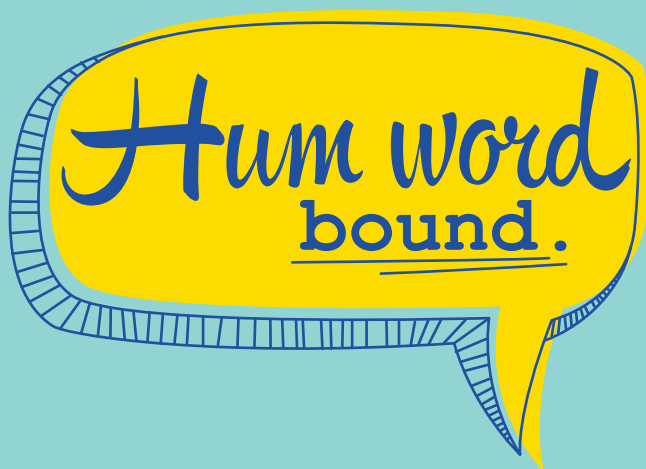


# *Vancouver*

## *Monthly Field Trip Series*



EVERYONE WELCOME

PARTICIPANTS CAN JOIN ANYTIME.

DAYS, 3:00-4  
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*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 afar. 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.

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 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 it 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

hands-on writing courses that touch on 13 genres in 13 weeks (Writing 101 and Writing 201), and two are wildly interdisciplinary, delving into 20+ disciplines with many invited teachers over a full academic year (Hum101 and Hum201 [on hiatus in 2017/18]). Classes are a lively mix of people coming together, sharing knowledge, expertise and humour, and creating conversations that may carry on for years.

What else do we do? Hum also runs Public Programmes at DTES/South community centres initiated and led by volunteers and alumni: study groups, workshops, field trips and an alumni-led documentary film series now in its 12th year. With eight groups running over two terms in 2017/18, Hum programming is available daily. 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 19 years old, and the first programme of its kind in Canada. To date, 940 students have graduated 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

The title of this book is “Hum word bound,” a play on sound, place and time that takes up our work together this year. Here, Hum (a fond name for the Humanities 101 Community Programme) suggests home, homeward, home truths: “You learn to be resilient as life gives you surprises, but as you go you learn to expect the unexpected... Even when living in the limbo of the unplanned, I walked the walk to find my home.” (Monica Alas, Writing101)

We “walked the walk” across the city each week, upon Coast Salish territories now referred to as the Downtown Eastside, Downtown South (DTES/South), and Point Grey where, for just over a century, the UBC campus has sat on the ancestral, traditional, uncaded lands of the hən̓d̓əmin̓əm-speaking xʷməθkʷəy̓əm (Musqueam) people. “More and more, those of us who come from other parts of the world have come to recognize the lower mainland as uncaded territories of the Musqueam, the Squamish, and the Tsleil-Waututh Nations. When you consider the thousands upon thousands of years of First Nations history, the lower mainland has been through a lot of changes ever since captain George Vancouver sailed into what is now present-day English Bay.” (Claude F. Ranville (Métis, Crane River Manitoba), Writing201.)

The contents of this book, like the year, like Hum participants, are wide with experience and journeys, and deep with insights, wisdom and stories. Thank you, contributors, for your offerings and congratulations,

graduates, on your accomplishments! Paul Woodhouse, Hum's Programme Coordinator, put it beautifully: "Your stellar personalities and devotion to education steered us Humward bound daily." Writing101 grad Mickey Stiele-Jules set a longer context in her poem "Within Time":

It was another life.

New and promising.

That I had never been, seen, nor dreamed.

Something for if I had wondered,

I maybe would have thought about.

Education a proud holding.

A promise far down a long and winding path.

To see better for myself and to do better for myself.

I am not alone, for many people wanted what I want.

To be free and spiritually enlightened.

In the here and now as well as in the future."

(Mickey Stiele-Jules (Teslin Tlingit Council), Writing101)

You might be wondering, how long can people remain Humward bound? Alumni can ALWAYS participate in Steering Committee meetings held in the DTES/South, and step into other Hum courses, sister courses, and Public Programmes. This year, our devoted Public Programmes facilitators (Hum students, alumni, and volunteers Shahla Masoumnejad, Terence Lui, Gilles Cyrenne, Margot Mabanta, Mat Arthur and Reuben Jentink, plus staff) produced eight wide-ranging, astonishing groups—their posters are in the centre pages (and "tucked into" this book's covers). Facilitators may have started their time with Hum by looking inward, then

opening outward to create new possibilities with the Hum, DTES/South and UBC communities. We thank the good people at Carnegie Centre, the Downtown Eastside Women's Centre, The Gathering Place and the VPL náča?mat ct Strathcona Branch for sharing their home ground. And, we congratulate Hum alumnus, HIV/AIDS activist and UBC undergraduate Rodney Little Mustache (Piikani Nation of the Niitsitapi Confederacy) who just ran for President of the UBC Student Society (AMS). "You Look for it and Come back, How Adventurous is that" (Ana Rosa Alcantara Matos, Writing101)

There are always so many people to thank who've hinged and bound Hum together during the academic year; all are named in the Acknowledgements section, just before the list of "Class of 2017-18" graduates. Thanks to our generous volunteer teachers, alumni mentors Gilles Cyrenne and Sandi Rooke (Saulteaux-Cree), and UBC student tutors Chimedum Ohaegbu, Shai Ophelia Kehila and Kate Cawthorn. We recognize Hum's staff who embody vitality: Maureen Phillips, Writing Coordinator extraordinaire, and the versatile WorkLearn student staff Alex Alisauskas, Emma Ettinger, Margot Mabanta and Marie Urdiga. We all thank our Paul for his even-more-bountiful work this year; personally, I am so grateful for his support and friendship during this first year without my beloved Mum. The Programme truly appreciates the ongoing support of the Faculty of Arts, donations from UBC and Hum alumni, and a sustaining donation from our dear friend and UBC alumnus, Gerald Ma.

May Hum words abound with sounds, places and time to recall, rebound, enthrall.

With admiration,

**DR. MARGOT LEIGH BUTLER**

Academic Director of Hum





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# Writing 101/201 Course Outline

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**Writing Coordinator:** Maureen Phillips

**Mentors:** Gilles Cyrenne, Term 1; Sandi Rooke, Term 2

**Classroom:** Buchanan D, Room 204

**Term 1, Autumn 2017:** September 12 – December 5, 2017

**Term 2, Spring 2018:** January 9 – April 3, 2018

**Schedule:** Tuesdays 6:30 – 9:00 p.m.

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## 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, Chimedum Ohaegbu, Shai Ophelia Kehila and Kate Cawthorn are available to meet with you every Tuesday before class, in room D216, 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.
- Grammar with Hum mini-series is available to all Writing participants who would like to learn, or get a refresher on, the fundamentals of English grammar. Writing mentor Gilles Cyrenne will facilitate the series for the hour before class in term 1, and on Wednesday afternoons at the Carnegie Centre in term 2.

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](mailto:h.u.m@ubc.ca) if you would like a printed copy.

## **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 12 + January 9**

#### **Journaling, with Maureen Phillips, Hum Writing Coordinator**

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.

*Prompt:* Write about what it was like for you to come to campus for your first class today.

### **September 19 + January 30**

#### **Memoir, with Maureen Phillips, Hum Writing Coordinator**

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.

*Prompt:* Where is your place of happiness? Describe.

### **September 26 + April 3**

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

In this class, we went around the room and listened to the first minute of everyone's favourite song, while playing close attention to the lyrics. With Carol's trained ear and expertise, we then discussed the genre, and the emotion conveyed in the song. Each of us spoke about why we chose our songs, and what meanings, memories, places, associations, histories, and stories are connected to this song, both on a personal level, and in regard to the artist's work.

*Prompt:* What meanings, memories, places, associations, histories, stories, etc. are connected to this song? What meaning does the song hold for you?

### **October 3**

#### **Poetry, with Reg Johanson, English, Capilano University**

After reading poems by Kevin Davies and Roger Farr, Reg walked us through an analysis of each. We explored different themes and interpretations of the works, and came to the conclusion that poetry doesn't always have to make sense! First, we wrote a poem by filling in the blanks in the phrase: "I used to be \_\_\_\_\_ but now I am \_\_\_\_\_." Then we took turns going around the circle participating in two collaborative surrealist language events, wherein we all contributed a word or phrase to create a poem. Finally, we were challenged to write a poem that didn't make sense.

*Prompt:* Write a poem that doesn't make sense  
—a non-sense poem.

### **October 10 + February 27**

#### **Fiction, with Pat Dobie, fiction writer, editor, and writing teacher**

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. We tried our hand at crafting dynamic characters, which is central to crafting a story. Pat left us with these words, "The best stories are those that arise from your own curiosities."

*Prompt:* Using the randomly selected words produced by the class, write a short story.

**October 17 + February 6**

**Writing for New Media, with Wil Steele,  
former Hum Programme Assistant**

Wil outlined the value of blogging, in describing how modern communication technologies, such as social media, have opened the doors of publishing by allowing anyone to have a platform and gain an audience. He showed us many examples of different blogs to highlight the endless potential of topics and themes, and demonstrated that blogs don't necessarily need to be written. After discussing the complexities of copyright and hate speech laws, which Wil identified as the only limits of blogging, we had the chance to try our hand at this form of writing by setting up our own blogs on WordPress.

*Prompt:* Write (or create!) a blog post on something that interests you. There are endless possibilities.

**October 24 + March 20**

**Academic Writing: Assignments and Essays,  
with Alison Rajah, Surrey Art Gallery curator and former  
Hum Programme Assistant**

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

*Prompt:* Is there a passage from *Culture is Ordinary* that you would like to draw on and develop into a piece of academic writing?

**October 31 + January 16**

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

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.

*Prompt:* Follow the worksheet and make your own manifesto, on any subject you like.

**November 7**

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

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.

*Prompt:* Write one scene of a screenplay.

**November 14 + March 13**

**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 meticulously preserved newspapers and magazines within the historical archives. We toured all sections of the library, including the Inspiration Lab, which features professional recording and editing equipment for public use.



**November 21 + February 13**

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

Mandy discussed the peculiarity of describing a genre by what it's not, then touched upon the expansiveness of creative—of literary—nonfiction. The scope of creative nonfiction is wide enough to encompass genres like memoir, personal essays, travel and food writing, and nature writing. Pulling from her own experience in the publication of her book, *How to Fall in Love with Anyone*, Mandy spoke to us about the challenges and rewards of publishing personal works.

*Prompt:* Describe an object or belonging that is important to you? What was the first experience you remember with the object? Who else in your life is connected to the object and why? What do you now know about the object, or the world it represents, that you did not know in the past? Why is it important? What memories does it evoke? Where is the object now?

**November 28 + March 27**

**Poetry, with Ted Byrne, poet, translator, and essayist, Kootenay School of Writing**

Ted focused the on form—the so-called rules (“constraints”) of poetry. Rules, and the breaking of rules, are fundamental to western poetry, but the constraints of writing poetry give rise to creativity and invention. Ted proposed that it is always the constraints that make poetry happen. Ted demonstrated this through lipogram and snowball writing exercises, followed by a discussion of rhyme and rhythm.

*Prompt:* Write a short statement made up of two phrases. Re-write it in a rhyming couplet, using iambic pentameter. Take one of your couplets and make a fatras by writing eight new lines between the first and second lines of the couplets.

**January 23**

**Postcard Stories, with Maureen Phillips,  
Hum Writing Coordinator**

Maureen provided an example of a prize-winning postcard story and described the genre of postcard fiction as a super-compressed piece of fiction or non-fiction relating to an image on a postcard, written in 500 words or fewer. The idea is to write as concisely as possible a compelling story that has a plot, a beginning, a middle and an end.

*Prompt:* Choose from a selection of postcards and images and compose a work of short fiction or non-fiction of 500 words or fewer, based on what you see in the image.

**March 6**

**Life Writing: Taking words out, finding other stories,  
with Leanne Johnson and My Name is Scot, editor, Master of  
Publishing, Simon Fraser University, and artist**

DTES-based artist I am Scot took presented an expansive slideshow of his work, which incorporates both the written word and visual art. In the process, Scot highlighted that narratives about us are constantly being built by others around us. Using words and images captured in photos taken in the DTES, we were challenged to create our own stories. After sharing our stories, Leanne introduced editing techniques that help to enhance meaning—by taking words out, but also expanding. We incorporated visual art within our writing by focusing on the shape of the words themselves.

*Prompt:* Using the words and images captured from the DTES community, create a story, then edit the story to make new meanings.



# Fall Compositions

Writing 101/201

Fear has affected every part of my life for most of my life. The first Fear is of being abandoned. The first few years of my life I recalled being with members of my family that I didn't know. It wasn't until I was dropped off at my grandmother's front porch at four years old and told to wait for her to come home that I felt abandoned for the first time.

She came home to find a little boy covered in flea bites from his ankles to his knees. She immediately started to show me that unconditional love I needed, that sometimes only a grandmother can provide. I began to feel safe and secure. Grandmother's name was Savannah Calhoun. She was born December 25, 1900, in Jackson, Mississippi, one of the hardest places to grow up as a black person. Even though she was extremely smart and could have been an asset to any company that had the courage to hire her, grandmother worked as a domestic for most of her life. One of my first clear memories was being brought to a one-room school house and having to sit in the back of the class (this was the only form of babysitting that she could afford). I was not permitted to participate in class activities because I was not old enough to be officially there. I was told not to do or say anything. When I officially started school, it's not difficult to understand why I didn't know that I could participate fully and my social skills were nonexistent. Around this time I developed a stutter and became afraid to speak in class out of fear that I would stutter and be laughed at.

It was not long after this that Grantie (the name we kids affectionately called grandmother) brought me to live with my mother and stepfather (or I should say the father of my sisters because they were never married). My mother was married to someone named Marcus Lopez, whose name she

carried for the remainder of her life. I found out that my real name was Lopez when I entered high school and needed a birth certificate. I never knew who my real father was, but I was given his name. My mother and stepdad separated when I was around 10 years old, and once again I felt the Fear of not knowing what was going to happen to me.

Mother and I were never close and we had a strained relationship. I don't remember ever getting a hug or told I was loved, which I still find hard to believe. I have no memory of having a birthday party growing up, or maybe I just don't remember. I hope it's the latter. My stepdad was a good provider and a good man, however, I don't remember him being home much. Mom was the primary caregiver and disciplinarian. When they separated mom was left to raise my two sisters and me on her own. For a while I became my sisters' primary caregiver, which I didn't feel should be my responsibility as I was a young boy and wanted to be with kids my age.

I remember every summer Grantie came to spend her vacation with us. That was the only time I had the freedom to be with friends. There were some sports I was good at in school such as track and field, but I never pursued them for Fear I wouldn't be good enough.

I was physically small all my life, but I was very fit and strong which helped with the labor-type jobs I worked most of my life, including as a carpenter, roughneck on oil rigs, longshoreman, truck driver, bartender, and cook on tugboats. Not all of my work-life was physical, and I was trained as a draftsman. The one and only course in school that I found I was good at was drafting. It came naturally, and I enjoyed the ease and comfort at finally being successful at something. That said, I still wasn't good enough and the jobs I had were just temporary, like how I felt about my relationships, places I lived, and friends I had along the way. This was all driven by Fear.

It wasn't long after this that I started drinking, and to my surprise drinking gave me that false sense of courage that I needed. Fear was the catalyst that started my alcohol and drug use. When under the influence, I could be the person that could do things "little" Antonio would not have been able to. I would become someone I wasn't. I lived this lie for many years until I found myself in skid row. I resigned myself to the fact I was an alcoholic and drug addict, that this was my fate and I would probably die this way. I often share that in order for me to have the life I'm blessed with today, I had to become addicted and wallow in the muck and mire; then and only then could I have gotten the help I so desperately needed.

One of the things that happened was I lost my job as a longshoreman—a job that I truly loved and felt was the best job I ever had. I could do well and make very good money at it with my Grade 10 level of education. In my addiction I had lost all hope and was waiting to die, I did not know that I could do more with my life. Compounding losing my job, I was being evicted from the room I had for a year with no place to go but another skid row room. Someone had told me that if I checked myself into detox the staff would feed me and give me a place to sleep for a few days, which was all I needed. I remember sitting in detox and watching TV while I listened to someone being interviewed about going into a recovery house, which I had never heard of. I asked the staff member what recovery was about. He couldn't believe I had never heard of recovery houses or treatment and told me that they were places where people went for help to stop drinking and using drugs. Because I was on welfare my rent would be paid. I asked to speak with the man who was doing the interviewing and was given the opportunity to speak to Ian Harrid, one of the directors of the recovery house. Ian took a binder down from a shelf and showed me pictures of the houses and told me about the program they provided. He said he would give me 24 hours to think about

it and he would be back the next day. If I wanted to come I could, and I did. This was the start of a life I never knew existed.

That day was January 1, 1995. With the help of my Creator and the 12 steps of Alcoholics Anonymous, I haven't found it necessary to have another drink. All because of FEAR.

## **THE SAGA CONTINUES**

MEMOIR

FOUTA DJALLON, Writing201

### **Journey to Canada**

After being smuggled out of Africa, I finally arrived in Canada on July 16, 2012, although I wasn't sure where I had arrived. I was supposed to go overseas to Paris. There was never a plan to come to Canada. I was so tired and hungry. They didn't give me any food on the journey. I arrived on a bus with somebody who brought me here—I didn't know who they were, I only knew that this was their job. We switched buses and there were so many stops as we moved from place to place. There was so much going on and I was confused. I didn't know what was happening.

