voices of Tomorrow*.

Darlington, Susan M. 1998. "The Ordination of a Tree: The Buddhist Ecology Movement in Thailand." *Ethnology* 37.1: 1-15.

Language + Nature

*SATURDAY NIGHT DOCUMENTARY SERIES

Marie's Dictionary. 2011. Dir. Emmanuel Vaughan-Lee. Global Oneness Project.

RSA Animate. 2011. *Language as a Window into Human Nature*. YouTube.

Why Do Cats Meow? 2016. Perf. John Bradshaw. BBC Earth.

The Science of Forest Bathing. 2016. YouTube.

What Plants Talk About. 2013. Dir. Erna Buffie. Perf. Nora Young. PBS Nature.

Tuesday, October 11

**12:30-1:30 Extra event: lunch hosted by *Hum* for Indigenous students and allies at Sty-Wet-Tan, the Great Hall of the First Nations Longhouse, 1985 West Mall, UBC—please come and tell others about *Hum*!

Education: "Taking the wheel: learning how I learn" with Margot Leigh Butler and Paul Woodhouse, Hum, UBC. We'll meet in the classroom and walk over to a nearby computer lab together, so please arrive at our classroom on time.

What does it mean to participate in a non-hierarchical, collaborative classroom? After one month of Hum classes we focused on approaches to discussion, question asking, reading, note taking and learning styles—the fundamentals of any Hum class.

Thursday, October 13

Anthropology: "Even more intricate entanglements with Indigenous Nepali Himalayan communities: returning to help after Nepal's 2015 earthquake" with Sara Shneiderman, Anthropology, UBC.

Nepal suffered a Magnitude 7.8 earthquake in 2015. This class focused on the relief and rebuilding efforts that have followed. When Sara realized some of the more remote areas were not receiving the necessary assistance, from her home in North America she shared her local knowledge of roads

and infrastructure with the relief agencies, helping those communities obtain essential supplies. To this day, problems with the Nepalese government's organization structure means the \$4 billion relief funds have not been efficiently allocated to rebuilding the affected areas, and issues with obtaining government issued identity cards mean the most marginalized citizens without land title are often excluded from support.

READING

Warner, Cameron David, Hindman, Heather and Snellinger, Amanda. 2015. "Introduction: After-shocked." *Cultural Anthropology*. Web.

Tamang, Seria. 2015. "Situating the Earthquake in the Politics of Feudal Bureaucracy." *Cultural Anthropology*. Web.

How we learn + survive

*SATURDAY NIGHT DOCUMENTARY SERIES

Changing School Paradigms. 2010. Perf. Sir Ken Robinson. RSA Animate. YouTube.

Through Our Eyes: Living with Asperger's. 2015. Dir. Alyssa Huber. Perf. Bram Borger-Johnson. Alyssa Huber Films.

"Steven Spielberg - Dyslexia Interview." 2012. Perf. Steven Spielberg. YouTube.

Headstrong Nation: Hidden World of Dyslexia & ADHD. 2005. Dir. Steve Schecter.

Nepal's Nightmare. 2015. Dir. Aaron Lewis. SBS Dateline.

Tuesday, October 18

Interdisciplinary Studies & Poetry: "100 days: every day for 100 days, writing a poem about the 1994 Rwanda Genocide" with Julianne Okot Bitek, Liu Institute for Global Issues, UBC.

Julianne opened with the line, "Words sound different when they come back to you." We read aloud our selected poems from her recently published poetry book, *100 days*. Julianne was unsure where these 100 poems about the 100 day Rwandan

genocide would come from, but had faith in the fact she'd spent 20 long years thinking about it. Then, by chance, an artist began posting genocide-related photographs online and she asked to write a poem to accompany each one. After having done this project, she feels strongly that this is the job of the expressive arts!

READING

Bitek, Juliane Okot. 2016. *100 Days*. Edmonton | University of Alberta Press.

Bitek, Juliane Okot. Interview by Tiah Beatement. 28 Sept. 2016. "Art, Beyond the Artist, Is Created in the Moment of Interaction . . ." An Interview with Juliane Okot Bitek. Short Story Day Africa.

Ikheloa, Ikhida R. 28 Feb. 2016. "Juliane Okot Bitek: 100 Days of hell's anomie." Xokigbo.

Thursday, October 20

First Nations Studies & Art: "Breaking coppers to share truth and unity" with Beau Dick, Walas Gyiym Um, Kwakwaka'wakw Hereditary Chief and Artist-in-Residence, Art History and Visual Art, UBC; and four guests including Linnea Dick, Beau's daughter.

"All our ancestors struggled so hard to get us in this room." With the class sitting in a large circle, Beau and the other guest speakers narrated traditional, personal spiritual stories. "I pray once a day, all day long." Copper takes a significant role in the forging and breaking of relationships in First Nations cultures. We learnt of the long walk that took Beau and his compatriots from Alert Bay to Victoria and then all the way to Ottawa, so they could break copper on the Parliament steps to demonstrate their frustration at the dismal treatment of First Nations peoples in the hands of Canada's Government. Beau said, "We broke the copper to break the spell of dominance."

READING

U'mista Cultural Society. 2016. "Potlatch." *Umista.ca*.

Dick, Beau, Dick, Linnea, Guujaaw, Giindajin Haawasti and Gyauusteas. 2016. "Lalakenis/All Directions: A Journey Of Truth and Unity." *Belkin Art Gallery Exhibition Catalogue*.

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

Tuesday, October 25

Art & First Nations Studies "Sometimes it's better not to think, just feel, when you're being creative" with Beau Dick, Kwakwaka'wakw Hereditary Chief and Artist-in-Residence, Art History and Visual Art, UBC.

In this class we sat back and turned down the lights to enjoy a selection of films about some of the Northwest Coast's most celebrated and prestigious contemporary artists.

Thursday, October 27

Indigenous Community Health: "Experience talks, resilience shapes: enhancing Indigenous people's health" with Snuneymuxw and Cowichan First Nations Elder Roberta Price, David Tu, M.D., and Jen Dehoney, members of the Vancouver Native Health Society (VNHS) Research Committee, VNHS and UBC.

In class tonight, three colleagues from the Vancouver Native Health Society (VNHS) spoke to us about collaborative healing practices. Complementing western style medicine with traditional Indigenous healing ceremonies and practices, VNHS has reshaped how "we" think about healing (with specific attention given to HIV+ patients) and about good health more generally. Indigenous Elder Roberta Price shared a powerful personal story about being abducted by the state and placed into an Indian residential school at age six, never to return to her family. One of her own healing practices includes telling others about her experiences. We closed

the evening by making medicinal prayer satchels and singing a traditional song.

READING

First Nations Health Authority. 2014. "Traditional Wellness Strategic Framework." Coast Salish Territory, West Vancouver: First Nations Health Authority.

The Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada. 2015. "Calls to Action." *Honoring the Truth, Reconciling for the Future: Summary of the Final Report of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada*. 319-337.

PART THREE

How did we get here?

NOVEMBER

Tuesday, November 1

*Political Economy: "They broke it. You can help fix it: Bank reform and CETA (Comprehensive Economic and Trade Agreement between Canada and the European Union)" with The Honourable Paul Hellyer, former Cabinet Minister and current senior member of the Privy Council. Public lecture in Buchannan A201. Sponsored by UBC AMS club OWL (Older Wiser Learners), including Hum alumni.

What effects do free trade agreements have on Canada's economy? Offering a critique of CETA—an agreement passed the day before this presentation—Hellyer gave a history of the Canadian and American banking systems to demonstrate how money and credit are created, and how the majority of the world's wealth is concentrated in the hands of just a few prestigious families. He outlined an ambitious plan to create a powerful stimulus to revive the Canadian economy, focusing on developing new environmentally sustainable infrastructure nationwide.

Thursday, November 3

Cultural Studies: "How did we get here? All aboard the Western Express from the Enlightenment to globalization..." with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum.

This class sketched some overarching contexts to support classes to come. The contexts are part of time periods, or periodizations, that are based in western cultures from the 1600s to today (the Enlightenment, Modernism, Post-Modernism and Globalization). These 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

Evans, Mary. 2006. "The Making of the Modern World." *Short History of Society*. Berkshire, U.K.: McGraw Hill Open University Press. 1-21.

Tuesday, November 8

Critical Race Theory: "'Race' in and out of 'place': shifting perspectives on location" with Sadira Rodrigues, Emily Carr University.

Sadira offered us some tools for entering images and unpacking what counts as "race" in visual representations. Images can be used as mechanisms to portray certain ideas and meanings, such as those that represent the Native North American population as being part of nature, and separate from the land, giving justification for colonial subjects to freely occupy their traditional territories. We looked at historical paintings and images to show how the scientific revolution produced "scientific racism," through the construction and classification of people based on skin colour.

READING

Loomba, Ania. 1998. "Situating Colonial and Postcolonial Studies." *Colonial/Postcolonial*. Routledge. 1-8.

Thursday, November 10

Philosophy: “Weaving ourselves through streets in a philosophy district” with Ana Harland, Philosophy and Continuing Studies, UBC.

What is an argument, and how can I make a convincing one? Using philosophical logic, we analyzed and practiced making arguments using the **ARG** method: **A**cceptable premises; **R**elevant to the conclusion; **G**rounds for the conclusion. Ana then introduced the four philosophical realms: metaphysics, the study of what exists; epistemology, what is knowledge; axiology, the study of values; logic, the study of reason. Students located which realm of philosophy they were most interested in, and then began to ask philosophical questions like, “What is the purpose of philosophy?” and “Why do we need an answer to everything?” Ana encouraged us to draw from philosophy in our everyday approaches to the world, especially regarding conflicts: “Who is included, who is left out and how could inclusion shift or end conflicts?”

READING

Pojman, Louis. 1998. “What Is Philosophy?” *Philosophical Traditions*. Toronto: Thomson/Wadsworth Publishing. 3-11.

Work it!

*SATURDAY NIGHT DOCUMENTARY SERIES

The Take. 2004. Dir. Avi Lewis. Perf. Naomi Klein. First Run Pictures.

Mothertruckers. 2008. Channel 4. Vimeo.

Tuesday, November 15

Philosophy: “Placing people’s powerful knowledge: intro to the philosopher Michel Foucault’s work on power relations and power/knowledge” with Christina Hendricks, Philosophy and Arts One, UBC.

Christina related Michel Foucault’s theories of power to the course theme, “What are you in a per-

fect position to know + do, now?” Foucault claims power is not a thing but a relationship. Most of the time, when we are in a position of lesser power, we occupy a position that can resist and reverse this power relationship. We discussed different types of power relationships in our groups and how we might reverse them—Foucault makes it a point to not tell us how to resist power: you are the one who must decide and you are the one who knows the best action to take.

READING

Foucault, Michel. 2015. “Michel Foucault, quotes about power.” Ed. Christina Hendricks.

Taylor, Dianna, ed. 2010. *Michel Foucault: Key Concepts*. Durham, U.K.: Acumen.

Mills, Sara. 2003. *Michel Foucault*. London: Routledge.

Thursday, November 17

Philosophy: “Have we been perfectly positioned to be docile bodies? Intro to Foucault’s work on discourse and disciplinary societies” with Christina Hendricks, Philosophy and Arts One, UBC.

Christina talked to us about Foucault’s idea of the panopticon, which is like an “all-seeing eye” that disciplines us, even though it might not really be there. We talked about the way in which we discipline ourselves—and others—through things like social norms, spaces, and places. Near the end, we were encouraged to think about our own subjectivity and how we might resist these power structures and hidden systems of discipline that we experience everyday.

Philanthropy in Philosophy

*SATURDAY NIGHT DOCUMENTARY SERIES

The School of Life, *Why Introspection Matters*. 2016. YouTube.

Philosophy: A Guide to Happiness. 2000. Channel 4. Film.

The School of Life. 2015. *PHILOSOPHY - Michel*

Foucault. YouTube.

Discovering Psychology: The Power of the Situation. 1990. Dir. Program 19. Annenberg Learner. Annenberg Foundation.

Tuesday, November 22

Semiotics: "Always in a perfect position to know + act in cultures you're part of, always: a semiotics workshop" with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.

In this class, we were introduced to semiotics, the study of systems of signs. We first learned about signs, signifiers, denotation (noticing and describing signs) and connotation (the culturally shared meaning of signs), and then proceeded to practise it on different objects in order to really familiarize ourselves with the semiotic method. Semiotics is a practice of everyday life, one that positions us as seers and knowers of the world.

READING

Sturken, Marita, and Cartwright, Lisa. 2001. "Practices of Looking: Images, Power and Politics." *Practices of Looking*. New York: Oxford University Press. 10-44.

Crawshaw, Steve, and John Jackson. 2010. *Small Acts of Resistance: How Courage, Tenacity, and Ingenuity Can Change the World*. New York: Union Square.

Thursday, November 24

Semiotics and Gender Studies: "My Vancouver includes the Downtown Eastside: using semiotics to analyze representations of DTES women" with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.

We delved deeper into semiotics, and we used the semiotic method to explore and analyze photographs published in *The Province* newspaper. In a series titled "Phoenix," photos and articles were used to portray the DTES as a place that needs saving, a place looking for outside solutions. Applying the semiotic method revealed some of the

intended messages rooted in the articles, and as a takeaway assignment we were asked to choose an image/article, apply the semiotic method and detourne the headline to re-present it from an informed DTESiders perspective.

Tuesday, November 29

Philosophy: "A Tale of Two (Social) Scientists: Milgram and Zimbardo" with Sylvia Berryman, Philosophy and Co-director of "Global citizenship term abroad," UBC.

What is more influential in determining an individual's behaviour: the person or the situation? In this class we re-staged the famous 'Milgram experiment' and talked about the relationship between authority and action. Under the instruction of a legitimate authority, why did the vast majority of research subjects willingly electrocute a fellow human, knowing that it caused harm? We considered a personalist perspective that argues personality traits guide behaviour, and a situationist approach that argues an individual's personality traits are not consistent, it is the situation that predominantly influences behaviour.

READING

American Psychological Association. 2004. "Demonstrating the Power of Social Situations via a Stimulated Prison Experiment." *American Psychological Association*.

DECEMBER

Thursday, December 1

Philosophy: "Going global: rights, responsibilities, and the meanings of global citizenship" with Sylvia Berryman, Philosophy and Co-director of "Global citizenship term abroad," UBC.

What does it mean to be cosmopolitan? Cosmopolitanism is an adventure and an ideal. As early as 300 BCE stoic philosopher Diogenes the Cynic

proclaimed to be a citizen of the cosmos, not Athens. In this era of global capital where people, ideas and cultures flow over national borders and virtual networks, we asked, “what are our responsibilities as global citizens?”

READING

Appiah, Kwame Anthony. 2007. “Making Conversation.” *Cosmopolitanism: Ethics in a World of Strangers*. New York: Norton. xi-xxi.

Tuesday, December 6

“Don’t know about you, but I’m in a perfect position to celebrate!”

End of term party for all Hum101, Hum201, Writing 101 & Writing 201 people. We shared food, sang songs, played games, and the holiday spirit!

PART FOUR

*Where do we go from here?
Putting ourselves in many perfect
positions and places.*

JANUARY

Tuesday, January 10

Interdisciplinary Studies: “*Is now too soon?* How to *Hum* (our course theme and methodology) and to *Play* (Hum games; ‘Where there’s walls there’s holes’ and ‘No carrots, no sticks’)” with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.

After the winter break we found ourselves in an ideal position to refresh our memories. We shared our local, situated, and other worldly knowledges by playing the Hum201 board games from 2013 and 2015: “Where there’s walls there’s holes” and

“No carrots, no sticks.”

Thursday, January 12

Semiotics and Art: “*What are we perfectly positioned to Look at critically + creatively?*” with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.

To prepare for our Vancouver Art Gallery visit on Tuesday, we trained our semiotic gaze on photography and painting, doing the old semiotic “two-step” (denotation and connotation), followed by reflection, research and creation. There is no single meaning locked up in photographs, but many ways they can be read and understood. A photo’s contexts are always important: contexts of production, reception, and the ways that viewers make our own meanings. Narrowing in on documentaries, alumnus Terence Lui spoke to us about how he curates Hum’s documentary film series at Carnegie Centre twice a month, with the Hum course content in mind.

READING

Wells, Liz. 1997. *Photography: A Critical Introduction*. London: Routledge. 35-59, 89-99.

Photography:

*Saturday Night Documentary Series

The Ballad of Sexual Dependency. 2014. Dir. Emma Reeves. Perf. Nan Goldin. YouTube.

Bill Cunningham New York. 2010. Dir. Richard Press. Perf. Bill Cunningham, Anna Wintour, Michael Kors. First Thought Films.

Tuesday, January 17

*Art: Field Trip: “*Time* bandits” Guided tour of the Vancouver Art Gallery exhibitions “We Come to Witness: Sonny Assu in Dialogue with Emily Carr” and “Walker Evans: Depth of Field.”

We were met at the door by VAG educator, Jessa, who led us on our own personal tour through the top and bottom floors of the Gallery—and then

left to follow our desires 'til the gallery closed. Starting on the top floor, we learned about how Kwakwaka'wakw artist Sonny Assu added another perspective right on top of Emily Carr's paintings, and how his own relationship with her work changed the longer he worked with them. Three floors down, we moved in and out of the crowd of people eager to see the giant photography exhibition by noted American documentary photographer Walker Evans.

READING

Assu, Sonny. Interview by Crystal Baxter. 31 May 2011. "Sonny Assu - Laich-kwil-tach (Kwakwaka'wakw)." Contemporary North American Indigenous Artists.

Department of Photographs. 2004. "Walker Evans (1903-1975) | Essay | Heilbrunn Timeline of Art History." *The Met's Heilbrunn Timeline of Art History*. Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Vancouver Art Gallery. 2016. "We Come to Witness." *Sonny Assu in Dialogue with Emily Carr*. VAG Teachers' Guide.

Thursday, January 19

Geography: "Being in the *changing Present*: community mapping during gentrification" with Tiffany Muller Myrdahl, Urban Studies, and the Department of Gender, Sexuality, and Women's Studies, Simon Fraser University.

Our focus tonight was on space, power and place. There's nothing natural or inevitable about how cities are; they are built environments that come to seem "normal" or "natural" from mainstream perspectives. How do the demarcations of space reflect existing power structures? In today's reading, Eve Tuck (Unangax) suggests four alternative vantage points that she describes as "inner angles of the circle": sovereignty, contention, balance and relationship. There are many ways to have both critical and creative relationships with our places, such as community mapping and partici-

patory budgeting (where communities generate grassroots plans and decide for themselves how to spend a portion of their city's discretionary budget). To get in touch with how change can happen in many ways, we ended the class by brainstorming a long list of community resources that we've already created, such as tool libraries, community gardens, "little free libraries," food sharing spaces, integrated health clinics, car sharing, co-op housing and food stores, community kitchens, safe injection sites, and last but not least, Hum!

READING

Tuck, Eve. 2009. "Re-visioning Action: Participatory Action Research and Indigenous Theories of Change." *The Urban Review*. 41: 47-65.

Urban Planning and Social Justice: *Saturday Night Documentary Series

Cultural Landscapes Video. 2016. Eloevents. YouTube.

Once Upon a Rooftop. 2012. PBS. YouTube.

South African City Futures. 2016. Architect Africa News Network. YouTube.

The Gastown Project: Wendy Pederson. 2012. VancouverSunOnline. YouTube.

What is Urban Planning? 2015. University of Michigan Taubman College. YouTube.

Tuesday, January 24

English: "*What are you in an ideal position to Say and Overhear, now?*" with Janet Giltrow, English, UBC.

Janet drew attention to some prevalent attitudes toward language, including "language guardians" who take it upon themselves to "correct" others' language use. She encouraged us to regard speech as an activity which goes wide, is context related and is ours to use as we choose, rather than being dominated by it! This class put us in a perfect position to go to the play, *Love and Information*, which represented countless love situations where language was played with delectably.

READING

Bakhtin, Mikhail. 1981. "The Dialogic Imagination." *Discourse in the Novel*. Austin: University of Texas Press. 269-272.

Cameron, Deborah. 1995. *On Verbal Hygiene*. London: Routledge. 1-32.

Thursday, January 26

*Theatre: Field Trip: "*I want to know. I need to know. I have to know.*" *Love and Information* by Caryl Churchill at Frederic Wood Theatre, UBC.

Hum folks took centre seats to watch the UBC theatre department's performance of *Love and Information*. The play was a theatrical kaleidoscope of 60 short vignettes that addressed the effects this information society has on human connections. Is too much information leading to atrophy of memory, erosion of privacy and decay in feeling?

FEBRUARY

Tuesday, January 31

Architecture: "SAFE Places: Found On a Road Trip in Search of Ambivalent Architecture in Western Canada" with Arthur Allen, architect.

"Ambivalence" informed our discussion on architecture. Architects do wonderful things, and also terrible things that are ethically and morally questionable. Arthur argues that to do good work, architects need to think about the social implications of their work. He shared stories and photographs of an inspired road trip he and his wife Stella took across Canada. Of primary interest to Arthur were mental institutions and political buildings, most of which were adorned with ornaments of popular mythological figures, and we learned about the superstitious beliefs attached to them.

READING

Allen, Arthur. 2016. "Found on a Road Trip in Search of Ambivalent Architecture in Western Can-

ada." *Safe Places*.

Thursday, February 2

*3:45-5:15 Architecture and Theatre: Field Trip: "What was Orpheus in a perfect position to do, but didn't?" Tour of the historic Orpheum Theatre with Arthur Allen, architect.

Arthur took us around Vancouver's Orpheum theatre, and shared many tales of its history and architectural inspirations: Spanish renaissance, baroque, Greek and Roman classic, Italian, Gothic—an eclectic mix of plaster that can fool the untrained eye. In the main theatre, Arthur shared stories of the characters featured on the ceiling's mural, including the legendary myth of Orpheus.

Tuesday, February 7

English: "*Closer, come closer...* Doing a 'close reading' of 'The Laughing Man' (*Nine Stories* by J. D. Salinger, 1953)" with Michael Zeitlin, English, UBC.

A very close, slow reading, aloud! Using the short story, "The Laughing Man," by J.D Salinger, Michael taught us some tools and techniques for doing a close reading, and put them into practice throughout the class. One recommendation was to always "over-read" than "under-read," and think critically about what direction the story takes us when we follow our interpretations to a logical conclusion. The story addressed many themes, such as trauma, heartbreak, childhood innocence and America as a violent country divided by class, race and gender.

READING

Salinger, J. D. 1953. "The Laughing Man." *Nine Stories*. Boston: Little, Brown. 53-70.

Thursday, February 9

Writing and Publishing: *Standing together* Hum year-book workshop with Paul Woodhouse and Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.

Each edition of the Hum yearbook is unique to the theme, content and participants' collective personality. In this class, ideas about form, style and aesthetics were discussed. We learned about different styles of essays, 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.

More than Words: Life of a Working Writer
***Saturday Night Documentary Series**

Imagine: Ian Rankin and the Case of the Disappearing Detective. 2014. Dir. Jack Cocker. Poiuy. YouTube.

Short Documentary on Toronto Graphic Novelist, Seth. 2011. Tvochannel. YouTube.

Ten Writers on the Magic of Reading. 2013. Louisiana Channel. YouTube.

Worth Repeating: A Documentary on Songwriting. 2010. Cassidy Hodges. YouTube.

Tuesday, February 14

English: "Still closer, yet? Watching narratives hinge on plot reversals in 'For Esmé—With Love and Squalor' (*Nine Stories* by J. D. Salinger, 1953)" with Michael Zeitlin, English, UBC.

For this class, we used the method of close, slow reading once more as we analyzed the interesting and dense world of Salinger's literary work, "For Esme—with Love and Squalor." We discussed how this story is, in many ways, a story about trauma and healing, since the narrator's story is set during World War II, with the main protagonist, Sergeant X, attempting to keep his "faculties" intact.

READING

Salinger, J. D. 1953. "For Esmé—With Love and Squalor." *Nine Stories*. Boston: Little, Brown. 84-110.

Tuesday, February 16

*Anthropology: Field Trip: "Immerion: practising

critical museology in traditional, ancestral, unceded Musqueam territory" tour of the Museum of Anthropology (MOA) with Anthony Shelton, MOA Director, UBC.

After introducing us to MOA's informed museum practices, called "critical museology," Anthony responded to Hum students' many incisive questions. The first part of the class took place in a comfy meeting room alongside MOA, so by the time we'd entered the museum, our eyes, senses and acuity were sharpened. Many of the classes we'd had over the year, especially in First Nations and Indigenous Studies, were materialized, especially in the artwork by Kwakwaka'wakw people.

READING

Shelton, Anthony. 2013. "Critical Museology: A Manifesto." *Museum Worlds Advances in Research* 1.1: 7-23.

Anthropology

***Saturday Night Documentary Series**

An Introduction to the Discipline of Anthropology. 2016. Macat. YouTube.

Facebook Follies. 2011. Anton Militiqdov. YouTube.

Japanology Plus: Festivals. 2015. Carlton Mackay. YouTube.

Scenes from 'Cave of Forgotten Dreams.' 2010. Dir. Werner Herzog. humanresonance. YouTube.

PART FIVE

Realizing that I am always
in a perfect position to know + do...
especially now

Tuesday, February 28

Critical Race Theory: *"Building relationships while understanding differences": Between: Living in the Hyphen*, directed and written by Anne Marie Nakagawa, 2006 (National Film Board of Canada) with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.

"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* (NFB): Time Code 00:0:28-00:00:59.

READING

Chychota, Julie. 2008. Rev. of *Between: Living in the Hyphen*, by Anne Marie Nakagawa. CM XIV.12.

Compton, Wade. 2010. "Pheneticizing versus Passing." *After Canaan: Essays on Race, Writing and Region*. Vancouver: Arsenal Pulp Press. 19-59.

FILM

Nakagawa, Anne Marie. 2006. *Between: Living in the Hyphen*. Dir. Anne Marie Nakagawa. National Film Board of Canada.

Thursday, March 2

*Education: Field Trip: *"Getting lost and found in Borges' labyrinth."* Tour of the Central Branch of the Vancouver Public Library librarians Derek Christian and Mark Mackichan.

Taking a physical tour of VPL's sublime central branch, we weaved and navigated our way through the library book stacks. After climbing the six floors we settled into the computer lab to be given tips on how to navigate VPL's impressive and vast online collection.

READING

Borges, Jorge Luis. 2000. "The Library of Babel."

Ficciones. Trans. J.E.I. New York: Grove Press.

MARCH

Tuesday, March 7

Poetry: "More than four poetic interpretations of *What are you in a perfect position to know + do, now?*" with Ted Byrne, writer and translator, Kootenay School of Writing.

Ted argues we're all in the perfect position to know and do poetry. Poetry is everywhere in language, and we use it before there is any knowledge of it, before there are any rules. Everybody has a vernacular language—the natural language we acquire from infancy, without instruction. This language is nobler than grammar because it is natural, as opposed to artificial. Ted used the course theme to demonstrate poetics in language, including the use of rhythm, alliteration + symbols.

READING

Byrne, Ted. 2017. Poetry compilation. Unpublished.

Thursday, March 9

Writing and Publishing: *"Dotting the eyes and crossing the tee in position."*

To emphasize the importance of second drafts in the writing and publishing process, yearbook workshop number two was used to revise the essays you will find in the following pages. Participants met with their editors and the cover artwork was discussed.

Pack your Suitcases!

*Saturday Night Documentary Series

Afghanistan—the Unknown Country. 2011. BBC. WAR Storyful. YouTube.

Cheese making in the Swiss Alps. 2012. Cregoire Michaud. YouTube.

Havana—Cuba's food revolution. 2015. Al Jazeera English. YouTube.

Tuesday, March 14

Law and First Nations Studies: "*What are we in a perfect position to know + do about Indigenous people's rights, right now?*" United Nations Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous People. Article 1: Indigenous peoples have the right to the full enjoyment, as a collective or as individuals, of all human rights and fundamental freedoms as recognized in the Charter of the United Nations, the Universal Declaration of Human Rights" with Margot Young, Law, UBC.

Margot's two classes (this evening and on March 21) made distinctions between declarations, commitments, charters, activism and legal formulations of "rights," not just for humans but also for animals and the land. Particularly interesting, if vexing, are the situations where it's clear that authorities recognize the virtues of what's been committed to, but don't carry through, epitomized in the quote, "Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue" (Francois de La Rochefoucauld). We looked in detail at UN Declarations on the Rights of Indigenous Peoples and on Human Rights, the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms, and the Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Discrimination Against Women, deepening our knowledge while learning yet another genre of writing (pinpoint referencing) to add to the large repertoire of genres we've studied in Hum101/201 this year.

READING

United Nations General Assembly. 1948. *Universal Declaration of Human Rights*.

United Nations General Assembly. 2007. *United Nations Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous Peoples: Resolution*.

Thursday, March 16

*Art: Field Trip: "*Even those in perfect positions may have feet of clay.*" Tour and hands-on ceramics workshop at

the Surrey Art Gallery with Alison Rajah, curator of engagement and education, and former Hum staff; and Claire Cilliers, Studio Instructor.

Whoever suspected that we'd put ourselves in a position to get down with clay? Alison took us into the gallery to see the impressive exhibition of ceramics by Don Hutchinson, and then, inspired, led us to the ceramics studio for an 1½ hour hands-on workshop with Claire. There, we made slab vessels in shapes that help us to remember that we are always in a perfect position, and also made a collaborative artwork of rocks, etched with our own touchstones, to be skipped across this book's watery surface....

READING

Edwards, Rhys. 2016. "Screen Tearing: Imaginary Encounters in the Real World." *Surrey Art Gallery*.

Mayer, Carol E., Foreman, Brian and Back, Charlene. 2017. "Don Hutchinson: From Form to Fantasy." *Surrey Art Gallery*.

Tuesday, March 21

Law and Gender Studies: "*And women's legal rights?*" The Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms, Universal Declaration of Human Rights, and Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Discrimination against Women" with Margot Young, Law School, UBC.

READING

Canada. 1982. *Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms*, s 2, Part I of the *Constitution Act*, 1982, being Schedule B to the *Canada Act 1982* (UK), c 11.

United Nations Entity for Gender Equality and the Empowerment of Women. 1979. "Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Discrimination Against Women." un.org

Vallquet, Dominique, and Katharine Simonds.

2011. "Legislative Summary, Bill C-51: Investigative Powers for the 21st Century Act." Pub. No. 40-3-C51-E. Ottawa: Library of Parliament.

Thursday, March 23

Sociology: "What are immigrant women in a perfect position to teach Canadians about citizenship and belonging?" with Heather Holroyd, PhD, Pacific AIDS Network.

Who is a Canadian citizen and how does a person know if they are? This is the question that set off a lively discussion on the position of new immigrants in Canadian society. In her ethnographic study of immigrant women in Canada, Heather shared stories of women she worked with during her doctoral research. Hum participants chipped in with personal accounts of struggles, challenges and successes as first generation immigrants to Canada.

READING

Goldring, Luin, Berinstein, Carolina and Bernhard, Judith K. 2009. "Institutionalizing Precarious Migratory Status in Canada." *Citizenship Studies* 13.3: 239-265.

Sandercock, Leonie and Brock, Samara. 2009. "Inventing a Multicultural Nation: Canada's Evolving Story." *Where Strangers Become Neighbours: Integrating Immigrants in Vancouver, Canada*. New York: Springer. 3-32.

Tuesday, March 28

Interdisciplinary Studies: "On activist unknowability" with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.

What if you must act, but don't know what to do? Drawing on ideas and practices discussed and used over two terms in Hum, Margot opened up our bulging toolbox to demonstrate the range of devices ME/WE can use to locate ourselves in a situation, know and understand our positions, and take action to make the most out of the now.

READING

Brecht, Bertolt. 1940. "Writing the Truth: Five Difficulties." *Galileo*. Ed. Eric Bentley. Trans. Charles Laughton. New York: Grove Press. 131-150.

Thursday, March 30

*3:30 – 6:30 Field Trip: First Nations and Indigenous Studies: *Coming full circle around MOA's seven seas* with Margot Leigh Butler and Reuben Jentink, Hum volunteer.

A return to MOA, only this time the tour was collectively self-guided. Participants took turns guiding one another around the museum, locating and presenting an artefact of interest. Participants demonstrated a wide scope of knowledge and interests, making this a memorable and empowering learning experience.

READING

Hogan, Linda. 1994. "A Different Yield." *Religion & Literature* 26.1: 71-80.

APRIL

Tuesday, April 4

Rhetoric: "Take the cotton out of your ears, put it in your mouth and Listen, Listen, Listen Manifesto writing" with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.

The Hum101/201 and Writing101/201 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 of the Downtown Eastside, and then wrote our own lists of WHAT WE WANT! After, participants partnered up to look for overlaps in their personal demands—this showed how manifestos turn "ME" into "WE". We also discussed the value 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* 23.3. 553-562.

Wednesday, April 26

Graduation Ceremony for all of this year's Hum participants at the Museum of Anthropology (MOA) 6:00 to 9:00 p.m.



HUM 101/201 COMPOSITIONS

Hum101 and Hum201 participants produced the writing compositions you will read in the following pages. They are a combination of essays written in response to assignment questions set throughout the term—you can read the three questions below—and reflective writing essays that address the course theme, “What are you in a perfect position to know + do, now?” Where a student contributed both an essay and reflective writing piece, they are featured side-by-side. Hum201 compositions open with an academic essay, followed by a reflection. Hum101 compositions open with a reflection, followed by an essay.

This year’s Hum201 project focused on one aspect of the Hum201 experience: doing academic writing. In term one, there was a total of 11 sessions on Tuesdays and Thursdays before classes, which dealt with the planning phase of putting together an academic work. In term two, we produced academic essays, finally choosing one of them for this book. The project design was constructed so that students might feel free and confident with this inherited genre of writing commonly used in academic contexts so that their own thoughts, ideas, theories, arguments, experiences and commitments can shine through.

During the first term, every Tuesday for six weeks there was a “Write On!” session (open also to Hum101, Writing101 and Writing201 students) on how to structure and parse an entire argument, and how to look at the word, sentence and paragraph. By the end of this term, students gained familiarity and ease while reading and writing academic essays, felt competent and clear about the components of essays, and were alert to the differences that may arise in different academic disciplines.

Every other Thursday there were tailor-made sessions for Hum201 students that built on each other, and dovetailed with the Hum101/201 course content: Introduction: What is an academic essay, anyway? And how do I read it?; Methodology and Planning: What is it that you want to write about?; Proposal Workshop; Methodology: crafting a thesis statement and introductory paragraph; and Building Arguments. Stress was placed on working through writing drafts, and to model this, Hum faculty and staff added the outlines and notes of each session into a bi-weekly compilation, the final document including all of these drafts. Hum faculty and staff facilitated the Thursday sessions.

During term two, Hum201 students had a dedicated workroom for writing their essays, right next to the Hum office, on Thursdays from 4:00 to 6:15 p.m.