When we finally arrived in Vancouver it was nighttime. I didn't know it was Vancouver at the time, and I remember feeling really scared. I was brought by a strange person, to a stranger place. I remember feeling very sick the whole time and I didn't know why. I thought I was going to die—I know now that I was traumatized by this experience.

### **The Struggle**

The people that brought me here told me they would find me a job, and that I had to pay them back for being brought here. The strange men told me that I would start a job quickly—the job was prostitution, but I didn't know that



yet. In my culture I am not allowed to do those things; in my culture that is banned. I was shocked and devastated when I found out. I needed to figure out how to escape from them right away. Luckily, I had a chance to escape and I took it. It wasn't easy; I didn't know anyone in Vancouver. My life was endangered—the strange men always told me they would kill me if I ever tried to escape. I tried anyways.

One woman who I met in the Downtown Eastside (DTES) was nice and decided to help me. She gave me the name of the Salvation Army and told me it was the best place for me; the only place that could help me. I didn't know her but decided to trust her because I was on the run. I was running for my life—I had just escaped my captors who brought me to Vancouver. Right away I went to the Salvation Army. I didn't know if I could trust what she told me, but I had no other options. When I arrived I was tired, hungry, scared, and wasn't sure what this place was. Luckily, I was accepted into their program and got all the help I needed right away. Salvation Army staff helped me do all the things I needed to do—they protected me. It felt like home. I had a good relationship with them, one that is still happening today. I ended up staying there for three years. I can't quite believe it, but I did.

My first job in Canada was at a place called East Van Roasters; they employ DTES women in their café. We roast cacao beans, make chocolates and coffees, and serve customers. Shelley is the woman who runs the café. Since the first day I met her, she has been very kind and reminds me of a sister. I have been working at East Van Roasters for five years now and I really enjoy it. Only people who identify as women are able to work there, and we are like a family. We all support each other, look out for each other, and this keeps us safe together.

### **People & Support**

While I was working at East Van Roasters I was very

lucky to be connected to the SpencerCreo support worker program. The program provides support to people who have barriers in their lives and are employed in the DTES. In the program there are a few different workers, and we can connect with anyone we need. Munroe, Tara, and Joseph—these are amazing people. I advise anyone who has a problem to go see them because they will help you fix anything! I am very thankful to know them because they help so many people, but always have time for me.

### **UBC & School**

I never knew about opportunities like the University of British Columbia Hum program, or Science 101 program. To attend school has been my dream since I was a little girl—I like school so much! My support worker found out about the programs from Kickstart Disability Arts and Culture. She knew that it would be perfect for me! English is my second language, and I'm doing my best to understand all the courses and projects. Since the first day, attending these courses changed my life for the better: I gained confidence in myself, I can trust myself, and I now know I can always do better for myself. I never know what will happen next, but right now I feel like anything could happen. I'm glad I learned something new, and that I can support my community.

In my Hum classes, I heard about my classmates' stories. They shared their histories and I learned that a lot of people have had hard experiences. I feel sad when I hear their stories, but I am glad they are able to share them and heal. In our Writing course we are all in the right place to heal and to help each other, like a family. It's a very good environment for me to be in. The professors are very good at pushing us and motivating us. I really appreciate how the professors accept me, and all of us. I am the only West African student in the class and all of my Guinea community is very proud of me. They are proud I have been able to attend and commit to my schooling since

the first day of classes.

While I was in my Writing 101 course, Hum staff Paul told me about the Science 101 program. He suggested that I try taking it in the summer. I was scared in the beginning, but really excited to try. When I attended Science 101, I was lucky enough to visit so many different places in Vancouver. One of my favourite memories was when I visited Grouse Mountain—I have never seen bears before, so seeing two big bears was unbelievable. In West Africa we don't have a lot of animals, but in East Africa we have all different kinds. We also visited the HR MacMillan Space Centre, and it was incredible! I have only seen movies and TV shows about space. In Africa we don't have anything like this. I told all my community back in Africa about it, and showed them pictures. They were shocked; they thought I went to space.

While I was in the Science 101 course, they gave us an application form to apply for a bursary from the University of British Columbia. The money would pay for students to attend post-secondary courses. I wasn't sure if I would get it, but I applied. My dream is to work in office administration, and also to keep writing. I got the bursary!

To the professors at UBC, my programs and my classmates, thank you for all the hard work, and for the opportunities that we all now have.

Life is good, the bad and the ugly. Reflecting on the excitement of life, I remember spending a retreat week at Rivendell, Bowen Island. Originally used as summering grounds by the Squamish Nation, Bowen Island was named after a British naval hero in 1860. European settlers began logging, farming, and fishing. By the end of the 19th century, cottages were springing up on Bowen Island, and it emerged as a popular holiday getaway for Vancouverites and other visitors.

Until the late 1950s, the Union Steamship Company transported visitors to Bowen Island. Visitors enjoyed dancing on moonlight cruises, horseback riding, lawn bowling, and general revelry. Regular car-ferry service, initiated in 1958, ushered out the resort era and turned Bowen Island into a bedroom community of Vancouver. Peaceful farms and historic B&Bs embody the vibe that awaits visitors today. Bowen Island was incorporated as a municipality in 1999.

Being with friends on the island retreat was good for my recovery. Finding myself on the top of a mountain in beautiful weather, hiking, walking on the beach, swimming in the Pacific Ocean—not to forget the good food. The forest was great—wood chopping, tree planting and weeding. The best thing was going to spot whales with my friends. Then there was the chore of cleaning our rooms. We also shared stories, which is part of our therapy.

I'm sure "peace" is the word I am looking for here. Sweet landscapes, ferry rides, photo ops, spectacular views, and a nice warm fire too.

I can honestly say that my recovery has been steered in the right direction by people in the Downtown Eastside:

Grace Mission, Union Gospel Mission, the homeless people, the Hum programme and my classmates. Thank you all, love you all.

The changed man.

## **A PRIVILEGED CANADIAN**

**MEMOIR**

KIMBERLEY HURRELL, Writing201

My grandma worked for the Second World War effort, and for her neighbours: the Chinese-Canadian laundromat across the street. This is where she learned how to use a steam press.

"What was it like?" I asked my grandmother.

"My employer was kind and gave me a job. The great depression was hard on them. They were not able to pay me a good wage, but it was still a source of income. I was happy that they hired me, being a white Canadian. Because of so many issues with racism, fueled by war, people became distrusting of other cultures. It was hard to know if someone was sincere. War separated communities; people failed to believe in each other. I don't like war."

She told me that there was no welfare system. "Standing in the food line for coffee and flour was what I had to do—there were very few social welfare systems."

"What year were you born?" I asked.

"I was born in 1915," she replied. "My first son was born in 1937."

"What kind of food was available?" I asked.

"Coffee, sugar and flour, but it had to be stretched. So many people were out of work."

I asked if it was all for the war effort, and why single men were separated and sent to the relief camps. I was curious to know if they were unemployed men.

"See, look at that, Kimberley. Do you see that? The person over there, sleeping homeless; that is what is similar to the great economic depression. That is human dignity being shamed! No Canadian should be homeless!"

"Grandma, it's the year 1993. How did people react to homelessness back then?"

"People started to riot. They fought hard. The government created make work projects. Relief camps were created to create jobs. I recall trains full of carrots and apples. The train would drive by, and then produce was thrown off to the kids as they waited for a meal."

"Why was your husband, Gordon Trowell, shipped out?" I asked. "He was a young man. Why did he enlist for military duties during the Second World War?"

"He wanted to be a doctor. He should have been allowed to stay home!" Grandma cried.

Gordon Trowell died December 7, 1941. He stepped on a landmine. My grandmother Victoria became a young widow.

"It's not fair, grandma, that you had to hitchhike with your young child while pregnant."

"I had to see my husband before he was shipped out to war. There was no money. We had to defend ourselves; we had no other option."

"But what about great grandpa? He was a printer." Grandma explained to me that he also struggled financially. It was the great depression, but they had each other. I asked my mother, Cheryl, if she ever went to visit her grandparents.

"Yes!" she said. "All of the grandchildren would go for regular visits. I remember watching my grandfather use the printer in the basement of the house. We called it the printing cellar. There was no concrete floor base; it was all dirt floor. There were shelves full of letters and spools full of paper. Every week, grandpa printed with little letter blocks and used little tools that looked like tweezers. They were very fine tweezers, and there were trays of keys. Every Saturday morning the printing tools had to be cleaned and all the ink was taken off by the boys, and the papers were cleaned up by the girls. All the letters were then painted with ink. All of the grandchildren would help grandpa Walter roll the paper."

I asked my grandmother a very important question: "Grandma, when you heard that your husband Gordon had stepped on a landmine, how did you feel?"

Tears came to her eyes. She responded, "I felt that my life ended."

I asked my grandma, "How were you able to emotionally move forward?"

She spoke softly and held me near to her. "I will never forget him! But I know he wanted me to keep our family strong."

All that pain, and grandma kept believing in Canada.

I asked her, "How is it that through all the grief and loss you experienced, you still tried?"

"I felt angry," she said.

I asked, "Where was the privilege? Was it to die and go hungry? Any man stepping on a landmine, a white man, is that a privilege? This Canadian man died a hero—is that a privilege? Why do some people not appreciate the service that this Canadian soldier and many others have done for us all? Was that worth risking your life for? Why did you? Because you had no other choice? Did you know that there would be a future chance?"

As she held me close and kissed my forehead, my grandma said, "This nation, Canada, can and did, and I hope will always continue to inspire positive changes, and with that change build strength—the type of strength that I hope we can all depend on. We all should have the privilege of knowing how it feels to contribute to this great nation, with devotion. I'm not certain if it will make enough of a difference. This world struggles with a whole lot of differences of opinion on how things should be. Some good, some bad! But I sure hope we all stop fighting and progress."

"Here," she said. My grandma handed me a special gift. I opened up the bag and looked inside, confused. As I unwrapped the gift, I looked at my grandma and said, "It's an angel. A black angel."

My grandma said, "Take care of her. You cherish her. That doll has traveled across the globe."

I smiled and winked back at grandma. "I understand."

As I reached out, I asked, "Does this mean everything will be okay?"

Grandma hugged me tightly and said, "Kimberley, I sure hope so! Yes, being Canadian is a privilege. Sure, there are past mistakes, but learn from them. Grow forward."



I could not understand then what my grandmother was suggesting. Now I do!

My grandma was suggesting to not live in the past. We can recover, just like our economy. Economic growth is vulnerable but can be stable when everyone tries to make a difference.

Grandma said, "Concentrate on the 'chance' that today has come to us all.

The chance to learn from each other.

The chance to create happiness.

The chance to live in a country without war.

The chance to live and grow old.

The chance to love your neighbourhood (friends).

The chance to love your family.

The chance to love yourself.

We are who we are today—that matters. See how unique we all are, yet similar, as we have grown in reflection, learnt from past mistakes and joined each other in peace. Please don't forget those who have died for us all!

That's life!

Love you!"

## **MY FIRST GUITAR**

MEMOIR

MICHAEL EDWARD NARDACHIONI, Writing201

It was a second-hand beater, an acoustic Sears-Roebuck missing some strings. Not knowing the rules, I used elastic bands to replace the two missing strings. Even with some scratches, a warped neck, and out of tune, I still liked the sound it produced. It was in the sixties, when Elvis, Johnny Cash, and The Beatles were hot.

My first glance at a guitar was my cousins, in North Bay,

Ontario. We were up at my aunt's summer cottage and they brought out two guitars. I can remember their first song, "An Okie from Muskogee." It's not my style, but I was impressed by their duo performance and vocals. Jack, who was in a wheelchair, and John, who played second guitar, started in playing "Your Cheating Heart," by Hank Williams. I was floored. From that day on I wanted to play guitar and learn songs, and I never looked back.

In years to come, I liked to listen to The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, The Who, and Bob Dylan. I wanted to play like them, or at least try. It was the music, money, fame, touring, and recording that turned me on—I wanted to do the same.

Today, I experiment with Jazz, Blues, Hard Rock, and memorize lyrics. I listen to music, compose my own songs, and even have gigs every season of the year: in bars, pubs, parks, and the odd concert hall venue. I've owned a few guitars in my time, about fifty all told. These include old Martins, Gibsons, Fenders, Yamahas, and another beat up Sears-Roebuck guitar.

### **MELISSA**

#### **MEMOIR**

CLAUDE F. RANVILLE (Métis, Crane River Manitoba),  
Writing101

I'm 28 years older than her. Why did she have to go before me? It's not supposed to be this way.

I remember one day long ago, when Melissa and I were by a lake. I was sitting on a bench watching my little angel feed the swans. Melissa was two years old. She was wearing a pink jumpsuit and had a little mushroom ponytail in her hair. It was a beautiful spring day. I was so proud of my

little angel.

Another time I was home alone with Melissa. A friend from work dropped by. Melissa was only six months old. She was in a little rocker sitting beside me. I said to my friend, "This is my little angel."

I remember looking down at her beside me. I had to take a double look, because her eyes were wide open and she was watching my every move. I was taken aback by those beautiful big brown eyes. I felt like she was looking into my soul. I now know that was the moment Melissa and I connected.

They say some moments are forever burned into your memory. This was one of those moments.

One day this pain I now feel will subside. I will always have the beautiful memories of my little angel, who only for a brief time had passed through my life. Forty light years of living has taught me one thing: it is in these beautiful memories where life's journey is made special.

So, goodbye for now  
my little angel.  
Dad.

#### **TRAUMA "PTSD 101"**

MEMOIR

COLLEEN BOUDREAU, Writing101

I was seven-years-old, playing at my best friend's house on a bright, warm spring day. Her mom had asked if I wanted to go shopping and have lunch at the mall. "What? Yes, Yippee!" I exclaimed with excitement bubbling up inside! Her mom said, "Go on home and ask your mom." I

was so ecstatic to go to the mall and have lunch. Back then the Oakridge Mall had the Woodward's food floor, with a conveyor belt that I always dreamed of riding on down to the parkade. My head was in a dizzy daze, only focused on the outing I was about to go on. So, I ran out the door and darted out on the street, to go home and ask my mom—yet I didn't quite make it there.

The next thing I remember was the screech of a car, and a big one at that. The bumper seemed to take up the whole road, and my leg! Screech; bam! That is all I remember of that moment. Our neighbour said I flew higher than the lamppost, and then slid on the road for about ten to fifteen feet. I remember having a feeling of sheer panic, for it was ever so dark and hard to breathe under that parked car.

I managed to pull myself out, stood on my feet, and then collapsed—out I went. I awoke hearing voices that sounded like Charlie Brown's teacher, "Glob, glob, glob, glob, glob." Terrifying cries from my mother is my next memory, and our neighbour holding her back, stopping her from picking me up. Oh mom, how your face on that day is still so clear in my memories.

Next, I remember sitting on the curb, with friends and neighbours gathered around. My mom let me lean on her and I felt a sense of security from that. Then I remember seeing my dad. I remember the anger percolating in his face as a few police officers held him back from his wanting to "kill" the driver. My father is sadly quite a prejudiced person, and you can only imagine the words raging out of him. There was no ambulance, and that seemed to fuel his fire. My dad ordered my mom and neighbour to put me in the car and drive me to the hospital. It was against the wishes of the police, yet at this point, who was about to argue with my father. Off we went to Children's Hospital.

I clearly remember the hospital stay: an x-ray that I screamed through, a tetanus shot I fought tooth and nail not to have, and biting the nurse's arm and hand. She must have been in pain, yet with a caring smile and calm words she commended me on how well I had done, and coached me through it. I got a big, easy-bake oven-cake, a cookie box and pans. Woo-hoo, for a brief moment I felt the same excitement as when I was invited to go to the mall! As I came down off the bed I attempted to stand, and the excruciating pain flooded over me in waves. As I slowly walked out of the hospital my legs wouldn't quite straighten up, and they stayed that way for weeks, as did the several layers of skin that I lost due to road rash.

For months, the skin on my face, my knuckles and my knees were so bare. I scarred, and lost friends from the horrifying look. I missed three years of PE classes in school because I always had knee and ankle troubles. Years past, and then the incident came back to haunt me.

About five years ago, another traumatizing thing happened, and it's really stuck with me. Somehow the two events are tied together, and I call this "PTSD 101."

I was at Main Street SkyTrain station. I walked down to the bus stop and looked up at the clock to see when the next bus was due. I noticed I had a few minutes to spare, so I went to spark a much-needed medicine break. I remember seeing the traffic light was red and there was no bus yet. With my head down, I heard a thump—a thump and shrilling screams all around. I lifted my head and saw legs wobbling from under the bus as it screeched to a halt. More screams came from all around—from above, on the SkyTrain platform, and along both sides of the streets. Screams were loud and people ran from the scene. This all felt so surreal. In a daze, I walked up to the bus while on the phone with 911 dispatch. People were screaming "murderer," while rocking the bus back and forth like a

cradle. Screams of "murderer" resonated while the terrified bus driver was hiding under the driver's seat.

911 dispatch kept trying to get me to go and give this person CPR. "What the heck," I cried out. "You can't give this person CPR; two sets of bus tires just ran over their head!" She persisted and insisted that I go and try. I kept repeating that I can't. It took everything in me to walk up to the victim, and I'll never forget the sight, for it made me scream. In that moment the ambulance showed up, and just about all I was able to do at that point was a panicked stutter, while pointing a finger towards the victim. I hung up from 911, and in a daze, I managed to walk home. Somehow, in some way, these two memories tie together, and I call them "PTSD 101."