This year four participants from the fall Writing101/201 course joined the Hum101/201 course in term two. To connect and apply the knowledge and skills learned across both courses, participants used a genre of writing taught in the Writing101/201 course to write an essay based in Hum101/201 material.

Hum101 and Hum201 participants had their own personal staff editor to work with throughout the term.

Assignment #1

Due on Thursday, October 13th

This year, our course theme is *What are you in a perfect position to know + do, now?*

Throughout the year, we'll be building conversations based in what we share in class.

In Part 1: *Starting where we are*, classes included:

- Margot Leigh Butler: "With each Hum101/201 class and discipline, I gain a better understanding of what I am already in a perfect **position** to know + do (my **situated** knowledge) and I open myself to new knowledge and potential action."
- Daniel Heath Justice: informed subjectivities build **views** and **stances**, and are **embedded** in shifting social and personal **locations**.
- Margot Leigh Butler: culture is a **perspective**; identity is how we are **set** or **positioned** in societies (at intersections of gender, race, age, class, sexuality, nationality and more) and subjectivity is our own experience of that **positioning**, it's "who I take myself to be"; there are five touchstones (people, power, place, knowledge, time) through which we can **situate** ourselves and the disciplines we're studying this year.
- Leslie Robertson: anthropologists are **entangled** in colonialism's afterlife, and can choose to be in **collaborative relationships** with, for instance, Ga'axsta'las' descendants.
- David Gaertner: there are different **attitudes** by Indigenous theorists and artists to Aboriginal work in digital **spaces** and **websites**, and different **sides** influence each other.
- Musqueam First Nation is a living culture, **context**, **place**; acknowledging that UBC is on Musqueam land **implicates** the university and all visitors here.

All the words printed in bold refer to **position** and there are many more—this is a beguiling, bewitching area, and it's going to be interesting to play with it this year.

For this assignment, first select two of these classes that most interest you. Then, in relation to those two classes, notice where you have experienced a change in your own position since you started Hum101/201. Please reflect on what these changes mean to you.

If you want to write, please write 500-600 words (about one page). If you want to draw, make a map, photo or collage, use just one page. It's fine if it's written by hand or done on a computer, and you're welcome to send it to the Hum email account h.u.m@ubc.ca and we'll print it for you—just pop by the office to pick it up.

Assignment #2

Due on Thursday, December 1st

This year, our course theme is What are you in a perfect position to know + do, now? and throughout the year, we'll be building conversations based in what we share in class.

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, and remembering that the world is constructed through representations, you will be given a photo taken in the DTES/South that was printed in a newspaper.

1. Describe what you see, as if you have never seen it before. This is the process of denotation (literal description).
2. Describe the shared cultural meanings of the sign. This is the process of connotation. What cultural meanings can you gather from the image that you have chosen?
3. Reflect on what you already know about the picture.
4. Now that you have done denotation, connotation and reflection, you are now going to create a new headline that challenges "mainstream" representational practices.
5. For the last step, there are two options:
 - a. Write a 500-word article that expresses this new representation that accompanies your new headline and the photo
 - b. Make a photo collage, using the photos (we provide in class) to accompany this new headline. You may cut up and rearrange words and images, you can make a "mash-up" (making two objects into one), you can experiment and play with the photos—cut them up and combine them however you would like to express this new representation.

Assignment #3

Due on Thursday, February 16; Draft 2 is due on Thursday, March 2.

Q: What are you in a perfect position to know + do, now? A: To write!!

You've all been in Hum classes (Hum101, Hum201, Writing101, Writing201 and in student mentor roles) for at least five months—and some have been present for many years. You've done tons of reading and discussing, and now's the time to focus on writing.

Assignment question:

What keeps you coming to classes?

Assignment method:

1. Reflect on the Assignment question "What keeps you coming to classes?" and make a list of four or five reasons, questions, motivations, features, elements, loves, impulses, habits, etc., that keep you coming to Hum classes. If you joined Hum101 or Hum201 in January, you obviously keep coming to classes, so you have lots of course content to draw from!
- 2) Refresh your memory by looking at your notes and copies of the course outlines that include short descriptions of each class (called "annotations") and a list of readings, and perhaps look at your readings, too. (Please ask for any that you're missing or find them on the Internet on UBC Connect.) Pull out anything that you really liked or that stood out to you.
- 3) Choose one of the class readings to frame your written reply to this question. You will be modelling your assignment responses after your chosen reading. Using your own words, you can follow, imitate, mirror, parody or make a companion piece for it. Just remember to have fun with it! Try out different styles and see which one you enjoy the most. Don't be afraid to tweak the form a little bit to suit your needs, or combine it with others.

There are lots of suggestions for you to draw from on the next page. For example, following Juliane Okot Bitek's timeframe of "100 days," Margot M shifted the timeframe from days to months of Hum classes, and then wrote a short poem for each month.

Please write 600 words (about one page). If you want to draw, make a map, photo or collage, use just one page. It's fine if it's written by hand or done on a computer, and you're welcome to send it to the Hum email account h.u.m@ubc.ca and we'll print it for you—just pop by the office to pick it up.

To express what keeps you coming to classes, you could:

- Write **poems** that are companions for Rita Joe's "I Lost My Talk" or Juliane Okot Bitek's *100 Days*.
- Tell your **short story** in the form of Patricia Grace's "Butterflies," with yourself as the grandparents, teacher or children who value different kinds of education; or embed significant details into a seemingly childlike story like Salinger's, "The Laughing Man."
- Make a **travel narrative** (as seen from the bus) to point out cultures of learning you're part of in Hum classes at UBC and those that are ordinary in your own neighbourhood, like Raymond Williams did in his essay, "Culture is Ordinary." Arthur Allen also used the form of a travel narrative in his essay, "Safe Places: Found on a Road Trip in Search of Ambivalent Architecture in Western Canada."
- **Re-write** the story of your family or group, like Leslie Robertson and the Kwagu'l Gixsam Clan did in, *Having Oneness on Your Face*.
- What about choosing a **significant number**, like 100 (as Juliane Okot Bitek did in her book *100 Days*), and write that many reasons why you keep coming—or trying to come—to classes?
- Speculate scenarios using **science fiction**, like Loretta Todd did in "Aboriginal Narratives in Cyberspace," or report on social science **experiments** ("Demonstrating the Power of Social Situations via a Stimulated Prison Experiment").
- Organize your thinking through **protocols**, as in *Musqueam: A Living Culture*.
- Write freely and then condense your main points into an academic style "**Abstract**" like those we read for Mark Turin's and Janet Giltrow's classes.
- Set your thoughts up like a **website**, as in "Introduction: Aftershocked on the earthquake on Nepal."
- **Link** spiritual and physical commitments, like Susan Darlington did in "The Ordination of a Tree: The Buddhist Ecology Movement in Thailand."
- **Interview** yourself, following the interviews with Sonny Assu and Juliane Okot Bitek.
- Do a **visual analysis** by using images along with words, like in the catalogue essay we read that included Beau Dick's art, and work on photos of DTES women, photos by Walker Evans and the artwork of Sonny Assu.
- Write a manifesto (a statement of what you want!) in the form of "**Calls to Action**," like the Truth and Reconciliation Commission did.
- Take a **historical approach** (Mary Evan's essay on Modernity).
- If you are you a seeker of "key concepts," **theorize** your reasons, motivations, etc. (after Ania Loomba, Michel Foucault and Mikhail Bakhtin).
- Maybe you see participating in Hum courses as "small acts" like those described in the short **journalistic** essays we read from Steve Crawshaw's book *Small Acts of Resistance: How Courage, Tenacity, and Ingenuity Can Change the World?*
- Propose **new terms and ways of being** like Eve Tuck's "Re-visioning Action: Participatory Action Research and Indigenous Theories of Change."

Got Privilege?

We live in a country where people say that they accept everyone regardless of their race, gender, religion, ability, sexual orientation, age, etc.; but still, many of us do not feel as welcome or safe in “safe spaces.” In 2017, why do we still have to wake up every morning and remind ourselves of our social identities and to act “accordingly?” What can we do better in order to change this reality? We can use our own power and agency to be leaders of change!

Privilege and power work together. In order to understand their relationship we can start by defining the word **privilege**: “[it] exists when one group has something of value that is denied to others simply because of the groups they belong to, rather than because of anything they’ve done or failed to do. Access to privilege doesn’t determine one’s outcomes, but it is definitely an asset that makes it more likely that whatever talent, ability, and aspirations a person with privilege has will result in something positive for them” (Kimmel 2009). In other words, privilege is when the system and the society grant unearned advantages or benefits to members of particular (dominant) groups at the expense of target (oppressed) groups. This gives greater access to cultural benefits, social status and influence in politics to privileged people, who then use their positions to benefit people like themselves. People with privilege often do not think or realize that they have privilege; in other words, privilege is usually invisible to people who have it. For instance, aspects of social identities that can afford privilege are: race, religion, gender identity, sexual orientation, wealth, ability, or citizenship status.

The next step to understand this system is to define **power**. “Power is the ability to decide, influence or act in a particular way” (*Oxford English Dictionary* 2017). Another key thing to remember is that *power is a tool* that, depending on how it is used, can lead to either positive or negative outcomes. Therefore, there are different ways of *thinking about power*:

Power-over or Institutional power is the ability to decide what is best for others. It is the control and “authority” that forces people to submit to the dominant group’s wishes. This power includes the ability to control who will have access to resources, to the advantage of individuals who have privileged positions in a society, which reinforces oppression.

Power-within is our inner-strength associated with our values, convictions, courage and self-discipline. As it is a fact that the systematic power-over exists in our lives, it is important to acknowledge that we also have power through our own agency, and when people that share the same values come together, they become:

Power-with: these are the people that act collaboratively to achieve a shared end and that are committed to educating themselves about oppression; listening to the voices that haven’t been heard yet and reflecting and taking action towards it. Very often they become allies of a community; they are proactive in raising awareness.

The relationship between power-over and privilege is an intentional form of systematic inequality. It brings negative outcomes to our society and it marginalizes certain groups of people. **Marginalization** is “when any groups are systematically excluded [considered less important or ignored] from meaningful participation and achieve below their levels of competence [in the society]” (Furlong 2010). Bell hooks said, “being oppressed means the absence of choices” (1984). Exclusion is intersectional because people are members of many groups at once, such as: race, sexual orientation, social class and others. These various social identities affect people to different degrees, and affect the way each person experiences oppression.

Everyone faces different systemic oppressions and all these different oppression practices work together to create the everyday domination system; in other words, the oppression we live everyday has been designed to create and maintain the power-over. Domination is directly linked to privilege and power-over; they all support each other and help each other to gain “legitimacy” in society, often through the media, law, social practices, social norms, and dominant beliefs. To give an illustration of this, let’s look at the following case: a black woman is experiencing racism in a government agency and she thinks about ways to defend herself but then she second guesses herself, “if I do something to stop this situation, I become the angry black woman and I’ll scare everyone here.” This woman feels that she cannot even properly defend herself because she knows that the stigma the media has created towards her race would not allow her to do so effectively.

The price of inequality is high. The barriers and the inability for certain groups to fully join society becomes multi-generational and it has many consequences, such as poverty, discrimination, unemployment, discriminatory government policies, hopelessness and others. These consequences are what the power-over holders want because it helps them to preserve their status quo; this is exactly how power-over and privilege work together.

It is important to know where all these systems that support power-over are coming from. We need to acknowledge that power is not only coming from wealth or position. It also comes from knowledge, experiences and awareness—these give us power!

Everyone has some sort of privilege, so it is important to check yourself and do some self-reflection. Ask yourself: Who are you? What privileges do you have? What oppressions are you responsible for? Do you care? What is the power within you? What can you do with your privilege? Realizing that we have power and privilege, can be uncomfortable and it can bring you guilt. Audre Lorde said: “Guilt is not a response to anger, it is a response to one’s own action or lack of action” (2007). Guilt alone does not do anything at all to change the situation. You have two options:

1. Stay “neutral,” stay in silence ignoring these issues. Then, in a sense, isn’t your silence a form

of consent and complicity towards oppression?

2. Use your own power and agency, become an ally. Speak up!

How can we do something differently? First of all, you have to know and be aware of the privilege you have. Sometimes, this includes changing your manners, your words, and your actions, and forgetting about stigmas and prejudices. Understand that you walk through the world differently than everyone else. It is never too late to unlearn prejudice!

The question now is: What do you do with your privilege? You are in the perfect position to use your privilege to educate others, you have a voice that others do not have, use it to intervene when you witness discrimination, making right a situation that is wrong.

Pay attention to how those around you are being treated. One of the powerful roles that you can play is to stand up for those who are being treated poorly. Make a statement to point out the injustice, and as a result of that one act you can influence everyone in that space. For example: if you are a white person and another white person makes a racist joke or comment, we hope that you, as a white person, would interrupt that racist enactment by a fellow white person. As a consequence, you would impact everyone in that space to see the lack of fairness in the joke or comment.

The next step is to ask the community that you want to help how you can support their cause. Become an ally, so you can help to equalize the situation. Sociology professor, Michael Kimmel, shared the next story: "...I give a guest lecture for her [colleague] when she teaches. So I walk into her class to give a guest lecture [about gender studies], with about 300 students in the room, and as I walk in, one of the students looks up and says, 'Oh, finally, an objective opinion.' All that semester, whenever my colleague opened her mouth, what my students saw was a woman. I mean, if you [a woman] were to say to my students, 'There is structural inequality based on gender in the United States,' they'd say, 'Well of course you'd say that. You're a woman. You're biased.' When I [a man] say it, they go, 'Wow, is that interesting. Is that going to be on the test?'...So I hope you all can see, this is what objectivity looks like" (Kimmel 2010).

That is what you can do every day: start talking about privilege and power with others. It can be tense, but it is essential to provide people with knowledge and awareness about oppression. Addressing these social issues breaks the cycle and helps to empower oppressed communities to be who they are and to embrace the unique contributions that they can make to the larger community and society.

These actions help build mechanisms for different communities to participate in decision-making at all levels and therefore increase the representation of people in political processes and institutions. All things considered, it seems reasonable to assume that power and privilege affect us negatively in our everyday lives; however, we can work together to turn it into a positive influence for our communities, supporting diversity and social justice. Equality for everyone is in the interest of all countries, of all companies, and of men and women, and their children. Equality is not a zero-sum game. It's not a win-lose. It is a win-win for everyone.

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Storytelling Through Spoken Word

I always thought that storytelling was not really a thing and that it was just used by people who are angry about life. However, my perspective changed when we had some guest speakers from the Vancouver Native Health Society, specifically Native Elder Roberta Price, who shared with us the story of her life. She pointed out how storytelling helped her to heal from all the sad things that happened in her life. I asked her why it was helpful for her to share her story with others. She answered that storytelling is part of her culture, because as individuals we need support from our community and it was a good way to connect to others.

I kept what she said on my mind for days and I was trying to process what she said and to reflect on it. I remember I asked one of my closest friends what does she think about storytelling, and she said that she doesn't do it but she knows many people that do, and that they use storytelling as a way to create community.

So then I asked myself, "what is storytelling?" I asked Google and the answer was this: "Storytelling is the social and cultural activity of sharing stories, often with improvisation, theatrics, or embellishment. Stories or narratives have been shared in every culture as a means of entertainment, education, cultural preservation and instilling moral values." By the end, putting all these pieces together, I realized that storytelling has always been a part of my life, but I just never named it.

After all this exploration, I tried storytelling for the first time with a group of young people, creating an inclusive, non-judgemental and safe space for them to share their stories. At the beginning there was an awkward silence, but when I stepped in to break the ice by sharing my experiences, the youth responded pretty well, sharing their stories as well. I noticed that their responses were very supportive and empathetic, so I came to realize that storytelling is actually very important to build a sense of belonging in a community and to build the community itself. Peer-to-peer support has incredible effects, and I think that, as Elder Roberta Price said, it is a good way of healing, because it helps us to connect to our inner-spirit and/or inner-child.

Verbal Hygiene

People are often assessed and labeled by their diction. A person's occupation, social class, education and intelligence are assumed by their word usage, grammar, vocabulary and especially accent. Accent is as much a social marker as dress, hairstyle and deportment. This can certainly be the case at times, but is not always accurate.

John Crosbie was a federal Member of Parliament representing Newfoundland in the 1980s. He held important positions—finance and justice—in progressive conservative cabinets. He had a thick Newfoundland tongue and was a little rough around the edges. I heard comments referring to him as “uneducated,” and that he spoke like a “drunken fisherman.” I got a bit older and learned more about the man. He graduated from Queen's University and Dalhousie Law School, winning academic awards in his areas of study. He went on to graduate studies at the London School of Economics. Furthermore, he came from one of Newfoundland's more wealthy families. Many misjudged him simply by his accent.

Some time ago I was hiking in the Rocky Mountains. One evening around the campfire I was speaking to an English fellow. He was headed to Cambridge University after the summer holidays. He said that Oxford and Cambridge had recently started to accept students from state schools, and he would have to lose his “Liverpudlian” accent. Apparently upper-class people would look upon him as “robber” because of his “Scouse.” He would have to go through verbal hygiene, so to speak.

I found that interesting. I recall reading an interview with John Lennon. He said that his Liverpool accent was looked down upon in England. Lennon and Paul McCartney wrote songs that have sold a billion records worldwide, and have been the most successful writers in the English language, save William Shakespeare. They could have been consigned to working-class professions if not for the advent of pop-rock music, which unleashed their brilliance.

Speaking of Shakespeare, the authorship of his plays has been disputed. His authorship is disputed because he came from a middle-class background. His detractors believe that brilliance could only come from aristocracy and credit authorship to Francis Bacon or Edward de Vere. I'm sure there were noticeable differences in accents in Shakespeare's day. He may have had to practice verbal hygiene.

One person who didn't have to practice verbal hygiene was Christopher Hitchens. He was an Oxford educated writer. He had a career as a journalist before moving to America. He had a gig writing for *Vanity Fair*, the fashion and lifestyle magazine. He wrote some gossipy hatchet job “books” on famous people—Mother Teresa and Henry Kissinger. He also had a column in the *Daily Mirror*, a trashy London tabloid.

There was an atheist revival in the 2000s. Sam Harris, Richard Dawkins and Daniel Dennet had bestsellers that harshly criticized religion. Hitchens got in on the gold rush and wrote something called *God Is Not Great: How Religion Poisons Everything*. I read all of these books. Hitchens sold the most but said the least; it was just a re-hash of objections to religion that have been going on for hundreds of years. It was written in the same snarky tone of the English tabloids.

It built him a rock star following and he got on the lecture and debate circuit. These debates often show up on YouTube. The commentators would be in awe of Hitchens' wit and intelligence, and would mention that he had graduated from Oxford. This gave the impression of being an intellectual, simply through an upper-middle-class accent and social confidence.

An accent is a product of where one grew up. Any particular accent isn't intrinsically anything. It does not denote character, intelligence or ability.

“This Personal Insecurity that We Face Called Poverty” (Creative nonfiction)

I was passing through the Downtown Eastside and decided to stop in at the Carnegie community centre, located at 410 Main Street. I heard on CTV about the concern that more small recovery clinics are needed across Canada, but I never realized how serious the situation still was until I started hanging out at the Carnegie—not my usual hang out. I travel out this way every few weeks or once a month to meet my brother Kenny who frequently stops by Carnegie. He invites my children and me down for an affordable lunch.

Just then, Kenny walked over to Providence Crosstown Clinic on Hastings for a free hit of heroin. “Tarvie,” he said, “I’ll meet you for lunch.” “Where?” Tarvie asked. Kenny replied, “I am next. See you over at the Carnegie, I should be there in an hour or two. Meeting my sister and her kids. Tarvie, where is the dispensary counter?” He laughed, and the signs of relief came to his eyes, filling his prescription. He tied a rubber band tightly around his upper arm, asking, “Can I have the parmesan dry syringe?” He laughed, then jabbed the provided syringe and prescribed drug treatment heroin into his blood.

Common knowledge about heroin is that it’s highly addictive, both mentally and physically: the substance that inspires devotion leads to disaster. Some doctors prescribe drugs because there is sincere concern for their patient who is suffering with extreme physical and psychological side effects as we struggle to withdraw. Welcome to the only treatment centre in North America where we can get actual heroin. “I’m in a cycle to a place where the drug provided is my temporary escape. I know this is a harm-reduction technique, but personally this is not helping me to stop using, and I still need more of it. Thanks for the pain relief. Carol, I will be back very soon.” Kenny smiled at Carol, his health care professional.

Some of our downtown family have hitchhiked across Canada to enjoy this pure form of comfort-free drugs. I wonder what the cost is for a hit of that illicit drug, with no criminal charge? Since the 1980s, my brother Kenny has been wanting the right to use medical heroin with no risk of being thrown into jail. “Kenny, do you have any criminal record, for possession or drug use?” “Yes,” he said. “I still want to quit this addiction, but it is hard to tackle. I need this physically, you know that my body aches. Emotionally, I need a life. I want to spend time with my children. Sometimes, I do not have the time to travel over here to the clinic to get my fix. I need it when I need it. I feel scared to use, I know there is a risk. I know that, when I am in the alley. When I get an offer to purchase some there is that risk of fentanyl. My friend Darious Knight, recently purchased some from a guy at Carnegie; he was in the basement. He used because he was in pain. There was no one to monitor his drug. He was a good guy. Sold his pills outside of Carnegie.” I asked, “Was he a good guy, Kenny?” “Yes, Lydia, he was like me! Some people do not have a proper Canadian medical plan. They cannot afford to purchase medication. He was selling his own meds, to conquer evil. ‘The Darious Harm Reduction Program’ I called it. He sold his meds so he could afford a place to live.” “Where was he living? With his sister?” Tears came running

down Kenny's face. "I hate this lifestyle. I wish I had a stable safe place to live and a good job. Stephen, you just dropped your needle. Watch where you're doing that. Stephen, did you hear me? I am slowing down. I just did my love."

"How is it that you're able to handle living in a tent during the cold, wet weather seasons, Stephen?" I asked. "I do what I have to. I have friends who accept me for who I am. I have admitted to myself that my trigger is the emotional and physical struggle of being always faced with homelessness, with feeling unstable. Here I am again, at Oppenheimer Park, part of my father's heritage, his old stomping dance ground. I keep coming back to this area of town, 'cause I miss my dad."

"Lydia, why are you so concerned, mind your own business," Kenny complained. "He does it right on the public street because he is homeless." Questions come to him: "You need help? It's really sad? We want recovery? They want it. We try to stay straight. Yah. What is the answer to poverty?" Opium was being smoked in Canada from 1901 to 1908. The Opium Factory was located at 34 Market Alley in the DTES (Russwurm, 2009:NP). This is not a new trend. The first drug laws were introduced in 1908. Finding a safe clean home for \$375 a month is almost impossible unless it is subsidized.

"What are you rambling about? Stability, for the mental and physical wellbeing of a person. I am concerned. My friend died. Look at that vulnerable person in the wheelchair. He needs an electric wheelchair." Kenny is couch surfing, and would prefer to live in Tofino. "Where is that free food spot? My sister traveled out here from Surrey. We are taking her children for lunch. Poor people are not always in the Downtown Eastside. You know that."

More free food places throughout the cities are needed. The average Joe has to wait three months for a welfare cheque. But someone just out of jail gets one right away. The drug treatments and the outreach programs are available for those who want to quit. I ask Kenny, "Do you honestly want a recovery program?" "Lydia, I can only last a day. I heard from a social worker that there is a waiting list and it could take two months to a year if you contact the places yourself. If you don't put the effort out yourself, you will not get a place. Some people have been waiting for five years. The Canadian government wants to help us, but the demand for city housing is high." Tarvie asked, "What type of addiction do you suffer with, Lydia? Is it for biological or psychological comfort?" Stephen comments, "I keep questioning myself, asking myself why. Darious, my friend used heroin to escape his inner personal insecurities. I called him Darious Knight. I remember our last conversation. He was Kwakwaka'wakw." Kenny replied, "Yes, and he never called me 'white trash,' though he laughed at me for not knowing all of the roots of my family tree. He was family to me."

"Lydia, do you use drugs?" Stephen asked. "No," Lydia replied. "I have a history of alcoholism, but I

have attended therapy. I do not experience physical side effects. My need to use alcohol was for social comfort, to black out my emotional sadness and to be around people who would not judge me. I hung out with people who loved and needed me. My withdraw was not physical, it was a psychological withdraw." Stephen asked, "How do you cope?" "I was born and raised in the Lower Mainland for most of my life. For a few years during my early childhood, I lived in Gold River, B.C., a small town located in the wilderness north on Vancouver Island. My father was born in Norway. My mom was born in London, England. My parents accomplished a lot; they worked hard for everything. In the early 1950s my mom swam the English Channel. Kenny and I faced this legacy, of being born and raised in that lifestyle, that environment that others reach for and dream of. We were people of Olympic lineage, but my mom never won a gold medal. That caused her a lot of inner conflict. I would like to purchase a home for my children and myself, but I do not have enough money." Stephen, who is Haida and white, hugged Lydia, "You, my adopted family, have given to me concern without judgement." Lydia cried, "You don't have to prove that you're an Olympic champion. We just have to respect and accept each other and then this personal insecurity that we face called poverty leaves us for a few short hours."

The door is opening, and it's time for us to find a seat because Carnegie's Oppenheimer Park soup kitchen is opening up now. Tarvie says, "Hot soup and a sandwich, it's great. The truck's line-ups are often way too long. Glad it is a sunny day, so wonderful to wait in line as we enjoy social relationships and the free food. On a cold and wet day, those are the days I wish I had a warm place of my own."

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Questions About My Celtic Ancestry

In an essay called, "The Irony of Things: Humour in Contemporary Northwest Coast Art," I read that the Kwakwaka'wakw people know their genealogy for countless generations (Reid, 2012:23). This raised questions for me about my Celtic ancestry. One of my great great great grandmas was an Irish Catholic. She immigrated to the USA, just around the time when the British House of Commons allowed Irish members to hold a seat. About one million people died in Ireland during the Great Famine (also known as the Irish Potato Famine) between 1845-52. I know that I could hold onto anger about this, but I support the attitude of "belongingness," of supporting each other by sticking together, sharing our ethnic identities so as to protect each other from cruel, unfair treatment. We have faced this.

What is my view on being "Canadianized?"

My great grandpa told me that a Canadian identity—for him, being called an English Canadian—defines personal character. I recall reading in *The Globe and Mail* that the act of patriotism is a willingness to share multicultural values, artistic creativity and non-violent values. All Canadian citizens should be respected, with equality for all skin colours, languages, and religions. Being "Canadianized" involves sharing cultural norms with other people—sharing each other's cultural identity in hope to unify and inspire worldly freedom. Maybe some of my family ancestors were "Canadianized." Being Canadianized

means that the uniqueness of an individual's family heritage is beautiful for all.

Critical Whiteness

I have had some very interesting multicultural life experiences. I do not feel "just white." I am Canadian. This personal level of inner self-worth is rooted in the many colours of the Canadian maple tree. Did you know that ten maple species are native to Canada? Brother, if I had not been exposed to the chance to understand you. If I had not the chance to open my mind to a bigger global picture I would not have met some of the best people who have influenced my heart. You have loved me. Some of the best people who I had the pleasure of meeting in my life, and who have been there for me in my worst states, are not white. But to me they are my family. And at the same time, my Celtic cultural identity is special to me, and I am concerned about being seen as a racist if I put forward ideas of "white pride." I don't want to feel ashamed of my skin colour, just like others shouldn't. I want to remember all those who fought in Ireland and England, including women, to get the vote. Voting has given us the ability to change the worst situations, and that I believe is personal and powerful. I agree that the Canadian system still has changes to make, such as creating educational and job opportunities for youth and adults, building more affordable homes for the homeless, and creating effective detox programs for the drug addicted of every race. I would like to know more about how ideas about race have been created and lived in the relations between everyone, with all of our unique family heritages and positions.

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To the Killam Teaching Prize Selection Committee (Manifesto: What we want!)

February 1, 2017

Dear Killam Prize Committee,

I am currently involved with Dr. Margot Leigh Butler as her student in Hum201. I have also completed Hum101 and Writing101.

Her teaching means discipline. She is organized and very clear to understand. There are course themes, such as “where there’s walls there’s holes”; “no carrots no sticks” education, and “what are you in a perfect position to know and do, now?” To help us think through the themes we use touchstones: people, power, knowledge, place and time. As well as her clear organization, she has a great ability to motivate students who, like me, have learning challenges. I have been her student in the Hum program for two years now. Before that I spent six months in alcohol and drug rehabilitation, with Union Gospel Mission. Before that I was a gang member for many years, living with multiple disabilities, sometimes living homeless, or incarcerated.

Factoring in all these things, I have learned discipline from her classes. My experience in her classes gave me confidence and strength to speak my mind: a desire to share my wisdom, practice and sustain trustworthy relationships, and to have long-term educational relationships with other schools. I am now working towards my trade qualification at BCIT, farming with UBC, and doing outreach and volunteer work in the Downtown Eastside, including at the Carnegie Centre and Union Gospel Mission, and also at the Gathering Place in Downtown South.

In Dr. Butler’s courses, knowledge and action charge each other, activating academic disciplines, teachers, students and the texts we read. The course themes for my two years in her courses were “find freedom in the context you inherit” and “what are you in a perfect position to know and do, now?” and they both resonate with my personal life history. Dr. Butler’s teaching philosophy is to create pedagogical and critical situations in which students can participate freely in university level education. We are mainly students from the Downtown Eastside. Her approach to people, content and teaching methods are very organized, clear, humble, respectful and very positive. These are equally important in the community centres where she works as well.

I would like to write about the field trip that we went on at the Museum of Anthropology. I was able to volunteer to speak about my Fijian culture and the other South Pacific cultural items on display. I wanted to explain the items that were on show and share a little history of the people of Fiji and the neighbouring countries in the South Pacific. I was delighted to share my wisdom with the rest of my

classmates. It was a time when I had to use my critical thinking and creative practice together.

With her approach to education, Dr. Butler teaches that if you have multiple disabilities you can still have a good education and life. With that, respect will follow. My weaknesses and strengths plus the insecurity with my ego came to balance with the Hum program. My life is well balanced with friendship, outdoor activities and the teachings and discipline taught by Dr. Butler. She inspired me to respect others, volunteer, share, give back to the community, be kind and humble, and teach others. As one of her students, Dr. Butler has had a great impact on my life. She will be in my life forever. Her teaching is so easy to understand and draw the knowledge from. Being a mature student I felt very confident in her class. Dr. Butler is very approachable and easy to understand. She is not only my teacher but also a true mentor to me. Her knowledge is above and beyond what I expected and it always excites me to attend her classes, especially on semiotics and manifestos.

Dr. Butler needs to be recognized for her leadership and for the hard work she does, so other women can follow. I encourage you to award Dr. Butler the Killam Teaching Prize.

Sincerely,

Joel Rakesh Kumar

[Post-script: Joel's letter worked and the committee awarded Margot the Prize!]

What Keeps Me Coming to Class

By going to class, I want to gain higher education and opportunities that help me to live better and have an enjoyable, productive life. Therefore, by being healthy and kind, I can handle my stress and manage my anger better by not consuming alcohol and drugs. I am able to be honest with myself and have better thoughts in my daily life. For example, the theatre, drama, and fieldtrips provide a connection to friends, and these outlets of creativity relieve stress.

Going to school helps me have meaningful conversations, and also helps me with being a leader. I can share my thoughts and feelings to my classmates, the teachers and volunteers. I am always looking forward to listening, doing assignments and improving myself.

Going to class motivates and challenges my attitude towards certain types of knowledge and I am able to explore this with Hum. This year, we've studied 20-plus disciplines. Despite this, in keeping with the

spirit of the class, you can just jump right in. With the game we played, “where there’s walls, there’s holes,” I found myself in perfect timing with life: living in the Downtown Eastside, while learning, studying, playing and sharing my knowledge of my local area, plus worldly knowledge. What the game did for me was made me aware of my surroundings and the geography of the world that gives me confidence.

Our field trip to the Vancouver Art Gallery (VAG) really stuck with me. In Sonny Assu’s latest project entitled, “We Come to Witness,” he took Emily Carr’s famous landscapes and reclaimed them. Assu says this is “a way to place an Indigenous voice back onto these colonial landscapes” (Baxley, 2011:NP). He does admit that through showing his work to others, his assessment of Carr’s work has changed over time.

I agree with Assu when he said, “they [the Indians] have every right to be angry: their land had been taken from them; their culture had been taken from them. They are continually fighting against the government for rights to the land base, the resources to better themselves, to redevelop their language and, most importantly, to regain autonomy” (Baxley, 2011:NP). He also places an importance on the conversations with people as elicited by his and Carr’s work, people who do not “have any understanding of how Canada came to be as a colonial state...what steps can we take to, in essence, decolonize our mindset and decolonize this colonial state?” (Baxley, 2011:NP). This really speaks to me because one of the main reasons for me coming to class is so I can help Native people fight for their rights.

The next topic that makes me come to class is my community: the Downtown Eastside, where I volunteer, live life and share my experiences of Hum, where I am confident in school and discipline. I got the opportunity to work on a photo to show in the kettle cultural crawl exhibition through the Union Gospel Mission. Every day is a new opportunity for change. I always hope that my fun pass will be replaced by something educational and beautiful. Through my day-to-day experiences in the Downtown Eastside, I realized that I am here for a wonderful reason—to take the first step in trying to do better in life, to succeed in ways that challenge me, and to always overcome and move beyond what I am afraid to do.

To me, this photo represents envisioning a new life, a new world of change, in the hope to encourage others by demonstrating that change is possible if we only begin to believe in ourselves and in our Higher Power.

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Photo: Joel Rakesh Kumar. 2016. Seahorse.

We Take Care of Each Other 天下為公 (the World Belongs to All): Ideas for Building Harmonious Communities

"Respecting others means respecting oneself."

In Chinese culture, "civilized" means that you treat others as you treat yourself. You learn how to control yourself, and to be productive. You respect each other, respect other people's parents and your own parents, and care about others' children as you care for your own. Though the word "civilized" is often used in the West to mean that someone controls others, in this version, the effect is mutual. Coming from China, this western meaning has been a culture shock for me. Though it is awkward, I want to retain the Chinese meaning of this word in this essay.

I value Chinatown for business, tourism, residences, and it is of historical importance. I want Chinatown to be inclusive, and not to be involved in fighting because I don't see this as civilized. In my opinion, Vancouver's Chinatown no longer carries these Chinese values. Much media coverage promotes this fighting, rather than supporting affordable and beautiful housing in this neighbourhood. Why don't they, instead, promote respect for each other and understanding of each other?

A famous Chinese saying is "respecting others means respecting oneself." I would like to get involved in helping people to respect and value each other. To me, that is what we can learn from each other: how to cultivate a good neighbourhood. For me, the qualities of good neighbourhoods are universal love, family and harmony; there, people are helpful and supportive; people are free to live in business or residential areas—whichever they like—and nature is accessible. I want communities to be productive and in control of themselves. I want the government not to be seen as "others" but as part of the community.

While it may seem that I'm just saying whatever I want, in fact, I have followed this burning interest of mine throughout this year of Hum201. I am driven by questions about respect between people, respect for different histories, and moving forward together, inclusively. I wish I could read every essay and be part of every conversation about these concerns. I have fallen in love with philosophy and sociology while taking Hum101 and Hum201. I planned to do a "definitions essay" for this assignment, but rather than being satisfied by definitions, I seem to be more suited to theorizing (so Dr. Margot says)!

My thinking and theorizing in this paper has been informed by these two courses in so many ways. Some of the concepts and terms—keywords—that I have learned in classes (named in brackets) that are relevant to this essay's area are:

- participatory action research, community mapping, gentrification, displacement, and participatory budgeting (Geography, Urban Studies, and English)
- sovereignty, contention, balance, relationships, vantage points (First Nations and Indigenous Studies [FNIS])
- living cultures (field trip to the Indigenous Health, Research & Educations Garden at UBC Farm; FNIS, especially the essay “x̣ṃəθḳẉəỵəm (*Musqueam, a Living Culture*)
- Truth and Reconciliation commission of Canada: Calls to Action (History and FNIS)
- truth and unity (First Nations Art)
- cyberspace (English and FNIS, especially the essay “A Landless Territory? Indigenous Storytelling in Cyberspace”)
- western civilization (Sociology, Cultural Studies)
- cosmopolitanism (Philosophy, globalization)
- modernization (Cultural Studies)
- practices of looking (Cultural Studies)
- power/knowledge (Philosophy)
- *The Communist Manifesto* (Sociology)
- “Love your neighbour” (English and FNIS)
- Mindfulness (Psychology)

Though we didn’t study Chinese civilization in these courses, as a Chinese-Canadian I bring much knowledge about it with me. In my essay title, “天下為公” means that the world belongs to all, also known as The Great Unity. The Great Unity is a Chinese concept referring to a utopian vision of the world in which everyone and everything is at peace. It is found in classical Chinese philosophy, which has been invoked many times in the modern history of China. “We take care of each other” is one of the slogans of our Strathcona Community Centre in the Downtown Eastside. It can also be seen in our kids’ art programs. Strathcona neighbours cultivate our kids with a warm and supportive community.

I hope that these concepts and terms may be of interest to you, and that the Chinese meanings of “civilized” that I have dwelled on here are useful to readers!

“I love my classes”

Taking classes at UBC
It is a community course named Hum
Took me three years and I applied four times
I still appreciate the luck I had...

Hum is short for humanities
Humanities are learning concerned with humans' cultures
Culture is the way of life, the way of who we are
Critical thinking is emphasized

Critical thinking is self-critical reflection
Critical thinking is also for introspection on what we have done
Self-discipline, self-inquiry are cultivated as well

Hum is free courses for people like me
No financial pressures, no academic pressures either
Learning for free and freely to learn
Teachers are awesome, volunteers are kind and helpful

Lectures are wide, readings are broader than I can think
Seems so helpful, opens a new window to view the world
Things are clearer and understood

Care about the knowledge, care about the people, care about the power,
care about the time

That is our history that we can learn from
Care about the wisdom, care about whom we care about

Campus lectures, campus resource supports and free dinner with UBC students
Back to school, back to the class, back to the campus, I am young again!

Hum201 and the World in the Last Twelve Months



"Popocratic Witches." August 20, 1896. Los Angeles Times

In the course of the last twelve months, the world has been stunned by deep and unexpected changes in numerous political systems. Changes that affect the ordinary citizen and the class less favoured, such as immigrants and dispossessed peoples in the countries of the third world. The resurgence or revival—which it can be called—of populism as a political expression responds to the weariness and fatigue of the frustrated masses with the neoliberal system that has characterised the second half of the 20th century and the first years of the 21st century. Populism, looming as the alternative for change in a society tired of not seeing answers to the pressing problems of today's world, is a dangerous and lethal medicine for dissatisfied and disillusioned citizens. It is a scene full of unknowns. We are seeing and living now what was unthinkable only a short time ago. Daniele Albertazzi and Duncan McDonnell (2015) define populism as, "An ideology that pits a virtuous and homogeneous people against a set of elites and dangerous others who are together depicted as depriving [or attempting to deprive] the sovereign people of their rights, values, prosperity, identity, and voice." The term populism is associated with demagoguery, and has been used by the left, right, and centre. Cas Mude (2015), a political scientist, says populism is most common in democratic countries, and is inherent to representative democracy.

Populism as an ideology is devoid of ideas and specific purposes, but is an easy immediate response that disrupts society. It draws on the most divisive ideologies and passions, such as nationalism, imperialism and xenophobia. It is usually led by a charismatic leader who knows what the people want to hear, and they operate like a snake charmer. These false leaders easily monopolize the front pages of the media, and are skilled manipulators who know how to use the misfortune of others to achieve results that benefit themselves and the elite they represent. Immobility, lack of reforms, the concentration of wealth, corruption and increasing lack of opportunities for young people have been the breeding ground for this senseless and dangerous ideology.

It is said that one who does not know the story is doomed to repeat it. This is certain. To appreciate where populist ideologies can steer people look at twentieth century fascism and Nazism. These ideologies brought the world the most gruesome and bloody wars that mankind has experienced, and that left only desolation, destruction and misery. This is a warning that has been overlooked by many of the citizens involved in supporting these political movements. Tolerance and multiculturalism are ideals that very few wish to defend. Right now, we can see how in the USA Donald Trump's government has banned immigration from Muslim countries because he considers Islam to be terrorism. He considers Mexicans as the cause of all evils in the USA. Radicalism and fascism are present in many third world countries, and now they are at the doors of the first world [North America and Europe].

During the last twelve months we have been perplexed how democracy has been used. Principles of respect and tolerance have stepped aside to let nationalist, isolationist and conservative movements surge ahead. The first warning bell was "Brexit." Due to a populist vote, against all odds the United Kingdom must withdraw from the European Economic Community. Nigel Farage, an inveterate populist leader, capitalized on the discontent of the English middle-class, destroying years of good work that built a united Europe. A few months later we see a false idol like Donald Trump take power in the USA, which is one of the most democratic countries in the world. He imposes restrictions on immigration, blames Mexicans for all the wrongs and shrugs off democracy and tolerance as sources of understanding among nations. France, in less than two months, will have elections. Another populist, Marine Le Pen, threatens the stability of this nation—the birthplace of right and reason. In Italy, the nationalist Northern League and the populist Beppe Grillo forced the resignation of Prime Minister Matteo Renzi after losing an unnecessary referendum. Xenophobic nationalist, Geert Wilders, who managed to shore up his party with more seats in Parliament, rocked the Netherlands. His party has more seats than any other party, but less than 50%, so Geert Wilders is not yet the country's leader. In Austria, the right-wing Freedom Party of Herbert Hofer almost won the Presidency. In the Philippines, President Duterte led a populist movement, which as Holmes (2016) reports, "pursues and kills people in the illegal drug business." Duterte is making the entire country believe that he is fighting for the country's security, but corruption, poverty and lack of opportunity are still the order of the day. We have seen how in recent

months around the world right-wing regimes have been strengthened. In Russia, Vladimir Putin acts as if he were the Tsar. Poland, Hungary, Romania and Bulgaria are aligned with the extreme right. This has also happened in Turkey, where President Erdogan in the last year has imprisoned the opposition and silenced journalists in order to strengthen his regime for an upcoming referendum. In short, the world is full of examples of far right radicalization, where populism and political adventurism make their marks. No doubt, this wounds democracy, and I hope it's not the death of her. The principles of the French Revolution: liberty, equality and fraternity among nations are threatened.

The political horizon in the western world is changing, and Canada is no exception. In many cases politicians and the leadership are out of touch with the common people. Politicians are often deaf to the claims of the people who make up their base. They do not defend general interests, but defend the elites and the interests of a few. According to a survey reported in *Crossroads Today* (2017), 52% of Canadians are concerned about immigration, and 61% of the respondents do not believe in their leaders—and less in politicians more generally. As we can see, Canada is not exempt from the emergence of a populist politician who knows how to channel popular discontent, and who knows how to fish in troubled waters. As citizens of this country, we must be alert so we can defend our social security, healthcare and education. According to the ideology of the extreme right, social investment, state control and taxes should be eliminated or at least restricted to a minimum. The system for them is based upon no intervention in the distribution of wealth. Libertarian ideas and *laissez-faire* are around the corner; granted permission from governments that represent these elites, but that are elected by the apathy and disillusionment of common people who vote in desperation for change. The language of deception—sponsored by the media—gave constant media coverage to Donald Trump and helped win him an election. Citizens were manipulated by the interests of a few, which resulted in the common citizen not seeing the impending danger that occurs with populism.

When Communism collapsed in the Soviet Union, and also in countries of Eastern Europe, it was thought that it would strengthen democracy and improve social conditions around the world. That has not happened. There have been wars in the Middle East, a food crisis in Africa, and poverty in third world countries that has produced a never before seen migration process. This has been answered in the majority of cases with indifference, or worse still, with xenophobia. This is particularly true of countries with better economic and social order, such as those of the developed west. In many places militarism—sponsored by a few—and corruption has resulted in reduced social spending and investment in services for the common people: health, housing and education. The lack of coherence in the search for solutions has deteriorated the confidence of the masses. World leaders have been indolent and passive in the implementation of the changes and reforms required by the masses. In democracy, in many instances the elected official has been worse than the problem. These days we have witnessed how new politicians, or fake idols, have emerged as an answer for the people against the traditional politics that have been ineffective at solving the needs of the people.

“How fortunate for governments that people they administer don’t think” –Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf*

I have no doubt that in recent months the world has undergone major changes, unfortunately for evil. As a common citizen I can see that they were driven by populist and nationalist winds which will con-

tinue for some time to come. I need to improve my endurance, good judgment, critical thinking and rationalism to defend justice and democracy. I want to take positions in order to defend the general interests of the majority. These beliefs of mine have been enhanced and my skills have improved since being involved in the Hum program. Hum has been an effective instrument that improves thinking skills and helps to forge our approach. It helps us cope with change so that we can be part of the solution to our own problems. Knowing and deciphering the political world of the moment is without doubt a very valuable tool to help see what our personal future can be.

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The Quest for Perfection

After two years in which I have participated as a student of UBC's Hum Program, I have questioned if I'm in the perfect position to know or do something in my life? The response that I surprisingly found is that I am not in the perfect position, and I will never be. However, I also understand that life turns and spins around the pursuit of perfection, which is well dodge, and can be said, almost utopian. However, this search for the perfect position has been the engine or generator of humanity's social evolution, and scientific and economic progress.

This search has been the inspiration of mankind, and it has paved the way for great leaps toward a better tomorrow; from the smallest and most mundane activities to the biggest human enterprises. We often have the idea, but not the means to execute it, or vice versa. The time and place are sometimes fleeting. This is a permanent fight, where we are dissatisfied with ourself, but at the same time hopeful that someday we will reach out to realize our dreams.

The pursuit of knowledge has been a long process, where human beings are not exempt from failure, but where tenacity and stubbornness have been the causes of success. Each new find is the beginning of another search. The quest for perfection has been the inspiration of mankind.

Time, as it is for Me through Humanities 201

This year's Hum201 theme is, "What are you in a perfect position to know + do, now?" After 18 years of different themes, the constant during each course and class, and for each student, mentor, alumni, instructor, and guest speaker is time. Not as a textbook definition, but time as it applies to each Hum participant throughout their lives: the time they give to Hum, how it's morphed at Hum, and what it might become after Hum. Time is the everlasting medium and action that binds our existence and makes us who we are. Time reflects our being to others, so that our existence may become a tangible expression.

Each person who attends a Humanities class needs to comprehend and incorporate the concept of time into their schedule. The time it takes to get to class and back, which includes: getting dressed; gathering class material; making it to the bus stop; making room for boarding busses (sometimes missed or late); lining up for a meal at the student Nest, and the speed of the kitchen staff; finding a table or place to eat; socializing with other students or classmates; getting to class; going to the bathroom; assisting in setting up the class and finding a seat or even sitting down to collect one's thoughts before class. And finally, time required for the class that day.

For example, in the class reading for Tuesday, February 7, "The Laughing Man" by J. D. Salinger, in the first paragraph the author does a similar narration of time (1953: 53). As always, the focus is on what happened, how it happened, and the sequence of events; almost as if we, the reader, are being trained to "fight time" through forcing our comprehension of time to be abstract or dissected into small enough, mentally digestible, pieces. This would imply that time, as a concept, is a foe to human nature, a topic well beyond the scope of this assignment, but well worth exploring at a different date.

That is not all: for each class presentation, a unit of unspoken or abstract time is included. The comprehension of time as it applies to creating a myth, fable, story, or lore; the undefined concept of time in oral tradition; the time it requires to create the unconscious inspirations (nature and nurture) included in each person's creative works presented; the time it takes for us, the future generations, to decipher why that story or myth is what it is, how it is, and what elements were presented. In order for the non-verbal semiotics of the narrator to be passed along, there is a comprehension (an opportunity to comprehend, or overcome an earlier "evolutionary" stage of comprehension) of the distinction of each (verbal/non-verbal knowledge and medium).

Time is one of those things we take for granted. It exists. Our whole existence, comprehension and the flow of our comprehension require a comprehension of time as it applies to all thoughts, actions, and memories. To quote Howard Falco from his book, *Time in a Bottle*, "Life moves the exact information you've asked for into your reality on a constant basis. We only see and hear what we are ready to, however, when we are ready to" (2014: 119). Our internal mental clocks for each memory—all those

memories that have been assigned a relationship to each other—are what bring those memories to life. They help us recollect a memory and make us cognizant of the relationship of that memory to whatever it is we are currently doing or thinking.

Another example, in the class reading for Thursday, February 16: “Critical Museology: A Manifesto,” by Anthony Shelton, we see a similar template for time. The understanding of each museum item; the need to classify the items; catalogue them; store them; display them; teach them in a manner that maximizes learning and comprehension on many different levels and fields, etc. But then comes the realization that time—those associated clocks for each process—already comes with pre-existing components of time. For example the time to order and classify the items, and the thought and effort which many people have had to put in to make this comprehensible. This is to say, not only the naming of the item but its grouping; its relationship to other items; its use; how it is and can be incorporated into the thought processes of each and every one of us, etc. All this process has a common objective: to create a collective understanding of what the item is and how we are supposed to comprehend it. This produces the possibility of a uniform collective memory, a flow of comprehension that has a relationship with each person—although different for each person—and tailored to each person’s comprehension. All this from one item! An item that thousands of pages exist to explain, yet lack a narration of the exact time required by either arithmetical or geometrical means to reach that level of comprehension, on either an individual or collective consciousness level. An item that somehow fine tunes us (its “clocks”) to receive a knowledge tailor-made for our comprehension level, yet with the ability to find some common ground or relationship between ourselves with that item.

John Holt, in his book, *How Children Fail*, narrates an example of silicone putty. After discovering the putty’s qualities, he states, “Okay, so it bounces, very funny, what’ll they think of next? And I was back to the world of order and reason” (1971: 104-105). We see that curiosity created time for this item; that time provided him the means of exploring and comprehending its qualities. Time also had a second nature, one that included some other set of parameters that were further up the chain in the thought process, something beyond exploring the material item; one that he could not incorporate on a regular basis into his daily regime.

The Ancient Greeks gave the word time a feminine gender (Οἱ Ὠραι). In doing so, they “elevated” the concept of time beyond masculine or neutral. It now had a reproductive ability, one that would express itself in the languages of the western world. Time became something that was tangible and malleable, with the ability to create new forms of itself, and spur creativity. It was a concept to be reckoned with, one that could either be friend or foe, depending on our cognition of it. Without wanting to blur this story with that of the birth of the goddess Athena, it takes our efforts, and produces a result: our thoughts.

The scope of Hum201 has put me in a perfect position to comprehend time, and to utilize it in my thoughts. It has helped me to comprehend the existence that I brought to this Programme, and comprehend how my thoughts have clarified and how actions my have changed throughout my attendance in this Programme. It has helped me to plan my future. It has also given me the comprehension that my thoughts and actions are connected in some way with everyone else's, and that each one of us has a different absorption, expression, and relation to time.

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Reflective Writing

The effects of attending Hum101 on my life today:

1. I have a consuming interest in other cultures.
2. I find interests in my surroundings such as heritage buildings and compare them to modern architecture.
3. I attend Hum's film series "Documentaries for Thinkers" at Carnegie Centre on Saturday nights.
4. I watch more news instead of game shows.
5. Because I'm in classes, I don't spend money; therefore I'm saving.
6. I use the Internet to watch educational stuff that interests me, such as Dr. Gabor Maté's addiction series.
7. I read now—thanks to lucky Hum101 book draws I have collected an array of books to choose from.
8. I am in a perfect position to share my knowledge and interests with others. For instance, when *Dakota Access Pipeline* protesters were circulating a petition for signatures and comments on the environmental hazards if the pipeline were allowed, I shared the post on Facebook with the comment "What are you in a perfect position to say and do?"

“Cultural Pride and Holistic Living”

Bhutan, the small kingdom in the Himalayas, lives the theory that happiness is based on spiritual, cultural, physical, social and environmental health. With that said, follow me.

I was born Anishinabe in Ontario, 1946. I am a residential school product and I say that because it has everything to do with who I am today. I didn't learn very much but I did what I was told. The only good traits I took away from that experience were self-discipline and self-determination.

I was readied for the work force with grade 10 and a completed nursing assistant diploma. I was told I was the first Indian girl to graduate from the school, a huge accomplishment in my area at that time, Toronto, 1964.

After nursing 48 years and other related employment, I am now retired, which brings me to Hum.

With an aging brain and a need to be occupied, I started Hum classes in September 2016. I challenged myself to complete what I had started, to show my world what I was still capable of. I was amazed at what we covered in such a short period of time. The speakers from various disciplines were brilliant. I was very enthused and enjoyed the academic atmosphere. Anthropology was most interesting to me because other Indigenous cultures always fascinated me. This fascination had taken me to several different countries in the past 20 years.

My well-being depends on how happy I am and being a Hum participant gives me that.

I am a Sundancer and Pipe Carrier. The pipe was bestowed on me by an Elder who thought I was worthy. My beliefs are strong and private and take priority over material gain.

I still connect with my former employer, Vancouver Native Health Society, as an Elder in one of their women's groups. As well, I am an Aboriginal hospice volunteer in the DTES.

My environment is important. The basic necessities of home, my solitude, music and nature.

Because I know who I am, I am rich. I have my culture, beliefs, family and supporting friends. I have freedom to choose what I want to do with the rest of my life.

I thank my Creator for giving me optimal health and peace of mind. What a great and rewarding experience this has been. Thank you Hum for reminding me who I am and what I have. And I am thankful to Bhutan, a little country that has much to teach the rest of the world. Miigwech (thank you).

A New Perspective

A very challenging question. There were a few points of interest that gave me a new perspective. I enjoyed reading *Musqueam: A Living Culture*, which is a book about Musqueam society prior to the time of the Europeans. The biographical account of Jane Cook (Ga'axsta'las) gave me a unique perspective on the effects of colonization. Since I am into technology, I loved reading "Aboriginal Narratives in Cyberspace." While I was aware of the fact that many different languages were spoken around the world, I did not give much thought to the dying ones before the presentation was made on Nepal.

Reading about the Musqueam people prior to the European arrival, I was keenly interested to read about their strategies for survival. When I read about how many people lived together in one Longhouse, I pondered about how their society functioned. It must have been very communal, even in the raising of children. In European societies, we tend to have private family dwellings. I wondered if they had a word for privacy? In that type of environment, everyone must have known everyone else's business. Some people in the group commented on how their territory was not that big. Even though their territory might be considered small in area, I felt they had good prime land.

The biographical account of Jane Cook put a human face on the effects of colonization. She was a strong willed person who could really multi-task—a term that probably was not around at the time. Jane Cook was busy with her church, raising such a large family, translating in courts and fighting for Aboriginal rights. I was curious as to why she converted to Christianity rather than keeping the faith of her people. I have read that many groups have incorporated Christianity into their own beliefs, which is something the hierarchy in the organized religions do not like.

Being really keen on science fiction, especially *Star Trek*, I loved reading "Aboriginal Narratives in Cyberspace." I was familiar with many of the issues brought up in the article, such as cyberspace being a repository for knowledge, animism, string theory and finding a voice for a group of people. I feel cyberspace can be a great place for any group or individual to find their voice. There is a fear that Artificial Intelligence could turn against us. The article brought up the Terminator genre.

Prior to the course, I did not give much thought to the idea of dying languages. It can affect a person's view on the world. In our discussion group the idea that English is a capitalistic language was an idea that had not occurred to me. The fact that a language has different words for your father's older and younger brother was new to me, though I should have known languages have their own unique ways of expressing things.

I feel I can speak up in a group better. I learned some new things. There are other ways of looking at things. I enjoy going to class and discussing topics in our groups. When one has been around the block for a while, one is able to have more knowledge and lived experience. I hope I brought these aspects into the group. I took Science 101 prior to this class and really enjoyed the class. I am finding the same thing with this class.

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Not Science Fiction; Science Fact!

One day our teacher, Juliane Okot Bitek, was talking about the Rwandan genocide. It was hard to hear. When I was a kid, I heard about what happened in Rwanda. For our teacher, having to experience this type of situation is crazy. I am from Haiti and I have experienced tough things too, like lots of fighting and war. There was no genocide in Haiti, but always one group fighting another. The Hutus killing the Tutsis was genocide. In Haiti the people were up against the government, trying to kick them out and change the balance of power. This was more like a revolution than genocide. There are similarities between Rwanda and Haiti in that there were massive amounts of killing, but the motivations are different.

I hope what happened in Rwanda does not happen again. Powerful countries need to keep their eyes on what happens around the world and learn from what happened in Rwanda. The whole world needs to come together to provide better opportunities and a security system for all people in the world.

I love to read and watch shows about science, both natural science and science fiction. I learn from esteemed scientists like Stephen Hawkins and Michio Kaku. I believe that if we apply many of the current scientific theories using technology, there is nothing humanity cannot do. We are in a position and time where we are dealing not with science fiction, but science fact! The world will become united. The world is already heading that way. Look around the Hum class: I am from Haiti, and everybody else is from totally different places like the UK, Canada, USA, Columbia, Dominican Republic, Philippines, Jamaica, China, Poland, Fiji...people are changing locations and the world is becoming one.

The Internet, television and radio are bringing people together and giving new perspectives. As science advances, in the not too distant future scientists predict that humans will be able to teleport ourselves. Advancements in 3D printers mean we can make anything we want. Nano-technology will enable people to create different identities every day. You could step outside as a black person, a white person, whatever you like. People will be able to experience how it feels to be someone else and this will hopefully create unity and a better understanding of each other. I can change my position in virtual reality right now, but soon I will be able to change it in my reality. Technology can eradicate power and change how we think about humanity. I feel like these advancements will help us to stop fighting and end war: we will see ourselves as brothers and sisters. Everyone should be able to access what he or she wants so wealth will no longer be important. In the end, communism will be gone, and capitalism will be gone.

Street Fighters



Nick Procylo. November 2, 2009. The Province.

Denotation

In the photograph I see a one-way street sign with the white arrow pointing toward a group of people. The people are standing around, and one person is reading a book. One person stands with an umbrella and everybody else has their heads covered with hoods and hats, except one person with black hair. Another person has a backpack hanging from one shoulder. There is a building with a brick wall on two sides. The line of people runs along one wall. The line heads away from the other wall, and out of the photograph. There is a traffic light with no lights shining. Underneath, the red hand on the stop/walk sign is illuminated. At the top of the image a bright white streak of light hangs over the group of people. The headline underneath the image reads, "Meals by the million."

Connotation

The headline indicates that the group of people are in a meal line. Because everybody is wearing a jacket, and one man is carrying an umbrella, it might be a little rainy. I know that these people are hungry because they wouldn't stand there for

food in such conditions. There is a one-way sign that is probably being used by the photographer to say, "you are on a way ticket." The photographer wants us to know how bad it is in the Downtown Eastside, and they want us to think there is no hope for the people by implying they are on a one-way street to nowhere.

Research

The caption says that the Union Gospel Mission serves 250,000 meals a year and doesn't charge for them. Because the photographer captured a line of people without showing where the line ends, it looks like it could go on forever—especially with the headline, "Meals by the Million." I went down to the UGM in the photo and asked the kitchen how many meals they typically serve. They said approximately 250 per day.

New Headline

Crowds like this are common in the DTES. My new headline would say:

"Downtown Eastsiders show up for big street fight: Kimbo Slice vs. DTES tough guy."

Power

What is perceived power and real power? How do people acquire these powers? What about us/them? Where does education fit into society and power constructs? What has Hum taught me about society, opposing points of view and power? This essay will discuss the many Hum lecturers that talked about power and society.

Mr. Paul Hellyer gave a talk about society and said he believes human greed is the biggest problem that prevents government from doing what is best for its citizens. On the day of his talk Canada was close to entering into a free trade agreement with the European Union, which may cause a huge problem in the long term, in Mr. Hellyer's opinion. He wanted people to take the government to court to prevent the financial agreement from becoming enacted. Mr. Hellyer believes that the courts can solve the problem.

Mr. Hellyer was a Canadian defence minister in Lester B. Pearson's government, and he understands how government works. He believes in the power of government and the power of the courts. I left the lecture with more knowledge about the relationship between government decision making processes and the citizens who go to court to have decisions reversed. First Nations peoples have interacted with government through the courts to reacquire land taken from them. The courts have changed decisions. People participating in government and elections have brought about some of these changes.

Dr. Sylvia Berryman talked to us about the "Stanford Prison experiment." In this research experiment students (research subjects) were asked to play the roles of prison guards and prisoners. Only the fiancé of the doctor running the experiment saw the inhuman behaviours of the students and asked for the experiment to end immediately. Prison guards have both perceived power and real power. Foucault talked about prisons monitoring people 24 hours a day, using isolation as a power to punish prisoners. Today, Correction Officers (COs) talk about prisoners with a high sensitivity to, in their opinion, micro-traumas. They call these prisoners "snowflakes." Any prison staff member who extends a common courtesy—such as holding a door open for a prisoner—is called a "heat source." Staff members wonder if the heat source can be trusted and some prisoners contemplate how they can emotionally manipulate this staff person. The COs want to retain real power and believe that rigorous us/them behavioural differences establishes both perceived power and real power—increasing staff member safety. A CO that I spoke to said that emotional manipulation was a huge threat. She spoke of a co-worker who had become emotionally involved with a prisoner, to the extent that she had engaged in a relationship with the woman when the woman was released from prison. Now both women are drug addicts and prostitutes on the streets of Vancouver.

Extreme us/them ideas in prisons can create a black and white world where neither group trusts the other. If "them" buys into this belief, their world will remain the same. Changing a lifestyle takes a lot

of work. “Them” needs to believe it is worthwhile and possible to set forth on a new path.

The education system presents an us/them situation for students by putting them under pressure to turn in work to get grades and pass tests. Failure to maintain a “pass” removes students from formal education. Hum enables students to learn for the enjoyment and excitement of learning. Nobody is given a grade or writes a test. We have an opportunity to hear different points of view and to meet highly educated teachers. The perceived power and real power issues are set aside to give all of us a chance to acquire knowledge. I believe that when we are able to see—as Dr. Butler does—that all people have value, different viewpoints, and come from different life experiences, we can be more objective about the world. Everyone has value. Behaviours are different. What is driving the behaviour? What points of view will work best for our lives? We can think better now.

Brazil

Bedraggled bitter man
Flies feasting upon
Painful oozing flesh
Each digit raw

Emerging from winter’s
Vicious jaws
Glacial winds
Imbibed feets’ blood

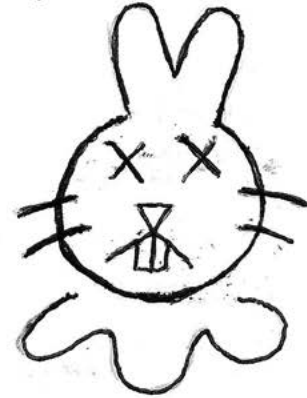
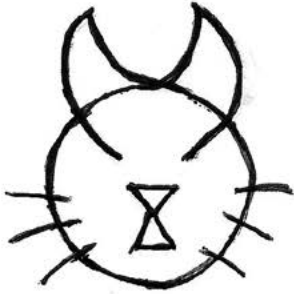
His dream of Cassia Rosa trees
Healing tropical plants
Eradicating sores
To stand again
Summer heat slams
Into agitated limbs
Clammy thermic fever
Unnerving his wheelchair

Reality sneers at rewrites
Salvation Army blankets help
Frightened toes hide
Summer heat chuckles

I wrote this poem after speaking to the man in the wheelchair, who was in this awful condition. He wanted to go to Brazil, but his feet had been severely damaged by a winter spent on the streets of Vancouver. He was asking people passing by for water.

SIMON LIMBERT

CULTURE IS ORDINARY! One of our HUM readings was Raymond William's 'Culture is Ordinary' which begins with a bus trip.. On my bus trips to and from class I copied graffiti I saw on bus stop shelters.



I would like to share some with you here. They are very simple line drawings and can be reproduced anywhere.

"Destabilizing Rhetoric"

"Wherever the relevance of speech is at stake, matters become political by definition, for speech is what makes man a political being."

Hannah Arendt^[1]

"Language is neither reactionary nor progressive; it is quite simply fascist; for fascism does not prevent speech, it compels speech."

Roland Barthes^[2]

For my assignment I decided to draw a diagram on a blank piece of paper with a circle in the centre representing my position with arrows radiating away from it to different discourses I have been exposed to in my Hum101 class. When I came to draw a diagram I could not place myself in the centre. I placed language and discourse at the centre of the circle and myself outside the circle with the sharp ends of the arrows pointing towards my self: the elusive "I," subject of discourse. What my diagram showed me is important because discourses are productive of their own truths including the truths they would speak of me. Subjects (and subject positions) are produced within discourses and are subject to those

discourses. Discourses of power and authority create and position the subject through language. Within this power/knowledge dyad the subject is enmeshed.^[3]

I looked to the work of French post-structuralists for theoretical and methodological assistance. According to psychoanalyst, Jacques Lacan there is no subject without language.^[4] The subject is a subject of language and is never present to itself because it is an effect of language. For Lacan, all social institutions presuppose language. French structural linguist, Emile Benveniste states, "It is in and through language that man constitutes himself as a subject, because language alone establishes the concept of the 'ego' in reality which is that of the being."^[5] Roland Barthes, reading through Benveniste declares, "The subject is not anterior to language; he becomes a subject insofar as he speaks [...]."^[6] When one engages in a locutionary act or communicates through writing one becomes a subject by entering into and being positioned as a subject within language.

Language creates the subject. Discourse determines the subject's position in relation to other discourses. Discourses position the subject in relation to other subjects and to other discourses and "discursive practices," medical, legal, psychological, religious, etc. Discourses empower and inform the meta-narratives that produce the colonized, gendered, deviant, etc., subject. Reality (ontology) and knowledge (epistemology) are linguistic constructs. What is known and what is real are constituted within language and by "discursive formations" that originate in a particular historic period.^[7]

As an example think of "sexuality," which is a contentious discursive formation. Does it exist outside of language? Is it located in one's body or is it, like Freud said of gender, "a theoretical construction of uncertain content?"^[8] How do individuals know or recognize sexuality outside of language and discourse, that is, outside of a locutionary act or apart from its relation to other discourses or discursive formations?^[9]

Another example is citizenship. Citizenship defines a subject's position within discourses of power and authority. Citizenship creates a subject's position in relation to certain other discursive formations and practices: bureaucracy, law, politics, pedagogy, etc. Citizenship is a conferred discursive matrix of legally enforceable rights and obligations. As a product of language it has power to control the body of which it is not an essence. It is a convenience of power realized as language but practiced spatially and temporally across the body.^[10] The same may be said of the social construction of "race."

These examples—race, sexuality, and citizenship—demonstrate how closely discursive formations are connected to determining notions of identity and subjectivity and their control.

SIMON LIMBERT

If we are all created by language, though, is language adequate to the task? Are the discourses (and the discursive practices they empower) able to contain the subject or define and permit the complete expression of a fully embodied non-subjected entity? Is there any escape from the “prison house of language?”^[11] Is there nothing outside of the text (idealism)? Is anything “text free?”^[12]

The productive power of language in relation to the formation of the subject and the discourses and discursive practices of defining, identifying, categorizing and controlling that subject rely on the unquestioned connection between the linguistic signifier and the signified for their authority. To unsettle the signifying power of language and discourses means to unbind the subject from the certainty of their signifying function. It requires a travestying of the compulsive power and authority of language and discourse and their inherent claims to truth. It is through language itself that the signifying surety of language can be undone. It can be achieved through the use of tropes, allegory, metaphor, metonymy, synecdoche, prosopopoeia etc., all of which challenge the equivocal connection between signifier and signified and the fixed meaning within linguistic constructs. These devices disrupt from within the authority of language and discourse to fix and hold meaning as truth and refuse their power to define, capture or contain the coherent subject they attempt to produce.^[13] Figurative language can be deployed, not only as a ludic strategy, but also as a radical disassembling tactic.

The risk then is the reification or idealization of language and a propagation of the alienating structure of capitalist production within language.^[14] The danger is that language itself becomes the subject of the liberating impulse and not the speaker or reader—the social and material existence of language is elided. To disassociate the signifier and set it free means to remove the productive element from it. It is to elide the producer from the product. To disengage the signifier is to vacate the use value of that signifier in an utterance or text and replace it with the exchange value of a floating signifier. If language creates the subject it has the potential to create a subject alienated from the product of his or her own textual or linguistic production. Within this rhetoric of economy, however, the shared production and exchange of values in human speech and dialogue emerges as an economy of rhetoric with its own disassembling tactics that are resistive to the totalizing power of language.