#### **KEEP CALM AND PLAY ON**

MEMOIR

MONICA ALAS, Writing101

I remember the times I used to daydream about my future. All the hours I must have spent sitting on my couch and thinking about my present and future journeys. Thinking what I would do and say, and the things I would be too scared to try. I was always planning; planning for my future.

One day, I woke up and realized that there were going to be some changes to the plan. Changes that I was not sure I wanted. Challenges that I, with or without fear, would have to face. I found myself in circumstances and with people who would build me up and allow me to learn. There were also situations that put me down, but they helped me to grow the strength in my heart. Sometimes, I resisted change because of fear, without realizing that I was still moving forward.

After so much contemplation of my plans, I recognize that there is no way I can go back, and I actually do not want to restore my plan's "former glory." There is nothing I would change if I could. I loved living every step, every challenge, every failure, and every success. All of them have been unique; sometimes sweet and sometimes sour.

Even when my heart shook and my body twitched with fear, I lived every minute—I lived! I realize that I did the best I could even when life gave me apples instead of the mangos I asked for. I appreciate the opportunities people gave me to grow, and am grateful to the people who decided to stay and advise me on my way. I am not going to lie; the journey was and still is lonely because after being shaken-up, just a few want to stay. Eventually, the zig-zagged line of the journey will take you home.

You learn to be resilient as life gives you surprises, but as you go you learn to expect the unexpected. I can now say I'm no longer destiny's victim, but a survivor of the unforeseen. Even when living in the limbo of the unplanned, I walked the walk to find my home. I kind of enjoyed the ride!

The journey of my life is still to be written. For this chapter, all I hope for is to continue growing and learning. I want to continue smiling at life. I already got rid of the so-called plan. I will not worry as much as I did before because now I know that if it is not okay, it is because it is not over yet. I no longer care about what people think about me. I am not trying to figure out life anymore; I just want to continue living and never, never, never give up. I want to be unapologetically in love with my dreams and passions.

## WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A WOMAN

VIOLA ANTOINE (Anishinabe First Nation),  
Writing101

MEMOIR

I say "Me Too" because I have not escaped the abuse and indignities that so many of my sister gender have endured.

My journey to healing began in 2003, when I attended a Sun Dance Ceremony. I have walked the Red Road ever since. I loved myself back to being an Indigenous woman and reclaimed my culture and spirituality. In the process, I discovered that I am not inferior, and I have found my place in society.

I have had to forgive my abusers, or I would have been consumed with resentment, preventing me from moving forward. I no longer rely on pills or alcohol to drown out feelings.

I like being an Indigenous woman because it is better to be strong and confident rather than being beautiful, helpless, and stupid. There is no cure for stupidity.



## DIAGNOSIS BY POSTAL CODE

NON-FICTION

VIVIAN BOMBERRY (Six Nations of the  
Grand River, Southern Ontario), WRITING201

In 2015, a report was published by the Wellesley Institute in conjunction with St. Michael's Hospital in Toronto. The report was entitled, "First Peoples, Second Class Treatment."<sup>[1]</sup> This paper was produced by Well Living House, for the Wellesley Institute to examine the role of racism in the health and well-being of Indigenous peoples in Canada.

The clinic I attended, Vancouver Native Health Society, could have been used as a model for the paper of how not to treat Indigenous peoples! Let me tell you about my experience at this clinic.

In order to tell this story, I need to reveal vulnerable but pertinent personal health information. It needs to be told because I look at other women who still attend the clinic run by the Vancouver Native Health Society, the people who treated me so offensively. I can only guess that they are being treated in a similar fashion to my experience. I live in the DTES—the poorest postal code in Canada is where I live, have my home, safety and security. Even if life's circumstances brought me here, where I live does not define who I am. The clinic diagnosed me based on my address/postal code, and not on medical reasoning or symptoms.

In 2004, I was working in Toronto and had a workplace accident where I fell on stairs, sustaining serious injuries. I eventually had to undergo four surgical interventions, and shoulder surgery was necessary as soon as possible.

I required medical care after my surgery and called the clinic, seeking a nurse's appointment to have my dressings changed. I was told that I could not see the nurse and

that clinic policy stated that I was required to return to the treating professional, in this case in Richmond. After I was denied treatment at the clinic, I waited until Monday and sought treatment from the Vancouver Women's Health Collective, who readily treated me and who would become a major player in my health care.

One day when I could barely walk, I arrived at the clinic with pain that was intractable. The doctor took one look at me with a sneer on her face. The good doctor took me in and, after an explanation of why I was there, opened her laptop and started asking me questions like, "Are there times when you experience really good moods?" "Do you experience really low times?" I asked her, "Is that a bi-polar questionnaire?" She never answered, but asked me another question, to which I repeated my question and she slammed her computer shut in anger. She tried to do this without informed consent or discussion of what it was that she planned to administer. At appointment's end the doctor stated, "I cannot give you any medication. You will have to wait till next week when your own physician is here." I told her that if she wasn't going to give me pain medication, I would buy it off the street. I did buy pain medication off the street at a cost of \$75.00, which put me at great risk. Interestingly, she made case notes of my buying pain medication on the street, but not about my refusing to cooperate in the bi-polar questionnaire she tried to administer. When I first became a patient at this clinic, while I didn't know it at the time, they had tested me for every known communicable disease and substance; the lab results were in my chart.

The agonizing pain continued, and I had to keep seeking relief. Another female doctor gave me a prescription for a one-month's supply of Tylenol-3's. When I returned after one month for more, she told me that she would have it dispensed one week's supply at a time and that I would be required to undergo random drug screening. She had

carefully questioned me about any non-prescription drugs I might be taking. It went like this: "Do you use cocaine?" Answer: "No"; "Do you smoke crack?" Answer: "No." I said, "Crack is cocaine, and I already said no."; "Do you smoke cannabis?" Answer: "No."; "Do you drink alcohol?" Answer: "Yes, I'm a social drinker." She asks, "What does that mean?" Answer: "It means I buy a case of beer at Christmas time and I still have three cans left next Christmas." "Do you smoke nicotine?" Answer "Nope." By this time, despite the pain, I was actually having fun with her. She threw down my file and gave me a urine sample bottle. I had to take the long walk back to the front and through the waiting room with my sample bottle; no dignity here.

Marked with stigma or suspicion or being labeled as faking pain by a doctor(s) can seriously impact the quality of care you receive, or don't receive.

The female doctor, Chelsea, looked at my files and said, "Your results came back and they are all clean except for the codeine that I had prescribed." As for the shingles, she asked me, "Do you want some Percocet's for the shingles pain?" I laughed at the irony and said, "No thanks." I believe that I came down with the shingles because of the distress I was in, which was caused by stress and the lack of proper treatment. I had already made a decision to leave the clinic and never return.

As the pain worsened, I needed to go to St. Paul's Hospital, and the treatment was similar. They could treat me in Emergency but would not provide me with any medication to go. The emergency physician told me that 95% of the people in the DTES are drug addicts, and they had a policy of no narcotics to go.

One incident of excruciating pain found me at the main post office downtown. I managed to go into the post office fine, but when I left to go to the bus stop, about 100 feet

away, I couldn't walk that far, and a man sitting in the bus shelter came to help me. I asked him to call me a taxi because I couldn't walk. He said, "No, I won't call you a taxi. I'm going to call an ambulance." He did, and off I went to St. Paul's. It turns out the man who called the ambulance was a physician. I cried over the kindness he had shown me.

I made an appointment with the nurses over at the Women's Health Collective—nurses not doctors—and they ordered a regular x-ray that showed I needed to have a total hip replacement. My condition was so advanced that no type of therapy could help. I had a total hip replacement, and the relief I felt was life changing.

Prior to becoming a patient at the Vancouver Native Health clinic, I did my due diligence and scanned their website. I liked what I saw, how they had a multi-disciplinary approach to community: ***To improve and promote the physical, mental, emotional and spiritual health of individuals, focusing on the Aboriginal community residing in Greater Vancouver.***

In retrospect, it was all just words.

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UNTITLED, DUE DISCONNECTION

BLAYNE SINE O'MALLEY, Writing101

Chicken scratches on a human post drive, 1219.  
Plagues hit all nations disguised as one-word hack.  
They ain't here to tell us, so please listen to them.  
I think you're a blessing wearing your disguise, but they  
made you up.  
Especially tough is the full ruler truth, blah!  
Casting aside clouds through the kitchen pipe needed  
attention, then.  
Ravens fly only when they get a head start.  
We all harbour great wills, sometimes expressed weakly.  
Freedom falls just like eyelashes, in the many unusually  
unnoticed movements.  
We all have to live behind the night.  
In fall in Canada, leaves fall stirred from sleeping  
spirits, thinking, not dreaming.  
But he couldn't say the problem is that his soul is  
hollow.  
If you can't see Eternity, look for her where the nights  
are so deep your lights can't help you see.  
Somebody should have known, and recorded, what Dodo birds  
say.  
Anger deposits were put in her hair streaks.  
I am officially closed.

It doesn't make sense  
When the cow jumped over the moon.

It doesn't make sense  
I can hear the ocean.

It doesn't make sense  
Three blind mice.

It doesn't make sense  
A half-filled cup of water is also a half-empty cup of water.

It doesn't make sense  
That time flies by.

It doesn't make sense  
I can read you like a book.

It doesn't make sense  
I'm thinking outside the box.

It doesn't make sense  
When I cry a river.

When I try to make sense of something, only metaphors come  
to light, to help it come to sense.

## NONSENSE POEM

POETRY:  
NONSENSE POEMS

REMONA (Cree, Métis, Jewish,  
Chinese, Japanese), Writing101

There is a safety issue, wait

It's crazy being homeless.

Don't look at my numbers.

I don't like it.

Look at how I've been living

Glass heart riot window treatment

Cyclotron Entertainment

Again & Again & Again.

It's your turn to wipe Ketchup n' Mustard off walls,  
my turn to patch the holes.

Turn your lights down low, indigo blue

It could all go wrong, wet shag rug smell

Be very quiet, we're hunting rabbits

We'll make it

Whatever we can't make, we'll buy

Whatever we can't buy, we'll steal.

Love is a variety of mental states

Typically strong, deep & affectionately simple.

Given Words: boundaries, foliage, refrigerator, reality, chocoholic, tremble, carnage, sugar, tractor, universal, tired, original, baby teeth, levitated, exasperated.

So, yeah, the other day, I was telling my nine children—Billy-Bob, Bunny, Carlos, Drake, Ethel, Jedidiah, Miranda, Moose, and Susie—that we really should clean out our refrigerator. It's probably not food-safe to have foliage growing in there.

But, my children being my children, are not a highly motivated bunch, and need incentives to perform tasks. So I says to myself, feed them chocolates, they are all chocoholics, just like their Big Mama. It's better than feeding them bowls of sugar.

The key is to set clear boundaries, or at least that's what my shrink keeps telling me. They are essentially good kids, but sometimes I get exasperated and tired out by their high energy. I hate it when that happens.

Anyhow, where was I? Right, right, so the kids got to work, and removed everything from the fridge. It looked like tractor carnage. They found Miranda's original baby teeth still clamped to what looks like an old slice of fruit. Gross.

Suddenly, the reality of my situation hit me, full on. I trembled at the universal need to clean constantly and be ever vigilant. If you ask me, I would much rather meditate and levitate. A girl can dream, can't she?



Crazy, unhinged, irrational, demented, weirdo and loony are just a few of the monikers given to persons who deal with mental illness on a daily basis. None of these terms are in any way positive, and instead accentuate the negative connotations associated with mental issues.

There is an influential book titled *The Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*, now onto its fifth edition. The text describes most of the known, diagnosed mental maladies. Symptoms are listed and described as behaviours that are deemed not to fit into normal life, or proper society. They are itemized and categorized like the Linnaean system of disorders.

Their intensity is measured against a scale of how a reasonable or "normal" person acts. For instance, if a person speaks out loud to himself, in a manner that may unsettle or disturb others, as well as having a disorderly outward appearance that could easily be decoded as schizophrenia, they have a terrible affliction to endure, and can be greatly misunderstood.

Many people have difficulty in dealing with rapidly changing emotions and thoughts. This condition can be debilitating, and have effects that may never be seen by others. Isolation and extreme neglect are common consequences that play out in these individuals' realities—hiding like hermits in small cubicle-like rooms, alone and afraid.

FEAR of the known, or the supposed.

FEAR of the unknown, or the imagined.

FEAR of action, or inaction; both being arduous.

FEAR of this, FEAR of that. Not the kind of fear that makes one scared, but the kind that makes one terrified, horrified, to the detriment of one's own well-being.

Those who deal with these conditions sometimes exist and survive at the extremes of what society deems acceptable: homeless, impoverished, and drug addicted, living in tent cities. Often, the disease is left unattended for so long that a life forms around the illness, to preserve the person. Incarcerated by the mind and kept there by stigma and shame. How far down till one becomes too far gone?

In times past, when there were places and resources to handle these issues, many families simply put their family member away in a sanatorium—or another less clean-sounding word, “asylum”: commonly known as a lunatic asylum, the funny farm, or psychiatric ward. This had a two-fold effect in some cases: institutions carried out experiments and research, while divesting the immediate care away from the family, and society as a whole.

The cause and effects of many disorders and conditions are still a mystery to most people. To fully understand, as a layperson, would be impossible. It seems to me, being a middle-aged man who deals with bipolar issues every day, that mental health issues, and a pervasive amount of it, seems to be on the rise. Maybe for the reason that every disorder, like most languages, has in itself several dialects and versions. Some are intense and chronic while others are passive and periodically brought on by seasons and/or environment and associated stressors.

I want to expel one of the most severe and offensive aspects to finding help and creating awareness—EXCLUSION!

EXCLUSION from family.

EXCLUSION from employment.

EXCLUSION from society.

EXCLUSION from public spaces.

SHAME must be taken away. How can anyone get involved and get help if they cannot come in and be welcomed?

More needs to be done. A bridge can only begin construction when a cable or a beam is able to first fulfil the span. The building of bridges can truly start by reaching out with an open hand and a likewise heart. Then something can be done. I do not know the full solution, only that it can only be found with compassion coupled with empathy.

WE & ME are the community where this must start. We all know, or have been associated with persons who deal with a diagnosed or undiagnosed mental ailment. Compounding an already insurmountable problem by ostracizing and exorcising these people does great harm. Imagine feeling alone and unwanted like a puppy in the cage at the SPCA—there by no fault of their own, and only wanting to belong somewhere.

MAKE THE EFFORT to not be judgmental.

MAKE THE EFFORT to exercise compassion.

MAKE THE EFFORT to see the person beneath the symptoms.

MAKE THE EFFORT to understand.

We must look past the diseases of the mind and find persistent treatment that enables a person the time to adjust and grow. I can imagine that much like a caterpillar after a metamorphosis, a beautiful butterfly emerges.

It has long been the argument that poverty is unsolvable, that it is too big of a problem.

But every great entrepreneur has always seen a problem as an opportunity, and I would argue that it cannot only be resolved, but that it is an opportunity of a lifetime. Solving poverty would certainly elevate someone to the heights of adoration and fame on par with history's greatest names.

Globally, population growth in impoverished nations is out of control. In these nations carbon emissions are high, while productivity is moderate. These nations need to provide for their citizens, or they will know chaos and instability. All around the world, shifts in society and productivity are happening, while the same old profit game abounds. Hence, I blame the form we use today in capital-driven economies.

These engines of prosperity have long been geared to send value upstream to the top investors, while trickling down benefits to others. This of course creates a disparity right from the beginning, one that limits decision making to a few, while ignoring the intelligence of the crowd. This is an epic strategic error.

Modern supercomputers have been used to model decision outcomes in finance, and it has become apparent that trickle-down economics is behind economic stagnation. Creative ideas are often ignored for ideas that deliver higher profit margins.

Few people wish to tackle the large-scale projects that will solve the truly vast problems. This disregard for the importance of the value of the "other" is

institutionalized and eats away at society, and at our progress nationally and globally.

In 2017 mankind stands divided between camps of profiteers and their victims. Protesting these naked disparities has increasingly resulted in jail and injury while wealthy investors sip fine wine and watch it all happen, quite amused with themselves.

The truth is, many among the wealthy detest the impoverished, and see them as leeches of society. The rules of course do not apply to them, and they live by a belief of total superiority—willing to cause harm so long as it offers a gain for themselves. If only being a true hero was a common core value among the wealthy. It is sadly not.

Only with collaboration can we solve poverty, be it nationally or globally. We have the technology; we just need brave souls to tackle it and live lives far worthier than lived now.

Who will be the heroes? Who is brave enough to challenge the assumed authority of a culture of vulture capitalism? I argue that through building national trusts, all citizens are involved in solving problems such as poverty. After all, being poor has always been about not having enough of what others, for their entire lifetimes, have taken for granted. We can solve poverty if as a species we collectively demand it. But as of 2017, the news streams are dominated by the wealthy, and other voices are simply dismissed and never truly heard.

Is all lost? I say no.

My hope is that wiser heads will prevail and see the titanic opportunity that solving global poverty will deliver. These wise ones will understand not only the math,

but also the moral and ethical implications of setting up a fairer way to distribute resources in society. These geniuses will comprehend that having more people uplifted means a broader, far more enriched economy full of people with low-to-zero carbon lifestyles, while also solving population growth issues and ultimately saving our entire species from extinction.

In the end, solving poverty is not an option but an absolute necessity and the biggest opportunity ever delivered in the history of this earth.