ENDNOTES

- [1] Hannah Arendt, *The Human Condition* (Chicago: U of Chicago Press, 1998), 3.
- [2] Roland Barthes, "The Neutral: Inaugural lecture at the College of France 1977," in *The Continental Philosophy Reader*, eds. Richard Kearney, Mara Rainwater (New York: Routledge, 1996), 366.
- [3] See *Philosophical Perspectives for Pragmatics*, eds. Marina Sbisa, Jan-Ola Östman, Jef Verschueren (Amsterdam: John Benjamins Publishing Company, 2011), 93.
- [4] Adrian Johnston, "Jacques Lacan," *The Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy* (Winter 2016 Edition), ed. Edward N. Zalta, plato.stanford.edu. See "The Mirror Stage, the Ego and the Subject."
- [5] Emile Benveniste, *Problems in General Linguistics*, trans. Mary Elizabeth Meek (Miami: U of Miami Press, 1972), 224.
- [6] Roland Barthes, *Bruissement de la Langue (The Rustle of Language)*, trans. Richard Howard (Oakland: U of California Press, 1989), 166.
- [7] Michel Foucault, "Discursive Formations," in *The Archaeology of Knowledge & The Discourse of Language* (New York: Vintage Books, 1985), 34-43.
- [8] Sigmund Freud, *The Essentials of Psycho-Analysis*, trans. James Strachey (New York: Vintage Books, 2005), 411.
- [9] See Heiko Motschenbacher, *Language Gender and Sexual Identity: Post-structuralist Perspectives* (Amsterdam: John Benjamins Publishing Company, 2010), 12; Michel Foucault's historic-genealogical account of the discursive formation of sexuality in the 19th century in, *The History of Sexuality* (New York: Vintage Books, 1985).
- [10] See Sanja Ivic, "Citizenship as Discursive Practice: The Postmodern Culture of Citizenship," *Journal of Philosophy, Culture and Religion* 19 (2016): 13-19.
- [11] Fredric Jameson, *The Prison-House of Language: A Critical Account of Structuralism and Russian Formalism* (New Jersey: Princeton U Press, 1975).
- [12] Derrida's "Il n'y a pas de hors-texte," "There is no outside-text," is often translated as "There is nothing outside the text." It might be better translated as "There is nothing text free." Jacques Derrida, *Of Grammatology*, trans. Gayatri Spivak, (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press, 1976), 158-59.
- [13] A particularly fruitful avenue of investigation follows the overlapping routes of madness and melancholia and their allegorical representations. For a discussion of melancholia and its relation to Baroque allegory see Walter Benjamin, *The Origin of German Tragic Drama* (Berlin: Suhrkamp Verlag, 1963), 145-158. See also, Jeremy Tambling, *Allegory and the Work of Melancholy: The Late Medieval and Shakespeare* (Rodopi, 2004), 50. "Allegory relates to madness, as a heterogeneous, nomadic and melancholic state, because no allegory fits a single subject and no madness speaks other than allegorically."
- [14] Pierre Bourdieu, *Language and Symbolic Power*, ed. John B. Thompson (Cambridge: Polity Press, 1991), 37. Compare to Ferdinand de Saussure's notion that linguistic values are synchronic and relate to other discrete values within a system of exchange.

Caught in the Line of Fire: An Autobiography

My first memories are of picking cotton somewhere in the southern States. I also remember being dropped off on my grandmother's porch and told to wait there until she came home. I was four years old. My grandmother worked as a domestic for a family in Jackson, Mississippi; but she had a gift for writing and strong English skills, so she could have been a secretary. This kind and loving person was exactly what I desperately needed at this time in my life.

I remember being made to sit in the back of a one-room schoolhouse, instead of having a babysitter. This was perhaps the cheapest and safest place for me to be. What was not known was how much of an impact being made to sit in the background would have on me when I officially started school. A while later, I was brought from living with my grandmother to Detroit to be with my mother and stepdad. I might add that my mother was a stranger to me—we never really had that strong bond of mother and child. When I started school I was not prepared to know how to interact with my classmates, having never been given the opportunity in my first school experience when I was four. I was withdrawn and very shy and I remained this way for years. Sometime, around the age of six or seven, I developed a stutter that stayed with me all my life. It was very hard to speak in front of class, or just to talk at all. I was filled with self-doubt. It was not until I was 42 years old that I realized that I had a learning disability called dyslexia, which made doing my school work that much harder. These are just some of the factors that I was faced with. Over time, I found that having a few drinks helped me to feel okay about whom I was as a person, and life started to flow a little better. Little did I know what this would turn into.

Because of my inability to do well in school I soon dropped out and began to hang out with the only crowd that didn't care that I was somewhat of a misfit with no direction. I soon found myself in problems with the law. In one instance, after a situation that landed me in jail, the four guys I was with were picked up by their parents, but I was left in jail for the six months before my trial. Whilst in jail, I was given an IQ test. After it was learned that my IQ was 142 I was made to go back home, and go back to school. I had thought at that time that this meant 142 out of 500 and that I was made to go back to school because I was dumb. As such, I did not put much effort into my courses and my time in school didn't last long.

When I turned 18 years old I was drafted and went off to the navy for two years. This was the start of a better life. In the navy I learned how to work and get along with others. However, this was also where I started drinking more. When my tour was over, my best friend and I moved to Los Angeles. Here, not only was I drinking but drugging as well. After going from job to job with no real interest, a girlfriend found out about my love of drafting and brought home an information package about a drafting school. I could attend on my G.I. bill and it would be paid for. Soon after, I went to school and did well enough to be hired as a draftsman by a company that did modifications on drawings sent over from Lockheed Corporation. We were working on a plane called the Lockheed Tristar L-1011. It wasn't long after that

my drinking began to interfere with all the facets of my life. This went on for more than 25 years. It was in the winter of 1994, when I had given up and didn't have another twist in me, that the Creator intervened and I went off to detox.

Not knowing what would happen, I allowed someone else, for the first time, to start running my life. Five days later I found myself in a recovery house in Surrey B.C., where I stayed for 14 months. Little did I know how much my life would change. When I didn't have to pretend to be someone else I began to not stress so much. After about 18 months of doing the things that were suggested, my life had taken on a new look. For example, I remember when my friend Damon asked if I was working and when I said no, he asked if I wanted to. I said yes and he told me to be in his office the next day. That was 21 years ago and I have since worked at four different jobs doing the same type of work—being a front line worker with people with high needs, either alcoholics or drug addicts, and people with mental health challenges.

Even though I never saw myself going back to school in any capacity, I knew, somehow, in the back of my mind that I wanted to go back to some sort of school. I just didn't know what that would look like until I heard someone talking about the Humanities 101 Programme. I wanted in, even though I did not know what to expect. I was thrilled when I got the call that I was accepted. On the day of my assessment, I got a chance to meet with Margot and Paul, finding them to be warm and welcoming. One of the first things that occurred was a strong sense of belonging and the feeling that I was wanted.

What keeps me coming back to class is being around people who want to learn. Moreover, we get to learn many different styles of writing and so many different subjects. We also get to use all the moving parts of the university, such as the libraries and the Museum of Anthropology. I loved going to all the many different events on campus. Furthermore, I thoroughly enjoy the visiting teachers that come and share their time and expertise. The reading assignments have always been insightful and well thought out. It seems the more I learn, the more I want to learn. There's no way that I can repay for the many gifts I've been given.

This has been a blessed life. It may not have sounded like it, but my life is good.

Power to the Single Parents

I have learned a lot from Beau Dick and Elder Roberta Price (especially with her experience of being in Indian residential school and getting taken away from home). It has strengthened my view of seeing the world from different angles. I now have a stronger personality and I have been working more, while observing and listening to different stories throughout the Hum101 classes.

Being in Hum has taught me many lessons. For example, I learned how to overcome my fears of being a single mom and to believe in myself, and to stop being angry about the things I cannot control or change. My son wasn't planned, but that turned into a miracle for me and my life. I love him with every fibre of my being and I wouldn't trade a moment with him for anything. Sometimes, I feel overwhelmed because being a single mom is a lot of hard work, but it is very doable. Nonetheless, one day, I hope he will look at me and see not just his Mami, but also his best friend.

My son is almost four. Sometimes, life pushes me to tears, but when he tells me he "loves me like planet earth," it means the world to me and gives me the strength to cope with anything. I learn that I am enough, I am important, I am worthy, even though this phase of life is hard, challenging and crazy. But in the end, it's worth it because of those little eyes that look up at me, that think I am perfect and that I am more than enough. Those little hands that reach out to hold me tell me that I am the strongest and that I can conquer the world because I am enough—I am more than enough to him.

We all need someone to remind us that we are enough despite living in this world that is full of indifference and full of judgmental people. In fact, sometimes it's not easy to stay strong as we are only human beings, but when we manage to stay strong, it is the most rewarding thing in the world. Being a single mother is so challenging because often she forgets about her own wellbeing and always puts others before herself. Being a single mother requires you to fulfill two roles: that of being a mother and a father, but in my case, it turns into one, where I am called Mami. Being a single mother is difficult, since we find doubts, insecurities, worries, despondency: but to feel the happiness of coming home and receiving your daughter/son with open arms is a big blessing. I'm feeling proud to be a single mother, and in fact I do not see why we are called single mothers, since we are not single—we have GOD with us that shoots and waits for us with avidity. My son is the most precious gift I have ever received. I would do it all again in a moment.

Mother only one!

What Keeps Me Coming to Class

There are many reasons why I like to come to class.

The first reason I like to come to class is self-motivation. Being self-motivated is a key life skill for personal growth and development that pushes me to achieve my goals and to have a more fulfilled life. Different things motivate different people at different times in their lives. There are two types of people when it comes to motivation: some have more intrinsic motivators at certain times and more extrinsic motivators at others. There are many people that have a combination of the two types of motivation.

The second reason is field trips. We visit different facilities and resources that are important to our daily routine and there is so much information shared during the field trips. I get enormous satisfaction from the fact that I get to socialise with my classmates, teachers and guides, for example. It's a huge motivation to get out of the house while the weather is not that pleasant outside. It makes me happier to meet new people and makes me happier in general. Going on field trips gives me the motivation to learn and acquire knowledge. I get the chance to read, study and talk to people. Knowledge and information is key for feeding the mind; they are also important to keeping curious and motivated to seek out positive results to make my learning more effective. Going on different field trips has given me the opportunity to discover simple things that I didn't acknowledge before, but now make a huge difference in my life. However, now I'm able to get help, I'm able to help others without hesitation.

The third is engagement in classes about multiculturalism, cultural differences, and cultural understanding. In addition, I also have learned to create a routine to teach me collaborative skills and time management. It's also good to connect with other people to practice my English and improve my study skills. Team building is important for understanding individuals, intercultural friendships and sharing experiences as everyone has their own point of view, and many different ideas to challenge each other's preconceptions. I find that the energy of group participation makes me feel more energized about taking part in something.

What am I in a Perfect Position to Know and Do, Now?

Our forestry class really intrigued me because our teacher spoke about conflicts between local people and governments. I looked up to her because within the confines of her job with the United Nations (UN) she was able to find a way to bridge the divide between the people and the government, and in doing so helped the local people.

The teacher's name is D'Arcy David-Case and she is with the forestry department at UBC. She has over 35 years of experience working with communities in sustainable forest management and she questioned the power structures that govern the way forests are managed, including those of the UN. For thousands of years, two villages—one at the top of a hill and one at the bottom—shared the responsibility of governing their local forest, until an efficiency expert from the UN intervened and said only the village at the bottom of the hill should look after the forest. That wasn't going to work.

Sometimes it's difficult when an imposing authority figure tries to make changes to something that you're used to doing. When you have a set way of doing things—for good reason—and have been doing things a certain way for centuries, perhaps it is best not to blindly follow authority, but to stand your ground and resist.

In another class we learnt about the relationship between power and authority by talking about a famous experiment known as the "Milgram experiment." A research subject was instructed by a scientist to electrocute a person every time they answered a question wrongly. The intensity of the shock increased with each wrong answer. Most people followed along with the scientist's instructions even though they thought they were hurting the person who was being shocked. This result went against the hypothesis many professionals predicted. They assumed the research subject would show resistance to the scientist in the white coat and refuse to continue this inhuman exercise.

Philosopher Michel Foucault talks about power as something that is everywhere and in all social situations and relations. It can be productive in terms of getting things done, but should also be something we resist in many instances. He states that power relations always leave open the opportunity for resistance.

I am in the perfect position to continue along my path regardless of people who are in positions of power obstructing me. Although it is inevitable that this will happen on occasion, I always see it as an opportunity to resist, and any interference is only a minor delay on my road to becoming the greatest version of myself and accomplishing all the things I'd like to accomplish in life.

What Keeps Me Coming to Class

What keeps me coming back to class each week
Are all the readings that bring out my inner-geek

Something to do and get me out of my room
Expanding my intellectual vocabulary and reducing my gloom

Learning with others and participating in discussions has been
Great therapy for my nasty concussions

Having fun and always trying to learn more
Education is great and opens so many doors

A catalyst for knowledge and inspiring ways of being
Hum has opened my eyes and now I am really seeing

The chance to listen closely when the teachers speak
Is so relaxing like being at the beach

Hum is empowering and gives so many tools
While showing you don't have to follow all of the conventional educational rules

It's a truly great class and I will be sad when it's done
I will never regret signing up for Hum101

When I Connect

Reflection on Leslie Robertson's class "Mobilizing hope through self-knowledge: collaborative ethnography with Kwakwaka'wakw peoples." Reading: Robertson, Leslie and the Kwagul Gixsam. 2012. *Standing Up with Ga'axasta'las: Jane Constance Cook and the Politics of Memory, Church, and Custom*. Vancouver: UBC Press.

My favourite lecture was on September 22. We studied anthropology and First Nations Studies. I met people that have dedicated their lives to preserving their traditions and culture. Since that lecture I have been interested in philosophy and the spiritual world of the Indigenous population of my town in Colombia, and First Nations communities in Canada. I also got inspired to learn more about the history of my country.

I have seen photographs of the Indians of Canada and I realized that the photographs are for us to learn about their culture. They don't take pictures just because they are looking for a meaning and cultural value, looking for the horizons and verticals. I have learned that it is not just about taking the pictures; it is all about the way we interpret the pictures and what life means to us.

I started learning about the history of the Indians in my country, especially the ethnic group called the Mocana. I learned about their lives, culture and traditions, and unfortunately all of these practices are about to get lost. In my city called Puerto Colombia, I had the opportunity to see Mocana drawings in carved stones. The place was really mysterious; the Mocana petroglyphs are more than nine hundred years old. I was close to the petroglyphs where there is a stream called Camajour that contains the anthropomorphic and zoomorphic sinology of the petroglyphs. For the inhabitants of the region, this is a sacred place.

When I went the first time, I felt transported to another era; there was a silence and peace. I was entering places that have a great view in the mountains. I was able to see everything inside the Camajour stream. The petroglyphs there are something magical, unspecified to the ego, away from this place. For a moment I felt that I had been followed but when I looked back I did not see anything, and that

made me really afraid. Even though I could not see anything, I was able to feel something around me, as if they care for that place by means of the spirit. I know that there is a connection between the spirits and the humans.

It seemed that silence connected us in the way words cannot.
Hearing of ancestors unites us with an echo that I cannot sing
but through the sounds
are.

Communicating in silence in a class with Kwakwaka'wakw people
reporting on their spirit and their song
is
when
I connect
and I felt the same with/as them
even my spirit felt it
but
everything was silent.

What keeps you coming to classes?

My first contact with Hum was through a brochure that I saw in the trash bin at the Lookout Society office in 2014. I read the outline of Hum and I told myself: I will join this program.

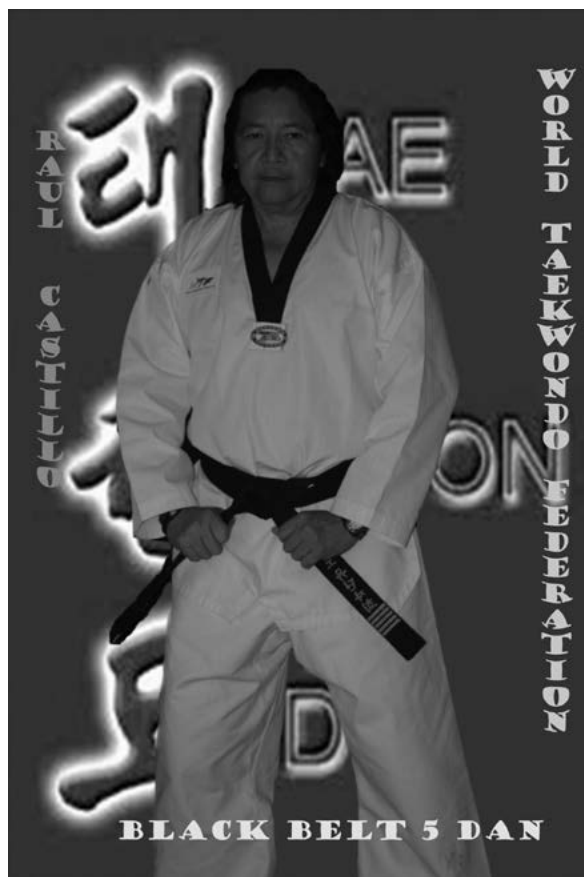
Later, I went to one of the information sessions and I met Dr. Margot, she was explaining what is Hum about and the details of the program. So I filled out an application form the same day. I got accepted and I started going to UBC. I graduated from Writing101 and was really surprised that my poem was published in the Hum yearbook.

To commence again another culture and another language, it is not easy. When I came from Colombia to Canada I was suffering Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) due to kidnapping and torture. I think that going through that experience was the hardest time of my life. But with all the support I received, I improved my emotional and mental health—psychologists and psychiatrists helped me a great deal. For me, going to school again wasn't easy, but it was really exciting and interesting. Hum helped me to understand Canada's culture and improve in this new language.

I realized that I needed to entertain myself doing something that would help me to develop my knowledge and explore the world around me, so I think Hum was really good for me in that way. I practiced my English and I learned about different subjects. Learning about First Nations in Canada helped me to have awareness of the history and traditions of the Indigenous populations in Colombia, especially about the Mocana's because they lived in my town in Colombia and also other tribes, such as the Kogi, Arhuaco, Guajiro, Wiwa and Kankuano. Hum also helped me to realize that there are many similarities between the First Nations in Canada and Colombia.

For me, continuing in Hum101 has been really important for my mental and emotional health and for my English; the different courses about history, geography, philosophy, anthropology, poetry and others, helped me to apprehend the humanity of the history and of the anthropology. I like to share with my family what I have learned through spoken word, writings, and pictures.

In Colombia, I was a surgeon. Now, part of my time I teach Taekwondo to groups of seniors and I also teach Tai Chi to other groups. I practice Taekwondo very often (I am a black belt 5 dan) and Aikido. At this point, I can tell that both Hum and my physical practices have improved my health, especially my mind and body. I am glad that I have shared all this time with the teachers, coordinators, and volunteers of Hum.



Reparation of Self—My Grandmother's Cree Heritage

During our studies of the humanities, and in particular Indigenous studies, my curiosity to learn more about and to give voice to my own Indigenous background has been awakened. More self-questioning arises all the time. In relation to the words that represent position—such as views, stances, embedded, locations, to name just a few—I have a more accurate knowledge of the colonial history in Canada through our studies of the residential school system that took place in Canada. I also have a more open, changing and knowledgeable perspective of Native cultures. This has put me into a new, more informed position of my own Indigenous heritage, one that I can feel proud to share with my own children. I also feel emboldened to question more, to take a stance that feels more supported and stable in relation to higher authority institutions. I can let go of a very embedded belief system not to question authority or higher education. As history has proven, higher authority often chooses the privilege of select groups of society, disempowering and trampling the rights of many others. There is value to my own informed subjective views that are personal to me, and may in fact speak for the many unspoken voices silenced through power.

A reading I enjoyed through our studies was a book called *Musqueam: A Living Culture*, written by the Musqueam people to educate and inform people within their own territory and beyond about their rich, living culture. For this essay I have followed the protocols used in *Musqueam: A Living Culture* to write and reflect on my own rich Indigenous culture and history.

Intersection of Culture and Family

What happens when different cultures and families intersect? Generally, in our Canadian culture we're used to that, and we cohabit fairly well. It's part of the tapestry that makes us Canadian, as we all came from somewhere throughout colonized Canada. Take the intersections of time, cultural heritage and marriage. Studying in-depth the residential school system in Canada, during the period 1890 to 1986, and the aggressive and intended eradication of complete cultures of the Indigenous peoples of Canada, I realized that during this time, in the 1960s, my grandmother of Cree heritage was raising her young family. She was married to a Danish-Canadian law student. I grew up in Alberta; my grandmother's roots to her Cree heritage are in the foothills of Alberta. Family records were kept at the parish in Lac St. Anne, but it has since burned down. Learning of our family heritage comes through speaking with my granny. My great grandmother knew how to speak fluent Cree, but taught my grandmother only to speak a few words. For my grandmother, all Cree customs, including embroidery, beading and sewing were done only at home and never outside of the home. Outside of the home my grandmother's family attended Catholic Church and were very patriotic to colonial Canadian culture, especially when World War II broke out.

A Colonized Family

In speaking with my grandmother and asking her more about her lineage, I felt that the colonized culture was the more dominant experience for her, especially through her teen years and most definitely through the years of raising her own family. She definitely felt other's prejudice against her Cree heritage and wished it didn't have to be so. Internally, however, I think she was still proud of her heritage and gained extra stride in her spirit because she had to dampen her native roots to the outside. As I reflect on my grandmother's home during my young years, there was no sign of our Native heritage. My grandmother raised her children to be very white, following their Danish descent, living in an affluent neighbourhood. My grandfather became a lawyer and their home was filled with family and friends being entertained throughout the years of my childhood. All this was my grandmother's initiative and largely the most memorable gift and attribute she gave to our family.

Bold Gestures to Heritage

When I was ten years old, my grandmother had a 50th birthday celebration and decided to wear traditional heritage dress with a feathered headpiece. To throw an extravagant party in their home was an art my grandmother did extremely well, with 50 to 100 guests. My grandmother's gesture to her culture on this significant celebration was not embraced by my grandfather in any way, and was one of the only times she made her heritage evident. That was my grandmother's spirit and character, strong and of her own. Looking back, my grandmother stated that she thought my grandfather was upset about the caterer she had hired, but in retrospect it was her outward display of attention to her heritage—although it was never verbalized.

Reflections

The warm festive celebratory dinner parties and holidays at my grandmother's were the most memorable occasions to me as a child. There was a lot of effort and detail to make events an occasion, to have laughter and fun. I can't help but wonder if a part of her Cree background and the traditional customs of gatherings—which included performance and ceremony—brought this to our family, just in a more colonized fashion. My grandfather was a very quiet, intelligent man who was social, but it was my grandmother that brought these occasions to the forefront of our family.

My grandmother was an artist also. She painted landscape, water, and women in tribal dance to name a few pieces that I remember on her wall. Maybe these are another connection to her heritage, where our first ancestors of Cree heritage are said to have descended from the sky, clouds, water and trees, and are honoured through ceremony, dance and music.

When my grandfather passed away, I remember that over time her home became more of a reflection of her true essence. A little more wild, free and less conventional. Apparently her relatives were very

warm, friendly, gentle people: relatives she spent a lot of time with, as did my mother and uncles. Many years after my grandfather had passed, I recall a huge clay facemask my grandmother bought at Granville Island. It possessed a warm, friendly, gentle smile as if to almost be in a chuckle. She hung it in the front entry of her home, so as not to be missed. A reintroduction to the ever-present essence of her ancestors.

New position

I now have a different stance on and perception of Native histories and cultures. I have a deep respect for the richness of their relationship to spirit and nature and the intricate way those beliefs are woven into the laws and rules that govern Native clans. Indigenous cultures, in their purity, were extremely well thought out and, through time, were gravely misperceived by white colonial culture in Canada. Although our Cree heritage may have been lost in our family, I see how it was present in ways we did not realize: how my granny carried it in a way that she could during the time and context she was living in.

WORK CITED

Musqueam Indian Band. 2006. *Musqueam: A Living Culture*. Victoria: CopperMoon Communications.



Paying It Forward

The teachings brought about by Hum101 should be applied to make a difference and inspire others—no matter how big or small. What we have learned here and what we have been blessed with should be used to inspire and bless others. Just by doing one nice thing a day—from giving a smile, to opening a door, helping a senior, or even teaching others—can greatly change people’s lives. An excellent example within Hum is Lorna, a mentor in the programme who uses her previous experience to return and volunteer—thus inspiring Hum101 students.

So, sometimes the question people always ask after completing the programme is, “What happens to you after you have finished Hum101?” It is my view that by using the knowledge you gain in this remarkable programme, you basically use it to help others to make the world a better place, without expecting anything in return. In other words, you are not going to be remembered for your work, for your power, or for your wealth, but by how you made a difference in somebody else’s life.

There are many concepts learned in class that speak to this idea of “Paying it forward.” One of my favourite concepts learned in class is the idea of Gross National Happiness (GNH), which is a measurement index used by a small, but rich country called Bhutan. This country is known for measuring wealth through the happiness of its people—i.e., through GNH instead of Gross National Product (GNP). For me, in life, you do the things that make you happy. There is more in life that can give you happiness besides money and material things. Moreover, this happiness can be used to make other people happy.

In a class taught by Sylvia Berryman, a philosophy teacher at UBC, she described a program that brings students from UBC to Latin America: to study, learn the culture and help the local community. This program, called Go Global, allows students to get out of the classroom and their comfort zone and make a tangible impact on the lives of others. Moreover, Sylvia said that in this modern era, one could make a difference even outside our national borders. This is the idea of cosmopolitan altruism. For example, through media, we are connected with other cultures and are able to connect with others outside our comfort zones. This makes it easier to inspire others located thousands of miles away from us.

In a class taught by Leslie Robertson, we learned about an inspiring lady called Jane Cook (Ga’axsta’las) who was a noblewoman ahead of her time. She did many remarkable things, especially for a woman with 16 children. She was privileged to be educated and she used her education to make the lives of her community better, through social justice and sharing her livelihood. In other words she became an inspiration to women.

Another thing that interests me is architecture and urban planning. UBC is a bastion of architectural wonders, since every building has its own personality. What we learn about architecture can be used

to educate others and make the process of education more interesting. As Hum101 students, we are privileged to have access to interesting knowledge from amazing teachers about architectural pieces in the Downtown Eastside. We can use this knowledge and pass it on to others.

Furthermore, in a class taught by Christina Hendricks surrounding Michel Foucault's theories and quotes about power, she inspired us by reminding us that even if we are not in a position of power, we can still make a difference in the lives of others. We learned that, in fact, one does not need a significant amount of resources to make a difference. Moreover, with power comes responsibility. As such, those in positions of power should use their unique position to influence others for the betterment of humanity. An example of this is "humanistic capitalism," wherein big companies can make a difference in the lives of their employees and their local communities through various altruistic means.

The story is told of this wonderful lady in a city in the States who collects excess flowers from big events and parties and then gathers them and arranges them beautifully into individual collections. Afterwards, she delivers them to senior homes to make these people smile. We can all learn from this lady. Let us take what we have learned in our Hum classes and pass it on.

*The State of Denial as a Geographic Reality:
Observations of a Middle-Class Canadian Living
Alongside the Nomadic North American Tribe
Called the “One Percent”*

“They were careless people, Tom and Daisy—they smashed up things and creatures and then retreated back into their money or their vast carelessness, or whatever it was that kept them together, and let other people clean up the mess they had made... .”

—F. Scott Fitzgerald from, *The Great Gatsby*

This essay is written from a viewpoint inspired by two Hum101 guest professors, Mark Turin (First Nations and Endangered Languages, UBC) and Sara Shneiderman (Anthropology, UBC). They spoke of their experiences living amongst Nepali people in the foothills of the Himalayas. This essay will relay my experiences as an “accidental anthropologist” living amongst the “one percent.” The foreign and disorientating position I found myself in felt like living on a different planet, but it put me in a perfect position to know and understand the perspectives of the likes of Donald Trump and his congressional buddies, and how their values could impact people positioned all around the planet.

This all happened several years ago when I decided to move to Florida and try my luck at getting a job as a steward on a charter yacht. I had learned that I could legally work on boats based in the U.S., as long as they were registered offshore for tax purposes—places like the Cayman Islands. Besides doing some waitering on the local Vancouver booze-cruise boats, my experience as a sailor or providing five-star service was non-existent, so nobody was more surprised than me when I managed to talk myself into the position of “Chief Steward” on a New York billionaire’s private yacht. I found myself within the privileged nomadic world of the one percent, travelling with them for a year between Palm Beach, the Mediterranean, the Caribbean, London and New York.

I admit I was overwhelmed by the glamour of it all. However, as time wore on, I became less impressed—my suburban Canadian middle-class values found the Scrooge McDuck inspired solid gold bathroom fixtures ridiculous and in poor taste. I was actively repulsed when I was sent by private seaplane from the Caribbean to Miami, flying past and above the recently reduced-to-rubble city of Port au Prince Haiti, for the sole purpose of picking up a few bags of ice for an afternoon cocktail party back on the yacht. More and more I felt like a palace servant at Versailles on the eve of the French Revolution, torn between joining the starving mob at the gates and my duty to my masters and my job: to protect them from seeing the reality at their doorstep.

In any case it was years ago, and for the most part, forgotten, until the election of Donald Trump as president of the United States and seeing him on the news at his Palm Beach resort, “Mar-a-Lago,” which he referred to as “The Winter White House.” It struck me immediately how logical it was he would prefer to govern from Palm Beach because it was an enclave of the one percent, a place where everyone thought like him and lived like him. My time with the one percent has given me relevant insights into the “culture of denial” as a belief system of the wealthiest, which, of course, has changed my position from before I worked with them. What is so dangerous now is the Donald Trump administration enacts it as official U.S. government policy. Following are four observed examples of this denial system in action.

1. Why they don't believe in global warming

Case in point: Florida and California have been on severe water restrictions due to a decades-long drought which isn't going away anytime soon. However, if you're fortunate enough to live in a geographic state of denial like Palm Beach or Beverly Hills, water restrictions do not apply: lawns and trees remain as lush and green as the Garden of Eden every minute of every day. It's little wonder the rich don't believe in global warming. And why would they? The entire country could be going up in flames and not one drop of water would be diverted from sprinkling their lawns or filling their swimming pools to fight the fire.

2. Gated communities are another form of segregation

The one percent is especially fond of islands. Manhattan and St. Barts are good examples. In St. Barts I saw passive racism by exclusion in its starkest form. The Caribbean is crowded with islands featuring lush vegetation, sparkling lagoons and spectacular endless white beaches. I was baffled the first time we sailed into Marguerites Bay at St. Barts and saw what was a big brown barren rock (albeit liberally peppered with lush imported vegetation and sparkling white mini-beaches). I was also confused by a noticeable absence of anyone black. I immediately realized that was why barren St. Barts was chosen as today's top destination for the one percent. All the other lush islands of the Caribbean imported African slaves for their sugarcane fields, while St. Barts—as an inhospitable rock—had not. And there you have it; the sole island in the Caribbean that has never had a black person on it, and never will. I should also note all the serving and support staff on St. Barts were all, without exception, Caucasian people flown in from England and France.

3. All countries are just one big, gated community to the one percent

When the one percent travels, there are no declaration cards asking what they are bringing into the country; no custom guards rifling through their luggage; no line-ups or scanners or demands to take off their shoes. In fact, from my experiences they have no contact with border officials at all. Whenever we sailed or flew into a country or back into the U.S., passports belonging to the owner, guests and crew were gathered up and quickly rubberstamped by a smiling and always accommodating border

official who was seldom (if ever) seen by the crew, and never by the owner and his friends. Borders, like gated communities, have gates that open both ways at a touch for the one percent, and remain locked for everyone else.

4) The free market is the religion of the one percent and Adam Smith is their God

Whenever my employer had a group of his Wall Street financier or Republican congressmen buddies aboard the yacht for dinner or a cocktail party, the ritual between two men who had never met each other before was always the same: introduce yourself by first and last name, say how you know the host and announce from which Ivy League college you had graduated. There was no question they were all intelligent men who had been provided with the best education money can buy. Yet despite this, it is as baffling to me then as it is now, their cult-like devotion to the dogma of the free market economy, making it sacrilege to say anything contrary to Adam Smith's theory of trickle-down economics. An unregulated market economy can only spell economic chaos: the for-profit insurance model is contrary to providing universal healthcare. This, however, is the price of denial and it can only work when the one percent believes that in fact they are the one hundred percent. If that is the case, the trickle-down economy works great, because it doesn't have to trickle down very far. The one percent needs every cent they can get—denial is incredibly expensive.

WORK CITED

Fitzgerald, F. Scott. 2004. *The Great Gatsby*. New York: Scribner.

Beau Dick, Walas Gyiyaam

On the night of March 27, Beau Dick, Hum teacher and true friend, passed away at the age of 61. The next day, the sky cried 61 cm of rain, drop by resonating drop. A renowned sculptor, Indigenous activist and storyteller from Alert Bay, Beau taught classes in Hum101/201 for four years. He was always warm, encouraging, welcoming, expansive, and every time, every now, now, now, he moved us. Each evening was different, yet each time he spoke so directly and passionately to each and all of us, he made all of us special. Beau's presence was magnificent; it belled out from him and touched us in unforgettable, soul-opening ways.

On the nights when Beau was coming to teach Hum101/201, we always stacked the classroom tables away and set the chairs in a big circle. Sometimes he'd come on his own, but this year he brought his family and friends to share with us: his daughter Linnea Dick, brother Greg Fitch, Gyaustees (Nuu-chah-nulth, Snuneymuxw, Skokomish, Kwakwaka'wakw, Secwepemc) and his gallerist LaTiesha Fazakas. Classes with Beau were emotionally and spiritually healing, cleansing and uplifting—he always transported us to a different place, both magical and grounding. He taught us about the potlatch and its banning, and told us the story of Atlakim, "Dance of the Forest Spirits," about our connectedness to all of nature. Later he guided us through an exhibition at the Bill Reid Gallery of

Northwest Coast Art with some of the 40 masks he carved, to be danced four times, burned and recycled back to the spirit world, to the ancestors, then regenerated to remind us of our connectedness. "Kwakwa'balas, set me free."

Chief Beau Dick, Walas Gyiyaam, imbued us with crucial knowledge about the terrible effects of colonization, hoping for Native and non-Native people to heal together. He told us of his life and his journeys to break the coppers which hold the records of all transactions between people, saying "We broke the coppers to break the spell of colonialism." Travelling with a growing collective from the north end of Vancouver Island to the B.C. Parliament Building in Victoria in 2013, and then again from UBC to the steps of the Parliament building in Ottawa in 2014, they performed copper-cutting ceremonies which signified the broken relationships between First Nations and the government, and called for change.

We give our sincerest condolences to Beau's family and friends, and know he will be missed by so many of us. Just as he carved many transformation masks, he also transformed Hum.







We know what we need—how about informing those who can do something about it.

operation phoenix

What specific help do Eastside aboriginals need?

We asked several First Nations community leaders: What are the distinct issues and needs of aboriginal people in the Downtown Eastside and what has to be done to meet those unique needs? These are edited excerpts in some cases; the full answers, and other contributions, can be read at theprovince.com/news/operation-phoenix

Resources insufficient

It's about who you are

Supposed the services already here. Combine housing and health services

'Education is the pinnacle of our needs'

I need detox and treatment Now!!

IT's the city planners who need to be educated on what is needed here in DTES

Now, let me think; a roof over my head, a place to cook my own food, a place to wash up, then maybe I'll think of getting clean, an education or a job.

JOEY WILSON RAYBOULD

It's about who you are

"I've always known that there is an overrepresentation of our people in the criminal justice system, but it pained me to see all our people in the system continuing to be incarcerated in the process of so-called justice, while not really having substantial ways to assist our community members in rehabilitating themselves. We need to provide support mechanisms that are appropriate for aboriginal people and are guided by our traditional values and are linked back to the home communities of our First Nations. We need to be more progressive in order to reach people before they turn to criminal behaviour. We need to assist our citizens in becoming healthy, which is directly linked to having a strong sense of who you are and where you come from, and knowing you are supported by great work in the Downtown Eastside or by your home community."

Jody Wilson Raybould, newly elected B.C. Regional Chief of the Assembly of First Nations, served as a provincial Crown prosecutor for two years in the Downtown Eastside. Raybould comes from the Musqueam First Nation.

Susan Teoh at the Vancouver Aboriginal Friendship Centre.

WELCOME to Job Finders

Resources insufficient

"If you were to look at the urban aboriginal organizations that are in the area, you'll find some really established organizations that have many success stories. I don't think it's that we're still looking for solutions; we're addressing the problems and issues in the best way we know how. What we need is proper resources, which is not just monetary but also human resources. Our organizations have high turnover because of burnout."

Susan Teoh, executive director of the Aboriginal Friendship Centre Society, which serves aboriginals moving from rural reserves to the city.

Calvin Hellen

We need incentives

"We have to look after ourselves. We have to have a stake in our own town. What has happened is people have been socialized that someone is going to take care of them, but they have to take care of themselves. Our social welfare policy should be aimed at creating incentives for people to make their lives better. Some people have advocated for a guaranteed income, but what that does is just forces people into a low level of poverty without incentive to move forward."

Calvin Hellen, mayor, author, president and CEO of the Native Investment and Trade Association and director of the Vancouver Board of Trade. Hellen is a member of the Tsimshian Nation.

David Isaac

'Education is the pinnacle of our needs'

"The problem is, very often rural aboriginal youth who come to the Downtown Eastside are under-equipped and don't have any real marketable skills. In many cases, they don't have an adequate education. The drop-out rate is still phenomenally high. If you don't have your basic Grade 12, you're going to have a hard time to find any kind of job in the city. Education is the pinnacle of our needs. I've talked to so many people who have given up, and they give up so early on, and they say that from there they're treated by the school or teacher as not conducive to learning, so why bother? And if that's what you believe, that's what you tell your own kids, and it perpetuates itself. We need to make schools more appropriate and more flexible and to be learning to be more culturally appropriate."

David Isaac, executive director of the Vancouver Native Health Society. A member of the Rarri Nation of Saskatchewan, Isaac is of Cree and Métis descent.

Low Demers

I need detox and treatment Now!!

"I need detox and treatment Now!!"





Writing101 & Writing201 Spring 2017



Writing101 & Writing201 Autumn 2016



Hum101 & Hum201 2016-2017







WRITING 101/201 COURSE OUTLINE

WRITING COORDINATOR Maureen Phillips

MENTORS Buffalo Star Woman (Sandra Delorme) term 1 & Lisa David term 2

CLASSROOM Buchanan D, Room 204

TERM 1, AUTUMN 2016 September 13 – December 6, 2016

TERM 2, SPRING 2017 January 10 – April 4, 2017

SCHEDULE Tuesdays 6:30–9:00 p.m.

COURSE DESCRIPTION

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

By the end of the course you will 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:

- Writing One-to-One tutors, Maureen Phillips, Marie Urdiga and Chimedum Ohaegbu are available to meet with you every Tuesday before class in room D 216 from 5:30 to 6:25 p.m.
- In class, from 6:30 to 7:00 p.m., Writing Group offers an opportunity for you to read out your assignments and receive constructive comments

from your classmates.

- There will be time to share your in-class writing exercises with the class and teacher.
- Writing workshop (Term 2 only), from 4:00 to 5:00 p.m., is available to all Writing participants and offers an opportunity to share work with group members, while learning and practicing techniques on how to give constructive peer-to-peer feedback. Writing201 participant Denise Linnay has initiated this pilot workshop.

In addition, you will receive written feedback on your assignments. Submit your work one week after it was assigned, and you will receive written comments from Writing Coordinator, Maureen Phillips, the following week. You can hand in your work handwritten or typed, or email it to h.u.m@ubc.ca if you would like us to print it out for you.

REQUIREMENTS

There will be assignments most evenings. You may choose to do them all, but you must do at least three of them in order to graduate from the course. You will have the opportunity to choose and revise one piece of writing to be published in the yearbook. At least eight classes must be attended to graduate from this course.

September 13
**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 2016–2017. Together with Hum staff and volunteers we tucked into some food at the AMS Student Nest, and followed up with an icebreaker that saw us making shapes all over the Meekison Lounge floor. After this traditional initiating, the term had truly begun.

September 20 + January 10
Journaling, with Maureen Phillips

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

September 27
Memoir, with Maureen Phillips

Writing memoir is one way to explore how you became the person you are. It's the story of how you got here from there. The contemporary memoir includes retrospection as an essential part of the story, along with memory and its limitations. We discussed the challenges of deciding what to leave in, what to leave out, and the complex issue of writing about the people in our lives and how that could affect our relationships with them.

October 4 + February 7
Poetry, with Reg Johanson

Reg introduced the class to a poetic form called "variations": a translation, recasting, or revision of a source text. To illustrate the technique, Reg

had the class read short samples of original texts and then study the different variations created by contemporary poets. We were then invited to write our own variations based on these rearticulated texts, an exercise that created some surprising and impressive results.

October 11 + January 31
Songs and Lyrics, with Carol Sawyer

In this class, we went around the room listening to the first minute of everybody's favourite songs, paying close attention to the lyrics. With Carol's trained ear and expertise, we then discussed the genre, the emotion conveyed by the singer and the strategies used. For the writing exercise, participants were invited to rewrite the song lyrics to their chosen song, or write an essay based in a song that evokes strong memories of a person, place, or time.

October 18 + March 21
Blogging, with Wil Steele

Progressive communication technologies have created a digital world that has enabled consumers of information to also become producers. Wil explained that writing for new media includes any form of digitally involved writing. These forms can give a wide-reaching voice to anyone who chooses to exercise it, and social media forms such as blogging are the easiest entry-level sites of participation.

October 25 + January 24
Creative Nonfiction, with Mandy Catron

Mandy discussed the peculiarity of describing a genre by what it's not, then touched upon the expansiveness of creative—or literary—nonfiction. The scope of creative nonfiction is wide enough to encompass genres like memoir, personal essays, travel and food writing, and nature writing. We talked about creative nonfiction's relationship to truth and the trust that readers place in that relationship.

November 1 + March 7**Screenwriting, with Stephen Hahn**

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 the 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 the incident occurs in each story.

November 8 + February 28**Fiction, with Pat Dobie**

Pat provided the class with a glimpse into the world of fiction and gave advice on how to develop a compelling story with believable characters. She also discussed ways to create fiction from fact, and how to move beyond the real-life event and learn to build tension around the characters and the story. Through an exercise, participants were able to try their hand at creating a multi-dimensional and complex fictional character.

November 15 + April 4**Manifestos, with Margot Leigh Butler**

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. Participants then partnered up to look for connections and overlaps in their personal demands—this showed how manifestos turn “ME” into “WE.” We discussed the value—as well as the drawbacks—of emotionally charged, unapologetic writing.

November 22 + March 28**Academic Writing, with Alison Rajah**

Alison started by leading 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 mainstream institutions of knowledge. Alison talked about ac-

ademic writing and the importance of clarity and organization, and participants wrote about their own experiences of lived culture in response to the reading.

November 29 + February 14**Vancouver Public Library**

Taking a physical 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, with particular focus on the 808 section of call numbers, which houses an array of books about poetry, rhyming dictionaries, fiction and non-fiction writing.

January 17**Biography, with Maureen Phillips**

We explored the art of biography—the written account of another person's life—and looked at how the genre has changed since the early biographers of Greek and Roman times, like Plutarch and Suetonius. Participants were asked to think about someone whose story they would like to write, and why—what makes this person's life so compelling that others would want to read about their experiences?

March 14**Memoir, with Marlene Schiwy**

Marlene described memoir and how it differs from autobiography: it presents a particular period in a person's life and not the whole life story. She explained that memoir, like autobiography, should present the truest picture of a person's experience, as they remember it. For an in-class writing exercise, Marlene asked participants to write their life story in ten minutes, and then choose a part of that story that could be used to create a memoir.

WRITING 101/201 COMPOSITIONS

Journaling

Of No Inconvenience To Anyone

Jerry Shallow, Writing101

Last night an old friend found his way into my dream.

Neal was easy to recognize, even though he quickly passed by me in the crowd. He even said “Hi,” to acknowledge he knew me. I ran after him, but he proved impossible to catch, eventually fluttering into another dimension as these “dream beings” often do.

It’s weird dreaming about him, although at one time I daydreamed and wondered about him regularly. The last time we saw each other was in winter. I was working nights at the Stage Door of a live theatre in the city. He turned up suddenly on a very cold and snowy Sunday evening. It was odd because spontaneity was not Neal's style.

The conversation was awkward at first. We had argued in the past and hadn’t spoken to each other since. The argument had centred around Neal's aloofness. Often he would “drift off” when others were speaking. I always attributed this to him being bored with the conversation, and just biding his time for a turn to speak again. Whatever the reason, it was extremely annoying. In our efforts to assure the peace, we each filled the air with words, squeezing out any awkward silences that threatened to spoil our reunion. Sometimes I felt our clipped and cross-talking was worse than our fear of silence.

It was eight p.m., and with the patrons all seated, the play began. Now free from the bulk of my Stage Door responsibilities, I started to think about food. Neal, out of character, surprised me again by deciding to stay for dinner.

We ordered delivery from one of his favourite restaurants. Neal was an alcoholic, Roman Catholic, who minored in mythology. This may have played into why the Bacchus Roti Shop ranked so high in his mind.

The Caribbean spiced food fueled the conversation. We talked about his alleged boyfriend, a younger guy in art school. Neal worshiped him well beyond oblivion. I, however, failed to fall under the spell, or see the appeal. I came to this opinion after enduring a brief interaction over a long dinner with the two of them. Although to be fair, as a committed single person, I don't think one can do more of a disservice to one's self than going out to dinner with a couple. For me there is nothing more painful than being the sole audience member to a couple displaying their yolk. But I digress. Neal suggested it was my "Angry Green Monster," coming out. A term he often used and I never completely understood. Whenever I would enquire about it, he would become his famously aloof self, and change the subject.

Neal was very white, both in complexion and in the classic stereotypical sense. He disliked controversy, and had a preference for vanilla-flavoured conversations. His family turned a blind eye to his gayness, and so did he. He considered himself average and, most of all, normal.

Although I had never met them, I pictured Neal's family quietly praising normalcy as the zenith of achievement. In my mind's eye, I would see Neal and his family gliding through the day, without a clash, or a stir, blanketed in a camouflaged sea of taupe and white noise.

I really wanted to ask him about my "Angry Green Monster" and whether or not he was suggesting I was jealous, but I didn't. I wanted to keep things light, no monsters, no aloofness. Instead I told him he looked good; maybe he'd been working out, or lost some weight?

Mixtapes were Neal's thing. He searched for music constantly, finding obscure songs and then relating them to his friends. Often he would sing specific parts of the song to you, at points when the mood or situation struck him as appropriate. I think it was a kind of shorthand for him.

The song he married to me was titled "Happy Go Lucky Me." It was a folksy number that spoke to my small town upbringing, amongst other things. He would get close to me and sing "...I can laugh...when things ain't fu-uh-uh-ney...yeh-ha...a happy go lucky me." Although this night, he didn't sing anything. There was always an undercurrent to Neal. His shell was always highly polished, but what was going on underneath was hard to crack.

Our conversation suffered from the staggered Stage-Door interruptions, and never reached a truly comfortable measure.

We had finished the food and it was around eleven at night, an hour before my shift's end, when Neal announced he was leaving.

I suggested meeting up after my shift ended, or getting together tomorrow, and how happy I was to have re-connected. His response came in the form of walled body language and trademark aloofness. I checked myself and didn't push any further for future plans.

I was told Neal killed himself that night.

In his apartment his belongings were found neatly boxed, and labeled. He had arranged for his burial plot and headstone. He had made all the necessary and appropriate arrangements for the disposal of his shell and the disbursement of his assets.

No one was to be inconvenienced. Not by his belongings. Not by his funeral. No one was needed to gift his clothes to charity, or clean his fridge, or dispose of his porn. No casket shopping. No service. Nothing to do, and nothing to see.

It was as if nothing had happened, nothing to inconvenience anyone.

Well-Wishes–Miigwetch (Thank you)

Iskote' Iskwe (Fire Woman) Arleen R. Windigo, Writing101
(Muskowekwan First Nation)

Through life I have given well-wishes to both of my parents, especially to my mother who was always there for me with her advice, caring and kind words of wisdom to help me be that person I intended to become. I give well-wishes to all the women folk—especially my Kokums—who started this awesome power of strength for me. In giving back to the few males in my life who were very few of my Moshums. By offering much gratitude to the male Elders who did not give up on me, but who persevered when I was at my weakest moments. They offered their prayers so that I could carry my cross the rest of the way on this journey through life.

The women folk in my life: they are the warriors, they are the strength!

Well-wishes to everyone I have encountered on this path throughout this journey of my life. Well-wishes and giving back to the inspirations of this class—Writing101. I can say that I have experienced feelings that have opened something within. It felt like a waterfall gushing; at no given moment, it had no direction, just a thrusting forward feeling of having freedom from within. It was an "A-ha" moment for me.

All my life I was hard on myself; I never believed in myself. I had a voice but never had the strength to speak the truth behind what needed to be heard. I would hold back what needed to be said.

When I started to write and put everything down on paper, it just seemed to keep on flowing. I never cared about what I was writing because these were my true heartfelt feelings coming from the core. I just needed to feel those feelings to have the freedom to express myself to the fullest. It feels like I am a little child ready to explore new happenings to the fullest, able to take all those turns and angles with joy, happiness and ease. Accepting with grace those challenges that may occur on this journey through life. Allowing the true graces of a Higher Source to guide me on this path by being truly connected and loving oneself from within.

I needed to allow the demons of my past to be released and no longer be allowed to control my future.

It may have been generations that I have carried. The load was getting too heavy to bear. I got tired and wary of having blackouts from the curse of the addictions that would make me numb. I felt like I had no hope, like I was an old person rotting inside. I was carrying around all that shame of not knowing what I did wrong when I went out on my drunken binges. I started to question myself when people said they no longer wanted to hang out with me—because I was a scary person when I was blacked out. I never wanted to wake up because I always knew in my heart it was never good news.

I had so much anger inside. I felt like a volcano ready to erupt. Substances I used would always seem to put my anger at ease, but only for a temporary basis. I am so happy that I chose to seek a Medicine Man. I had to seek this person to help me with prayers, to help myself out of that darkness of despair. This helped me to build a picture of what I had been through in the early years of my life.

Well-wishes to me now, and to where I stand as this Warrior Women—“Iskote’ Iskwe” (Fire Woman). I am a Cree/Saulteaux Warrior Woman from Saskatchewan. I will always have the fire within me, to express myself fully—here is the time and here is my one and only chance to express myself to the fullest extent, in this journey through life.

Well-wishes to an old door closing and a brand new one opening: to exploring all those new avenues of exposure and the many new realms of explosive creative reactions for me to take on in this new journey through life...Miigwetch.

Canoe Trip

Joel Rakesh Kumar, Writing101

Friday, October 9, 2016

The first day of a 10-day canoe trip. The morning was so exciting, for the thought of the canoe trip to Bowen Lake was on my mind. I had packed all my camping items the day before, so I was ready and willing to share my outdoorsmanship with a group of alcohol and drug rehabilitees, counselors, outreach workers and outdoor program workers: a total of twelve people. At the Union Gospel Mission (UGM) it was cloudy, but a very beautiful day. Lots of people were at the departure place at the back of UGM, where the van and the minivan were waiting for us.

We got together and had a meeting, praying for the trip to be good, healthy and safe, with lots of fun in all ways of life. Together we packed into the two vans and set out to Bowen Lake. It was a long ten-hour drive and on the way the view, weather, people and lunch were awesome. It was a great group of friends just having fun and sharing life stories together, understanding one another with good laughs and humour. This group of friends have helped and guided me to many good things in life. My health is in good condition and the kindness and love given by this group is cool.

It was a long day until finally we reached the cabins near the start of the lake; which is going to be about one hundred and sixteen kilometers long, with portages, muddy terrain along the river, mountains

and white water channels that are very dangerous and cold. A little bit of sun was showing through the clouds and giving us hope of good weather to come. We settled in our cabins, had a great dinner and then a meeting before calling it a night. While sleeping in the clean, dry cabin away from the rain that was coming down strong, I could hear the big raindrops on the iron roof. I just lay on the bunk bed in my warm sleeping bag, thinking happily about the great place I was and the clean toilet, shower and the lodge we had. My friends and other people were very respectful, helpful and kind. I hope that all will be good in the coming week.

Awesome day!

Memoir

ME

Fouta Djallon, Writing101

Africa

I was born December 24, 1978 in Conakry, Guinée, West Africa. My family had sixteen children—only four were girls. I was the youngest in my family. We had a large family like everyone in Africa. We lived with our cousins and had a huge family around all the time. Africa is very poor. There is no electricity; we use fire for light, heat and cooking. As such, there was always a fire going in our home. The government was the military in power and would take all the money from citizens and leave us in poverty. Africa would receive money from other places in the world, and it was supposed to support us; instead the military would keep money for themselves and the citizens had nothing. It was a very hard, tough life but also good building community. People would bring food for each other, shared what they had and took care of each other if anything happened, like if you got sick.

The weather was too hot—it was 50 degrees Celsius all the time; the only time it rained was in August. That's why in Africa we don't have access to vegetables because we can't grow them; the weather doesn't let us. I never liked the heat and we couldn't swim because the Ocean was too warm; we could not cool ourselves. People don't care for the ocean or the environment; they would throw garbage anywhere—that's also why we couldn't swim.

To us, this was normal. Don't feel bad for me, this was our life and we enjoyed it.

Childhood and Family

My cousins sent us to do everything for them, like cooking and cleaning. When we were allowed to play sports with them, the boys would make us be the goalies. Stuck in the net; it wasn't fun. We wanted to play too. But we were girls, and we weren't allowed to play, ever. The only time we got to play was when we played together as women; everything our family did was separated between men and women. We

all ate together, lots of people—over twenty! Women cooked three times per day, and if you missed the meal, too bad. You had to wait for the next one, because all the food would be gone.

As a large group, all the kids went to learn about the Coran. The Coran is like a bible that we learn from, but for Muslims. We needed to learn how to pray, and how to do good things in life. We had to study like we were in school; we went to learn from Monday to Monday at the Mosque, it was close to my house. The Coran taught us how to be kind, and how to not do bad things to others. Learning about the Coran helped me be a good person and have a healthy life, but it also helped me be a good person to others.

My mother was a very compassionate person; she cared about everyone, even people she didn't know. She cooked for them, gave them money, and would share anything she had with others. My mother would bring all the women from both our village and the city; our house was 500 km from the capital city of Guinée called Conakry. She created community with women, teaching them to sew and spending time with them. In the Downtown Eastside there is a shop called The Window; my mother created the same type of space for women.

Leaving Africa

After my mother and father passed away, I had to live with my uncle because no one in my family was left to take care of me. I was twenty years old when this happened. I was able to live with my uncle because I was very close to him and his daughter; we were both the same age. My uncle was a businessman; he would travel most of the time to international countries and bring back imports. He had a huge shop and everyone in our village would come to buy things from him.

I lived with them for ten years and it was horrible. My aunt was not nice at all; she was very different from my mother. The reason she didn't like me was probably because I wanted to go to school; she wanted me to stay around the house to clean and cook for her. I refused. I still snuck out to go to school with my friend in the village called Labé; it took us one hour on a bike to get there. She made me seem like a problem because she was so jealous of the things I could do and she couldn't.

There were a lot of reasons why my uncle decided to marry me to an elderly man I didn't know who already had lots of wives and kids. I don't know why he chose this for me. It was just one Friday at home, I was sleeping; my uncle came and woke me up, telling me that he had given me away to another man for marriage. He didn't tell me that this man was seventy-two years old either; I found out by myself through his eldest son who was already forty. There was no way I was going to do that ever. I'd rather shoot myself. I didn't know what to do but I was going to make a plan to get out.

Canada

There was a big market in Labé where I travelled to attend school; you can find anything there and talk to all different kinds of people. The people were selling things from all different countries; it kind of looked like the Night Market in Richmond, B.C. Here I found people who helped me to escape my home and go to the capital, Conakry. It is 500 km away from the village where I grew up. I knew that no one in the Labé market would know who I was; I needed to keep my escape secret or else they would stop me, and bring me back to the elderly man. He would never be my husband. The first day I met

people who would help me escape; the second day I made a plan; the third day, they told me where to meet them at night to escape. I went to Labé market in the day to pretend I was buying things, and then met at night on big trucks in secret. I had to hide in the trucks because if people saw me who knew me, they would either report me or bring me back to the elderly man.

I arrived in Conakry, at a terminal. The first person I met was another lady selling food for passengers; she let me stay at her place and kept me safe from anyone who was looking for me. Her younger sister was a victim of the same situation, except that she couldn't escape and committed suicide. She said she knew how to help me stay safe and escape Africa. She took me to meet other men who were powerful and sneaky, doing bad business. I didn't know that when I met the men, their job was to do human trafficking. The men told me they would send me overseas; that when I arrived, I would get a job and pay them back for their kindness. I was supposed to be sent to Europe; instead they brought me to Canada, because there was supposed to be more jobs. I didn't know what kind of job I would be doing to pay them back.

Room of Shadows

Jason D. Love, Writing101

I lay in a room of shadows that cast out another day's problems. I am calmed by the rhythmic clicking of my keyboard, and the night is but a kind reminder of my will to live—the thought of not waking another day reeking of fear. Strange, I find light in the creation of darkness, destroying constructs of math and physics. A poet's passions and purpose recovered from places where no one thought to look.

I close my eyes, clutching the first picture that warms my heart. It warms my heart and it heals my spirit. I am with my daughter. She is smiling, laughing and making strange observations like she always does. She is a blessing. To be in her presence is love. To know her is to get a small glimpse inside the mind of God, for this must be what his plan was for the world. My daughter, she only knows joy, as any other experience to her is strange and unwanted. Her soft heart could heal the sorrow of a thousand war-torn soldiers longing for home. We are doing a puzzle together, and every piece she connects is a triumph calling for celebration.

This, this is where I wander when I escape my room, being brought back as the rhythmic clicking of my keyboard echoes, my face lit from the cold blue light of my computer screen.

I hope others who walk this path know of such pleasant things, so they too may enter into the light, as shadows bring an end to their day, building the prospect of another to its full glory.

Down in Smoke

Gilles Cyrenne, Writing201

Every cigarette aggravated my flu, so I decided to quit, a thousand-times repeated decision. I never bought a carton of cigarettes because every pack I bought was going to be the last one.

A year earlier I had started recovering from alcoholism, an addiction that had rendered me suicidally depressed. Finally only one decision mattered, change or die.

At my first Twelve Step Meeting, I learned that alcohol was a depressant. That explained why I had been feeling so down for so long. Fortunately, I have not had a drink since that day. Without booze, depression retreated.

My life improved significantly. Alcoholics Anonymous recommends turning one's life to the care of God as one understands him. Though I grew up in religion, I rejected belief and I was passionately agnostic. Fuelled by alcohol and operating on drug-affected emotion, I communicated a fairly cynical worldview and loved poking holes in people's faith.

After embracing sobriety, I never looked back and, until this attempt to quit smoking, I had experienced relatively few withdrawal symptoms and my life had improved. Although I didn't become a convert to a God-oriented point of view, I became less argumentative and more tolerant of other people's beliefs, people who were helping me recover from my addictions, people who were getting their lives in order with the help of their higher power—whomever or whatever it was.

But now this rage with which my body demanded nicotine was some distance removed from sobriety. The recommendation that I live and remain sober one day at a time became fighting craving one minute at a time, a month after my last smoke. I hurt so bad from denying myself tobacco that I wanted to bang my head against the wall to enable myself to feel a different kind of pain. Something else was required.

Earlier, on one beautiful song-bird saturated spring morning, while sitting on my back steps, next to a treed backyard that ended abruptly at a cliff on a lake edge, I had experienced myself as an integral part of nature. The first stanza of the Tao Te Ching by Lao Tsu, begins:

The Tao that can be told is not the eternal Tao.
The name that can be named is not the eternal name.
The nameless is the beginning of heaven and earth.

"The Tao" can be translated as "the Way." The eighth stanza begins thus:

The highest good is like water.
Water gives life to ten thousand things and does not strive.

The joy I felt in being connected to the natural world was the beginning of a nameless something, a force which connects birdsong to blood flow, which I continue to explore to this day. So despite my

passionate agnosticism, I thought, let me be like water, somehow or another let me be in this Tao, in this way that need not strive.

Now about a year later, suffering intense withdrawal symptoms, I was caught in a raging desire for tobacco. In a February 19, 2008, article, *sciencedaily.com* states, “New research indicates that the effects of nicotine and opiates on the brain’s reward system are equally strong in a key pleasure-sensing area of the brain—the nucleus accumbens...and when we tested nicotine in that area the effects on dopamine are almost identical.”

Dopamine is the chemical secreted by the brain that causes sensations of pleasure. By withdrawing from tobacco, I was experiencing something possibly as powerful as quitting heroin, and it was absolute hell. I couldn’t stand another minute of this. One month I had gone without a cigarette; one month of agony and there was no relief in sight from this insane craving. I had to have a smoke.

So I decided to give up giving up. For this, I hated myself. If I couldn’t live without cigarettes, then I wasn’t going to live with them either. I couldn’t bear not smoking and I could no longer live with myself if I smoked. So there was only one way out. I would go and buy myself a pack of smokes, smoke them all, then go jump off a fucking bridge.

And since I was going to die anyway, I thought, I might as well get drunk one last time. I felt I had no choice. Then I looked out my window.

Standing on the cliff’s edge, my white Husky-Shepherd-cross dog was illuminated by streaks of light that flashed through storm clouds. Face to the sun, head raised, he howled; a bolt of lightening was reflected in the lake, thunder clapped and a burst of hail pelted down. A soft voice in my head and in the room said, “Your life’s not yours to take; you’ve given it to Tao, to the Nameless Way.

I’ve never had another craving for either nicotine or alcohol.

It wasn’t until years later, thinking and writing about that moment, that I remembered the dog I saw howling had been dead for ten years. Now, my seemingly out-of-this-world experience could lead one to believe that there is a doggy heaven and that my dog’s spirit returned to rescue me, or that meaning can be derived from a significant coincidence, or that some god or angel was looking after me. Since I am skeptical about other-worldly forces, I always seek a natural, grounded-in-physical-reality explanation.

In his book, *The Believing Brain* (2011), Michael Shermer writes:

Since the brain does not perceive itself or its inner operations, and our normal experience is of stimuli entering the brain through the senses entering from the outside, when a neural network misfires or otherwise sends a signal to some other part of the brain that resembles an outside stimulus, the brain naturally interprets these internal events as external phenomena. This happens both naturally and artificially—lots of people experience auditory and visual hallucinations under varying conditions, including stress, and copious research that I will review in detail later demonstrates how easy it is to artificially trigger such illusory ephemera.

Obviously I was under significant amounts of stress. I was looking at pissing away what had been, if not the best year of my adult life, at least the sanest one. I had learned to live without alcohol and sick hangovers. I was, if not on death's edge, on my way to re-engaging a way of life that kept me in a suicidal depression. Stress—yes. So my brain took me into survival mode, remembered a profoundly joyful experience where I had committed myself to life and, coincidental with a weather event, threw in an hallucinatory dog whom I had once loved. I believe that combination of positive phenomena, those memories of natural human joy, reprogrammed my hormonal/mental circuits into being able to stimulate dopamine signals to my brain's pleasure centres without artificial catalysts.

Like I said, I haven't craved either beer or cigarettes since that moment.

For that I am profoundly grateful to all that's most natural in all of life; call it Tao, the Way, Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter, whatever. Breathe consciously; be aware. Enjoy nature.

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Surrender

Kurt L Gonsalves, Writing101

Surrender is a word that once meant to me that I had the right to remain silent. Because I was usually loaded at the time, I did not have the ability to be silent, which has continued to be an issue even now, in my clean life. Surrender has new meaning to me these days, and it started in November 2014.

I had a hallucination, or a spiritual experience. Does God have a British accent? That was the accent of the voice I heard. I clearly heard this voice the day after coming down on what would be one of my last artificial highs. The voice said, "Young man, head west." So I did. Of course I had to get high and party a bit before leaving, and then detox on a three-day bus trip to Vancouver, which was as west as this young man wanted to head. With hardly any money, no friends or place to stay in Vancouver—just a hallucination and a prayer—I headed west.

Detoxing on a bus is a bit nerve-racking for the first 24 hours. Ontario seemed to never end. Once I got to Calgary the bus we transferred onto had Wi-Fi. This is when I started to do research into shelters, treatment centres and detox centres. I started with the local news sites, and the front page of the first site I surfed said in big bold lettering: "All Vancouver homeless shelters overcrowded." I read that the Downtown Eastside had a tent city in Oppenheimer Park, where people were protesting for the need for more beds. Shit! The Clash song, "Should I stay or should I go," entered my mind. I said at the beginning of this trip I am heading west and cleaning up my life or I'd die trying, so I stayed on the bus

and continued my research for budget accommodations. I found a bed for rent at a tourist hostel that happened to be right outside the Greyhound bus station in Vancouver, which was convenient because that is where my last stop would be. The next day, after a touristic sleep, I walked down Main Street, to the Beacon shelter on Cordova Street, and I asked if they had any beds available. They did! This “head west young man” thing started to feel more like a spiritual or divine experience than a hallucination.

I slept pretty well that night, although I’m not sure the rest of my new homeless buddies enjoyed my snoring after three days of detoxing and a stressed out mind, body and spirit. However, it was what it was. I am getting ahead of myself and forgot to mention I had applied to treatment centres online, while I was on the Greyhound. I sent emails to intake counselors and explained that I was coming to Vancouver to clean up, and wanted to get into a treatment centre as soon as possible. I knew that I had to apply for welfare first, and that would take a month or so. Once it was approved I knew my first choice was Union Gospel Mission (UGM).

The next day after my first sleep at the Salvation Army’s Beacon homeless shelter I went to their computer room to read my email messages and to look for work. To my surprise I had an email from UGM. They said as soon as I get to town to come and see them and they would get the ball rolling. I replied and said I just got to town yesterday and that I would apply for welfare first. As soon as I got an idea as to when I would be approved, I would come and apply for their program. A few hours later I went back to check my email. I had another email from UGM. It stated, “What part of come and see us now do you not understand?” Confused, I sent a reply to say I would come and see them. When I got to the front desk, I told the guy my name and he asked me where my belongings were. I said, “I have them at the shelter,” to which he replied, “What part of get your stuff and come over and let’s get the ball rolling did you not understand?” I told him that I was afraid of losing my bed at the shelter if I left with my stuff, and I thought that maybe things would not work out, or I did not understand the email correctly. He explained that UGM donors would be sponsoring my treatment until I got on welfare, and then the provincial government would take over. All I had to do were chores, such as washing dishes and serving the homeless—which I was, only two minutes prior.

The world stopped. Like in the movies, the colors of life were vivid. I thought, how is this possible? I must have seen hundreds of people who could use the opportunity I was just blessed with, yet somehow I got it. I don’t have proper ID, I am not from BC, I’m not on welfare, and have no funds what-so-ever. This head west young man thing is amazing!

I grabbed my stuff from the homeless shelter and headed back to UGM. I made my bed and settled into the moment. Then it was time for lunch—grilled chicken, rice, veggies, a salad bar with fresh fruits and salads of every type, and desserts. I filled my plate up and then got to the front counter where I met some people who would later become my new friends. I asked what time I should do the dishes, and they said in a few days, once I’m settled in. Wow, wow, wow, they are not even asking me to work yet! I slept until supper. Later I got in the supper line, and what do they have for me now—a steak dinner with all the trimmings. Less than 48 hours ago I had no pot to piss in or a window to throw it out of, and now I’m having steak and mash potatoes with dark gravy and the holy trinity of cheese cake—chocolate cheesecake, cherry cheesecake, blueberry cheesecake. I cannot believe how this head west young man

thing is working for me.

That morning I went onto the patio and looked out to the mountains for the first time. I did not even notice them the first few days of being here. I saw a flock of birds flying; they formed a half-circle and continued to fly side to side to what looked like a smile. They flew continuously together from left to right in a half-circle, somewhat obviously, as if to get my attention and show me they were forming a smile. I had never seen anything like this in my life. I had never ever experienced such kindness of strangers in my life. All this because I decided to surrender to a spiritual experience I thought was a hallucination. I let go and let God guide me, and I did not challenge anything he sent my way. I never looked back and just kept going no matter what. Everything has worked out.

My Multi-Coloured Canadian Totem

Kimberley Hurrell, Writing101

The winter was cold that year on Monday, March 17, 1997, while my daughter and I were walking around the street in Edmonton, Alberta. My coat was thin, and I had only ten dollars in my pocket. The wind was chill, but not as hard as I had experienced since the end of February. The sub areas, under the walkways, were the best places to walk and keep warm.

I had to hug my daughter to keep her warm. Why? I asked myself, did I continue to find myself in these vulnerable points in my life. I relied on fate to keep my daughter, my mom, and myself alive. I continued to have faith in the system, and hoped that sincere friendship would rescue me, by faith and multi-colored rainbows.

I sat down with my daughter for just a few short minutes...we had to purchase groceries from a store but I had not enough cash for a taxi. I was supporting my daughter on less than one thousand dollars a month. I often hoped to find some "white wolf" hidden in my closet, something that would guide me through the storm. I made a lot of big mistakes, and who I associated with was one of them.

As I looked up at the snowstorm and wondered why I was still in such a dysfunctional lifestyle, a position in my financial reality that was so obviously needy of some help from someone else.

My excuse was at that time...I went to Edmonton, Alberta, to care for my mom who was in a dangerous truck accident. My mother almost died. The insurance company was only paying for some cheap hotel room: The Garden City Inn. The room had no kitchenette, and I had to wash our clothing in the bathtub. I wanted to go back to Vancouver, B.C., but I could not leave my mother alone. She needed help.

My mom had to stay there for some medical treatment for a few months.

I could not afford the cost of a daycare, and my child was under the age of five.

I like being a mom; I enjoyed hanging out with my little girl. The stress of not being able to financially provide for my little child was breaking me emotionally. I asked my mom if I could walk over to the casino: I was going to play five dollars at a blackjack table to try and make us some money.

Why me? . . . I was a single mom. I also was struggling with an alcohol addiction. Alcohol was the self-medication escape I used when it was available to me. Life was only one day at a time, but I knew very little about recovery at that time in my life. Drinking alcohol was my way of escaping my problems when it was available. For a while, I was okay, because I was not able to purchase any alcohol.