## MANIFESTO

### MANIFESTO

VICTORIA MICHAUD, Writing201

There are Catholics and Christians praying in churches; Muslims worshiping in mosques; Jewish people praying in synagogues; Metaphysicians meditating in a prayer state; Native prayer circles in sacred spaces; and all kinds of people getting centred with yoga—Namaste-ing all over the place. All are reaching for a spiritual level of understanding and fulfillment.

The common denominator with all these practices is that they operate on the super-conscious level of divine understanding—the place we all go when we need a fill up of the Holy Spirit. Connections are made and shifts happen.

Right now we have too many humans bowing their heads and worshiping little electronic machines that fit in their hands and control their lives. A major disconnect is taking place. Social media creates an antisocial environment and we need a divine intervention.

We know how much power can be generated by a group of

people with a common denominator—a focused goal. And because of the wonderful World Wide Web, people from all over the world can connect at the exact same moment in time. Hundreds of thousands of minds collectively praying for, thinking about, focusing on, ascending to the Great Spirit, the Holy One, Allah, Jesus, the Divine—it is all the same energy.

We must get these different groups to focus on one thought, one idea, all at the same time. The power of that one action will generate enough energy to affect us like a moon shifting oceans.

This collective energy will manifest in an idea that shifts reality on a positive, massive level.

## BEING GRANDPA

GILLES CYRENNE, Writing Mentor

Sometimes I think

all those years all those monks spend  
 in meditation seeking enlightenment  
 might better be spent on a path  
 toward becoming grandpa

Buddha said,

"Enlightenment is the end of suffering."  
 When I'm grandpa with my grandson  
 worldly cares distractions disappear  
 cease to exist  
 life becomes presence in our moment  
 time wispy smokeforgotten  
 space mutates into love  
 distance vanishes hearts connect

But

meditation lands awareness  
 in that moment  
 gives heart power focus  
 ability to dwell in  
 vanished space/time  
 banishes distraction  
 gives power to play in loving awareness compassion

So do both  
 meditate  
 walk that path  
 toward being

being grandma/grandpa

And

become the end of suffering



This summer was all hot air and foul-smelling grime.  
Lingering smoke from cigarettes moved quickly through the  
ventless room.  
Gasping, and flailing arms weren't effective to make a fan.  
Ennui and lethargy yelled "No!"  
The dust had an awful taste.  
My stomach churned.  
The sink tap whined.  
My water tasted like the dust.  
They hadn't used an insecticide lately, either.

## WE LISTEN WITHIN

RONALD P. MACINTYRE, Writing101

Attention, attention, attention!  
At this moment I have something to say.  
Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye  
I need to share this day.

Now that I have your attention  
What I have to say I say to you.  
I just need to express it  
Then it's up to you what to do.

You hear words that talk about love  
From the heart they say is true.  
True to what nature of life  
Do these words mean anything to you.

I just would like you to listen  
With your heart I need you to feel.  
Take a moment and understand  
Take a moment and make it all real.

So real you can feel in your heart  
You will feel it there.  
Suddenly you'll listen  
Listen to know that you care.

The vibration is tender and sweet  
Please listen more with your heart.  
Let go of what was before now  
It is this moment that new life will start.

Start to feel all that it offers  
Because it offers it only to you.  
A beginning of all that is love  
A love I offer that's true.

**FIGHTIN' FOR THE RIGHT**

SARAH Z, Writing101

Fightin' for your right isn't just a fairytale  
Keep on working hard, keep on hammering the nail  
It doesn't matter if we win or if we fail  
Work together people we will always prevail  
Some people need to learn: don't let the opportunity burn  
Don't let it pass by like a blink of an eye  
Then it's gone like a butterfly  
Everyone is asking questions like why  
Why do the evil people pollute the sky  
Why do the evil people get away with them lies  
Why do innocent people have to die?  
Richer get rich, getting a piece of the pie  
Corporation head, with the suit and the tie  
They don't give a fuck if we live or die  
So what are we gonna do for you and I?

# Hum

## Public Programme Series

Hum's study groups, workshops, field trips and documentary film series are lively forums for exploring and discussing subjects of mutual interest. These groups typically meet in the DTES/S every week, or twice monthly.

Open to everyone, the groups are facilitated by Hum alumni, volunteers, and staff.

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### **"Wednesday Women's Writing Workshop"**

In this series of 90-minute writing workshops, we explore some of the different genres of writing—journaling, memoir, personal essays, fiction, and poetry. In each session, a writing prompt helps to get us started with our writing. After a period of writing, participants are invited to read aloud and share their work. These weekly sessions aim to give participants an idea of what kind of writing they would like to do, how to go about it, and how to keep up a good practice of writing.

**When:** Wednesdays, 3:30 – 5:00 p.m.

**Where:** Downtown Eastside Women's Centre, Wellness Room

**Facilitator:** Maureen Phillips

### **"Doing Science and Theology"**

Most people think that science is about finding out what makes up the natural world and how it all works. Likewise, theology is usually described as the "science" or systematic study of what is before, beyond, or after the natural world—the supernatural. Instead, we read texts that consider what it means to do science and theology as practices that are always making or transforming the world around us—rather than thinking of science and theology as disciplines that discover something about the way reality already is. With the question "What kind of world do we want to make?" guiding our time together, we read aloud from texts by Science Technology and Society (STS) theorists and contemporary theologians who show that there are other ways to do science and theology that do not rely on discovering "facts" about a reality that is separate from our ways of being, knowing, and doing in the world.

*When:* Wednesdays, 5:30 – 7:30 p.m.

*Where:* Carnegie Centre, room 2 on the third floor

*Facilitator:* Mathew Arthur

### **"Popular Music through the Decades"**

Marvin Gaye, Bob Dylan, Jimi Hendrix, The Beatles, The Sex Pistols, Beyonce, Nirvana, David Bowie, Lady Gaga... is a certain song playing in your head? Do these artists bring up nostalgic memories for you? How did they change the world as you know it? If you enjoy talking about music and popular culture, then our study group "Popular Music through the Decades" is for you. Working through the decades, we discuss and listen to popular musicians from the '50s onwards: everything from the fun songs they made, to the style they promoted, to the political issues they brought up, and how they changed society. Term 2 focuses on music genres and themes: one-hit wonders, punk, jazz, movie soundtracks, Indigenous music, and more. We revisit these times and evocative genres with a nostalgic, fun, and critical eye.

*When:* Fridays, 3:00 – 4:30 p.m.

*Where:* Carnegie Centre, room 2 on the third floor.

*Facilitator:* Margot Mabanta

### **"Documentaries for Thinkers"**

Twice monthly, on the second and third Saturdays of the month, the Carnegie Auditorium fills with eager viewers looking to catch the latest scintillating documentaries from filmmakers across the globe. These films cover politics, nature, art, society, philosophy, science, and more.

*When:* 2nd & 3rd Saturday of the month, 6:00 p.m.

*Where:* The Carnegie Centre Auditorium

*Curator:* Terence Lui

### **"Eleveneses: Eating and Reading Tolkien"**

"Eleveneses: Eating and Reading Tolkien" centres on J.R.R. Tolkien's masterwork, *The Lord of the Rings*. We meet weekly on Sunday mornings at 11:00, to read together, aloud. Attendees are encouraged to volunteer, if comfortable, to read for the group. Heeding Tom Bombadil's wise assertion that "long tales are thirsty. And long listening's hungry work," before settling in, we begin each meeting with some baked treats from *The Unofficial Hobbit Cookbook*.

Copies of Part One, *The Fellowship of the Ring* are available for participants.

*When:* Sundays, 11:00 – 12:30 p.m.

*Where:* Vancouver Public Library, náća?mat ct Strathcona Branch, Nellie Yip Quong Room

*Facilitator:* Reuben Jentink

### **"A Taste of the Middle East"**

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 study group, we enjoy the beauty of these cultures and explore the differences that make each country unique.

*When:* Mondays, 6:00 – 7:30 p.m.

*Where:* The Gathering Place

*Facilitator:* Shahla Masoumnejad

### **"Grammar with Hum"**

In this introduction to grammar mini-series, Hum mentor Gilles Cyrenne teaches the nuts and bolts of English grammar. Whether learning English as a second language, or needing a refresher, this structured course works through the fundamentals of English grammar.

*When:* Term 1: Tuesdays, 5:15 – 6:15 p.m.

Term 2: Wednesdays 2:30 – 3:30 p.m.

*Where:* Term 1: Buchanan D, Room 204, UBC

Term 2: The Carnegie Learning Centre

*Facilitator:* Gilles Cyrenne

## **"Out'n About in Vancouver: Field Trip Series"**

### **Event: East Van Mural Tour**

In association with the Vancouver Mural Festival, this tour showcases Vancouver's largest display of public art. Site specific murals have transformed the look of Mount Pleasant and False Creek Flats. This walking tour connects us to the artists' visions, medium, and creative process.

*When:* Saturday, October 14, 11:00 a.m.

*Where:* Starts at Kafka's Coffee and Tea, 2525 Main Street

### **Event: The Natalie Brettschneider Archive**

Hum teacher and Vancouver-based artist Carol Sawyer created a fictional character, Natalie Brettschneider, to draw attention to the adept community of women artists working in Europe and British Columbia from the 1920s to the 1970s. In this exhibit, Carol brings to the forefront the works of women who have been historically under-represented in art institutions. Photographs, paintings, letters, and films from interdisciplinary women artists are displayed alongside works featuring the alluring Natalie Brettschneider.

*When:* Wednesday, November 22, 2:15 p.m.

*Where:* Vancouver Art Gallery

### **Event: Museum of Vancouver: City on Edge**

*City on Edge: A Century of Vancouver Activism* is a visually stunning photo-based exhibition exploring how protest demonstrations have shaped Vancouver's identity. The exhibit depicts moments when the city stood up, took to the streets and rallied for change, and is a unique opportunity to access rarely seen images capturing moments of Vancouver's protest history.

*When:* Friday, February 2, 11:00 a.m.

*Where:* Museum of Vancouver



**Event: BETA VULGARIS: The Sugar Beet Projects,  
tour & artist's talk**

The Nikkei Museum celebrates Japanese-Canadian history, arts, and culture. *BETA VULGARIS: The Sugar Beet Projects* explores the relationship between the material of sugar and Japanese-Canadian history. The museum gallery takes the form of a Japanese dry garden, punctuated by large sculptural "boulders" made of molten, burnt, and sculpted sugar.

*When:* Saturday, March 10, 12:50 – 3:00 p.m.

*Where:* Nikkei National Museum and Cultural Centre

**Event: Fabric of Our Land**

The Museum of Anthropology (MOA) is renowned for its displays of world arts and cultures, in particular Indigenous works. MOA houses 38,000 ethnographic objects, as well as 535,000 archaeological objects in its building alone. *Fabric of Our Land*, by the curator Sue Rowley, features early Coast Salish weavings on loan from institutions across Europe and the United States. The tour explores the history of these weavings and how they ended up so far from home.

*When:* Thursday April 12, 7:00 – 8:00 p.m.

*Where:* MOA, UBC



WRITING101/201 SPRING 2018



WRITING101/201 FALL 2018



VOLUNTEERS & STAFF

HUM PUBLIC PROGRAMMES SERIES

## GRAMMAR WITH HUM

In this introduction to grammar mini-series, Hum alumnus Gillias Cyrenne will teach the nuts and bolts of English grammar. Whether you are learning English as a second language, or want a refresher, this structured course will work through the fundamentals of English grammar.

**WEDNESDAYS AT 2:30 PM**

Carnegie Community Centre  
Third Floor Learning Centre

NO REGISTRATION NECESSARY.  
JOIN IN AT ANYTIME!



EMAIL: H.U.M@UBC.CA  
PHONE: 604-822-0028  
WEBSITE: HUMANITIES101.ARTS.UBC.CA

HUM PUBLIC PROGRAMMES SERIES

## Wednesday Women's Writing Group

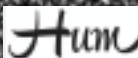
January 17, February 7 & 28, March 7 & 14, April 4  
Time: 3:30-5:00

Downtown Eastside Women's Centre - Wellness Room

Facilitator: Maureen Phillips

No registration necessary. Join in at anytime!

IN THIS SERIES OF 90-MINUTE WRITING WORKSHOPS, WE WILL EXPLORE SOME OF THE DIFFERENT GENRES OF WRITING- JOURNALING, MEMOIR, PERSONAL ESSAYS, FICTION AND POETRY. EACH WEEK YOU WILL BE GIVEN A WRITING PROMPT TO HELP GET YOU STARTED. AFTER EACH PERIOD OF WRITING, YOU WILL HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO READ ALOUD AND SHARE YOUR WORK WITH THE OTHERS, IF YOU LIKE. THESE WEEKLY SESSIONS WILL GIVE YOU AN IDEA OF WHAT KIND OF WRITING YOU WOULD LIKE TO DO, HOW TO GO ABOUT IT, AND HOW TO KEEP UP A GOOD PRACTICE OF WRITING.



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**Hum Public Programme Series Presents...**

## A TASTE OF THE MIDDLE EAST

Middle Eastern countries have a rich culture, and although they are frequently identified as one region, each country represents a distinguished culture that is rooted in ancient traditions. In this ongoing study group, we enjoy the beauty of these cultures and explore the differences that make each country unique.

Snacks and light refreshments are provided.

**When: Mondays, 6:00 - 7:30 PM**

**Where: Gathering Place, 609 Helmcken St.**

**Facilitator: Shahla Masoumnejad**

Everyone welcome. No registration necessary.

Participants are welcome to join anytime.



(604) 822-0028 | h.u.m@ubc.ca  
www.humanities101.arts.ubc.ca

**- Hum Public Programme Series Presents-**

## Out n' about in Vancouver Monthly Field Trip Series

Come experience Vancouver with us! We'll be visiting various cultural places at the beginning of each month—galleries, museums, and more—as a part of our monthly field trip series. Past trips have included the Vancouver Art Gallery, Museum of Vancouver, and an East Van Mural tour. Admission is free, just show up the day of. Tour details available on our website.

**- Everyone Welcome -  
- No Registration Necessary -**



(604) 822-0028  
h.u.m@ubc.ca  
www.humanities101.arts.ubc.ca

Hum Public Programme Series Presents...

# Popular Music Through The Decades

FRIDAYS, 3:00-4:30 |  
CARNEGIE CENTRE  
ROOM 2, 3RD FLOOR  
401 MAIN ST

FACILITATOR: MARGOT MABANTA

Marvin Gaye, Bob Dylan, Jimi Hendrix, The Beatles, Sex Pistols, Beyonce, Nirvana, David Bowie, Lady Gaga, Tupac, Justin Bieber, Madonna... is a certain song playing in your head? Do these artists bring up nostalgic memories for you? How did they change the world as you know it? We'll get to discuss popular musicians from the 50's onwards: everything from the fun songs they had, to the style they promoted, to the political issues they brought up, and how they changed society. This study group will look at popular musicians through the decades and revisit them with a nostalgic, fun, but critical eye.

EVERYONE WELCOME. NO REGISTRATION NECESSARY.  
PARTICIPANTS CAN JOIN ANYTIME.



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www.humanities101.arts.ubc.ca

HUM PUBLIC PROGRAMME SERIES PRESENTS...

## Doing Science and Theology

When: Wednesdays, 5:30-7:30 PM.  
Where: Carnegie Centre, Room 2, 3rd floor, 401 Main St.  
Facilitator: Mathew Arthur

Everyone welcome. No registration necessary.  
Participants can join anytime.

MOST PEOPLE THINK THAT SCIENCE IS ABOUT FINDING OUT WHAT MAKES UP THE NATURAL WORLD AND HOW IT ALL WORKS. LIKEWISE, THEOLOGY IS USUALLY DESCRIBED AS THE "SCIENCE" OR SYSTEMATIC STUDY OF WHAT IS BEFORE, BEYOND, OR AFTER THE NATURAL WORLD—THE SUPERNATURAL.

...INSTEAD, WE WILL READ TEXTS THAT CONSIDER WHAT IT MEANS TO DO SCIENCE AND THEOLOGY AS PRACTICES THAT ARE ALWAYS MAKING OR TRANSFORMING THE WORLD AROUND US—RATHER THAN THINKING OF SCIENCE AND THEOLOGY AS DISCIPLINES THAT DISCOVER SOMETHING ABOUT THE WAY REALITY ALREADY IS.

WITH THE QUESTION "WHAT KIND OF WORLD DO WE WANT TO MAKE?" GUIDING OUR TIME TOGETHER, WE WILL READ ALOUD FROM TEXTS BY SCIENCE TECHNOLOGY AND SOCIETY (STS) THEORISTS AND CONTEMPORARY THEOLOGICALS WHO SHOW THAT THERE ARE OTHER WAYS TO DO SCIENCE AND THEOLOGY THAT DO NOT RELY ON DISCOVERING "FACTS" ABOUT A REALITY THAT IS SEPARATE FROM OUR WAYS OF BEING, KNOWING, AND DOING IN THE WORLD.



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HUM PUBLIC PROGRAMME SERIES PRESENTS...



## ELEVENSES

EATING AND READING TOLKIEN

"ElevenSes: Eating and reading Tolkien" centres on J.R.R. Tolkien's masterwork, *The Lord of the Rings*. We will meet weekly on Sunday mornings at 11:00, to read together, aloud. Attendees are encouraged to volunteer, if comfortable, to read for the group. Heeding Tom Bombadil's wise assertion that "long tales are thirsty. And long listening's hungry work." before settling in, we'll begin each meeting with some baked treats from the *Unofficial Hobbit Cookbook*.