I had purpose in my life, caring for my mom and my daughter. I did not want to spend my last five dollars, but I could not see any other solution without doing some crime. I did not want to do sex trade work. Jobs, what could I do? Psychic readings, but I was being discriminated against by my husband's brother's wife... 'cause she believed my mom and sister were worshipping the devil when they did psychic readings, tarot cards, or rune stone readings—any type of fortune-telling. I had very little educational training.

I was so mentally exhausted, emotionally burnt out. My brain kept trying to figure out a solution, so that I could feed my daughter proper nutritional food and purchase my mom and myself warm winter coats.

My daughter owned a winter coat because I had a male friend who lent me the money, and I had to pay him back; and I did pay him the money I had borrowed. I was feeling some self-worth, self-esteem. I attempted to look at the little successes and not the failures. But still... things were not changing like I needed them to. The casino was not too far from the Garden City Inn. My feet were dry, the leather cowboy boots I was wearing had been waterproofed: that caused me to smile. Should I try to sell my boots for some money? But they looked worn. I needed to keep my boots, so I walked over to a blackjack table and I placed down the five-dollar bet.

A noble chap told me to hit. "Hit", what is that? I thought to myself. I was winning, and it was by the grace of some skilled persons who had been playing the card game for a few hours. The Shaman noticed that I was starting to mess up a regular card game—taking cards at 16 and 17. "What is your name?" he said. "You're like a fox. Wait for the dealer to settle the game. Then, think first before you get compulsive... do not be so quick to rebel."

"Makes a lot of sense, thanks," I told him.

"You look cold, and wet," he told me.

"Ya," I said. "I walked here... and my coat is for Vancouver. The winds travelled northeast."

He laughed, and asked me if I needed a ride back. I said, "Please." The sacred nobility was in his eyes; I trusted in his voice. I was not scared of him. As we got into his car, he asked me if I attended any re-

covery group. I told him, "No."

He asked me if I was interested in attending a meeting with him.

I said, "Yes, please."

My heart was beating fast...I found a part of my Canadian totem, a friend who would show me the way. We were spiritual friends from some past life, as a COWGIRL and an ABORIGINAL MAN.

This life experience is one of the big reasons I continued to fight back...even when I felt struggle. I felt confusion, and admiration and love, the chance to rebuild, to find a way out of the difficult depressing lifestyle. I was able to look at my stupid mistakes, and by analyzing the dysfunctional traits, I had the skill to avoid making those same ridiculous choices, only because there were chances for me to learn what I was doing wrong. Someone took the time to show me my worthiness, and taught me not to rely on just one day to make my happiness.

To win at life, you have to have a plan. The prediction of your success is not always in the cards. Thank you Shaman friend for seeing my quality of person. I will always hold memories of you close to my Canadian heart.

Bathrooms I've Known

Michael Edward Nardachioni, Writing101

Beach Campgrounds

Plattsburgh, N.Y., 1962

They were dingy, old wooden buildings made of cedar and stained with a dark amber finish. I was only ten, but I remember that the smell permeated the air within ten feet. Some were on a hilltop, others at parking lot level, but all of the interiors were the same. Ladies on the right, and men on the left. (I have the distinction or "dis-stink-tion" of having my initials on every bathroom in the English-speaking world: MEN).

There were about ten stalls and four urinals next to the two sinks. The toilets did not flush because they must have been built in the 30's or 40's. They were in the style of wartime housing—square with a triangular gabled roof. Windows with glass on each of the sides provided some light and ventilation.

The cesspool at the bottom was a long drop from the cold, damp concrete floor. For a ten-year-old, it looked scary. The white chemical solution looked like milk that had tried to mask the odour and camouflage the fecal matter and toilet paper. If the urinals were available, I'd use them, while holding my breath and standing on my tiptoes to try and aim for the drain. When my older brother walked in, he said it was quite the sight to see. He said, "Hey, Mike, you trying out for the ballet class?"

As the years went by, Plattsburgh Beach and Campgrounds would change. They demolished these archaic buildings for a more modern approach in the late 60's, still with a bucolic feel, but with flush toilets with hot water and showers. I hope to visit another time—some 50 years on.

Morin Heights, P.Q.

It was the early 70's, and my father had just bought an A-frame cottage in the Laurentians. He insisted that he wanted to do the finishing touches himself; this would mean insulation, drywalling, finishing the veranda, painting, and finally, the bathroom and plumbing.

I didn't know anything about plumbing, but my father sure taught me fast enough. Our water came from a well which was dug before construction, to my mother's discontent—\$1,700.

From the well, a heavy plastic pipe led to a water pump, which my dad bought and installed himself, from the pump into a hot water tank, from the water tank to the kitchen sink, bathroom, and finally, the toilet.

Our bathroom was purely functional—10' x 6' with a shower, bath, sink, and the "john." At 22 years old, I had never used a soldering gun, lead wire, copper piping, or various brass and chrome components.

After about a week's work in our new country house installing the bathroom, my dad was proud of a job well done by both my brother and me.

Victoria, B.C., 1986

Tiling. That's what the final step is in the construction of a bathroom. Clement was a professional carpenter who bought his own house and finished his own downstairs bathroom. He hired me at \$10 an hour to help him, whether it be pouring concrete, building fenced galleries, drywalling or, in this case, tiling his bathroom. For the sake of brevity, a small descriptive narrative will do.

When the aquaboard drywall is all finished and plastered, we spread an adhesive compound, which is called grout. With a cement trowel and toothed edger, we spread the compound on the wall in a circular motion. We then open a box of 6" x 6" x 1/4" thick porcelain tiles. In this case, they are bevelled and of burgundy colour. We slowly press the tile from the corner top, moving left to right while some of the grout expunges itself in between. It is messy, but this will be resolved with a damp cheesecloth and a spray bottle to make it clean and shiny. For the floor, we use the same process, except we are using 12" x 12" x 1/4" black marble. If there was any beauty in toiletry, this was it—the white contrast of the toilet against the marble and burgundy tiles accentuating the whole room.

Prince George, B.C., 2006

1660 Kirby Crescent is in a trailer court. My wife and I rented an old mobile home for about \$700 a month, minus utilities, heat and cable. We survived! But the bathroom was another story—it was cold, inhospitable and dilapidated. But when you're homeless, anything looks good.

One time, I wanted to take a bath. It was in the middle of the night and a chilling 20 below. The hot water tank was working, but our heat did not reach the bathroom for some reason. I turned on the hot

water to fill the bath and stripped into my birthday suit. I took a step next to the tub, and crunch! My foot went through the floor. Here I was with half my leg dangling through my bathroom floor, naked, and swearing like nobody's business.

Memoir

Crantley Chaka Weekes, Writing101

I come from pain, trauma and heartbreak. I come from a commitment to excellence. I come from the book of Corinthians and the New Testament (exploited by priests and teachers to disparage and hold sway). I come from a place where I have seen women disrespected and I have done the same. I have done the same not by osmosis but an innate tendency to sabotage myself. I bite and chew on the metaphorical nails of my self-confidence, my composure and how I possess the body I am in. I use negative self-criticism to absolve responsibilities.

I'm blessed to be able to experience Writing101 through the UBC Humanities Program; however, I have a fear of self-expression. I'm terrified actually, I have stage fright...even when I'm talking to an attractive woman I have just met. I feel afraid to speak. It's like I despise myself, or I am avoiding myself. I doubt myself and I ask the Lord, "Do I lack the elements of sympathy and empathy?"

I ask the Lord for good fortune and everything I need and the Lord provides...so why am I confused?

I lost a family member two days after the first Writing101 class on January 12th. The emotions of grief and loss flooded in and I thought I had exorcised the demons; perhaps this is the last fight of the demons in me...or are there new demons? The coils of fear and apprehension were tightening to the breaking point. I try to coalesce scattered thoughts...I'm starving for perspective and context. I try to kill negative thoughts and I ask the Lord for what I need.

I have been asked countless times in my life, "Where were you born?"

I reply, "Lions Gate Hospital, North Vancouver."

Most of the time my answer is countered with, "Well, I mean to ask, where are you from? What is your Heritage?" or "Where are your parents from?"

I don't like to hyphenate my identity. I hate explaining myself and introducing myself with a disclaimer. I'm neither Afro- Indo- nor Caribbean-Canadian. I'm Canadian. I grew up in Alberta. I come from the smells of kielbasa sausage, fried onions and perogies. I come from fields of purple loosestrife (*Lythrum Salicaria*) and sticky June bugs. I can smell hockey tape and the sweat in the locker room at the rink, horse dung and mulch (wet stump woodchips and pig poop). I come from flat cracked grey earth... seeing the sunlight glint off the Rocky Mountains at sunset 300 kilometers away under a purple sky and the stars of the galaxy just beginning to wink and show themselves.

My Memoir as a Crewmember

Maria Coral Monge, Writing101

Chapter I: Big Decision

During my English class I started to see the world through my English book, which let me travel using my imagination. I remember pictures such as the Eiffel Tower in France, the Pyramids in Egypt, the Dead Sea in Israel, the Great Wall of China and so on. Thus, I decided that if I'd like to take a world trip, English must be my strong tool that will allow me communicate with the rest of the world. It's true that in any airport you land in further away than Latin America, English is the main or second official language. Therefore, it was clear for me: My goal was to travel around the world. But how could I do it? In those days I was living with my parents, I had finished my studies and I didn't have much in savings. It was a tough moment in my life.

It started at one of those neighborhood parties in Lima, Peru. It was a religious party because it was Virgin Mary's month—which means we were in May. That's why my name is Maria too. I was at this party when I met Angelo, who is my mom's best friend's son. He brought a sophisticated video camera with him.

"Where does that come from?" I asked curiously.

"It comes from New Zealand, my USB from Miami, and my laptop from Hong Kong."

I was surprised. How can he be in so many places at the same time? "Are you a flight attendant?" I asked.

"Sort of," he replied. He worked on a cruise ship as a waiter; he travelled all around the world and was fluent in English. "Why? Would you like to apply?" he said quickly.

I started to dream with open eyes about all these places from my English book. So maybe this would be the path I've been looking for to reach my goal.

"Hey! Are you there?" He asked.

"Oops. Sorry!" And he began to explain how ship life is and how I could apply.

I made up my mind that ship life was my destiny!

Chapter II: Getting on Board

The decision was made, and I applied to work on a cruise ship. The requirements were be young, healthy, fluent in English (any extra language was an asset), and have some money—about \$1000 USD. I thought I could meet almost all of them except the last one. As I said before, neither my savings nor my job was enough. Therefore I asked for a loan.

Before getting on board we needed to take a course that would gave us an idea how life on board

would be. I succeeded in it and I was accepted. To be honest, I was excited but at the same time scared because it would be my first time alone and away from home in a completely unknown environment. I remember when I received my first employment letter, which was written by my assigned ship, "Legend of the Seas" from Royal Caribbean Cruise Line. My start point was in Civitavecchia, Italy. I was in shock because I had expected to be sent to the Caribbean like my friends on their first contract, but my destiny wasn't set up that way because of my language skills—I speak French and Spanish and I would be widely useful in Europe.

Chapter III: Welcome on Board

All my fears went away when the port agent picked us up from Fiumicino airport in Rome. During the drive to the hotel, which was close to our port of embarkation, all kinds of ideas came through my mind: How big or small was the cruise ship, could people understand my English...wait, enough. Would they be nice and polite with me and was this a smart decision or was this just to get away from home? Only time would let me know how silly or clever I was.

We arrived at the hotel around 9 p.m. and we did our quick check-in because the dining room at the hotel closed at 9 p.m. Unfortunately, when we got there it was closed, and we went somewhere else to eat our late dinner. The concierge suggested a pizza place, which was three blocks away from the hotel. Sandra, Joan Pablo and I were starving after a long 20-hour flight. Once again at the restaurant, Juan Pablo was our translator. As you can expect even the menu was in Italian. I ordered seafood pizza; it was so crunchy and not as thick as a real Italian pizza, nothing compared with those American brand names. Since we were in Italy, we must drink Italian wine and it was so tasty that I understood why Italy is the number two wine seller all over the world.

I woke up before my alarm sounded, took a shower and got dressed up ready for breakfast in the main dining room where I would meet other crewmembers from all around the world, who were speaking mainly in English. Now I felt that I belonged here because I was able to understand what they were saying. After breakfast, the port agent came with a list of our names. All of us boarded the same shuttle which was heading to the port, 20 minutes away from the hotel.

I was surprised when I saw the ship for the first time; it was big but the other crewmembers beside me said, "This is the smallest of the fleet." "I can't imagine how the biggest one must be," I replied immediately. The first control to be carried out was our medical test. Sandra said she had a fever two days ago and was isolated by the medical team on board. Juan Pablo and I were cleared quickly, since we didn't have any issues. When our supervisor, Santoso from Indonesia, came to pick us up from the main gangway, with a big smile he said: "Guys, you have got the clearance sticker which means you are officially welcome on board."

Campsite Summer

Patricia D. Haram, Writing201

When I was visiting my daughter, son and grandchildren, we went camping one day, on Texada Island.

The campsite was wonderful, nestled in the woods among trees and foliage. The smell of cedar and campfire was so peaceful.

We were nestled into the site and built a small campfire right away. Next, we set up the tents and wood for the fire.

My son Mike, Roselyn and I went for a walk to the ocean with a pail and shovel to dig up some clams.

Mike said, "Just put your hand into the water and sand and grab them!"

It was so easy; it felt wonderful. I could feel the shell between my fingers as I retrieved it from the sand and placed it in the pail.

We collected about 60 and headed back to the camp.

That night Mike started on the cooking process: the clams opened up after steaming in their shells over the campfire. He made a lovely sauce, so we dipped the shell into the sauce and ate it. What a wonderful taste! He is such a good cook.

The next day we ventured out in the canoe—Roz, Reace and me. We paced ourselves to go as far as a rock further in the distance.

We came to the rock and passed it! I was nervous about being that far from shore. We travelled a ways further as we saw something moving ahead of us on the rock.

"Oh, my gosh!" I shouted. It was a group of seals, staring at us from a distance. I said, "Let's go now!"

Roz said "No, I want to get a little closer look."

So we went another twenty feet and saw a whole group of them, then turned towards the shore.

We named it "Seal Island." I do not know if anyone else had ventured that far or not, but it was an adventure for us!

Searching, Searching

Iskote' Iskwe (Fire Woman) Arleen R. Windigo, Writing201
(Muskowekwan First Nation)

"Love, what is it?"
All my life I looked for "Love" from others.
I searched for this thing called "Love" in many places.
Yet, it never found me.
Foolish me,
Little did I know, that I never had to search or look at all.

As time passed, I learnt that "Love" needs to come from deep within oneself;
I had to do work on myself and allow myself to deal with the issues that were blocking
my emotions.
I needed to look towards the realm of the childhood past of the inner me.
Now, what does that mean?

I said, "Iskwe (Woman), take a look in the mirror."
Now, what do you see?
I stared at those empty eyes staring back at me.
Good Lord,
I didn't know if I wanted to look at what was staring back at me.
It was hard work, but it needed to be done.

I know that I needed to be very gentle with myself,
and the work was going to be real heartbreaking to bring that true beauty out from
within.
The feeling sorry for yourself, the living in the past or the part of playing the victim,
Will not work, no more.

Knowing that self-love was going to be hard work, chipping away at those layers of pain,
and the issues of childhood traumas, including the unresolved grieving of generational
abuses.

The years of carrying this grief, and numbing out with addictions,
of blaming yourself, that you were not worthy enough to receive and accept willingly
from others, true emotions of "Why you were looking for Love. What it is?"

A Step Forward

Victoria Michaud, Writing101

...when opportunity knocks you have to answer the door
to see a new pathway you've never taken before
move forward in faith one step at a time
with interesting people also of like mind

...a little scary and interesting but something feels right
about this writing class that starts Tuesday night

...as each week goes by there is more expressed
in this space of acceptance without judgment or stress
...we all have our story and are willing to share
sometimes it's hidden behind words of despair

...this new arena of self expression
has given us freedom without any question
...to sing them...to rhyme them...or tell them as is
words are universal not just hers or his

...expressing ourselves through creative words
is a positive outlet and a way to be heard
...a way to stay centred and not lose control
whether fact or fiction a story is told

...thanks to the teachers for their guidance and wisdom
this opportunity is now an adventure with vision
...if we move forward with belief in ourselves
this journey could lead to our books on the shelves...

Hazel's Progress

Barbara Morrison, Writing101

"Tell me every detail of your day—
when do you wake and sleep, what
eat and drink?
How spend the interval from dawn
to dark—
What do you work at, read, what
do you think?"

—"The Answer," P.K Page

Life passes beneath her freckled,
weather-beaten hands
which belie her youthful yet determined
floury smudged face.
From her curtainless kitchen window
the mother and wife stares
almost unseeing
at the skeletal remains of their once
promising succulent garden-
wrinkled corn, bitter beets, shriveled
scarlet summer beans,

and stringy rhubarb, pebble-sized
peaches and green gage plums
(plus fragrant marigolds for keeping
feral rabbits away)
quickly withering under the weight of the
Great Depression's record breaking
heat wave.

Refocusing on her weekly baking,
the housewife wearily kneads
the malleable mound of bread dough.
As she rhythmically works, the pungent
yeasty scent fills the air while
the gluten (and her shoulders)
tightens up in a familiar way.
"Tell me every detail of your day."

Allowing herself to look back,
she ponders what university life and
marriage to her first love
might have held for her.

Would she have studied Spanish or literature
or possibly education?

If only she could have afforded the
University of British Columbia's tuition
fees of forty dollars per year
but out of pride, would not ask her
Scottish-Irish parents for an advance.

In the early 1920s how many working class
parents dared to think
of lending money to their children—especially
the oldest daughter who dutifully
assists with laborious domestic chores—
when there are six more children at home
and father's just begun his new post-war
career in policing.

"When do you wake and sleep, what eat and
drink?"

A daughter who challenges societal mores
by loving the wrong man.
One who is not only from the "wrong" old
country but also not of the "right" faith.
Instead of marrying her beloved—a Polish Jew—
she enters an arranged marriage with an
older, strong-willed Scottish-Canadian man.
(While still a teenager, his grim refusal—
alone out of five siblings—to adopt their
new stepfather's surname will create
a rift in the family.)
So too will the arrival of his divisive
mother into the young family's home.
Much like ancient Scottish battles,
this familial one will also leave
indelible tattoo-like marks.)
The young homemaker strives to offer
solace to family and friends
by opening their home whether to enjoy
a much needed meal or to offer
their gardenless souls
a place less stark.
"How spend the interval from dawn
to dark?"

Although her husband's job at the Hammond
sawmill provides just enough income
for his large extended family to be slightly
better off than most,
every night her strict Calvinistic mother-in-law
locks up the pantry right after dinner.
Despite the young mother's protests, her two
hungry babies cry until they fall
asleep every night.
Slowly, her thoughts return to her
domestic tasks. She cuts off two
hearty cooled heels from a loaf
and gently soaks them in a ceramic bowl
of goat's milk
for her ravenous teething son and daughter
to nibble on. Soothing them,
her over-worked mind is drawn to a
pantry shelf holding their sole book:
a dog-eared copy of John Bunyan's
The Pilgrim's Progress. Closing her
eyes, she recites her favorite line
"As I slept I dreamed a dream."
"What do you work at, read, what
do you think?"

When I Dance

Irena Pindur, Writing101

When
I dance
I feel free
There is no time
No thought
No worry

The whole world STOPS just for this moment
I feel I'm covered
By millions of
Invisible smiles
Nothing matters
Just this
Just this
Just

T

h

is

Poetry Variations on Sappho

Cher Hurrell, Writing101

Variation #48, Sappho:

The sinking moon has left the sky,
The Pleiades have also gone.
Midnight comes and goes, the hours fly
And solitary still, I lie.

Poem #1 Variation:

Midnight arrives, earth's moonlight is diminished,
Constellations mask their glow.
Minutes befit hours of sleeplessness,
Alone in stillness, I lie.

Poem #2 Variation:

The setting moon departs the midnight sky,
Taurus's lights disappear from sight.
Seconds become fleeting hours of pondering,
Immobile, in oneness, I recline.

Poem #3 Variation:

Moon and constellations are engulfed in darkness,
Taurus's bright flames are quenched.
Time moves its mighty hand towards dawn,
In seclusion, sweet slumber denies.

I Remember

Carolina de la Cajiga, Writing101

I remember when I did not worry.
I remember when I believed what I saw.
I remember when I believed what I read.
I remember when I believed what I heard.
I remember when I believed what I was told.
Now I don't. I question.
I remember when I believed the ones in charge knew what had to be done.
I trusted. Now I don't.
I remember when I was trusted. If I said it, that was what was.
Now I have to remember codes, otherwise what I say is not.
I remember when I was just me. Now I am not without passwords.
Do I remember right? Was it as I remember? Or not...
Are we better off now?
It is hard to remember how differently we lived just a short time ago.

Hook

Garth Feschuk, Writing101

Above dark horizons, sunlight rises
A new day, new beginning, new hope.
A raven crows, oh koo ka choo
Birds sing morning's glory
Rodents scurry
A clock gongs
Tick Tock
An apple falls
The day goes on
sun moves to centre's mast.
Whispering clouds flutter
Eyes stare clearly through new windows
Black clouds appear
Rain pelts earth's soft skin
Aghast tragedy despair
Hopeless tormented agony
Placards read John 3:16
The end is near
Today's baseball game is rained out.

Salty Home

S.H. Steel, Writing201

The planet Earth so salty is
too wet and dry
too cold too hot
too fast or slow
too rich too poor
Yet
The other planets don't seem so comfy
I don't think I could
find or build a better planet
for us to live on

The Peace of Paper

Barbara Morrison, Writing201

I

Tending to her garden on the refitted Norman tower,
the woman knocks over a moss-covered cherub statuette.
Spiraling upwards, the winged object passes the rose bower
and gently bounces off the thatched roof of a marionette
shop. The cherub comes to rest on the ancient courthouse's hour-
glass near a sign stating, "Only Satan and his cabinet
may enter here. All others must go to the upstairs entrance."
Pulling off her gloves, the woman stares up into the distance.

II

While folding the model "Girl Holding the Sky," the Creator
pauses to brew some tea and ponder. Taking up a fresh quill
and scratching on reams of sheets, the One reflects on the Greater.
Time passes in a vacuum; the out trays burst to over fill.
Winged messengers deliver the epistles from the Maker
who stares at the origami model lying on the windowsill.
The woman surveys the lush greenness of the fallow pastures
and reflects on the comings and goings of the last few years.

III

Like their wild geese counterparts, other silent messengers zealously guard the words that are not always worth the paper they are printed on. Too many of these dreaded passengers carry fragile news to untold millions. Lighting their tapers for those who have answered the call, no one is a foreigner to tragedy. Every chapter leaves a raw, exposed flavour. To this woman, these unwelcome missives bear the destinies of children, adults, parents, spouses, allies, and enemies.

IV

While walking his dog, a man spies a fish stream; he tears up a new telegram and watches the words transform into pulp. Hovering nearby, the cherub statuette daydreams as the alphabet of peace floats by. Always a non-conformist, she removes a spool of thread from under a sculpted wing. Folding a crane, the Creator awaits humankind's reform. Under her granny's crazy quilt filled with peace quotes and song birds, the woman tosses and turns under the weight of the old words.

V

Making a lariat with the thread, the cherub throws the loop over the alphabet of peace's last letter. As the kite dances about on its approach to the fish stream, she swoops gracefully down and winds the thread around the beautiful white fish that ate the man's bruised words. Using the kite as a net hoop, she pulls the fish out, gently cradles it, and silently waits. With her grandmother's peace quotes resting uneasily on her, the woman sings a lullaby for her mother and father.

VI

With homage to the fish, the cherub delivers it with a reverent nod to Satan and his council and prays that the shape-shifting message will effect a peace truce between the magnificent Heaven and the scarred Hell in their fight for humans' souls. Lifting the veil from Satan's eyes and achieving a covenant: When might they ever heal their ever unnatural rifting? Once back at the tower, the cherub works on a long awaited hymn while the woman ponders her latest commissioned requiem.

VII

Upon eating the sacrificed white fish (and its altered words)—
a product of the poisoned world he has created—Satan
envision himself as being more popular than the Lord
as well as being responsible for the mass destruction
of the One's creatures. No longer wishing to live by the sword,
Satan refuses to bear witness to this annihilation.
Staring at her draft, the woman wonders how to pay homage
to the battle-weary human spirit and its old courage.

VIII

Remembering Adam in his innocent naked state, Satan
laments his own lost state. In relinquishing his rigid hold
on the deep pits of Chaos, and his palace now forsaken,
he prays for strength. No more will he imprison humans' souls.
Dedicating his life to one of thoughtful contemplation,
he wishes to be welcomed back into the heavenly folds.
Humming the song "Instant Karma," the woman dreams of a way
to unite the two divided worlds. The cherub hums and prays.

IX

Images of the peace of paper float through the woman's dream:
paintings, books, photos. She caresses the faded cover
of her granny's crazy quilt with its embroidered and serene
song birds and peace quotes. She hands up the old quilt to the hover-
ing cherub who flits off in search of the One. Reciting Rilke's "The Stream,"
"God is the place that always heals over" (quotes the poetry lover,
Satan) "However often we tear it." Sharing a passion
for folding cranes, the two new allies' Bed-In is in session.

ENDNOTES

The ottava rima's original premise was conceived during an origami conference that I volunteered at in Vancouver over the 2007 Remembrance Day long weekend. I was also inspired by Steven Croft, an American poet/academic/blogger/U2 fan who retired from the military in 2016.

1. The title "The Peace of Paper" was taken from a t-shirt worn by a conference attendee. I was also alluding to William Butler Yeats's "Easter 1916" as well as the end of a major war.

2. Stanza I:

Line 1: The beautiful refitted Norman tower I referred to is Thoor Ballylee; W.B. Yeats and his family once lived here. It's not far from Lady Gregory's Coole Park in County Clare. I've fond memories of that little tower which I visited on my first trip to Ireland in 1996.

Line 1: The actual garden is above a little shop in Vancouver. As we were driving to the conference, one of my friends pointed it out to us. I kept that image of an oddly, yet quaintly, located garden in my mind's eye that whole weekend.

Line 2: The cherub statuette is a forlorn waif that I saw from a window of our conference room; the hotel is a heritage building (Fairmont Hotel, ex-Hotel Vancouver). The cherub's location is a mystery to me.

Line 5: The "ancient courthouse" has been renovated into Vancouver's largest major art gallery. In reality, it is a stately heritage building and the site of many political and social justice rallies and protests.

3. Stanza II:

Line 1: "Girl Holding the Sky" is an origami model that I saw at the conference. I was taken by its name.

Line 5: Winged messengers—An allusion to "The Wizard of Oz."

4. Stanza III:

Line 2: these unwelcomed missives—War-time documents and telegrams delivered to the soldiers' families, etc.

5. Stanza IV:

Line 4: alphabet of peace—The title of a poem that an Vancouver elementary class once read at their school's Remembrance Day ceremony.

Line 7: granny's crazy quilt—I had in mind the fun-loving radical group "The Raging Grannies" who pop up at political rallies, demonstrations, etc. I was also alluding to a vintage crazy quilt I once had in my quilt collection. I liked the imagery of tossing and turning under the weight of both literal and figurative words.

6. Stanza VII:

Lines 2-3: more popular than the Lord—An allusion to John Lennon's perhaps misconstrued remark.

7. Stanza VIII:

Homage to John Milton's "Paradise Lost" and the Beatles' "Instant Karma."

8. Stanza IX:

Lines 5-7: "The Stream" by Rainer Maria Rilke

Line 8: The famous John Lennon/Yoko Ono Bed-In took place in Toronto. Origami cranes are now an international symbol for peace.

If We Had Our Own Homes

Lisa David, Writing201 & Writing Mentor

A "zipper song" to the tune of "If I Had A Hammer," by Pete Seeger.

If we had our own homes
We'd close down all the shelters
We'd be sleeping in warm beds
All over this la-and
We'd say goodbye to bed bugs
Friends could come to vi-is-it
We'd be safe and secure; out of the rain
A-a-a-a-all over this land.

If we had our own homes
We could cook our own meals
We'd say goodbye to soup lines
All over this la-and
We'd have our own ta-bles
Friends could come to vi-is-it
We'd be safe and secure; healthier, too!
A-a-a-a-all over this land.

If we had our own homes
We'd store our belongings
We'd say, "Goodbye, shopping carts!"
All over this la-and
We'd go out unencumbered
Friends could ask us o-ov-er
We'd be safe and secure; happier, too!
A-a-a-a-all over this land.

End of the Line—Traveling Wilburys

Shawna Di Guistini, Writing101

Each and every time I hear this song it invokes the same emotions. Peace and joy. Don't let the title fool you. Love life, and live a life YOU love. Easier said than done I understand, except when I'm listening to this song. It always serves as a strong reminder that life is short, and brings a smile to my face. When I think back to the first time I can remember hearing this song, I'm surprised at the level of detail I can so easily recall. I was sitting facing the altar at Sevenoaks Alliance Church. I can remember it so clearly now I think because it was a very happy and familiar place from my childhood. There weren't many. I was married at that very same altar nine years later. I have always felt some level of comfort at church. I did not feel or find any comfort or understanding in death, however, and this is what had brought me back to the "comfort" of my childhood church in my very early adult years. I believe I was maybe 20 years old. A memorial service for my friend Brad had brought me back to my hometown church on this particular day.

I have always been more of a visual learner. I don't remember the words spoken at the service, or even who spoke. What I do remember are the pictures, and the slideshow that preceded the eulogy. Writing, I can easily remember it like it was yesterday. The compilation of the pictures, the videos and lyrics to "End of the Line" brought me peace and understanding. The video compilation of Brad's life consisted mostly of photos and songs that he loved. It brought tears of both sadness and joy all around me.

The last segment of the slideshow was a clip from the boys' last dirt-biking adventure. Live footage from the day of the accident, the day that took his life, was playing like a movie right in front of me. The sounds of their voices echoed throughout the large chapel. I distinctly recall the music on the slideshow fading out, and changing to what was the final segment of the slideshow. I remember the sounds of laughter, joy and friendship. Boys being boys. They were riding their dirt bikes and capturing their memories on film. I'm not sure at what point during this clip that "End of the Line" faded in, but I'm certain that it did. The video was still playing in front of me, but the voices had faded out. The voices were replaced by the lyrics of a song that I had never heard before.

The connection that this song made that day helped me "rationalize" death, or at least Brad's death. Being present at his memorial, watching live footage of him on the day of his accident and hearing the lyrics "It's alright, if you live the life you please" was such a powerful message. That day that song helped me reconcile a loss. Brad was an amazing person, and he lived his life to the fullest. He was and still is a positive role model in my life, as is this song. Today when I hear this song it continues to bring me peace and fond memories of a dear friend. More importantly, it puts a smile on my face every time I hear it and reminds me to live a life I love, just as my dear friend had done.

My Butsadan

Alexandre Ramsey, Writing101

My rosewood and mahogany Butsadan (altar box) is 36-years-old now. My Butsadan is three feet high and one foot wide with a small ornamented drawer at the bottom to hold my incense, prayer beads and Sutra book (prayer book). There is a strong odor of the ylang ylang and bergamot incense baked into the walls of it now, and the double doors have begun to creak open to reveal my Dai-Gohonzon which is an object of worship not an object to be worshiped. The Gohonzon has been inscribed for me by a Japanese priest or Sensei at my enshrinement service, which is much like a baptism. When I was enshrined, I was tapped on the head with a Japanese sword by the Sensei (priest) and I genuinely felt a shock of electricity go through my whole body, head to toe.

It is believed that when the Sensei enshrines your object of worship he fuses your life with the life of the scroll and for this generation to the many others that you will inhabit—you are intrinsically linked, and are to be buried with it. Those terms mean nothing to you but they mean safety to me, they mean life to me. Many times in my life I have chanted for guidance and many times I have miraculously seen the result.

For example, my youngest sister has been on drugs since the loss of my parents and two brothers, and she has never wanted to be found. However, one day in August I received a call from her parole officer to tell me that she wanted me to come and get her in Edmonton, AB. Well, timing is never right for challenges and I was only working part time—how could I afford this?

I chanted for guidance and the next day, while at work in the mall I met a university classmate who was in town from Edmonton to play baseball and he said he had extra room if I wanted it. That very afternoon, my cousin came by for coffee and said he had to go to Edmonton, you guessed it, baseball, and he wanted company for the drive. So, now I had a place to stay and I had a means to get there. All of this in twenty-four hours. So I sublet my apartment and off I went to Edmonton.

But where was sister? All I knew was that she might be at a Womens' shelter, my first stop!

When I arrived in Edmonton, I shared my challenge with my friends but they were not very optimistic. What would you do for someone you love—are there any limits? I was determined to find her. The next day I hit the streets picture in hand and went to the worst end of Edmonton: hookers, drug dealers, you name it, and I asked anyone who would talk to me if they knew her. I had come up with an address but arrived at it to find the apartment door gone, open to the dirty, tattered old mattresses on the floor and no Sis.

"What would you expect a crack den to look like?" I thought to myself. I was in such shock. "We weren't

raised like this," kept running through my head! What had brought her to this point? I searched shelters, seedy bars, walked the streets of areas I never hope to see again and to nothing. No sign of her, week one.

By week two, I had used up all the leads and didn't have a clue where to go next. I was starting to second guess myself, negative thoughts—maybe my friends were right. I thought maybe it was time to ask the Buddhist organization for help. All I could think of was my feeling of shame at having to ask for help from strangers and what would they think of me?

I think of how ridiculous it was for me to be in such a state of shame. This is why I became a Buddhist! So I went to the service and when they asked if anyone needed guidance I raised my hand and told the story of my sister. The outpour was amazing, we collectively chanted for an hour. After I left the service I felt better, less stressed and I had decided to cut through the mall. It was Sunday and I knew it would be empty. I walked and thought, thought and walked and then I thought to go to the third floor. There was a chapel on the third floor and as I noticed it I began to walk towards it I saw one other person coming toward me. This person had their hood up and they were dressed all in white. Closer, closer, wait Ducka; I couldn't reach her fast enough. We grabbed each other and cried for I am sure what seemed like an hour.

Anyway I found my baby sister and I put her on a bus back to Winnipeg where she lives now. For her, being in recovery means it's one day at a time, and for me I know that it was the power of chanting that helped me carry on, to hang on to the idea of finding her.

Every time I look at the Butsadan, I am reminded of the miracles that I have endured and am still to endure but I am sure that the outcome will always be for my highest good.

My Mother's Medallion

Denise Linnay, Writing201

It's a simple gold medallion on a fine gold chain bearing the image of Mary, Mother of Jesus, on the one side, and the cross with a large embossed "M" surrounded by a host of stars on the other. It belonged to my mother, who wore it faithfully as a reminder that all suffering in life held some special meaning, even if the meaning remained hidden and unfathomable. I received it after her passing twelve years ago and treasure it highly.