Copies of *The Fellowship of the Ring* will be available to participants.

WHERE: VANCOUVER PUBLIC LIBRARY 1500 7<sup>th</sup> AVE | STRATHCONA BRANCH  
730 EAST HASTINGS ST. (NELLIE YIP QUONG ROOM)

WHEN: SUNDAYS, 11:00 AM - 12:30 PM.

FACILITATOR: REUBEN JENTINK

EVERYONE WELCOME



NO REGISTRATION NECESSARY

PARTICIPANTS CAN JOIN ANYTIME.



h.u.m@ubc.ca | 604-822-0028  
www.humanities101.arts.ubc.ca

HUM PUBLIC PROGRAMME SERIES PRESENTS...

## Documentaries FOR THINKERS

TWICE MONTHLY, ON THE 2ND AND 3RD SATURDAY OF THE MONTHS, THE CARNEGIE AUDITORIUM IS FILLED WITH EAGER VIEWERS LOOKING TO CATCH THE LATEST SCINTILLATING DOCUMENTARIES FROM SOME OF THE BEST FILMMAKERS ACROSS THE GLOBE. THESE FILMS COVER POLITICS, NATURE, ART, SOCIETY, PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE AND MORE. DELICIOUS CAKES AND BEVERAGES ARE SERVED TO HELP FEED OUR APPETITES.

WHEN: 2ND AND 3RD SAT. OF THE MONTH, 6PM.  
WHERE: CARNEGIE CENTRE, MAIN AND E HASTINGS ST.  
CARNEGIE AUDITORIUM  
CURATOR: TERENCE LUI  
EVERYONE WELCOME. NO REGISTRATION NECESSARY.



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# Spring Compositions

Writing 101/201

## THE HEPCBC AWARENESS TOUR

LEON ANDERSON (The Key First Nation, Treaty 4),  
Writing101

### JOURNALING

**March 27, 2018**

My dream to bring Hepatitis C awareness information to isolated First Nations communities finally became a reality this month of March, 2018. On March 13, I was asked by both of my long-time friends from HepCBC, Cheryl Reitz and Rosemary Plummer, to accompany them on 10-day outreach trip throughout the northern part of Vancouver Island. HepCBC is a non-profit organization that provides education, prevention and support to people living with the Hep C virus (HCV). We visited, over the past 11 days, about 40 health centres throughout the northern parts of Vancouver Island to distribute Hep C brochures and promote Hep C education and awareness. We drove over several gravel logging roads on the west coast and into remote First Nation's communities such as the Nuchatlaht and Ehattesaht/Chinehkint Nations. In addition, it was a window of opportunity to promote my Sixties Scoop book project, which was a welcome part of the presentation.

First, the visits went better than what I originally had expected. Since Cheryl had the means to contact the Community Health Representations (CHRs) and medical staff at the clinics ahead of time, and organize our schedule, it went like clockwork. Cheryl and I had the honour of recounting our Hep C treatment history, which proved very educational in helping people understand the side effect problems of the older interferon drugs. Moreover, we had the honour of informing them of the new Direct Acting Anti-Virals (DAA's), which cost about \$50,000 per treatment, but guarantee a Sustained Viral Response (SVR), meaning people don't have to cope with the side effects of the older interferon drugs. Both Cheryl and I had the honour of being amongst the first people in B.C. to be cured by the newer drugs, on a clinical drug trial in mid-

2012. Rosemary is a retired registered nurse, which gave professional insight into the matters and answered medical related questions.

Second, we couldn't have picked a better time to do our Hep C awareness tour. This past week, three of Canada's provinces offered to cover the costs of the new drugs. It took over six years to get over that hurdle and has been in the making since Cheryl and I were being treated back in 2012. As a result, we got to announce the new funding that the B.C. government put in place to cover the costs of the new miracle drugs. What a milestone! It means that everyone is treated equally and don't have to wait for years, while sick, or until they develop fibrosis or cirrhosis to get their treatment costs covered.

Third, in addition, I was able to fit in and promote my Sixties Scoop Book in the meetings. With due diligence, I brought the subject to the support staff at the clinics. Since it is an important subject for the First Nation's community, they were very much interested in supporting me and getting the work out to interested people who are able to contribute written articles for my Sixties Scoop short stories book. It will be a group effort, so the profits and acknowledgement will be shared by those that contribute. I did actually meet several people who were interested in the project.

Moreover, on our last night in Port Alberni, a long-time friend of Rosemary's and Cheryl's—Maggie—joined us for dinner at a Port Alberni seafood restaurant. Maggie has a sciences degree and has assisted various people in publishing their books. Afterwards, she visited with me, Cheryl and Rosemary at the motel where we exchanged ideas regarding the reasons behind the child apprehension policies of the Sixties Scoop era. We had one of the best talks that I have ever had regarding the Scoop. I convinced Maggie that my project was worth considering.



She said she would help out editing my book. It was a plain miracle that I happened to meet someone as qualified as her. In addition, Maggie is very knowledgeable about First Nations' affairs, and in her field, has worked on various projects for First Nations' communities. Maggie, and a few other people I met along the way, are going to be my links to getting my book together.

Overall, it was an exciting venture for me. Moreover, it was a first-time experience for me doing this type of field work, and I feel I accomplished something that will promote health for the hidden Hep C community. All they have to do now is step forward, get tested and get treated. In conclusion, I had the opportunity to refine my confidence, to convey the difficult aspects of the old interferon treatment, and to relay the benefits of the newer Direct Acting Anti-Viral drugs.

**THE PAGE WAS BLANK FOR NOW**

**I HELD THE PEN...**

**JOURNALING**

LINDA ZAYAC, Writing101

My first written journal question was asked by our friendly instructor, Maureen Phillips, and answered truthfully by ME!

I used the cute journal that Hum provided to me, even though I do have plenty of other journals at home—organized and decorated for each way I feel. This one felt like a special gift because... I LOVE JOURNALS!

Express yourself through writing! This is a good start for someone who doesn't like to confide in people that easily. It silences your inner critic and cleans out negative thoughts (like that letter you'd never send to someone!).

You can choose to move forward by “letting go” with your words, your thoughts—even anger! You can also write a book, movie review, or to-do lists, comment on an article, or create your own blog.

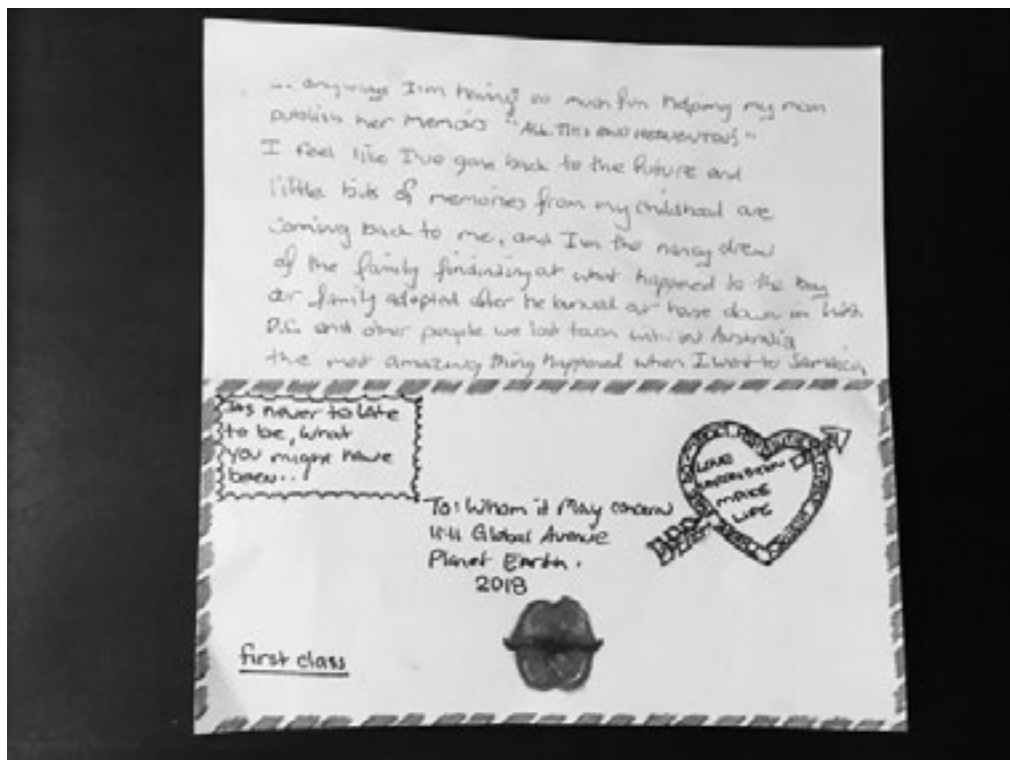
Writing is like meditation (and knitting!). To produce some things requires deep thought: a “scarf,” an article, personal thoughts—or a look. Jot down whatever comes to mind.... What will I do with this scarf piece?

Re-reading journals is a journey in itself. I can’t believe I thought or said that! Why did that celebrity do or wear that? How will (or did) I even get through this (or that)?

What to eat while writing? Where to sit? Where to be? Why do people write and keep journals, books, or even be a writer? There is nothing more pleasurable than knowing someone has read your words—even if it is (was) just yourself on a re-livable writing journey!

# ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO

KATE GAGE, Writing201



## VANCOUVER: HOME FOR FIFTY YEARS

MEMOIR

CLAUDE F. RANVILLE (Métis, Crane River Manitoba),  
Writing201

Hello, my name is Claude Frederick Ranville and I have lived in Vancouver, B.C. for over fifty years. I have what you might call, "a photographic memory," and I can still remember part of the train ride across the prairies in 1965. My mother, sisters and brother travelled to Vancouver from Manitoba by train. I have lived here for fifty years. Where is here? Well in 1885 this place was known as "The Township of Granville." In 1886 there was a great fire in "The Township of Granville," and the town burned to the ground.

There were a lot of townsfolk trapped on the beach of what is now known as Canada Place. It is very fortunate that the townsfolk of the Squamish people of the North Shore were witnessing this great tragedy unfolding across the bay. They donned their canoes and paddled across the bay to help the trapped townsfolk. History states that it was the women of the Squamish village who spearheaded this rescue.

When I look around Vancouver today and see some of my neighbours living in tents, I find it somewhat ironic that the city's first City Hall was also located in a tent. The next day after the great fire, the job was to build a pub. No pub, no workers to rebuild the city. It was at this time the city was also renamed "The City of Vancouver." So, named after the European explorer who discovered this beautiful part of the world.

Vancouver has been home to some interesting characters over the years, and the great hockey player Cyclone Taylor is one of those characters. Cyclone Taylor was one of the game's greatest players of his time, and would help lead the Vancouver Millionaires to win the 1915 Stanley Cup. This would turn out to be Vancouver's only Stanley Cup... thus far! Cyclone Taylor was also a civil servant for the

government of Canada (Commissioner of Immigration for British Columbia) at this time, and had the unpleasant task of having to turn away the "Komagata Maru." This must have been one year for Cyclone Taylor.

Vancouver had had quite a storied past; some pleasant and some not so pleasant. I too have many memories of fifty years living in Vancouver. One of my first memories of Vancouver is a trip downtown with mother in the mid-sixties. Mother was doing some shopping at the old Woodward's store on Hastings Street and I remember playing on the escalator. I don't know if I would recommend this today with someone so young. I was quite an adventurous kid!

Vancouver was a very different place in the sixties. When I look around today and see the diverse multicultural city where we live, back in the sixties Vancouver was mainly people of European descent. There were some unpleasant memories regarding racism. Mother used to always tell me, "There is more good in the world than bad." I must say this helped me to survive some of the challenging moments.

I have some great memories from the sixties. I remember Christmas caroling with some family and friends way back then. There was a lot more snow back in those days. I remember shovelling two to three feet of snow. There was a lot of snowmen, lots of snow forts, and tobogganing was great. Yes, Vancouver was a very different place in the sixties—the climate and the culture were another time and another place.

Fast forward to the present day and I can only marvel at all the changes Vancouver has been through over the last fifty years. The culture and climate have changed. I do not believe the change in the climate is good, but the change in culture gives one a strong sense of hope for the future.

More and more, those of us who come from other parts of the world have come to recognize the lower mainland as unceded territories of the Musqueam, the Squamish, and the Tsleil-Waututh nations. When you consider the thousands upon thousands of years of First Nations history, the lower mainland has been through a lot of changes ever since captain George Vancouver sailed into what is now present-day English Bay.

On a personal note, I have been through many changes over the past fifty years. All in all, I feel very grateful to live in a beautiful city such as Vancouver. I look forward to making more beautiful memories in the future.

#### **LETTER TO MY GRANDSON**

VIOLA ANTOINE (Anishinabe First Nation),  
Writing201

MEMOIR

Dear Grandson,

First, I'd like to tell you a little bit about myself. I shall be 72 years old this year. I am retired and continue to volunteer for the society that I worked for.

I follow the native way, spiritually. I have been a sundance supporter since 2003 and a pipe carrier and a sundancer since 2008. My life has turned around for the good.

Staying busy by sewing and doing crafts is how I spend my time. But most importantly, I have been taking university courses for the last year and a half. Right now, I'm in a writing class.

I have a niece in Vancouver, and we support each other.

Her name is Diane. I live alone in a one-bedroom apartment in the area where I used to work, and my health is good. Mitchell still lives in Toronto and we phone often. He was quite lost after his sister, your mother, died. I invited him here, but his home is there.

I understand that you blame Stephanie, your mother, for not being in your life while you were growing up. With all my heart and soul, I am sorry and wish our lives had been different. My world fell apart when she passed away. She lived a life of addiction and there was nothing I could do about it. She loved you and was too ashamed to tell you that. It is not her fault, and I will try to explain why.

By this letter, I hope to relieve some of your pain and hope that you will come to an understanding as to why we are the way we are, and in the process, forgive your mother. She grew up in foster care, without family bonding, without life skills. It all started when Aboriginal children were seized and placed in residential schools. Why?

To put it bluntly, the government wanted our land, so it partnered with several different denominational churches to place these children in residential schools and wipe out the Indianness in them—that included their language. Of course, the churches agreed because they wanted government funds, and to win our souls.

It was not enough that they put us on reserves. There is a definite connection between residential schools and loss of land.

I was in such a school for five years. Negative comments like "You are here because your parents don't want you," "Your parents are too poor and can't look after you," and emotional neglect contributed to my social withdrawal. I have this persistent feeling of being watched and judged

by others, so I tend to isolate. The impact of residential schools weighs heavy on survivors: lack of homemaking/parenting skills; family violence; physical, emotional, and mental abuse; many of the ex-students experience post-traumatic stress disorder, with symptoms such as depression, anxiety, alcoholism, addiction, rage, suicidal tendencies and mental illness. I can relate to the above except for the last three.

As survivors, we are vulnerable for a lifetime and for generations. We are subjected to loneliness, ridicule, racism, and pain until all we have is anger and distrust. When we left the residential schools, we took with us the burden of shame and the belief that we were less than others. Some students had the added burden of hate and loathing as a result of sexual abuse.

There was no love within the school, and we did not experience love at home either because we went back to parents who themselves had also been damaged by the school. In my case, it was my mother.

Take note of the cycle... my mother, myself and my daughter, and now her daughter, without life skills. Carbon copies. You might also compare your sister Alicia's upbringing with your own and question what life was like for her, knowing that she had done prison time.

When a person becomes an adult, a loving, meaningful relationship and raising a family comes with the territory. For those living in a world after residential school, these unlearned areas are doomed to fail.

Home should be where family and love live. I never found my home as an adult. My own family was dispersed by foster care, moving off reserve due to alienation by reserve members, and many deaths due to lifestyle. Imagine being outcast by your own people.



Today, all I have is your uncle Mitch. Of course, I have you and your family too. I stay away because I think, somehow, that I might taint that wonderful, normal and happy life you have.

I am so proud of you and thankful for you and your father for breaking this intergenerational cycle of trauma. I am happy to be able to see this in my lifetime. I pray that you will find it in your heart to forgive your mother. I reiterate; it was not her fault.

I shall continue to love you from afar.

Your grandmother

#### MEMOIR

#### RAVENS MUST FLY WOLVES MUST HOWL

SNOW ON THE GROUND (Nisga'a Nation), Writing101

#### Diamonds and Drugs

On the street of diamonds and drugs

My Grand Union King is home

Taste the bitter deception of glass bottles and crack pipes

We are one and we are nothing as chaos and demons tread

Women beautiful in their next life pass by

Warriors vanish into forgotten fights

Pour me another as my heart breaks  
because I know he is lost to me

On the street of diamonds and drugs

My Grand Union King is home

I have been chasing love since I was five years old in foster care. Love has been a waiting game for me. A childhood of daisy crowns and tears changed the heart and

soul of who I was meant to be. I made up my mind at five years old that the only thing I needed was for my daddy to come for me, to love me and claim me. This one thought has been the driving force in my life, shaping who I am today. Generational trauma and addictions became the flowers seen in the forgotten mirror. My dad chose heroin and left me standing at the gate. Looking at my Child-in-Care file, my dad tried and he tried very hard to get us back.

The story I was told was that one day my dad came to the foster home and said he was taking us home. But the next day he told us that he could not take us home. From my file I learned that my dad lost in court that day. That moment my spirit broke; my dad was leaving me. I recall us being in the backyard of the turquoise house of hell. I was in my dad's arms, hugging his neck tight. I started fighting with him as he tried to put me down. I did not understand why he could not take me with him. I started pulling his hair with all my might, kicking, crying and screaming, "NO DADDY, NO"! It took two people to tear me from my dad's arms; I am sure I had some of my dad's hair in my hands when they put me down on the ground. I watched as my dad walked out the gate and basically out of my life. He never did try to get us back again. I remember feeling the cooling cement walkway under my face as I cried. Everything inside me hurt; there was a broken echo in my spirit. I cried for my daddy until I had nothing left, and when I stood up I was a different child. A lonely, sad desperation became my cry for love. One moment changed my life; a lie became my truth, and I believed I was unlovable.

I learned that to love is to hurt, love is a fight and love is to chase. My dad was a contradiction, a man of character and charm. His connection to the land was profound; he was a fisherman, hunter, and a gatherer moving with the seasons. On the other hand, my dad was a liar, a junkie, a drunk, and a womanizer. His favorite answer to any question was, "Ask me no questions and I will tell you

no lies." Daddy, where you go I will follow. He is the ghost  
I chased in every man, in every shot and in every line.

One way my dad showed his love was to hold my hand. One  
night, as BB King's "The Thrill is Gone" played, he said,  
"This song reminds me of your mom." He reached over and  
held my hand and said, "You have your mom's tiny hands." He  
held my hand, and I could feel his love for me. The first  
Raven Boy to dance across my sky, a sight to behold. A  
trickster smile; mirrors fall from high places.

Tell me you love me  
Bring water from your brokenness and I will drink  
I have a heart of fallen berries

My last Raven Boy came into my life with a hop and a skip.  
I told him sing your song, dance your magic. I will follow  
because I believe. Joseph was the one I was waiting for. A  
promise and a smile and I was taken. In glory and fight, in  
light and shadow, we would find each other again and again.  
Still forever was not ours to hold. Ravens must fly, wolves  
must howl.

Joseph, I never thought you would die like this... you  
are the blaze of fire that called my name. Our love was  
electric even when everything was falling down around us.  
I was too busy trying to get closure regarding my dad.  
Desperate for you to choose me over drugs, I could not  
see you searching for your own healing, needing to be  
claimed. I held you close to me as I said, "Well, we are  
crashing and burning; let's enjoy the ride down." We burned  
it to the ground in love in lies in sex in drunks. We had  
so much fun we came back again to dance one more time  
together. Your spirit was the most playful Raven I have  
embraced. I will miss your ways. Just brave enough to be  
silly and dance across skies of silver. Dance, babe, you  
are free now. I will carry your name in lands beyond the  
savage.

My childhood was the next generation; kill the Indian in the child. That turquoise house burned to the ground. All the foster children who went through that house could have gathered together. We would have danced around that fire in victory knowing we are still standing. In my life I have gone to great extremes trying to find that stolen diamond from my heart. Extreme does not cover half of it. My dad committed suicide because his soul was tired. I have felt that tired inside. Joseph died before he knew his strength. Damn the cage of addictions; another Raven taken.

I spent a lifetime chasing; not once did I ask myself what would have happened had one of my Ravens given me what I was broken for. Would it have healed me? When my Savage Love fell, everything that could be shook was shook until only the truth remained.

Finding Raven Boy was worth the fire. I see my father as the fierce spirit he warred to be; wild as the land he roamed. My five-year-old self is no longer waiting at the gate. Joe, pushing against your addictions kept me from looking at mine. I carried dread as a background sound to life. The hardest gift given to me was to grieve and not run. No more drinking, no more looking down. I have learned to grieve until there is no more grief that binds. Cry the tears not allowed us in childhood. Speak the words stolen from our mouths. Cast off the lies and fear. We are innately wild, a strength born of this land. In searching for Raven Boy, I found myself...

I am Snow On The Ground,  
Dirt in My Mouth, A Savage of this Land  
A Painted Face, A Cry for Justice

Dedicated to all the Fallen Berries. Remember the wild.  
Remember the fight. We are warriors.

## KITCHEN CONUNDRUM

### MEMOIR

WARREN SANDERSON (Pinaymootang First Nation),  
Writing101

It was out of desperation I found this episode of passion, where I ended up struggling, often alone, overwhelmed. This hidden world behind the tables, waitresses, and menus. *Filled with those qualities held by a transient and partied-out group, where I thought I could carve some meaning from it all.*

Of course, in the beginning I started at the bottom and at the bottom is where the plates came back.

I held mild disdain for the front staff; I was never too envious, more perplexed by the tipping situation really, counting out the tips, smug with an undeserved sense of accomplishment... I'd still be here an hour, sometimes two, after they left.

At the back there are no breaks, it's just best to constantly move through; sure, eat briefly, but that's it. A few bites 15-20 minutes now is just 15-20 minutes later at the end of the night.

It all started when... I looked over my shoulder at their white uniforms, commanding the grill, flat-top, wizards of those blue azure flames.

Oil, disorder, the *mise en place* at the ready. Perplexing potions prepared, planned, plated, ported, pounded out. The food jumping, juggling, concocting, as flames flared up in those worn and blackened pans.

It seemed like magic, plates of heaven, meticulously pruned, dedicated holy offerings sent out on still-warm white ceramic.

The hungry owner, calculating, looking onward and outward, overseeing the killing field of subdued and satiated customers, he may have been the architect of this machine... and it was a machine, a churning burning engine, with its sounds of clatter and pings of utensils, the sizzle and hisses in regular fashion. There was a hierarchy in the ranks; it was an army.

And these were the heavy guns, the big hitters, the only artillery this place really had... what was a war without a gun.

And in the dishpit, I loaded the ammo.

CREATIVE  
NON-FICTION

#### THE BAD DREAM

DENISE DE JONG, Writing201

I woke up in terror. Cold sweat beaded on my body and soaked through my pyjamas. My heart pounded and my mouth was dry from breathing heavily. The drowsiness of sleep still lingered and made me feel helpless.

I smelled the mustiness of the cheap room. That led to the thought of demons lurking. I felt their presence. A faint shuffling sound caught my attention, but I suppressed the urge to move or look, lest I disturb the unknown. Slowly I peeked around the room. It was dark and shadowy, and some corners seemed blacker than usual. The shuffling sound I heard earlier started again. The shadows seemed to move and sway.

I superstitiously incanted the words, "No one's here, no one's here," while rising out of bed. Nothing happened. I relaxed a little and put my clothes on. Dawn light seemed to emanate. I made coffee and went to the table.

On the table was a crumpled piece of paper. I picked it up and uncrumpled it; I hadn't placed it on the table. There was a typewritten sentence on it. It read, "If you want to see me, you must fall asleep and dream again."

## **A WALK IN THE MOUNTAINS**

CREATIVE  
NON-FICTION

AUDREY FARBATUK (Native American, Scottish,  
Ukrainian), Writing101

A dedication to my family ancestors' teachers.

It is my belief that God is not limited to a human or mankind image, and I believe that power can reside in any natural object.

The Navajo believe the leader of the world creator is Changing Woman. She created humans and taught them how to control the forces of nature.

She placed her husband Sun second in importance.

Her hero twins Monster Slayer and Born for Water.

First Man First Woman. First Man the creator of the universe.

There were several groups of lesser spirits.

They are coyote and thunder people.

Changing Woman was the only Holy person who was always helpful to humans.

All the others switched at will to fearful creations.

It is Saturday, March 10, 2018; I am to go for a walk in the mountains, not alone. Holy light be with us Holy light protect our land. One and all as humble people our future is threatened. Will we open many doors and now close those doors to poverty for profit.

Canada's history has not yet been written. We seek to protect all life for it is sacred, we are safe.

We are humble; we pity the blindness.

Our aim is to turn history to survive, for our future will no longer be threatened.

The truth lies within our human hearts.

We on the mountain speak. Our Elders join hands.

The moment has come as the eagle and hawk.

Our drums beat songs so sacred sung.

Such beauty and power as our elders and people sing.

The watch house is built. The water and trees surround us all. The youth speak with their wisdom.

I look forward to many walks on this mountain for there is natural power here, and I have returned when the snow falls. I will return.



## STREET GIFT

FICTION

DELONI HOLLAND, Writing101

I am out for a walk to get some exercise, and I smell burning plastic lingering in the night air and I am upset at this. Thinking to myself as I sniffed the cool night air, I say, "Is that trash? Someone is burning trash?" The evening air is cold, icy, and smelly. I decide to head home mostly to get away from the distinctly sooty sweet smell of melting trash. Fresh snow spilled onto the ground and the alleyways and sidewalks, and everything was covered in a paper-thin layer of white. The snow has an illuminating role with the moonlight.

Suddenly, the thought hit me and I think, if a person is burning trash then this rare, foul smell in the air be fitting to the eerie feel of fresh snow and the sound buffer and the other dark shapes hurrying home. There are a lot of people out. It is 6:30 p.m., and two people shuffle by like a vision cast from shadows floating down the sidewalk. I am not sure what I am doing outside and so I decide to head home to where I know I will feel safe. I continue down the road past the park and by the old waste transfer station, and I round the corner, and I can see a child playing happily, yelling. I decide to cross the street. Mostly the air is fresh. The snow under my feet is slippery, frozen, with black concrete speckled through it. I can no longer smell trash burning. The air is brisk. I pretend I am on ice. I am the star hockey player passing the puck, skating, swishing on the ice and playing left to right with my elbows.

At this time, I have crossed the street so the kid can enjoy her childhood memory of playing in the snow uninterrupted, as I have my own fond memories rolling in deep powder. From the shadows, her guardian emerged. Such contrast—the man is so tall, dwarfing the child. I thought the little girl was farther away down the sidewalk; but

standing side by side, they were much closer to me. The kid looked so young and small next to her father. His eyes were casting toward me from across the road, trying to get a sense of who I was and what my awkward movements mean for the safety of his little girl.

Finally, I arrive home and very quickly my sense of wonder is easily replaced with awe. I recognize the world in this neighborhood amongst its gothic roof lines and the families, and the children and their families' implications for all our stories.

#### **A PERSONAL WRITING COMMENTARY:**

**ACADEMIC  
WRITING**

#### **TRIP TO SEE NIKKEI**

SANDI ROOKE (Saulteaux-Cree), Mentor

As part of the UBC Humanities Community Programme, I was invited to participate in field trips. This particular one stood out. This one emulated a soft-spoken voice that beckoned to all those willing to hear.

Nikkei is the Japanese Canadian National Museum and Cultural Centre, which is nestled amongst fresh greenery and gardens, fifteen minutes walking distance from the Edmonds SkyTrain in Burnaby, B.C. The centre is an architecturally beautiful space with an expansive lobby, circular in design. The bright windows and airy high ceiling were connected to a wide and ascending staircase that led up to the exhibit. Our guide was soft-spoken and passionate about Japanese Canadian history.

Nikkei's beginnings started out as a small volunteer group in the '70s. The objective of the group was to share, honour, and preserve Japanese Canadian history. Funded by the Japanese Canadian Redress Foundation, along with

additional funds raised by individuals in the community, Nikkei officially opened its doors on September 22, 2000.

Nikkei offers an exhibit of historical reference about Japanese perseverance and preservation in Canada, from the first landed immigrant generation, "issei," who arrived in the first ten years of the twentieth century; second generation "nisei"; third generation "sansei"; and the "shin issei"—immigrants from Japan after 1967.

The second-floor exhibit marks the 2017, 75th anniversary of Canada's Japanese internment. This was caused by the Imperial Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor in 1942, which also led to American military involvement in WWII. The exhibit evokes feelings of fascination and compassion towards the plight of the Japanese Canadians.

Text panels in one part of the exhibit asserted that the Canadian government passed an Order of Council "authorizing the removal of 'enemy alien' Japanese Canadians within a 100-mile radius of the B.C. coast." The War Measures Act of 1914 also gave the Canadian Government "full authority to do everything deemed necessary for the security, defense, peace, order and welfare of Canada... media censorship, arrest without charge... deportation without trial and the expropriation, control and disposal of property..." Japanese Canadians were removed to internment (detention) camps in the B.C. interior and across Canada. Their properties were sold and fishing boats confiscated in order to pay for their keep in the internment camps. Vancouver's own Hastings Park served as an internment camp. The Japanese Canadians suffered horrible conditions while living in the PNE livestock barns. Pictures on the walls told stories of incredible hardship. If not in the internment camps, some families went to sugar beet farms on the prairies, or in other provinces, in order to stay together and not be imprisoned as "prisoners of war." The living conditions

were substandard, with little or no pay.

There was also a picture of the Japanese Hall that still exists in the DTES today and serves as a community hall for events like the Japanese Canadian Powell Street Festival, held annually on the B.C. Day long weekend.

More history unfolded. The Second World War ended in 1945, with Japan surrendering.

Japanese Canadians were still not allowed to return to the coast and government policy of "forced dispersal" forced Japanese Canadians to move back to Japan or start over again, elsewhere in Canada. In 1949 they were allowed back on the coast. "Shikata ga nai," Japanese for "it can't be helped", bred low self-esteem, and silenced language, ceremony, and traditions among the sansei, the third generation.

Changes in Canadian immigration laws in 1967 allowed new urban middle-class immigrants, the shin issei, to come from Japan. In the '80s the Japanese Canadian Community started lobbying for wartime injustices, for recognition of Canadian citizenship, and for government apology. This was known as the "Redress Movement."

On September 22, 1988, the Canadian government, Prime Minister Brian Mulroney, and President Art Miki of the National Association of Japanese Canadians (NAJC) signed an agreement known as The Japanese Canadian Redress Agreement, which is an "amendment of the War Measures Act and relevant sections of the Charter of Rights and Freedoms, so that no Canadian would ever again be subjected to such wrongs (text panel)."

"Each surviving Japanese Canadian was awarded \$21,000, and \$12 million went to the NAJC community fund (text panel)." This money was dispersed across Canada for cultural

centres, senior homes, and the arts.

“The achievement of redress in September of 1988 is a prime example of a small minority’s struggle for justice and recognition as full citizens of this country to overcome racism and to reaffirm the rights of all individuals in a democracy (japanesecanadianhistory.net, 2018: NP).

The importance of Japanese Canadian history provides extreme relevance to cultures worldwide—to preserve unique cultures is vital for the survival of traditions, ceremonies, art, music, and language. I urge all to view the internment exhibit, live tea ceremony, art exhibit, “The Sugar Beets Project,” and the “karesansui”—Japanese Zen Garden. The exhibits were created by Kelsey Miyoshi McKinnon, a fourth generation Japanese Canadian, and Keri Latimer, an interpretive koto soundscape artist. Both spoke about the impact of Japanese history through art and music.

With this I give my gratitude to Nikkei for the powerful, humble message of the Japanese Canadians, for their persistent activism, their survival of colonization, and their reconnection to Japanese origins. This speaks

Respect

Honor

Harmony

And Tranquility.

Domo Arigato

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Japanesecanadianhistory.net, 2018

**CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE AND THE RULE OF LAW**  
**— THE ROLE THAT FIRST NATIONS NEED TO PLAY**  
VIVIAN BOMBERRY (Six Nations of the  
Grand River, Southern Ontario), Writing201

ACADEMIC  
WRITING

In this short essay I will argue that the Indigenous peoples of Canada need to continue protesting, committing civil disobedience and breaking the Rule of Law in the search for justice. The Rule of Law expresses the principle that all people are equal under the law. No one is above the law, whether he or she is a politician, police officer, corporation, or wealthy individual. The courts exist to ensure that everyone is accountable to the law. Well, two events happened in the past six months to disprove this "principle."

There were two legal decisions that found two Indigenous people, Tina Fontaine, a 15-year-old child, and Colten Boushie, a 22-year-old Cree man, were murdered in cold blood. Miss Fontaine was raped, murdered, and thrown into the Red River like so much garbage. Colten Boushie was shot in the back of the head while sitting in the back seat of a vehicle. Both perpetrators of the crime were acquitted. The acquittals of Raymond Cormier and Gerald Stanley show that the judicial system is stacked against Indigenous people; Stanley claimed it was an accident and an all-white jury agreed.<sup>[1]</sup> These decisions will be defining moments in First Nations issues, guaranteed to make this coming summer long and hot—a call to action.

Prime Minister Justin Trudeau would say, "There are systemic issues in our criminal justice system that we must address."<sup>[2]</sup> Justice Minister Jody Wilson-Raybould stated, "The Liberal government will propose Criminal Code changes to reform jury selection rules, bail processes, and other justice measures that it says have long led to unfair treatment of Indigenous people in Canada's legal system."<sup>[3]</sup> The history of civil disobedience shows it has

been used to advance some of the most pressing public policy issues of the day and tried to change unjust laws—for example, the right of women to vote, Rosa Parks and desegregation of the American South, and the need to end apartheid in South Africa. When legal measures such as petitioning, legal marches and political campaigns have been exhausted, people who are convinced their cause is just may resort to violation of the law to try to move the conscience of their fellow citizens.

Indians standing in the way of progress and the accumulation of unsustainable wealth is a clear challenge to the Rule of Law in Canada. But these are not the primary motives for activists. Civil disobedience is a strategy, sometimes the only strategy left for Indigenous people and Canadians motivated to protect the air, water, and land that is fundamental to life. What if one of those oil tankers sinks in the vicinity of English Bay or North Vancouver? What happens then?

Currently, many Canadians believe the environmental crisis is so severe they are prepared to break the law to prevent further degradation, for example, by obstructing the construction of additional pipelines, the liquefied natural gas (LNG), more ships in the sea, or at least by supporting those willing to do so.