When I was young, perhaps around the age of ten, I asked my mother why she always wore it around her neck. She told me that my father had given it to her when she had been hospitalized and was gravely ill. He had put it around her neck and told her that Mary would heal her back to health so that she could return home to him.

She remembered touching it while lying there over many weeks, remembering his words and his tears.

It gave her hope and the will to overcome her illness.

She let me touch the medallion and took it off so that I could feel it in my hand. It felt so like a very sacred moment as I held it gently in my hand. I was in awe!

I keep the medallion in a special drawer in my jewelry box. The chain is very fragile and I don't want it to break. I only wear it when I am in need of healing.

I think that, at first, I was afraid of the power of the medallion. Now I know that the power is not in the medallion itself, but in the person herself. I do not need the physical form of the medallion. I can visualize the energy of the belief in the medallion and bring it into being at any time I wish. The value has intensified beyond its material nature.

For the present, the medallion has personal significance only for me. It is a story that I will share one day with my daughters. Its power lies in its story, not in it being possessed. Possession acts only as a reminder of the power of belief and hope. It is the story of caring, love, hope, and faith that inspires me still to believe in the power of miracles.

The Permit

Buffalo Star Woman (Sandra Delorme), Writing201 & Writing Mentor
(Nisichawayasihk Cree Nation)

After the Louis Riel Rebellion ended in 1885, the Canadian government created a "permit" system as a way to control the Aboriginal population. Up until the 1940s, when the government scrapped the permit system, First Nations people of Treaty 4 reserve—where my family lived—needed to obtain a permit to travel off the reserve. Indigenous people needed to carry this permit whenever they went off reserve, otherwise they would face being sent to jail.

My great great grandfather was called Micheal Trottier, and he was killed in the Louis Riel Rebellion. His youngest son, William Trottier, was put into one of the first Indian residential schools in Canada. He was raised by Oblate Catholic Fathers at Marieval Indian residential school—a place he returned to work as a shoemaker later in life. His job was not full-time and he made just 25 cents an hour.

William Trottier lived most of his life under this permit system. It was hard for him to make money because the Indian agent was very racist. An Indian agent was placed on every Treaty 4 reserve, and the Canadian government granted the agents authority to enact certain controls on First Nations people because they were scared of more uprisings after the Louis Riel Rebellion. Many descendants of the people who were involved in the Louis Riel Rebellion were from Cowessess First Nation, and other reserves in Treaty 4, such as my great grandfather, William Trottier. He lived on the Cowessess First Nation. The Indian agent controlled when Indians left the Cowessess First Nation. There was no opportunity for the people to have a job outside the reserve. William depended on the Indian agent, who never liked him.

This family story was told by my father to me, and told to him by his grandfather, William Trottier.

Cowessess First Nation, 1949

William Trottier is a tall, dark, slender and handsome Métis man. He is married to his sweetheart, Christine Trottier—a beautiful Métis woman with long black hair, fair skin and 5'8". They live in a 20' x 20' log cabin, filled with straw and mud logs. They live beside Cooked Lake, down in a beautiful valley, which they call "paradise."

William: "I have a quarter of wood to sell to Mr. Brown at Broadview for four dollars. I have to get a permit from the Indian agent up the hill. I will take one of my horses to ride the 30 miles."

Christine: "My dear husband, the Indian agent George has gone to Ottawa for a business trip for two weeks. And you can't leave Cowessess without the permit, otherwise you will go to jail until he gets back."

William: "I am going to check. Maybe he hasn't left for Ottawa yet. Please pray he is still here. We need that four dollars for the quarter of wood, or we will starve. We are out of everything, and it is too cold outside to put snarl for small game like wapoose (rabbit) or fishing. I could try to go fishing, but it is too cold to put my fish hut on the ice."

William goes up the hill to the Indian agent's house and sure enough the house's windows and door are all boarded up with plywood, on which he finds a note that reads, "Gone to Ottawa for two weeks." William is so upset that he yells at the house, "How am I going to feed my neechmose (sweetheart)." He starts to cry, frustrated that without the permit from the Indian agent he can't provide for his wife. He gets back on his horse and rides home to tell his wife the bad news.

Christine: "I can go and borrow some rice, flour, lard and baking powder from my brother Antoine, just down in our beautiful valley. The Indian agent is a horrible man. This is a very hard winter and he has no business leaving us without warning. Please, my neechmose, get our team of horses ready to go see my brother Antoine."

William: "Okay, my love, I will get ready to see my nestow (bother-in-law). Make sure to dress up warm because it is very cold outside, -40 Celsius. Please bring some blankets for our horses and for ourselves."

This beautiful couple traveled out in the cold on their team of horses to Antoine's house, which is 15 miles from their log cabin.

Christine: "I hope that my brother is home." They stand outside his log cabin as Christine knocks on her brother's door. Antoine answers and tells them to come in out of the cold.

Christine tells her brother that they have no food and her neechmose has a quarter of wood to sell to Mr. Brown in Broadview, but the Indian agent has left for Ottawa for two weeks without giving anybody warning. Christine asks to borrow some food and tells Antoine she will return everything when William sells his quarter of wood.

Antoine: "I will give you half of what I have."

William: "Thank you, nestow."

Antoine gives them wapoose, two cups of rice, five cups of flour, lard and baking powder.

Antoine: "I am giving you enough to make some wapoose stew and oven bannock. If you need anything else, we can ask our other siblings."

Christine: "I am so happy to come from such a loving family. Thank you. I love you. We have to go back because it is too cold for our horses to be out of their barn too long, even with the blankets covering them."

Christine and William make their way back to their log cabin, heading west on the frozen dirt road. William looks up at the hill and sees the Indian agent's house is on fire.

William: "Can you see the flames, my neechmose?"

Christine: "Oh no, someone is upset because the Indian agent has gone for too long. He is mean and cruel to leave us that long. He is just a horrible man with no heart, but he now has no house which means we will suffer more because he won't be able to write us our permits to do our business. He already likes to see us suffer."

William: "Our livelihood relies on the full cooperation of the Indian agent. Whoever burnt down his house is a dingbat because now he will make us suffer even more."

A Cup of Black Coffee

Hon Nguyen, Writing101

It was a rainy and cold afternoon. I was at the Starbucks coffee shop at the Main Street Science World SkyTrain station. Looking through the windows, I saw people rush home as it was getting dark quicker than any other normal day. There was much water flowing into the drain. My coffee was still hot. I patiently waited for it to get warm. All of a sudden, I remembered a true story about a Vietnamese writer from back in the 1970s. He was called Bui Giang, and he was born for Vietnamese literature. One morning, at a coffee shop in a small village, Giang walked in. There were some people there, and two of them were a young couple talking softly and whispering while having their black coffee. Giang walked toward the young couple's table and with his funny and sneaky behavior he grasped the girl's cup of coffee and drank it in mouthfuls. While the boy tried to control his temper and uncertain what to say, Giang held the coffee cup, quickly walked out of the shop, shut the door, and stepped down into the sewer close by. All the people couldn't stop watching him and wondered what he would do next. Giang poured out all the coffee and scooped some dark, dirty black water from the sewer and drank it happily. The

people were amazed while Giang crazily kept a smile on his face.

Giang, of course didn't know he had drunk both real and unreal coffee because he was insane during the time this incident happened. He later became "brilliantly mad," in 1969. In 1970 he was put in a hospital, but he kept playing with words. The amazing thing about this man is he put his madness into his writing and tried to prove that he wasn't insane. One of his poems says only insane people thought he was insane.

My Grandfather's Harmonica

Daniel D. Drost, Writing101



Daniel D. Drost, 2017

I was blessed in my life with so many wonderful people. Each one has given gifts of wisdom and taught me things that are useful to me even now. My mother instilled the empathy and compassion that defines me, and the generosity of teachers and employers has given me experience, skills and knowledge to exceed my expectations and become a responsible person.

There is one memory among many that is very special to me and at times evokes emotions of sorrow and thankfulness. It is a gift that my grandfather passed on to me. I was only six years old; I had just lost my father to a car accident a few months earlier. One great man stepped up to be my mentor, my grandfather. Almond Darrah was a tough man who spent many years as a lumberjack and log driver in the winters of New Brunswick, and he had an enormous family of thirteen children. He worked hard and had a happy home. He also understood my grief as he had lost loved ones before, most recently my grandmother; he was a great comfort to me. I would not realize his impact on me until years after his passing, especially the way he treated me as a young, capable boy, allowing me to wield an axe and drive a tractor and other tasks that some might think I was too young to handle.

It was winter and I was staying with him at his home, which was far too big for just him. In order to save heat, portions of the house had been closed up. We sat in the front room together by the stove and he played the fiddle for me and told me stories about the "Titanic" and the treasures and people that were lost that day. He did not own a television, and we only listened to the radio after dinner. He was

a happy man and always liked to give me bear hugs and call me Daniel Boone.

After a little more fiddle playing, he rose from his rocking chair and left the room. A few minutes later he was back with a small blue box in his big hand. He said, "I think you might like to play this." I opened the rectangular box and inside was a beautiful silver harmonica laid in a background of red velvet—it was so shiny it looked brand new. I removed it and looked it over and felt right there it was something special. Grandfather took the instrument from my hand and played it effortlessly, and I watched and listened in amazement how a rich, full sound could come from such a small thing. Even today I have not heard a comparable performance; he played just for me. I sat in wonder wanting to mimic him in every way.

He handed the harmonica back to me, and I wrapped my small hands around it, just like he had done. I blew into the reeds only to have a flat, small tone come forth. I did manage to successfully slide up and down the holes doing the scales, breathing in and out as many kids do. I practised until my lips were bleeding and dry. I wanted to learn to play so that my grandfather could see that such a gift was not wasted on me. I took it home and showed my mother—his daughter—what he had given me. She told me that this particular harmonica was one that none of his own children were ever to touch or play with. She said, "He must really love you a lot to give you that one." She remembered it from when she was a young girl. I felt very proud.

His favourite song I thought was "Amazing Grace." He played it often on the fiddle and the big pump organ that was fitted into the corner wall of his living room. I was determined to play that song for him one day, on the harmonica he had given me.

I do not have any genetic musical talent; my sisters received the DNA that promotes artistic and musical talent. Both of them can sing, play and draw amazing depictions of scenes that baffle me, although at the age of six I did not know any of this and proceeded to learn the song. I found the sheet music for it and struggled to play it on the organ—an electric organ of my mother's, with colour codes and numbers on the console—by transposing the notes to numbers. After a few days of unrelenting practice and memorization of numbers and timing, I was attempting to transfer what I knew from organ to harmonica. This task was harder than expected, from 88 keys to 14 air holes. Undaunted though, I began. This time I used a bit of Vaseline on my lips to minimize the damage.

After a few hours I was able to annoy most members of my family with the incessant repeating of the first few verses of the song, although they did say it was getting better. I committed the numbers and tune to memory and began playing outdoors and on my walks through the woods. I was ready to show my grandfather that his gift to me was worthwhile and that I honoured him. Many members of the family gathered every Sunday at his house, and so it was the case that day too. I was not nervous. I remember seeing all the smiling faces of aunts, uncles and cousins as I announced that I wanted to play a song for Grampy. I stood in the middle of the room and began playing and it flowed out of that harmonica with the same power that he had played his song. I was so energized I played with gusto, and when I finished I was grabbed by my grandfather and put upon his lap. He gushed and gushed about my performance, and I felt so good; all of my family gave me hugs and told me of the great talent I must have and that they had never heard a better version by anyone. Whether this was true or not I felt connected to all of

them for that moment and smiled so big; my mother even shed a tear of joy and pride.

It was and is a big memory for me because it not only brings up the hero of my young life, it tells me about myself too: when I try and I am determined to accomplish something, I can do it. I miss the bear hugs and the smiles that I got from him. My own son is now the beneficiary of that lesson in life. To try and do your best is good, and should be honoured. I encourage him because I know what is possible.

The harmonica is still in the blue box; it has not been removed very many times since that day. Sitting on a shelf in my mother's home, that gift is safer than Fort Knox gold, and it also reminds her of good memories and of her father, whom she loved very much. One day I may have the privilege of passing that harmonica on to a grandson of my own.

Maybe it's time to put the cable and Internet away for a while each day and try to play our own version of the harmonica. There is no telling where that may lead and I am sure it would not be a negative.

A Book about Flowers, a Garden, and My Grandmother

Keith Long, Writing201

I have a memory of my grandmother from a photograph that was taken when I was about age five. In the photograph, I am sitting on a patch of grass amongst a large blooming flower garden watching her at work. A few years after this 1950's snapshot was taken, she gave me an old gardening book filled with illustrations of plants and gardens that had translucent pages protecting the pictures. I remember that the pictures in the book looked like the covers on the jig-saw boxes that were popular at that time.

I think I must have been really attached to that book as I can still remember a dream I am sure was influenced by a picture in the book of some flowers in a vase, from when I was about eight-years-old and sick with meningitis.

In the dream, I am reaching above my head trying to touch the flowers. I think that must have been my first real, lucid dream.

This story ends with the memory of putting the book in a big tea-chest that was being packed for the boat voyage to Canada. Unfortunately, the chest was not among the ones delivered to our new home in Toronto. I am still amazed that I can remember this book some fifty-odd years after it went missing. But when I do think about it, I am reminded of that photograph of my grandmother and myself in her garden.

A to Z: A Hideaway

James Gillis, Writing201

Aspen trees everywhere, the forest was full of them. **B**irch were also plentiful. **C**olette took a long walk through them while following the stream. **D**affodils, her favorite flower, lined both sides. **E**cstasy. **F**or so long she had been cooped up in the house or at work. **G**etting away on her own was so hard to do with so many responsibilities. **H**ere was her element—nature, flowing water, fragrances, singing birds. **I**s there anything more serene and tranquil?

Just as she was heading back, she saw some semblance of a structure through the trees. **K**nees were knocking as she intently moved towards it. **L**ooking ahead, she made out the shape of a gazebo. **M**oving further ahead, she lost sight of it. **N**earing even more closer, it appeared again. **O**bviously it was camouflaged into the landscape. **P**erfectly designed so no passerby would stumble upon it easily.

Queasily she walked on to the wooden structure and noticed a dark brown bottle with a piece of paper inside it. *Rolling it open with anticipation as to what it could be, she proceeded to read the many written passages, penned in different inks, of varying lengths, written by many authors, the off-white paper was frayed slightly but was in good shape otherwise and most of the passages were readable with a little effort, possibly going back to the 1930s as some of the passages had dates within them while others mentioned events—the Second World War, Gone with the Wind, the Hindenburg disaster—and names—Charles Lindberg, Babe Ruth, Myrna Joy—in clear detail, and there were even some cartoonish sketches and doodles, about anything and everything—the personal, the weather, poetry.*

Such a treasure trove! **T**here was one passage that amazed her. **U**lysses LeBlanc wrote in June 1946 that he had just proposed to Verena and she had said yes. **V**erena and Ulysses, who were her grandparents, came to the gazebo as a place to be together. **W**ispily, she remembered her grandparents were originally from this area before they had headed out west and not come back—Colette herself only moved there recently. **E**xciting beyond belief. **Y**ears ago this secret spot, built by an unknown person for an unknown reason, had spawned her family. **Z**en.

A Short Story of Emeline

Celia, Writing201

Emeline was the third youngest of a dozen children, in a typical prairie farm family of the post-war era. Lots of hard work during the week, and off to the "local" church a few dozen miles away, on Sundays. After the church service, the men gathered and talked.

"Will the winter be long and hard, will the spring be early or late, will the summer be wet or dry"—and they talked about the newest harvest equipment that had arrived at the dealership in town.

The women's gatherings overflowed with swarms of children. They discussed baking, food preserving, clothes making, and compared their backdoor kitchen garden, that is, when they could be heard over the din of their boisterous children. Mothers had the added, but never spoken of, responsibility of keeping an eye on their rapidly changing pubescent offspring. This was the time to expose the "good church going" girls to the hardworking farm boys, and get them married off quickly before they could get into "trouble," bringing shame to the family and their church community.

Emeline faded into this family milieu as did her sibling; no place for individuality and personal expression. The children grew like weeds and married into family farms to the north, to the south, to the east and to the west, taking with them the moral, social and financial culture of their parents, as did their parents before them. For Emeline, it was different. Emeline, by fate or by default, became the sole caretaker of their aging parents.

In time, the parents and Emeline moved off the farm and into a small house in a one-traffic-light town, and doleful Emeline's caretaking became all encompassing—washing, cleaning, cooking, gardening and getting her parents to church whenever she could. As was typical of those times, seldom did a sibling drop by and give Emeline a day of reprieve, or even a few hours, "They lived away, they were busy."

Time moved on. The parents passed on. The house, in need of much repair, became Emeline's, along with enough money for basic needs, to last her for a year. She was now being seen by the church as "that poor woman, without a purpose."

"What should we do?"

It was their "Christian responsibility" to guide this aimless woman "before she became a burden" to the church and community, so they worked their "Christian ways."

As was usual, word gets around. There was a well-off farmer whose wife had passed on a few years back, leaving this "poor man" with two little girls to bring up.

"This is not a man's job; this is not right," and so the church ladies went to work...but they had a problem; the girls "needed" a mother, the house "needed" a housekeeper, but a single woman couldn't live in a house with a single man, so they created a wedding.

Time moved on, slight whispers were being heard here and there—maybe the girls were becoming difficult, maybe this man wasn't so nice after all. By this time, Emeline's difficult "condition" had been going on for some time, to the point where it was discovered she had been admitted numbers of times, even by ambulance, to the psychiatric wards of the city hospital.

She was given ever-changing diagnoses and drugs, and several rounds of electric shock treatment,

during this time.

More whispers came—this man had been abusive nearly from the beginning. The girls learned from their father as they grew. Emeline, under abuse and duress, was forced to sign over her house to her "husband." The girls cleaned out the house of the antique furnishings and sold them in town. Family keepsakes, only valuable to that family, were dumped.

Everyone was sure Emeline's health broke under the abusive pressure of these people, but what was it that set her up, to be so taken advantage of, and so powerless, in the first place?

After about seven years of "psychiatric care," somehow, someone discovered she was suffering from undiagnosed and thus untreated hypothyroidism—likely for decades. She was put on the best thyroid medication for her needs and in a few short months, except for patches of memory loss, she gained back her life—perhaps for the first time in her life.

With the help of a retired lawyer who heard of her situation, she got her house back. Upon coming to understand her life situation, she vowed never to let anyone lead her life, and she never did.

Welcome to your life Emeline.

Epilogue

A dozen years later, a niece, Jeana, who had a good marriage, faced the same health challenges as her aunt Emeline—missed diagnoses, thus wrong treatments, including rounds of shock treatments. While this was going on, her husband was being treated for cancer, and passed away. After about a half-dozen years of mental health care, Jeana was discovered to have hypothyroidism, was put on the correct treatment, and gained herself back (except for periods of memory loss). Later she remarried and spent many good years connecting with her family and finally getting to know her grandchildren.

Sandy's Day

Fred Shantz, Writing101

(Cook's Ferry First Nation of Nlaka'pamux)

Sandy lazily opened her eyes and was surprised it was so light out; this must be one of the days her human stayed home instead of being away all day. That was good. She thought the day would be more interesting. Though she thought, "my human is not getting up and it was breakfast time": not acceptable. She got up and pounced onto her human's chest to be answered with a low moan. Sandy had played this game many times before and knew it was just a matter of time till she won the battle. Sure enough, it did not take long for a low sigh to be heard. Sandy leapt down quickly heading for the kitchen, knowing that she had to be sitting in front of the cupboard that held the canned food lest

kibble became her fate. As planned, the ploy worked and the good stuff came out. Settling in to the seafood surprise, she thought this would be a good day.

As she ate she was brought back quickly because of the unmistakable smell of bacon coming to her nose. When her human finished cooking, she rushed over putting one paw on her knee and putting on the most pitiful look that she could muster. They had played this game before and she knew her human would save a piece just for her. After that her human started to clean up. Sandy knew that there would be no petting or lap sitting for a while, so she decided to go on her patrol till her human sat down by the flashy box in the living room.

That neighbour cat had been wandering around a little too much lately and definitely needed watching. She padded around the house looking out every window she could reach. The culprit was finally spotted out on the deck staring at something wiggling on the ground. Sandy was mildly annoyed to see the screen door was closed; still she thought I can still give the interloper a little payback. Crouching low she slowly went forwards the way she would if she saw a bird or mouse. He still had not noticed her—the bug must be tempting she thought. Suddenly, at the last second, she let out a howl and smacked the screen. That did it. Startled, he jumped straight up and quick as lightning ran around the corner of the house. Serves you right, she thought to herself. Maybe this was going to be a good day.

She started walking around looking for a sunny spot till her human was finished in the kitchen. Suddenly the loud bangy thing started which meant other humans were here. This could be bad or good she thought to herself. The old human lady always rubbed her ears and snuck treats from her ham sandwich, or it could be the young human lady that always brought the two tiny humans with her. They had caught her unawares once and closed the bedroom door; one day, wearing doll hats was more than enough. Action had to be taken, and fast. She ran to the top of the basement stairs and waited. She heard the door open and the patter of small feet; maybe it was not going to be a good day after all.

Well, cold and dank was better than doll hats, and she darted down the stairs into the dark. Then she heard the basement door close, probably to keep the small humans from going down. But as she went down she noticed that there was a basket of clean blankets by the machines in a bright square of sunlight realizing that it was time for her afternoon break for resting and snoozing; maybe it still might be a good day.

So she lay there in the warm sun in the furry blankets and started her next job of the day. She must have dozed for a long time because it was getting dark again and suddenly the light came on and there was her human at the top of the stairs relieved to see her. She knew it bothered her human when she could not be found. Her human came down and scooped her up and spent the whole rest of the day curled upstairs on the couch. As she sat there in front the flashy box she noticed that she got lots of extra pats and cuddles. All in all, she thought it had been a good day after all.

In Walks the Lion: Big Money Eats Up Small Money

Antonio Lopez, Writing101

Vancouver's Downtown core—mainly from Cambie Street going east—is being eaten up by gentrification with no end in sight. Having lived and worked in the Downtown Eastside for many years now, it's easy for me to notice all the changes that have taken place. Our senior citizens are being pushed out. Where are they to go? There's no new land. Moreover, it's not just seniors; in fact, it's everyone who's making less than \$35,000 a year. I recognize that there is a small percentage of low-cost housing being built, however it is not enough. One would think, with all the property being sold and the taxes collected from them, that there would be more money for low-cost housing. That is not the case. Instead, the new living spaces are mostly high-rises and condos. It saddens me to see our most vulnerable residents—such as people with mental health challenges, people on income assistance or disabilities, people with addictions and our seniors (who I choose to call honoured citizens)—are being asked to leave their own neighbourhood that has been home to them for so long.

I look at myself for instance. I have worked in the non-profit sector for the last 21 years, as I knew I needed to work longer in order to save more. I have just retired and I now live in market housing where my rent is \$1021 per month, and with old age pension, my current income tops out at \$1672 for the month. I'm grateful that I was able to save a little money. However, sometimes I'm fearful that this only lasts for a little while.

I realize that there are no easy answers when big business has the government's ear. Vancouver has always been a beautiful place to live and work. However, for the last 35 or more years, it has been used as a bank for people with money to buy up property and hold on to it without ever turning on a water tap. These people are who I call the lion.

My question is, how do we help those of us who are being priced out of the housing market by these lions with no place to go? I have come up with the following suggestions:

1. First, what I would like to see happen is more funding be allocated to those agencies and individuals (for example, social workers) that know how to navigate the system in the Downtown Eastside. I know this works because I have seen it happen.
2. Second, I recommend that the 15% surcharge being added onto offshore homebuyers be allocated for the construction of new low-cost housing only.
3. Third, I recommend that each new housing project being built have, at the very least, 20% of the structure be reserved for low-income tenants.

Let's make it happen!

The Homeless Need Housing

Martin Murphy, Writing101

Tax more the rich
House more of the homeless
A reaper walks our city every night
And takes his pick from the hundreds
Of homeless. What can we do?

Academic

A Very Very Short History Of Us

Gilles Cyrenne, Writing101

"...in this material age of ours, the serious scientific workers are the only profoundly religious people."
—Albert Einstein.

For the first time in our long evolution we apes with big brains are able to see and experience a cosmic vista that begins 13.82 billion years ago and extends to now. From this experience we learn who we are and we can derive meaning not rooted in questionable revelations, authority or traditions.

We observe this vast material cosmos entirely through either direct observation or through extensions of our senses, microscopes that let us see down to atoms, and telescopes that help us explore galaxies millions of light years in diameter billions of light years away.

Observation alone is not enough. Understanding requires a story that connects what we see. Isaac Newton's equations prove that a falling apple follows the same gravitational rules that govern motions of planets, moons, suns and stars. Einstein refined and enhanced our view of gravity, matter, and energy.

Neo-Darwinism with evidence from fossils, anatomy, embryology, genetics, ecology, and the distribution patterns of plants and animals conclusively demonstrates the relatedness and interdependence of all life. It is possibly the greatest story ever told and shows that we all have a common ancestor and that we are cousins to algae and bacteria. Whales, lions, chimpanzees and bonobos are our brothers and sisters.

Beyond our bond with all life we are the stuff stars are made of. Carbon, the life molecule, is forged in the heat of battle between a fusion explosion and gravity when a star in its death throes goes super-nova, and for a brief period illuminates the heavens with the light of a million suns. Carbon and other elements form a dust cloud light years in diameter that eventually evolves into new stars, new planets,

and new life. We are stardust that breathes.

"Spirit" comes from the Latin word "to breathe." Air is matter, however thin. The sense of wonder I experience from my intimate connection with the vast material cosmos, an immensity of light years, and the vision I have of life that evolves naturally, to me qualifies as a spiritual experience. Knowing that we are all products of the same force, that energy, which propels a bud into becoming a bloom, connects all life. Without a breathing body spirituality cannot exist. Out of matter brain is born, creates mind, soul, and many other stories in order to explain reality to itself and to create meaning.

Now we know. We are atoms and molecules born in immense cosmic events, kin to all life, grounded in physical reality, a polluted reality whose biosphere needs serious cleaning up if we are to survive. Our work is to escape from dangerous myths: that possibly some god or some one technology will save us, to eschew dogma, and to create our own meaning with ways we love and live our lives. A spirituality that realizes that breath without biosphere is impossible might help. Possibly working to clean up our planet and striving to create a more equitable world gives meaning enough.

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WELL-WISHES



Hum 101/201 Participants

Gratitude is better than entitlement. Thank you to Dr. Margot Butler and all the staff and students for an interesting and informative year. Dr. Butler is an exemplary teacher and role model for the staff and students. We heard many passionate speakers and had wonderful field trips.

We are truly lucky to live in Canada and attend UBC. I extend best wishes to all my classmates and hope Canada is a wonderful home for you.

One of my favorite poets, Takeo Nakano, put this best:

MY HANDS

My hands tremble
As I sign my naturalization papers
Making me a Canadian citizen
And Canada my final resting place.

Translated from Japanese by Robert Y. Kadoguchi

Lorna Jean Johnson, Hum101/201 Mentor

The time that I got to spend with my classmates this year has meant a lot to me. I have heard so many points of view on the various classes that we have had together. I wish all of you the best and will miss seeing you. Being at UBC has become like a home to me: the Nest, the Museum of Anthropology, the library, and the staff at Hum.

Fred Shantz, Hum 101/201 Mentor

It has been a privilege to attend Hum101 on the traditional, unceded territory of the Musqueam people. I thank them for their participation and contribution to Hum. It has been all too short, a very interesting journey with each and all of you. It was an “enlightening” trip. It reminds me of a slide show that you need to stop, enjoy and appreciate every now and then. This whole experience was taxing for my thinking abilities but it was just what I needed to put more effort into it. The understanding and acceptance of my classmates did wonders to alleviate my anxiety. I wish them all enjoyment in their continued learning. “Let moral truth transform your life so that you shine like a jewel glowing in its light amidst the darkness of ignorance” (Pojman, Louis. 2006. “What Is Philosophy?” *Philosophical Traditions*. Toronto: Thomson/Wadsworth Publishing. 11.).

Viola Antoine, Hum101
(Anishinabe First Nation)

Hum101 is filled with people that are the heroes of their own stories. Much gratitude to everyone I was lucky to walk the path with this term. A sincere thank you to Margot Butler, Paul Woodhouse and class volunteers for their warmth, humour, and very meaningful, amazing work.

Jennifer Rudolph, Hum101
(Cree)

The Hum program is truly one of a kind. This program carries with it a shipload of priceless knowledge taught by world-class teachers in their free time. These teachers—who are all scholars in their various fields of expertise—share their knowledge of well-rounded subjects, from architecture to First Nations education.

Some say that the more “star-studded” dream teams changed the scope of the Olympics, when they started fielding professional players in basketball and hockey. In the same way, Margot changed the evolution of learning by recruiting a dream team of teachers to share their knowledge and change the lives of the students. In addition, we are blessed to learn these teachings at one of the best universities in Canada, located on the unceded territory of the Musqueam people. Margot also has an amazing team of assistants and volunteers who are very supportive of the students. This Hum101 team goes out of their way to assist Hum students. This Hum101 program that has existed for 18 years is truly remarkable. Sometimes I even have to pinch myself!

Edgardo Sevilla, Hum101

Hum gave me a different perspective on my life and the world. It expanded my awareness, which I find very important—the more one is aware the more one can direct one's words and actions with conscious intentions. The course material and discussions not only furthered understanding of suffering in the world caused by economic and environmental crises, but also affirmed that there are many things we can do even from our small individual perspectives. We all need to make changes for the good of all of us and future generations. My wish for all participants in Hum—including faculty, volunteers and students—is that we all succeed in bringing positive changes in our lives. I am grateful for the encouragement offered, and for the thoughts and observations of all the Hum participants. I believe it has opened our hearts and minds to our potential to contribute, and to be seen and heard.

With gratitude to all the instructors and participants,

Mila, Hum101

I have experienced personal growth in learning from this course. There were some topics brought up that I would not have otherwise thought about, such as dying languages. I enjoyed the discussion groups as we talked about various topics. The trips were interesting, such as the guided tour of the Vancouver Art Gallery. The UBC campus is very impressive. I am thankful to Margot & Paul along with the rest of the team. Without this dedicated group, we wouldn't have Hum101. At times I think everything must be taught here. I have a commitment to learning new things. Humanities 101 and Science 101 have helped me in that endeavour.

Thanks,

KJ Conrod, Hum101

To everyone who works at and with the Hum program, I can't thank you enough for opening the door to so many worlds I didn't even know existed before. And to all my fellow students, thank you for sharing in class and speaking your truth so honestly and freely.

Best Regards,

Mike Sismey, Hum101

(Algonquins of Golden Lake, Pikwakanagan)

Great big thanks to all my Hum201 teachers, staff, all the volunteers and my lovely classmates as well. Special thanks to Simon who won a book draw and gave the book to me when I told him I'd like to read it, and to Mila and Antonio who always sat with me in the same discussion group and shared their rich experience of life wisdom with me!

Cindy QT, Hum201

I have learned in Hum classes that each professor teaches us to look at reality from different points of view. I admire the help and motivation of the volunteers, their respect and support to us is incredible.

Coming to classes has helped me in my English, as well as expanding my knowledge. Thanks to your support now I know a different history about First Nations in Canada and it has helped me to have more awareness of the Indigenous population in Colombia.

I feel happy to be part of the Hum community. I feel grateful for sharing this journey with my classmates, volunteers and teachers. I think that programs like Hum are important to improve social issues in Canada and the mental health of the participants, so we can take action. Thank you very much!

Raul Castillo Rios, Hum101

I would like to extend my warmest wishes to my fellow Hum101 students and to our teachers, instructors and facilitators. I very much enjoyed being part of our group. Even though we each brought our own personalities and opinions to class, I think we functioned well as a group, such as when we were on our field trips or when we were interacting with each other and our instructors in class. Dr. Margot and her team worked really hard to make us feel welcome and provide stimulating lectures and readings for us. I always felt aware at Hum that it takes a lot of preparation and hard work to make the program work so well. Kudos to UBC for creating a space for it to happen. Special thanks to the young people who give their time to provide support for the Hum program and, by extension, to communities in our city. Hum101 greatly enriched my life. My most ardent wish is that everyone involved, those who received this wonderful gift along with me and those who made Hum101 2016-17 happen were enriched as well.

Simon Limbert, Hum101

The creek is beside me—I feel the calmness...but excitement. This life adventure—this educational life experience—has given me joy. I can and will enjoy the sunshine, the rain, the snow—the personal growth. Thank you for this educational life experience. Thank you.

Kimberly Hurrell, Hum201

Best wishes to my fellow classmates. It's been an honour and pleasure meeting you. Thanks to Margot and Paul and the volunteers for your hard work and commitment.

"Speak the truth, even if your voice shakes."

James Gillis, Hum201

To my classmates, thank you for always teaching and offering something new; to help me acknowledge, learn and better understand situations we didn't know about. To the staff that put so much effort into Hum classes to inform us and motivate us to come to class and find a better, easier way to assist in all the interesting topics that have been taught. Thanks also for the wonderful field trips, and for giving us the opportunity to know about our communities a little bit more, and not to be so blindfolded about the different subjects. Finally, last but not least, to the great teachers that offer their time in their busy lives to teach us, educate us and empower us! Good job!

Ana Rosa Alcantara Matos, Hum101

Hum101 is a great class. I'm very grateful to be a part of Hum101. It is an amazing opportunity so thanks a lot Paul. Thank you Margot. Thanks staff.

Roody Etienne, Hum101

Dear Hum staff, students, volunteers, teachers, UBC facilities and the Musqueam land. Thank you for providing this welcoming atmosphere and place of learning, sharing and growing. Thank you for accepting flexible mindsets, which have allowed me to become a greater version of myself. Thank you to everybody for your enthusiasm and positivity, uplifting the spirits of the group throughout the year. Wishing Hum many more great years! This was a splendid experience.

Thank You!

Derek Myles, Hum101

I would like to thank all those that have contributed to the Humanities courses, namely the instructors, mentors, guest speakers, students and alumni that taught, honed and clarified the humanities curriculum. Thanks to the facilities and organizations that donated their time and efforts towards our enlightenment, and everyone else who has made the Humanities 101 Community Programme at UBC a possibility—and kept it going for almost two decades now. I wish and hope all future attendees gain from the knowledge presented, whether in written or oral form, or through semiotics.

Stergios Vlioras, Hum201

This has been one of the best experiences I've had in my adult life. From my first day of sitting and being assessed with Margot and Paul, I remembered the sense of being welcomed and made to feel as if I was needed. In addition, it was pleasantly surprising to realize that so many teachers were willing to give their time to contribute their insight and knowledge to the class. There are so many things I enjoyed about being here—too many to mention. In addition, I appreciated the volunteers that came—without their help, I don't know what I would have done. I so look forward to coming every week. Thank you very much.