Despite being the original inhabitants of Canada and what we refer to as Turtle Island, Indigenous people could not vote, and it was against the law to provide legal services or advice to Indians. Since Canada was created in 1867, the federal government has been in charge of Aboriginal affairs. The Indian Act,<sup>[4]</sup> which was enacted in 1876 and has since been amended, allows the government to control most aspects of Aboriginal life: Indian status, land, resources, wills, education, band administration, and so on. The intergenerational trauma wrought by these policies has left Indigenous people at the bottom of nearly every

social and economic indicator.

The United Nations created The Human Development Index (HDI), which is used as a statistical tool to measure a country's overall achievement in its social and economic dimensions. These social and economic indicators are based on life expectancy, education, literacy, and per capita income (standard of living). Canada usually ranks near the top, and everyone congratulates us for our high standard of living. Not so fast!

In 1998, for the first time, the HDI was administered on several Indian Reserves, and they came out with a rousing number 67 on the list, behind countries like Poland, Hungary, Slovenia, and Mexico. In 2016 they moved up the list to about 65. Once the truth was known about Canada's dirty little secret, fourth-world living conditions on Indian reserves, the two government researchers tried to cover it up by saying there had been significant improvements since the report came out. Not so. They try to justify the impact of the study's outcome by stating, "Since income is not the sum total of human lives, the lack of it cannot be the sum total of human deprivation."<sup>[4]</sup> What does that even mean?

Section 91(24) of the Constitution Act, 1867, provides the federal parliament and government with exclusive authority over "Indians" and Lands reserved for the "Indians." Section 35 of the Constitution Act, 1982, significantly limits the ability of federal and provincial governments to interfere with common law Aboriginal rights and title. In March 1960, Prime Minister John Diefenbaker supported voting rights for "Indians" (his words) by pushing legislation through Parliament. It came into effect July 1 of that year.

Now we need the current PM to follow through on his promises to incorporate a "new legal framework for



Indigenous people." This might be a good step to prevent other First Nations young people from being slaughtered.

In the words of the first prime minister, John A. Macdonald,<sup>[6]</sup> in 1887 he decreed that any legislation designed for Indian people would need to be structured in the following method: "The great aim of our legislation has been to do away with the tribal system and assimilate the Indian people in all respects with the other inhabitants of the Dominion as speedily as they are fit to change."

What we now need to do is work together to fix the system so that justice will prevail and one group of people will not be subjected to an obviously racist legal system where justice is meted out according to "our founding father," John A. Macdonald.



*Image and Artwork by Vivian Bomberry*

WARRIOR WOMAN: Social activism. Civil disobedience involves intentional violation of the law to achieve a result the law-breakers believe is in the public interest, i.e., anti-pipeline protests, Idle No More, missing and murdered Indigenous women, environmental contamination... amongst other things. Civil disobedience is a form of protest intended to draw attention to a wrong or unjust law, which the protesters believe is sufficiently serious to morally justify violation of the law. According to Roberta Lexier, the goals of civil disobedience are "to publicize an unjust law or a just cause," and "to appeal to the conscience of the public" so as "to end complicity in the injustice which flows from obedience to unjust law."<sup>[7]</sup>

## ENDNOTES

- [1] Gabrielle Scrimshaw. 2018. "A Killing in Saskatchewan", The New York times. Web.
- [2] John Paul Tasker. 2018. "Trudeau promises new legal framework for Indigenous people." CBC News. Web
- [3] Tonda Maccharles. 2018. "Liberals to Propose jury selection changes after meeting with Colten Boushie's family." The Star. Web.
- [4] The Indian Act.
- [5] United Nations Development Programme. 1998. "Human Development Report." Oxford University Press. Web.
- [6] Bob Joseph. 2016. "21 things you may not know about the Indian Act." CBC News. Web.
- [7] Janet Keeping. 2013. "Civil Disobedience, Environmental Protest and the Rule of Law." *LawNow: Relatating law to life in Canada*. Web.

When a meeting starts in Vancouver, they begin with an acknowledgement of the First Nations who have occupied this land for thousands of years. Vancouver wants to be a city of reconciliation. I believe they pursue the task earnestly. I am from Alberta. Reconciliation is not a word on anyone's mind there. "Those people have their culture and we have ours," is the general mindset. Vancouver is different culturally from my homeland. In truth, it doesn't even feel like a part of Canada at times. I could easily imagine a new nation made of the Pacific North West.

I use the word "culture" to describe a difference in feeling. A feeling of what exactly I couldn't really tell you. Raymond Williams alludes to culture as shared meanings and experiences<sup>[1]</sup>. He goes on to describe culture as existing as the interplay between ordinary people, their beliefs, and those beliefs colliding with the world around them. I don't envy his work, to ascribe some exact science to something unquantifiable and ever-changing. I won't claim to have any better understanding than him, but only offer my own reflections on the subject matter.

I. Williams makes the point over and over that culture is ordinary—arising from people as they are and not because they have a refined interest in high culture. I don't disagree; I think when a human being makes art, it comes from a place of ordinary culture. All art must have a certain degree of verisimilitude to life as we know it, otherwise it says nothing and is nothing. While emotions are universal to mankind, they take on a local context. One culture might view rain negatively, as something that takes away the warm sunlight, and you'll see that represented accordingly in that culture's art. But some cultures view rain as a good thing, for they may have sun-parched crops that

need that water. Rain becomes something desirable—you get rain deities and rain dances. Art does not come independently of ordinary culture; it couldn't possibly. If cultural art represents the ordinary, then the ordinary must be cultural.

II. Williams speaks of a national inheritance of arts and education, that he had inherited such things in his own rural upbringing that were distinctly of that culture. He goes on to speak of his inherited rural values as an excellent foundation for society. It would seem he thinks culture can be on some level exported and distributed. I think we can make little nudges in our environments to go in a certain direction, but that ultimately we're planting seeds at random and hoping the right plants bloom. Culture ensues from the exchanges of day-to-day life—for culture to be pursued is wholly unnatural. Look at any dictatorship trying to mould their culture; their flags, their structures, their propaganda is no more culture than a general barking commands is having a conversation. The Marxists thought culture was intrinsically linked to production. In Soviet Russia they built massive factory towns in the middle of nowhere and forcefully relocated people to work in them. When the Soviet Union collapsed, those people fled the fake cities. Culture cannot be nurtured with an iron fist.

III. A lot of mass media may be categorized as culturally insignificant—the next *Transformers* movie won't likely be remembered as something breathtaking in emotional depth and beauty. But such media permeates everyday life. The easily disposable clickbait article has replaced investigative journalism, sensationalism has replaced understanding, and immediate gratification in whatever form you could possibly want is always available all day, every day. If we are to take at face value that culture is ordinary then our ordinary

culture must seem very low quality. I would propose that our interactions with that instant gratification is culture. Our culture is expanding; the fact that we interact with our environment is nothing new but merely taking on new interactions. To ascribe labels of good or bad doesn't change the fact that it is culture.

IV. Williams doesn't claim this directly, but we can infer some lines of reasoning. He looks down at the elitism at Cambridge; he thinks favourably of his own culture and upbringing. If some cultures are bad and others good, then it makes sense that theirs is an overall hierarchy of cultures: those with positive values at the top and those with negative values at the bottom. A good society should endeavour to adapt good values—but if that is the case, then are not cultures merely interchangeable with one another once you swap in one value for another? There can be differences based on region and history and so on, but are those things not arbitrary? Is culture like water, simply taking on whatever shape its container is?

V. Williams mentions culture changing in accordance with new technologies and new ideas—at what point does it become a different culture altogether? At what point do you mourn the loss of your culture and celebrate the birth of a new one? While I understand the importance of studying and appreciating culture, I would caution one against attachment to something so impermanent and ever-changing. Culture exists temporally like music, not in stasis like a statue. The fundamentalist thinks he can revert culture to a better time and maintain it there forever. That is folly, and for that reason exactly there can never be fundamentalist art: they understand nothing of what it means to be a human in constant evolution like their environment, like their culture. Williams holds up his own culture as something to be modelled after; I say he's looking at some values

in the trappings of a culture that will fade away if it hasn't already. That time and place as it existed only ever lasted for that moment; in the next it will be something new

#### Works Cited

[1] Raymond Williams. 2002 (1958). "Culture is Ordinary." *The Everyday Reader*. Ed. Ben Highmore. London. Routledge. 91-100.

**INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY:**

**WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO BE WOMEN?**

POETRY

AMY LAM, Writing201

We are: the chocolate in the chocolate ice cream  
the earth that gives birth to life  
the holder of hands  
the incubators of babies  
the knitters and listeners of broken hearts  
the magicians who make nourishing meals from  
empty cupboards  
the rainbow on a grey, rainy day  
the water that sustains us  
the writers of cards

We are courageous, powerful, resilient  
We come in all shapes, sizes, and colours  
We fearlessly walk in, when others walk out

We are somebody's grandmother, mother, aunt, sister, niece,  
wife, lover, friend

We have spirit sisters and spirit brothers

We are not burdens  
We are not expendable  
Somebody loves us

We are not powerless  
We have strong, diverse voices  
We matter

We are not secondary  
We are equals  
We are allowed to be happy  
We, too, have dreams

So please don't take us for granted  
Embrace us with open arms  
We are women, and we are enough.

## LIVIN'G AS THAT

ANA ROSA ALCANTARA MATOS, Writing101

You Fall and Stand Up  
How Amazing is that  
You Get up and Hide back  
How Comprise is that  
You Look for it and Come back  
How Adventurous is that  
You Amazingly woke up and never go back  
How Afraid is that  
You Attach to your Past and Suffer for that  
How Crucial is that  
You Obviously Laugh and Even Forgot  
How Wonderful is that  
You Look for Ways and get Stuck  
How Simple is that  
Your Life is Trash and Go for that  
How Good is that  
You Love and Move Far  
How Pity is that  
You Blame and Take Care at  
How Impossible is that  
You Change the Past but Never come back  
How Rewarding is that  
Your Life is Priceless for that  
How You Run away from that  
You Stop and Think  
What is That!  
Live Life at Last and Enjoy and Go Back Livin'g As That.



As I sit here in my tree  
I wonder  
All these beautiful things, and I have  
no reason to care about any of them  
I love the beauty the birds the flowers  
but the world is a very hard place  
Follow the rules, do as you're told  
don't cross the double line.  
Break the rules and you are a bad person  
"Don't" is a favourite word  
Take everything good away and you're  
supposed to be happy still  
How do you smile when all there is is  
tears  
All I want is to be happy  
But you can't be happy when the only  
thing that made you happy is gone  
You can't find something to replace it  
when it can't be replaced  
I'm in a tree with nothing but me.

## **WITHIN TIME**

MICKEY STIELE-JULES (Teslin Tlingit Council),  
Writing101

### **POETRY**

It was another life.  
New and promising.  
That I had never been, seen, nor dreamed.  
Something for if I had wondered, I maybe would have  
thought about.  
Education a proud holding.  
A promise far down a long and winding path.  
To see better for myself and to do better for myself.  
I am not alone, for many people wanted what I want.  
To be free and spiritually enlightened.  
In the here and now as well as in the future.



# Well Wishes

## Writing 101/201 Participants

Special thanks goes to Ms. Maureen Phillips, for all the gifts of time, listening, and nurturing. You are extraordinary, and I feel blessed to have met you. Also, thank you to all the super awesome staff, teachers, volunteers, mentors, classmates, and bus buddies for sharing your stories, wisdom, and knowledge with me. Kindness was here. May you all walk with much love beside you.

Blessings,

**AMY LAM**

Writing101 & 201

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From the first class with all of the people of the Hum community, there are so many moments to reflect upon. Such as the stories spoken and told, much sharing of stories not yet told, the song not sung, the dance to be danced, or the movie and adventures not written nor shown. May the last class never come, for in this way there comes an infinite unshakable truth. Much gratitude and respect to all.

**AUDREY FARBATUK** (Native American, Scottish, Ukrainian),  
Writing101

I can still recall that day, back in August 2017, when I walked up and down the street in front of Crabtree.

I was a bag of nervous about applying for Humanities 101. I kept asking myself, "Can I do this?" I finally got the nerve to walk into the Hum orientation intake. The staff were very welcoming; in five minutes they made me feel at ease.

For me and all my self-doubt, the support and acceptance has resonated through all my experiences associated with Hum groups and classes. I always look forward to each Tuesday class and working with staff and fellow students.

Thanks,

**CLAUDE F. RANVILLE** (Métis, Crane River Manitoba),  
Writing101 & 201

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I haven't been here for long  
In Writing101  
Yet it feels oh so familiar  
With Hum...

From the day of the info session  
to last week's class and today  
I feel I've been here longer  
Welcoming, inclusiveness  
Safe to express me  
In my own way...

Now more than ever I have gratitude  
To be here on these lands  
Participating with y'all today...

My thanks to our Hum and Science  
Students, staff, volunteers and teachers  
For what you shared and what I learned

Your yearbook is so empowering and bold  
Hum, oh how I like that sound...

You have given me great courage  
Optimism and grace...

I thank you for your sharing  
For your caring and your teachings  
I carry this in me, joyously...

Hum you've awakened me  
Reflected I have something  
To say, to write, to set free...

A knowing of belonging  
and thanks I wish you all to see.

**COLLEEN BOUDREAU**

Writing101

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"My well-wishing is going to  
turn into a titanic pile of Ands"

Take care and be well,

**DAVE C**

Writing101

Dear Hum staff, students, volunteers, UBC facilities and 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 everyone for your enthusiasm and positivity, uplifting the spirits of the group throughout the year. Wishing Hum many more great years! This was a magnificent experience.

**DEREK MYLES**

Writing101

---

It's been a fun and challenging year for me. Getting to know the people, staff and students was rewarding for me. Their presence gave the support needed in order to write, especially journals and memoirs. I'm looking forward to graduating, but I'm sorry to see the year come to an end. I'm looking forward to more courses and lectures in the future. Best wishes to everyone.

**DENISE DE JONG**

Writing101 & 201

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Life is like a box of chocolates. It's truly been a privilege to be part of this year's Hum101 Community Writing Program. The said program attracts a bunch of people who share the same passion for writing and lifelong learning. I've been fortunate to be part of the Hum and Science 101 programs in the past—community programs that have amazing teachers, coordinators, staff, and volunteers. And of course, my classmates who attend weekly classes in the 27th best university in the world to upgrade their writing knowledge and become better in their craft, from writing fiction to song writing. The best way to describe this Writing program is by comparing it to a box of

chocolates—you never know what you're gonna get. I'm surprised by the richness of the writing talent in the classroom and the amazing teachers that enter the door to share their vast knowledge without expecting anything in return. Even that wonderful lady Sandi who makes those one of a kind cards should be discovered by Hallmark.

My well-wish for the people behind Hum 101's Writing Program is to continue to make a difference in this world, by reaching out to individuals who fulfill their passion and gift for writing through the availability of this program. And for my classmates to believe in themselves and to use your gifts in writing to achieve your wildest dreams with the power of the pen. Like with the memoir of one of our world-class teachers, Mandy Catron; you never know, millions of people might just turn out to read your writing someday.

**EDGAR SEVILLA**

Writing101

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It's funny how life  
Happens to be  
So much fun at UBC  
The teachers so patient  
Giving and knowledgeable  
The students so  
Open and sharing  
It was so great  
Being part of  
The learning and  
Caring and giving  
Thank you so much  
Forever

**JILL MACKENZIE**

Writing101



What a treat coming back to the Humanities Writing class. I am so grateful to all of the people involved with organizing, doing service, volunteering, and all the students that participate. It's very encouraging for me and has helped me a great deal more than you know. I'm not very good at homework, but just being in the class every week has kept me buoyant and dwelling with possibilities.

Thank you thank you thank you,

**JUDITH BLAIR**

Writing201

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Thank-you to the Hum guest teachers, and for the helpers like Paul, and mentor Sandi for keeping us organized and having "things" all ready for our coffee time and book draw. I am grateful for the bus cards we received each week, and I'll be eating supper somewhere else now each Tuesday evening! I loved to hear all of my Writing classmates share their writing with the class and the tutoring after 5:30 p.m. was so helpful, for a chat! Thanks for the genres of writing.

Sincerely,

**LINDA ZAYAC**

Writing101

---

I want to thank the faculty and staff for giving me the chance to be in this program. My goal for attending was to get back into writing, and that was achieved. Also, I'd like to thank those that have been supportive in working with me, and to Maureen and Paul for always providing a listening ear.

**MARY GIBBS**

Writing101

Best wishes to all who are in pursuit of an educational journey. Highest hopes that each person achieves their greatest ambition. If people encounter difficulties and challenges on their journey then let these be stepping stones to strengthening character. Use the skills that you've all learned in class as well as what you've learned on your life's journey to achieve your goals. Let your goals be your drive, and drive yourself to success.

**MICKEY STIELE-JULES** (Teslin Tlingit Council),  
Writing101

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I would like to say, thank you to the Hum community. Thank you for all the learning and sharing. Thank you for all the support and understanding. I hope you all find ways to shine through the darkness. I hope you all continue your learning journey and that we all continue to appreciate the little things in life. I hope there is always joy in your hearts. I wish you well.

**MONICA ALAS**  
Writing101

When I arrived to Hum101, I had a definite goal in mind. It was to be able to write my story so the younger generation could understand the history of Residential schools and the devastation it's caused to survivors and their families. I feel that I have accomplished my goals.

I would like to thank Maureen and the teachers for a very interesting and informative term on writing. Congratulations to all the participating students. May all your future endeavours be rewarding. I'm sad to see the term ending. I was totally immersed and felt that my writing was improving. This is not the end.

**VIOLA ANTOINE** (Anishinabe First Nation),  
Writing101 & 201

---

I have always believed that when the student is ready the teacher appears. My sincerest nya:weh (thank you in my Cayuga language) to all of our visiting lecturers, volunteers and our Academic Director, Dr. Margot Leigh Butler, Writing Coordinator Maureen Phillips and Program Coordinator Paul Woodhouse. They all demonstrated patience and constructive feedback, even when all the commas were in the wrong place. I worked diligently to improve my writing skills in order to communicate in a way that is clear, concise and authentic. I tried to finesse my radical protagonist advocacy, and then along comes, "City on Edge: A Rebellious Century of Vancouver Protests, Riots, and Strikes," and I was right back where I started, ready to put my camouflage gear back on.

I learned a lot about the different genres from our instructors, and my fellow students who were always ready to offer guidance, constructive advice and feedback. We practiced our newly learned skills on each other, often humorous, like **whatever**—all that is is a reactive pronoun dressed up to look like a cool urban statement. The

one genre that I really, really enjoyed writing was my manifesto. It made me feel like Ernesto "Che" Guevara when I finished, and it started me looking at new ways to build blockades.

Mostly, I appreciated the support and encouragement from my fellow students, who listened to me practice telling my story, again and again, with the latest details and offering feedback. Especially those of us who sat in the North-West corner, nearest the back door, aka quick escape hatch. I missed them when they completed 201 and left, suggesting I would make new friends. So, in retrospect I must have been whining, so I decided to double up my efforts and work on improving my writing skills, helping to organize, revise and style it for a new level of expertise. One valuable lesson I learned is that when you write a paper with 4000 words, it is much more difficult to try and whittle it down to 1000 as required for the yearbook. It is a lot easier to start all over again.

Wishing my fellow students all my best in their writing endeavours and wherever that takes them.

**VIVIAN BOMBERRY**

(Six Nations of the Grand River, Southern Ontario),  
Writing101 & 201

## **Volunteers**

Congratulations, graduates! I wish you all the best in your future ventures. I hope you continue to be inspired to write and share your talents out in the world. To all the folks who I've had the pleasure of discussing music with every Friday at the Carnegie, thank you so much for sharing your knowledge with me—I've learned a lot from you and have discovered more amazing music. I really enjoyed our Friday afternoons together!

Again, congratulations everyone! You have accomplished so much this year.

### **MARGOT MABANTA**

Facilitator of "Popular Music through the Decades,"  
and Public Programme Assistant

---

Dear Hummers, what an absolute pleasure it has been to meet, eat, drink, read, and laugh with you this past year. I have enjoyed immensely our Sunday morning reading group, following along—together—Tolkien's fellowship as they stumble, double back, turn around, fall, quarrel, and collaborate on their quest to Mordor. I hope this upcoming year provides you with all sorts of new adventures: as the wise, gruff, and indomitable Gandalf says, "Towards danger; but not too rashly, nor too straight!"

### **REUBEN JENTINK**

Facilitator of "Eleveneses: Eating and Reading Tolkien"

Learning-together with Hum participants, volunteers, teachers, and staff gives me the feeling that a different world is possible, a world in which everyone (and maybe everything—human and nonhuman) is both learner and teacher, a world in which just about anything is an occasion to get interested, be curious, and ask a thousand questions rather than feeling like we are stuck with one story about “how the world is.” In our reading group *Doing Science and Theology* at Carnegie, we read twelve heady, wordy, world-shaking academic articles over the course of twelve weeks. We read aloud to one another and created an always-changing chorus—a loud hum—of different voices, interests, political orientations, life experiences, and knowing practices. We followed tangents and picked up threads of each participant’s own situated relationships to science, technology, society, and theology. We let our readings spark passions and debates, spiralling out into big questions about humans and other beings, contested histories and places, Western and Indigenous knowledges, and so much more. Learning-together with you has been such a great joy. The practices we crafted while reading aloud and learning together will stick with me, always.

Warmly,

**MATHEW ARTHUR**

Facilitator of “*Doing Science and Theology*”

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Congratulations, graduating writers! You guys are something special. As the only Hum course this year, you had the entire team’s focus placed solely on your development. HA! Well done. But that’s not the reason you’re special. Rather, it has to do with the courage, and the generosity that it takes to say what you’ve said, and to write what you’ve written this year, in class and at large. Likewise, you made me feel equally special by your enthusiastic personal engagement, for as brief a time as we had together. Thank-you. As amazing as this publication is

(that's right, you are all published writers!), it can only contain snippets of everything that makes you guys special. The rest will just have to wait until we're together again. All the best, and congrats!

**TERENCE LUI**

Curator of "Documentaries for Thinkers"

---

Hey folks! I hope you enjoyed your HUM experience and congratulations for graduating! I feel so, so privileged to have had the opportunity to work with you, read your amazing writing, and hear your unique stories this HUM year, and I am so glad to have gotten to know you all! You are a talented, funny and inspiring group—keep writing, teaching and learning. I had a blast, and I hope to see you again as we walk our different ways—for now!

Best,

**SHAI OPHELIA KEHILA**

Writing Tutor

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Congratulations, everyone! Getting to read all your work has been such a good experience, and best of luck with all future writing endeavours. Thanks!

Best,

**CHIMEDUM OHAEGBU**

Writing Tutor

## **Teachers**

To all the graduating students of HUM:

Thank-you for your creativity, humour, and insight! I hope this graduation is the beginning of a fruitful and fulfilling journey for you. I wish you happiness and success in your next adventures!

**CAROL SAWYER**

Songs and Lyrics

---

The thoughtfulness, kindness and fearlessness you bring to class are always inspiring. Thanks so much for sharing your stories with us. We look forward to seeing more of your great work out in the world!

All our best wishes x

**LEANNE & SCOT**

Life Writing: Taking words out, finding other stories

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Me one, we too, soon a roomful wants together—may your humming continue, powerfully, always!

With respect and admiration,

**MARGOT LEIGH BUTLER**

Rhetoric: The Manifesto (This is What We Want!)



To all the Writing 101 and 201 students: congratulations!  
It was a delight to experience your talent, spark and  
drive to engage in the craft of fiction writing. Thank you  
for welcoming me to your class and bringing your amazing  
selves to the page with such heart and enthusiasm.

Cheers,

**PAT DOBIE**

Fiction

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I really enjoyed teaching the Writing course this year. I  
learned a great deal from those classes. I never expected  
to find such an intelligent, interested, engaging group of  
people at a university. The humanities are alive and well  
in your corner of the academy.

**TED BYRNE**

Poetry

## **Staff**

Congratulations Writing 101/201 graduates, and thank you to the fabulous volunteers and staff for making so much education available to the Hum community—your stellar personalities and devotion to education steered us Humward bound daily.

“What kind of world do we want to make” was a guiding question in the “Doing Science and Theology” study group. Between the Writing 101/201 courses and eight public programmes on offer this year, Hum’s world making amplitude created a little piece of educational paradise: inclusive, nourishing, creative, adventurous... and a great deal of fun.

The richness of this year’s programme is captured through the diverse voices and stories throughout this book. In reading the compelling compositions I hope you continue to learn from one another, and enjoy this experience long into the future.

Best wishes,

**PAUL WOODHOUSE**

Programme Coordinator

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Many congratulations on all your hard work this year! While I was often busy working away in the office, the times I spent with you in class, or working together with you on your writing, were a highlight of my year. You are a bunch of talented, hard-working, and generous people! Thank you for thinking, writing, learning, and sharing together, and I look forward to seeing where you take your writing and where it takes you.

Best wishes,

**ALEXANDRA ALISAUSKAS**

Research Assistant

Dear Writing 101/201 Graduates,

Congratulations! Thank you for coming all the way to UBC each Tuesday evening and contributing to the class and for courageously sharing your writing in the classroom. It's been a privilege for me to get to know you through the tutoring sessions and from your sharing of thoughts and ideas in class. You should feel very proud of yourselves for your commitment to the programme and for the writing you've done, whether it's been poetry, memoir, fiction, or academic writing. I've had the pleasure of reading your submitted assignments and providing feedback, even if it's just a few words on those little yellow stickies.

I wish you all the very best in your current and future writing projects, and I hope that our paths cross again soon.

With all my best wishes to you,

**MAUREEN PHILLIPS**

Writing Coordinator

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Thank you everyone for your hard work over the past few months, and congrats! It has been such a pleasure working with you, getting to know you, and being a part of Hum. To those at the Public Programmes I have attended—keep on rockin' and listening to amazing music, practicing grammar, and philosophizing. It's been a blast, and I wish you all the best in your futures. I know at times going to class or attending a program can be the hardest thing there is—and guess what, you did it, and did it in style!

Thanks again for all the hard work everyone,

**MARIE URDIGA**

Public Programme Assistant

Congratulations to the Writing 101 and 201 graduates of 2017/18 and to all of those who participated in Hum Public Programmes!

It has been a privilege to gather with you all, and learn on the ancestral, and unceded territory of the Musqueam people, each week. I have been honoured to learn so much from the poets, novelists, essayists, activists, musicians, and artists who have shared their work and ideas in Hum. I thank you all for creating such a safe and welcoming space for creativity and growth. I would also like to extend this congratulations and thanks to the endlessly inspiring group of Wednesday Women Writers. I deeply look forward to reading all of the wonderful work you all go on to create and publish in the future!

**EMMA ETTINGER**

Classroom Assistant



# Acknowledgments

Hum gathers, with gratitude, on the unceded, ancestral, traditional land of the hən'q'əmin'əm'-speaking xʷməθkʷəy̓əm (Musqueam) people.

During the 2017-18 academic year, many many people supported and contributed to Hum—you kept us “Humward bound” and we deeply appreciate you!

## **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.

## **Hum 101 Mentors:**

Gilles Cyrenne and Sandi Rooke 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 staff Rika Uto, Margaret Massingale,

Mandana Hashemi; PaulR Taylor (Carnegie Newsletter); Carnegie Kitchen staff; VPL Carnegie Branch. Downtown Eastside Women's Centre (Nadine Chambers); Sheway/Crabtree Corner Family Resource Centre (Grace Tait); The Gathering Place (Jo-Ann Stevens); Vancouver Recovery Club; Dr. Peter Centre; Vancouver Public Library nēca?mat ct Strathcona Branch (Stephanie Kripps); Downtown Eastside Literacy Roundtable (members are from literacy programmes held in the DTES by teachers from Vancouver Community College, SFU Leadership and Community Building, VPL, Carnegie Community Centre, Carnegie Library, Capilano University, UBC Learning Exchange, Vancouver School Board and more); Vancouver Art Gallery (Celia Jong).

## **University**

### **of British Columbia:**

Dean of Arts Gage Averill, Associate Dean Rume Ahmed; Dean of Arts Staff Gerald Vanderwoude, Laura Hart, Brian Lee, Betty Wong, Fiona Wong, Silva Kraal; KathyLea and Emma Novotny (Arts Communications);

Taher Hashemi, Gary Andraza and Ricardo Serrano (Arts Instructional Support and Information Technology [Arts ISIT]); Tom Coleman (AMS Food Services); Alia Abu-Sharife (Bookstore); Ricky Sung (Carding Office); Jessica Hardy (Recreation); Arts Undergraduate Society; Alma Mater Society; Sandra Pena Diaz (Science 101); Tanya Bob, Candice Yu and Kaeleigh Hiebert (Institute for Critical Indigenous Studies); Deb Martel and Rynne James (First Nations House of Learning); UBC Call Centre; Gwilyn Timmers and the Grad night volunteers at MOA (Museum of Anthropology).

### **Writing 101/201 Teachers:**

Maureen Phillips (Hum); Reg Johanson (English, Capilano University); Carol Sawyer (Vocalist & Artist); Wil Steele (Hum alumnus and former long-time staff member); Mandy Catron (English, UBC); Stephen Hahn (Continuing Studies, UBC); Margot Leigh Butler (Hum); Alison Rajah (Curator, Surrey Art Gallery and former long-time Hum staff); Marlene Schiwy (Extended

Learning, UBC); Pat Dobie (Writer); Ted Byrne (Poet and Essayist, Kootenay School of Writing); Leanne Johnson and My Name is Scot (Publishing, SFU); Michelle Patenaude and Mark MacKichan (VPL Librarians).

### **Writing tutors:**

Chimedum Ohaegbu; Shai Ophelia Kehila; Kate Cawthorn.

### **Public Programme**

#### **facilitators:**

Shahla Masoumnejad "A Taste of the Middle East" held Mondays at The Gathering Place; Gilles Cyrenne "Grammar with Hum" held Wednesdays at The Carnegie Centre (and Tuesdays before UBC classes in the fall); Maureen Phillips "Wednesday Women's Writing Workshop" held at the Downtown Eastside Women's Centre; Mathew Arthur "Doing Science and Theology" held Wednesdays at The Carnegie Centre; Margot Mabanta "Popular Music through the Decades" held Fridays at The Carnegie Centre; Terence Lui "Documentaries for Thinkers" held twice monthly on Saturdays at The

Carnegie Centre; Reuben Jentink "Elevenses: Eating and Reading Tolkien" held Sundays at VPL néčá?mat ct Strathcona Branch; Lauren Halldorson (Vancouver Mural Tour), Carol Sawyer (Vancouver Art Gallery), Karah Goshinmon (Nikkei National Museum and Cultural Centre), Sue Rowley (MOA) "Out'n About in Vancouver: Monthly Hum Field Trip Series."

### **Faculty and Staff:**

Dr. Margot Leigh Butler (Academic Director), Paul Woodhouse (Programme Coordinator), Maureen Phillips (Writing Coordinator), Margot Mabanta and Marie Urdiga (WorkLearn Public Programme Assistants), Emma Ettinger (WorkLearn Classroom Assistant), and Alexandra Alisauskas (WorkLearn Research Assistant).

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Patricia Shaw, Thomas Kemple, Daniel Heath Justice and Sylvia Berryman; the cross-Canada Coordinators/Directors of Hum's sister programmes: Becky Cory (University 101, University of Victoria), Lisa Prins (Humanities 101, University of Alberta), Sabrina Buzzalino (Humanities 101, St. Mary's University, Calgary), Christina van Barneveld (Humanities 101, Lakehead University, Thunder Bay), Trish Van Katwyk (Humanities 101, University of Waterloo), Linda Rodenburg (Humanities 101, Orillia, Ontario), Marina Bredin (Discovery Program, McMaster's University, Hamilton), Ann Elliot (Discovery University, Ottawa Mission, Ottawa), Amber Ashton (Humanities 101, Trent University, Durham), Joanne McKay Bennett (University in the Community, Davenport Perth Neighbourhood Centre and Innis College, University of Toronto), Wendy Terry (The Workers' Educational Association of Canada, Toronto), Mary Lu Roffey-Redden and Dawn Brandes (Halifax Humanities

101); Frank (and, always, Barbara) Butler, Jody/Zoe/Nathan/Rob Walker, D'Arcy Davis-Case, John Down, Joe Guiliano, Laura Reid, Rodney Little Mustache and Lidiya Martinović Rekert; Sheila Giffen, Sandra Dixon and Terry Woodhouse. Extra special thanks to Hum's magnificent 7 volunteer Public Programmes facilitators this year: Shahla, Gilles, Mat, Margot Chaquita, Maureen, Terence and Reuben!

**Image Credits:**

Hum staff and participants.

# Graduating Participants

## **Writing201 Fall 2017**

Antonio Lopez  
Dan Drost  
Fouta Djallon  
Joel Rakesh Kumar  
Kimberley Hurrell  
Michael Edward Nardachioni  
Victoria Michaud

## **Writing101 Fall 2017**

Amy Lam  
Ana Rosa Alcantara Matos  
Blayne Sine O'Malley  
Claude F. Ranville  
Colleen Boudreau  
David A. Coulter  
Denise de Jong  
Michele  
Monica Alas  
Remona  
Ronald P. MacIntyre  
Sarah Z  
Viola Antoine  
Vivian Bomberry

## **Mentor**

Gilles Cyrenne

## **Writing201 Spring 2018**

Amy Lam  
Claude F. Ranville  
Denise de Jong  
Kate Gage  
Viola Antoine  
Vivian Bomberry

## **Writing101 Spring 2018**

Alison Blais  
Audrey Farbatuk  
Deloni Holland  
Derek Myles  
Edgar Sevilla  
Gina Barton  
Jill MacKenzie  
Leon Anderson  
Linda Zayac  
Mary Gibbs  
Kari Anne Stiele-Jules  
Trung Mai  
Warren Sanderson

## **Mentor**

Sandi Rooke

# Women's Writing Group

WITH THE QUESTION "WHAT KIND OF WORLD DO WE  
WANT TO MAKE?" GUIDING OUR TIME TOGETHER, WE  
WILL READ ALOUD FROM TEXTS BY SCIENCE  
TECHNOLOGY AND SOCIETY (STS) THEORISTS  
AND ARE OTHER WAYS

enjoy the be  
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ATA

Document  
THINKER



Hum (Humanities 101 Community Programme)  
Faculty of Arts, University of British Columbia  
On the traditional, ancestral, uncaded  
territory of the hən̓q̓əmi̓n̓gə́m speaking  
xʷməθkʷəy̓əm (Musqueam) people

#270 Buchanan E, 1866 Main Mall  
Vancouver, B.C. Canada V6T 1Z1  
tel 604.822.0028 | [humanities101.arts.ubc.ca](http://humanities101.arts.ubc.ca)