Antonio Lopez, Hum101

I hope that you Hummers enjoyed this journey together: exploring, learning and developing our knowledge in so many different ways. I hope that you all continue your education journey and reach your dreams. The way that the Hum team care and support us has been amazing and remarkable. Thank you very much!

Monica Alas, Hum201

To all students, I wish you well in whatever future endeavours you go into next. I had a lot of fun getting to know you all and hope to see you in the future.

To the staff, you guys are so wonderful and kind. Thank you for giving your time to the program. It means a lot. And teachers, thank you for lending your time to teach the Hum101/201 courses. I'm sure I'll always remember the stories and lectures fondly.

Thank you Hum101.

Misty Rafferty, Hum101

Writing 101/201 Participants

The classroom environment was delightful! Having so many fun and fascinating personalities come together each week generated a wonderful energy that made the lessons something I looked forward to. I am sorry to see our term come to an end. Thank you to Maureen, Margot, Paul, and to all of the instructors, tutors, mentors and students who contributed to my adventures in writing. If we run into each other on the street, please be sure to stop and say hello.

With warm regards,

Lisa David, Writing201 & Writing Mentor

It has been an honour to be a student with the Hum crew. I have now completed all the Hum classes except for Science 101. I now have the courage to write my stories and I will be always grateful for my free education. Thank you Dr. Butler and staff for waking my soul up...now my children and I are on the right path with our education. We are going to have a better future.

Buffalo Star Woman (Sandra Delorme),
Writing201 & Writing Mentor

Special thanks to everyone who supported my growth as a writer in the two Hum writing courses I've been privileged to attend. Thank you to the staff, teachers who gave their time and expertise, the volunteers who helped in the classroom, and my fellow classmates who inspired, supported, and shared their amazing skills and talents with me. Best of luck moving forward!

Denise Linnay, Writing201

Miigwetch (thank you), this class has been an inspiration for food for the soul. Writing is now a newfound friend. It feels like an eagle soaring—the wind blowing through my wings and the vision of seeing beyond. Giving gratitude to the wonderful people that I have seen and grown close to. You are all special in your own ways. Talking to you makes me see how awesome you people all have become in my world.

In this course I even got to deal with my demons. I took the warrior stance and I was able to write about an incident that happened in my life. It is only part of the story, as the rest is yet to come. Thank you everyone for all that you have offered. Thank you for the inspiration. Thank you for giving me the ability to really look at myself and say damn it is time to speak out. No more carrying this weight within me anymore. I give gratitude to all you awesome caring teachers, authors, and writers. I am so proud for your help in making me see I have the power to make those changes for myself. Giving gratitude...

Miigwetch,

Iskote' Iskwe (Fire Woman)
Arleen R. Windigo, Writing101 & 201
(Muskowekwan First Nation, Saskatchewan)

I would like to thank friends who have supported me throughout my education, and give gratitude to the Downtown Eastside Women's Centre staff and volunteers who have supported me during times of stress and happiness for the last 10 years while I have been a volunteer there.

Thanks to Maureen Phillips and her troupe of well-educated writers of all genres. I learned a lot. I hope to have a book of poetry sometime soon. Thanks!

Patricia D. Haram, Writing201

It has been wonderful to share this amazing class with like minded people. Thank you to the teachers who organized all of this. The inspiration + guidance from all the teachers have been muchly appreciated and enjoyed. Thanks muchly. Luv + light. Keep smiling!

Victoria Michaud, Writing101

Thanks to all the teachers. Your dedication and shared knowledge truly inspires.

Thanks to all my fellow students, for walks to the bus after class, shared bus rides, conversation. I've made new friends. Yay!

Best of all possible worlds.

Great teachers sharing knowledge

Enthusiastic students sharing good writing

Good energy

Great atmosphere

Lotsa learning

Fun fun fun

Learning's always fun

Keep on keeping on

Super program

Gilles Cyrenne, Writing101 & 201

"There is real magic in words. The power to control thought, feelings and emotions. The power of immortality. With a pen and a piece of paper, you hold the potential to change the course of history."

I hope you do...

Jason D. Love, Writing101

Best wishes to the students, teachers, and staff.

Sid Steel, Writing201

The best to all my colleagues and supporters. May we meet again in our literary circles and whatever endeavors you wish to pursue.

Michael Edward Nardachioni, Writing101

I am very grateful for this course and my classmates, the teachers and everyone involved. My life-long interest has been reignited and I feel newly empowered by each class and every assignment.

Daniel D. Drost, Writing101

To all the grads at Humanities 101. I would just wish to say, thank you for making this class fun, memorable and a learning experience—good luck in all your future endeavors.

Best wishes and happy writing,

Garth Feschuk, Writing101

Thanks to (in order of appearance); Paul Woodhouse, Maureen Phillips, Margot Butler, Margot Mabanta, Marie Urdiga, Kevonnie Whyte, the coordinators and leaders of the program; my classmates, who told stories from the heart or fancied dazzling high tales; teachers Mandy Catron, Carol Sawyer, Reg Johanson, Marlene Schiwy, Steve Hahn, Pat Dobie, Wil Steele; the instructors and the librarians at the Vancouver Central Library.

Participating in the Humanities 101 Community Programme has been a marvellous opportunity. It has opened new worlds to me. I have learned from everyone. Many thanks!

My best wishes to all, and hoping we will cross paths again!

Carolina de la Cajiga, Writing101

It has been a fascinating journey into the world of writing. “Thank you” to everyone involved for your kindness, friendly atmosphere, for sharing your expertise, in-depth knowledge and passion. Wishing that you all reach your dreams. I would like to share with you what arts writer, Paul Gardner, said about painting (which I picture as being extended into many things, such as writing, even life’s journey itself):

“A painting is never finished—it simply stops in interesting places.”

With love,

Irena Pindur, Writing101

This year has been amazing, and listening to the stories and writing projects of all the students in the Hum class has inspired me to try harder at my own writing. The teachers have really put a lot of energy into their classes and you could feel and see this from the participation and sharing of experiences from the students in all the classes this year. I have really looked forward to these Tuesday nights and attending the classes. Thank you!

Keith Long, Writing201

Big thanks and respect to all of the Hum community. I'm very grateful to have had this opportunity to spark my imagination in this supportive environment. I've benefited from the program in so many ways. So many moving voices and stories from my classmates. I shared as much as I dared, and learned a lot. Shout outs and praise to Margot, Maureen, Marie, Paul, Chimie, Terry and Kevonnie.

R.I.P Colleen Carroll

Jerry Shallow, Writing101

This was without a doubt one of the best experiences I've ever had in a classroom. I'm so grateful for having the opportunity to participate and meet others with the same thirst for knowledge, and I'm looking forward to whenever I get a chance to come back. I've met wonderful instructors and more friends on this journey. I pray I never lose this desire to keep learning. Whenever I get to sit and write in the Nest I feel so inspired by the intellectual vibe that's so present in this space.

Antonio Lopez, Writing101

From the first day I walked into Writing101, my creativity was challenged. How stimulating to find in one place so many talented, creative and caring people.

The young, the old, the new Canadians, our teachers, all own the words—thank you, Margot, Will, Maureen, Paul and all the Hum staff for dedicating your time to us. As for my fellow students it has been a time I shall remember with fondness. Today we learn, tomorrow we might teach. The future is within our reach.

Cher Hurrell, Writing101

Everyday, that I have attended Writing101 has enlightened my life. The knowledge has affected me totally positively.

Thanks for the very special memories.

Kimberley Hurrell, Writing101

Thanks for the opportunity of sharing our written work week after week.

S.B., Writing101

Words don't begin to express the heartfelt excitement and amazement at attending the Hum Creative Writing program at UBC. If I could name all of you I would because each one of you have had a positive effect on me.

Thank you for this experience.

Alex-andre Ramsey, Writing101

I really enjoyed this course. You all have dedicated much to the program. Not only I, but also my peers had a great time learning and experiencing amazing lessons from you and other instructors. I indeed value the time you've worked with us. Please accept all my gratefulness for having me in this class. Sincerely,

Hon Nguyen, Writing101

A most rewarding experience. The classes were so interesting, particularly screenwriting. It's been a pleasure meeting such enthusiastic, talented classmates. Best wishes to all.

James Gillis, Writing201

Many thanks to everyone who participated in 2016's Writing101 & 201. It was a pleasure and an honor to have learnt from you, shared with you, and laughed with you. Wishing everyone much joy, peace, happiness, laughter, and best wishes with your writing.

Barbara Morrison, Writing101 & 201

Very much enjoyed taking this course. It has inspired me to begin writing again. Hoping to take Writing201 this winter.

Martin Murphy, Writing101

To all,

It was a big pleasure for me to have this opportunity, like a dream come true.

I'm very, very thankful for that. It was a big blessing for me. During the three months I had the chance to learn a lot, and I had the opportunity to meet the nice talented teachers and classmates; they are very nice people.

To all, thanks so much. It was a big pleasure to meet you all.

Fouta Djallon, Writing101

Thanks to all of you for giving us this wonderful opportunity to keep improving our knowledge. I hope you keep this program for many many years. Also, through these lessons I met teachers from different subjects and made some friends who I will keep in touch after the term.

Maria Coral Monge, Writing101

Volunteers

For Hummers, class of 2016-17,

What an immense privilege it has been to analyze, challenge, reconsider, ponder, wonder, and reflect with you all this year. I wholeheartedly enjoyed our many conversations before, during, and after class—and especially those in the break room, with a cookie! It was such a pleasure to lead you all on a garden walk through *xw'c'cəsəm*: the Indigenous Health, Research, and Education Garden at the UBC farm, to hear all of your stories, and the many ways each of us relate to the plants of these—and other, further away—lands. I hope you'll be back to visit the garden; if you do, don't forget to stop and smell the roses! All the best in this coming year and in whatever future studies you might commence.

Rueben Jentink, Hum101/201 discussion facilitator & teacher "Walking the talk" guided tour through the "Indigenous Health Research and Education Garden (IHREG)."

To all the inspiring, talented, insightful, and perfectly-positioned Hum participants, alumni, staff, and volunteers—thank you so much for always making my world bigger, more complicated, but always more connected and full of feeling. The local and situated knowledges you bring to class teach me to stop and listen, to slow down and consider that there is always more to the picture. Your activism, kindness, creativity, and wisdom make me a better me! I'm so privileged to learn from and with you all.

Mat Arthur, Hum101/201 discussion facilitator

Oki Nisokowa:

I will cherish each day that I have spent with you.

I hope that you have enjoyed the time that you have spent on campus.

To the staff—you touched my heart with your caring and willingness to share your time and what you have learned.

Miss Margot—girl, I love you! You, along with staff and participants have helped shape my spirit.

It is my prayer that each one of you has a successful future and continues to share your smiles and love with the world.

Thank you all.

Kitaitamatsin or Until We Meet Again....

Rodney Little Mustache, Hum101/201
discussion facilitator

Congrats Hum101 and 201 graduates! It's been an absolute pleasure getting to know you all and spend Tuesday nights learning alongside you. No matter where life leads you after Hum, I hope its full of love and kindness and learning.

Kate Black, Hum101/201 discussion facilitator

It was so lovely getting to meet and (hopefully!) help out some of you during 2016's Writing class. This was my first semester as a tutor and I couldn't have had a warmer welcome. Everyone had their own unique, wonderful, artistic spirit and I was so glad to be a part of it. Don't be shy and say hello if you ever see me dawdling downtown, or around UBC.

Cheers,

Marie Urdiga, Writing tutor

Congratulations to the graduating class of UBC's Hum101. I hope you've discovered that you are always in a perfect position to know and do, something! When you take the cotton out of your ears, and remove the dangling carrot from your sight line, you will no doubt find direction.

Terence Lui, Curator of Documentaries for
Thinkers series

Teachers

I hope your time spent at Hum was as rewarding for you as it was for me, being one of the many supporters of the program. The discoveries you have made will hopefully propel each of you to follow your passion with uncompromising belief. God bless and with much affection!!!

Gerald Ma

Dear HUM-mers, I want to thank you for your hospitality, for the thoughtful dialogue we had and for writing about what matters most. But more importantly, I wish you all good adventures ahead. All best,

Leslie Robertson, Anthropology & First Nations Studies: "Mobilizing hope through self-knowledge: collaborative ethnography with Kwakwaka'wakw peoples."

Congratulations Hum! It was such a pleasure talking with you about new media and digital storytelling. Your questions and comments left me with so much to reflect on. I left feeling much enriched. Thank you and all the best to you in your future endeavours!

David Gaertner, First Nations and Indigenous Studies & New Media: "A Landless Territory? Indigenous Storytelling in Cyberspace."

Dear Hum students,
Congratulations!
It was a pleasure teaching you!
Keep your great questions coming!
Warm wishes,

Ana Harland, Philosophy:
"Weaving ourselves through streets in a philosophy district."

Thank you Hum staff and students for extending me the invitation to offer an evening lecture in the program this year. It was such a pleasure and an honour to connect with you, and share in the rich and diverse experiences and questions that you brought to the classroom. I was energized by your energy, your thirst for knowledge and understanding, and I wish each and every one of you the very best in your next steps, both personally and professionally. Sharing my work, my hopes and my passions with you was a real highlight of the term, and I am so grateful for the opportunity to connect with you. With respect, gratitude and warm wishes,

Mark Turin, First Nations and Endangered Languages: "Intricate entanglements with Indigenous Nepali Himalayan communities."

You, Hum graduates of 2017 are an amazing class, full of wisdom, questions and analysis. I wish you, every precious one of you, to be well and happy, peaceful and at ease as you go out into the world. I wish for every precious one of you to continue learning as long as you have breath. Make whatever comes your way a learning experience. Thank you for sharing a Tuesday evening with me, and for teaching me by your enthusiastic and deep questions.

D'Arcy Davis Case, Forestry:
"Community forestry: earthly stories of embeddedness."

Congratulations to each of you for all of your hard work and dedication over the last year. It was such a pleasure to work with you, and I thank you for your generosity of spirit and your openness to new ideas. I wish you the very best for your future learning, and I hope that what you have heard and thought about opens up life-long curiosity.

Sadira Rodrigues, Critical Race Theory:
"'Race' in and out of 'place': shifting perspectives on location."

Thank you for the honour of spending time with you, and for your warm welcome. I listened to you responding to the poems from 100 Days so deeply and so generously and I recognized the kinship and connections that we build when we can imagine the lives of others and listen. Your compassion isn't a quality that is apparent in all classes. You have much to teach the world. I wish your paths will continue to open before you and I hope that you carry each other in strength forward.

With love and admiration,

Juliane Okot Bitek, Interdisciplinary Studies & Poetry: "100 days: every day for 100 days, writing a poem about the 1994 Rwanda Genocide"

Giving two lectures on Foucault to Hum101/201 was definitely a highlight of my year. I have taught Foucault in undergraduate courses many times, but I find that Hum students bring to class life experiences many of my other students don't have, which adds perspectives to the discussion that are very valuable. Hum classes are some of the most engaged course meetings I have ever taught, and I look forward to teaching them each year. Congratulations on your hard work and accomplishments this year!

Christina Hendricks, Philosophy:
"Placing people's powerful knowledge: intro to the philosopher Michel Foucault's work on power relations and power/knowledge" and Philosophy: "Have we been perfectly positioned to be docile bodies? Intro to Foucault's work on discourse and disciplinary societies."

To all Hum Graduates –

It was such a pleasure to share in your university journey this year, and to talk about some ideas with such an interesting group of people. May you continue exploring, learning, and sharing your wisdom with the world!

Sylvia Berryman, Philosophy:

“A Tale of Two (Social) Scientists: Milgram and Zimbardo” and Philosophy: “Going global: rights, responsibilities, and the meanings of global citizenship.”

Dear Humanities 101/201 Students,

I am so happy to have met you. I truly enjoyed reading and discussing Salinger with you.

Huge con--c-o-n-g-r-a-t-u-l-a-t-i-o-n-s to you all!

With respect and admiration,

Michael Zeitlin, Sergeant X, The Laughing Man, Mary Hudson, the animals of the forest, Black Wing, Omba the lovable dwarf, and Esmé

P.S. My little friend here wishes to add a few words:

HELLO HELLO HELLO HELLO HELLO

HELLO HELLO HELLO HELLO HELLO

LOVE AND KISSES CHALES

Michael Zeitlin, English:

“Closer, come closer...Doing a ‘close reading’ of “The Laughing Man” (Nine Stories by J. D. Salinger, 1953)” and “Still closer, yet ? Watching narratives hinge on plot reversals in “For Esmé—With Love and Squalor” (Nine Stories by J. D. Salinger, 1953).”

Dear Hum participants,

My sincerest thanks and warm wishes for inviting me to share in your learning process this year. It was a privilege and a pleasure to work and learn with you, and to explore what we are in a perfect position to know and do *now* through the lens of geography. The university community is so much richer with you in it!

Yours,

Tiffany Muller Myrdahl, Geography:

“Being in the changing Present: community mapping during gentrification.”

Hello grads, 2017

As always, it feels good to wish you well, and to thank you for listening and looking again to my thoughts and slides. It will be a long time, but someday there will be no mythical figures carved into the walls of Vancouver’s downtown buildings. When I am done with them, I will donate my collection of slides to the Vancouver Archives.

Arthur Allen, Architecture:

“SAFE Places: Found On a Road Trip in Search of Ambivalent Architecture in Western Canada” and “What was Orpheus in a perfect position to do, but didn’t ? ” Tour of the historic Orpheum Theatre.

Dear Hum friends,

As I have said to Margot and to others about the Hum project, as knowledge is taken up in new contexts, it changes. Liberated from traditional classrooms and traditional expectations, academic knowledge revives—it wakes up! And it changes. Suddenly it looks different; it points in new directions; it poses new questions. That's what HUM does for knowledge in Arts. Magic. Thank you, Hum.

And warmest congratulations to this year's thoughtful, attentive, and hard-working participants,

Janet Giltrow, English:

"What are you in an ideal position to Say and Overhear, now?"

What a great, engaged group you all were this year. Thanks for joining the tour of the Museum and for all your penetrating questions. All the very best for the future and hope to see you again soon.

Best,

Anthony Shelton, Director,
Museum of Anthropology

Anthropology: Field Trip: : "Immersion:
practicing critical museology in traditional,
ancestral, unceded Musqueam territory"

Congratulations to a fabulous group of students. My class time with you was rich, engaging, and fun. You had so many good questions! Remember, "It is better to know some of the questions than all the answers" (James Thurber). We went into some complicated areas, and I was happy to share with you a quote that I find particularly useful: "Hypocrisy is the tribute that vice pays to virtue" (Francois La Rochfoucauld).

Warm wishes,

Margot Young, Law and First Nations Studies:"

What are we in a perfect position to know + do about Indigenous people's rights, right now? United Nations Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous People. Article 1: Indigenous peoples have the right to the full enjoyment, as a collective or as individuals, of all human rights and fundamental freedoms as recognized in the Charter of the United Nations, the Universal Declaration of Human Rights" and Law and Gender Studies: "And women's legal rights? The Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms, Universal Declaration of Human Rights, and Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Discrimination against Women."

Dear Class of 2016/17,

Congratulations on completing an intensive year of thinking, reflecting, discussing and learning from one another! I was truly inspired by the dialogue of openness we shared during our evening together. May your curiosity and engagement lead you, us, and everyone we encounter toward greater understanding!

Heather Holroyd, Sociology:

"What are immigrant women in a perfect position to teach Canadians about citizenship and belonging?"

It was such a pleasure participating in Writing101 again this year! Thank you to everyone for your inquisitive, enthusiastic approach to writing, and for sharing your work, art, and lives with me!

Mandy Catron, Creative Nonfiction

This year, together, we certainly made waves! With admiration—may you continue to rock boats gently, bravely, wisely and outrageously.

Margot Leigh Butler, Cultural Studies:

“What are you in a perfect position to know + do, now?” and Education: “Taking the wheel: learning how I learn” and Cultural Studies: “How did we get here? All aboard the Western Express from the Enlightenment to globalization....” and Semiotics: “Always in a perfect position to know + act in cultures you’re part of, always: a semiotics workshop” and Semiotics and Gender Studies: “My Vancouver includes the Downtown Eastside: using semiotics to analyze representations of DTES women” and Interdisciplinary Studies: “Is now too soon? How to Hum (our course theme and methodology) and to Play (Hum games Where there’s walls there’s holes, No carrots, no sticks, and Find freedom in the context you inherit)” and Semiotics and Art: “What are we perfectly positioned to Look at critically + creatively?” and Writing and Publishing: Standing together Hum yearbook workshop Critical Race Theory: “Building relationships while understanding differences” and Interdisciplinary Studies: “On activist unknowability” and First Nations and Indigenous Studies: Coming full circle around MOA’s seven seas Rhetoric: “Take the cotton out of your ears, put it in your mouth and Listen, Listen, Listen Manifesto writing.”

Many congratulations on graduating from the Humanities 101 Community Programme! This is a momentous occasion for students and educators alike, as we share in the pride of your accomplishments. What you have achieved today is sure to bring vitality and vision not only to your life, but to our communities and our broader society as well. Today, as we celebrate your commitment to transformative education, I wish you every success in all of your future endeavours.

Rumee Ahmed, Associate Dean of Arts

Staff

Congratulations to Hum grads of 2017,

Thank you for bringing your stories, worldly knowledges, curiosity, enthusiasm and dedication to Hum this year. My life gets richer with each year I have the good fortune to be involved with this wonderful programme.

For many, the end of classes marks a doleful break in a long, lively and fascinating conversation. The book you have in your hands is testament to that conversation, but also a continuation. Some day soon—if you haven't already—take this book and seek out a perfect place to immerse yourself in it. You'll need an open and clear mind, a few cups of tea and some handkerchiefs.

Even after all our time spent in deep and delightful discussions about the shifting sands of world affairs over the past 10,000+ years, and those moments listening to one another's profound life stories, taking the time to read the writing in these pages will further enrich your Hum experience. There is still much to learn from and about each other.

Many stories highlight and speak from positions that are far from perfect, yet they reveal cracks that have allowed the light to shine through. To write about these moments of disruption, chaos, courage, comedy, resilience and love, is to write our truths. To write the truth is most difficult, but to read the truth activates a curiosity that has the potential to re-shape our views, stances and perspectives. I thank all the contributors to this book, and Hum classes for putting me in a perfect position to grow + know + do, always.

To all you radical people who make this growing, knowing and doing possible—students, volunteers, teachers, supporters and staff—thanks you for making 2016-17 a real humdinger of a year!

Best Wishes,

Paul Woodhouse, Programme Coordinator

Congratulations Writing and Hum Graduates!

To all of you, my sincerest thanks for your hard work these past months—for your class participation and for your courage to share your writing. It's been a great pleasure and a privilege to share Tuesday evenings with you and to get to know you through your stories.

I hope you will continue to write, no matter which genre you choose, whether it be memoir, poetry, fiction, blogging, or even screenwriting. As British author and playwright Enid Bagnold said, "...[Writing] is the streaming reason for living. To note, to pin down, to build up, to create, to be astonished at nothing, to cherish the oddities, to let nothing go down the drain, to make something, to make a great flower out of life, even if it's a cactus."

Maureen Phillips, Writing Coordinator

We all came from different places and had different positions at the start of the term. We all came together here at Hum, constantly learning from each other, unsettling and renewing many positions that we occupied. We thought and re-thought, we discovered and re-discovered, we learned and re-learned, we connected and re-connected, we positioned and re-positioned ourselves.

To all of you beautiful folks, congratulations! Thank you so much for the incredible year. It was such a pleasure meeting all of you and getting to know all of you—you have made such insightful and valuable contributions that made me re-position myself in many ways as well, inside and outside of the classroom. I hope that you all found and kept something to take with you through the many conversations we have had this year—I know I have! As we now head towards someplace new and take on new positions, I hope that we look back on this experience and remember all the fond memories that we had together in Hum.

I wish you all the best in your future ventures and I hope to see you all again soon.

Margot Mabanta, Programme Assistant

To all hummers, humsters and hamburgers: Congratulations! It has been a fantastic year! I have grown a lot through the process of learning with and from you all. In the past few months, unfamiliar faces have transformed into the visages of close friends as our positions have been continuously complicated and translated through the tumultuous, yet exciting process of learning. I challenge you to never stop asking questions...to never stop being curious...to never stop unsettling your perspectives.

To my fellow staff members: memories of late nights in the office and our routine of planned happenstance will stick with me for a long time. Working never felt like a hassle, and no two days were the same.

To our faithful volunteers: thanks for sticking it through. I appreciate your unyielding positivity, and your enthusiasm when it comes to going the extra-mile.

To our teachers: your commitment to becoming education activists along with us has not gone unnoticed. Your wealth of knowledge is appreciated by staff, volunteers and humsters alike.

All in all, it's been a fantastic year and here's to many more humtastic years ahead!

Kevonnie Whyte, Programme Assistant

Thanks to all of you
I am now in a perfect
position to do

better, to be more
receptive and realize
beyond my own walls

my own desires
my own preconceptions
of how learning looks

Hum is in spirit
free, unhindered and
(a place of)
mutuality

Thank you, and I'm sure
I will see many of your
faces once again.

Marie Urdiga, Programme Assistant

PUBLIC PROGRAMMES

Hum's Public Programmes are offered year round in the DTES/Downtown South locations where Programme 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 Shahla Masoumnejad, Hum alumna

Middle Eastern countries have rich cultures, and although they are frequently identified as one region, each country represents a distinguished culture that is rooted in ancient traditions. In this five-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.

SPEAK UP! READING BOOKS, ALOUD!

Facilitated by Steve Wexler, Hum teacher

This study group meets twice a month to read and discuss a wide variety of texts. From classic Greek tragedies to contemporary literature, reading aloud and listening closely creates a dynamic space for critical and creative inquiry. All readings are supplied at the group and new members are welcome to participate at any time.

DOCUMENTARIES FOR THINKERS

Curated by Terence Lui, Hum alumnus

Documentaries for thinkers would like to dedicate this past school year's programming to its founder, the late great alumna of Hum, Colleen Carroll. Her initiative remains my central inspiration behind regularly welcoming Downtown Eastsiders to an intellectually stimulating and emotionally nurturing environment—to share the provocative experience of watching documentary films. Our screenings run year-round on every second and third Saturdays of the month at the Carnegie Center theatre. Thanks to everyone for bringing your enthusiasm and making 2016 a banner year for "D4T." I hope you'll continue to join us as often as you can—Terence Lui, curator.

HONOURING HUM ALUMNA & DOWNTOWN
EASTSIDE CHAMPION

Colleen Carroll



Colleen Carroll (April 11, 1949 - January 12, 2017) was a force of nature, a powerful woman with strong convictions about the power of education, and huge amounts of energy to see them through. Amongst her many significant DTES commitments—she was a very local artist, a member of the Carnegie Community Centre Board, a recipient of numerous DTES community grants (including one to set up the “Homeless Band” and acquire a piano for the clubhouse at Oppenheimer Park) and an author (*How to Eat in a World Without Petroleum*, 2007) to name just a few—she was the founder and curator of **Documentaries for thinkers**, the Hum documentary film series held at Carnegie Centre on Saturday evenings since 2006. For many years, Colleen was an active Hum student and alumna—more recently, she would often attend Hum Steering Committee meetings while visiting Vancouver, away from her new, beloved home in Ecuador. She had a profound influence on so many people, and we truly miss her. The documentary series she started continues on, currently curated by Hum alumnus Terence Lui. This is what Colleen wrote in 2008 about what it meant to her.

“Remember, the difference you make, also makes you” by Colleen Carroll

In a world filled with information and a mainstream media pre-occupied with dancing around real issues, the documentary has become a welcome and popular medium for truth and knowledge seekers. Although many wonderful documentaries are available at our local library, living in poverty often means that a DVD or video player is unavailable. All of the newest and best documentaries aren’t always available at the library, nor is the money to

rent or purchase them. Documentary nights thus have been providing the poorest of our society with the opportunity to view, and learn. Viewers at the Carnegie may lack money, however they sure make up for it in enthusiasm and brains.

In the last year and a half these evenings have developed a core clientele of 35-40 persons who attend nearly every viewing. On average 50 attend what has become known as one of the most popular programs at the Centre. We’ve had many nights with as many as 80 people in attendance. For many, the best part of these evenings is having a shared new knowledge and someone on a level playing field with whom to discuss this mutually new found knowledge, and being spurred into learning more at their library.

As with most learning, the evenings’ benefits leave the Community Centre and follow the viewer home, if they have one. Many don’t. The evenings often provide diversion of thought from the mundane strife of life, towards the possibility and ability of humanity. With new knowledge comes the potential of new power and hope for a better life and world. And is this not the essence of a UBC experience!? UBC’s spirit of seeking and providing knowledge spreads to and builds community in many guises.

Just as it takes a community to raise a child, it takes a love for and desire to build community to make humanity. As a graduate of Humanities 101 you are encouraged to seek the needs of your community and do what you can to meet those needs. The rewards of discovery are boundless, as is knowledge itself. Remember, the difference you make, also makes you.



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Hum is grateful to gather on the traditional, ancestral, unceded territory of the x̣ṃəθḳẉəỵəm (Musqueam) people.

All of the people who supported and contributed to the Programme during the 2016-17 academic year are profoundly appreciated!

MEMBERS OF THE HUM STEERING COMMITTEE:

The Steering Committee guides all aspects of the Programme. Everyone who has taken a Hum 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 and Downtown South. As well, alumni receive regular invitations to all Hum Public Programmes—please come!

HUMANITIES 101 MENTORS:

Lorna Jean Johnson, Fred Shantz, Buffalo Star Woman (Sandra Delorme), and Lisa David were this year's returning alumni who helped welcome the new participants and gave classroom support.

DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE, DOWNTOWN SOUTH AND VANCOUVER COMMUNITIES:

Carnegie Centre (Rika Uto, Margaret Massingale, Jennifer Davis) PaulR Taylor (Carnegie Newsletter); Carnegie Kitchen staff; VPL Carnegie Branch; Skip Everall (Carnegie Security); Downtown Eastside Women's Centre; Sheway/Crabtree Corner Family Resource Centre; Downtown Eastside Literacy Roundtable (members are from literacy programmes held in the DTES by teachers from Vancouver Community College, SFU Community Education Program, Carnegie Community Centre, VPL, Carnegie Library, Union Gospel, Capilano University, Simon Fraser University, Vancouver Community College, UBC Learning Exchange, Vancouver School Board and more); The Gathering Place (Rennie Keates, Jo-Ann Stevens); Dr. Peter Centre; Vancouver Recovery Club; Vancouver Public Library; Vancouver Art Gallery; The Orpheum Theatre (Arthur Allen, tour guide), Surrey Art Gallery.



UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA:

Acting Dean of Arts Kathryn Harrison, Associate Dean Rumeen Ahmed; Dean of Arts Staff Gerald Vanderwoude, Laura Hart, Brian Lee, Betty Wong, Fiona Wong, Heather Tam; Kathy Lea and Emma Novotny (Arts Communications); Taher Hashemi, Gary Andraza and Ricardo Serrano (Arts Instructional Support and Information Technology (Arts ISIT)); Leah P. Macfadyen, Evaluation and Learning Analytics, Arts ISIT; Tom Coleman (AMS Food Services); Alia Abu-Sharife (Bookstore); Christine Saunders and Lewis Zhou (Recreation); Ricky Sung (Carding Office); Arts Undergraduate Society; Alma Mater Society; Sandra Pena Diaz (Science 101); Daniel Heath Justice and Mark Turin (Institute for Critical Indigenous Studies); Tanya Bob, Candice Yu and Alexandra Tsardidas (First Nations and Indigenous Studies Program); Kaeleigh Hiebert (First Nations and Endangered Languages); Linc Kesler, Deb Martel, Ryanne James, (First Nations House of Learning). UBC Call Centre; Frederic Wood Theatre; Gwilyn Timmers and the Grad night volunteers at MOA (Museum of Anthropology).

HUMANITIES 101/201 TEACHERS:

Daniel Heath Justice (First Nations Studies and Indigenous Studies); Margot Leigh Butler (Hum); Leslie Robertson (Anthropology); David Gaertner (First Nations Studies and Indigenous Studies); Mark Turin (First Nations and Endangered Languages Program); Reuben Jentink (Hum and collective member of the Indigenous Health Research and Education Garden at the UBC farm); D'Arcy Davis-Case (Forestry); Paul Woodhouse (Hum); Sara Shneiderman (Anthropology); Julianne Okot Bitek (Liu Institute for Global Issues); Beau Dick, Walas Gwy Um, Kwakwaka'wakw Hereditary Chief, Linnea Dick, Greg Fitch, Gyausteets, LaTiesha Fazakas (Art History and Visual Art); Elder Roberta Price, Dr. David Tu and Jen Dehoney (Vancouver Native Health Society); Paul Hellyer (Former Cabinet Minister); Sadira Rodrigues (Emily Carr University); Ana Harland (Continuing Studies); Christina Hendricks (Philosophy); Sylvia Berryman (Philosophy); Tiffany Muller Myrdahl (Urban Studies, SFU); Janet Giltrow (English); Arthur Allen (Architect); Michael Zeitlin (English); Anthony Shelton (MOA); Derek Christian and Mark MacKichan (VPL librarians); Ted Byrne (Poet and Essayist, Kootenay School of Writing); Margot Young (Law); Alison Rajah (Curator of Education and Engagement, Surrey Art Gallery and former long-time Hum staff) and Claire Cilliers (Studio Instructor, Surrey Art Gallery); Heather Holroyd (Pacific AIDS Network).

WRITING TEACHERS:

Maureen Phillips (Hum); Reg Johanson (English, Capilano University); Carol Sawyer (Vocalist & |Artist); Wil Steele (Hum); Mandy Catron (English); Stephen Hahn (UBC Continuing Studies); Margot Leigh Butler (Hum); Alison Rajah (Curator, Surrey Art Gallery and former long-time Hum staff); Marlene Schiwy (UBC Writing Centre); Pat Dobie (Writer); Michelle Patenaude (VPL Librarian).

VOLUNTEER FACILITATORS AND TUTORS:

Reuben Jentink; Mathew Arthur; Rodney Little Mustache; Kate Black; Dexter Fergie; Kieran Ruck; Chimedum Ohaegbu.

PUBLIC PROGRAMMES AND EVENTS VOLUNTEERS:

Hum alumna Shahla Masoumnejad "A Taste of the Middle East" held every Monday at The Gathering Place; Hum alumnus Terence Lui "Documentaries for Thinkers" held twice monthly at the Carnegie Centre; Hum teacher Steve Wexler "Incredibly close reading, aloud!" held at Carnegie Centre.

FACULTY AND STAFF:

Dr. Margot Leigh Butler (Academic Director), Paul Woodhouse (Programme Coordinator), Maureen Phillips (Writing Coordinator), Margot Mabanta, Kevonnie Whyte, Marie Urdiga and Wil Steele (WorkLearn Programme Assistants).

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