



Where we walk
becomes the path

Hum

Hum

PROGRAMME DESCRIPTION

Hum, the Humanities 101 Community Programme, turned 20 in September 2018! So...this year, on our 21st year-long walk together, we've considered the many pathways of being and knowing and recollecting, always-emerging, which we inhabit.

Find freedom in the context you inherit.

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

Hum word bound.

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

No carrots no sticks!

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

Where there's walls there's holes.

Prerequisite-free, and with many supportive practices to meet students' material and learning needs, Hum's courses value participants' own situated knowledges and desire to join in. Each year, courses have a different theme, such as *Find freedom in the context you inherit* (a quote from

Stó:lo feminist writer Lee Maracle), *Hum word bound, No carrots no sticks, Where there's walls there's holes, What are you in a perfect position to know + do, now?* and this year *Where we walk becomes the path*. Participants do preparatory readings, engage in small group discussions and read their work aloud at the start of classes, are famous for asking tough questions of experienced teachers, and complete assignments—poems, reflections, essays, artworks—that are gathered in yearly publications.

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

While classes are located at the UBC campus, Hum is as much a part of its downtown communities, also running weekly free Public Programmes at DTES/South community centres (Carnegie Centre, the Downtown Eastside Women's Centre, náč'a?mat ct Strathcona Branch of the Vancouver Public Library, and the Gathering Place). These Programmes are initiated and led by participants, alumni and volunteers. Members of Hum's Steering Committee, which meets regularly in the DTES, stated "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."

Where we walk becomes the path.

At 20, Hum is the first and largest programme of its kind in Canada. To date, over 1000 students have graduated and there have been about 200 volunteer teachers and scores of supportive UBC student/alumni volunteers who assist the dedicated Programme faculty and staff. This is Hum's 14th yearly publication, and this year there's also a companion booklet with more to share about the people and projects that the Programme has been involved with across the decades. 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 support for Indigenous people's educational desires, responsible relationships between universities and communities, and international interest in freeing education, Hum is part of many movements....

INTRODUCTION

Where we walk becomes the path, but not the same path. Always different. Always with time, through movement. A straight path, drawn on the horizon of a page, contains the illusion that the world isn't round, that the paper wasn't peeled from those trees you walk toward. 'Twas. All circles.

This is Hum's 21st time around ever-emerging paths a thousand graduates wide, two hundred volunteer teachers long, with scores of student volunteers and supporters, all swinging from an inner angle¹ of fifty Programme faculty and student-staff, supported by the swell of Downtown Eastside and Downtown South (DTES/South) communities; the weft and warp of collectives, friends, families; hinging with Hum's donors and UBC Faculty of Arts supporters; all, respectfully, within unceded, ancestral, traditional Coast Salish territories of the Tsleil-Waututh, Squamish and Musqueam. "The name Musqueam relates back to the River Grass, the name of the grass is məθkʷəy. There is a story that has been passed on from generation to generation that explains how we became known as the xʷməθkʷəyəm (Musqueam)— People of the River Grass."²

Amidst tall grasses—where so many paths are alive, recalled, desired, let go of, loved—a figure lingers, reading, in a Hum-filled pause; a pause to be shared by the Hum community after our term or year together, or decade or two. And what book is the figure reading? Perhaps this very book now in your hands! Featured here, participants' writing and images inhabit the people—students, teachers, volunteers, staff, supporters—and the different subjects and disciplines we've studied and practiced this year, plus more.

The Programme description on the previous pages fleshes out what we do: this year we've traversed 13 writing genres and 20+ academic disciplines/areas with 32 teachers, plus field trips, Public Programmes and Steering Committee meetings in the Downtown Eastside and Downtown South (DTES/South), participants' home or nearby neighbourhoods, about which many wrote passionately and powerfully.

Across this year, in all courses, we considered the anniversary-apt theme, *Where we walk becomes the path*. This phrase travelled to us from a long, long way away: from our "Speaking from the heart, with form" teacher D'Arcy Davis-Case who heard it said by her study companion in Thayet Pin, on an Inle Lake watershed forest community in Myanmar.³ So, this phrase is itself a "thought

¹ Tuck, Eve and K. Wayne Yang, editors. *Toward What Justice?: Describing Diverse Dreams of Justice in Education*. New York: Routledge. 2018.

² musqueam.bc.ca

³ Davis-Case, D'Arcy. *Forested Frontiers of Resilience*. 2019. University of British Columbia, PhD Dissertation.

pathway.” In the Hum101/201 course, there were four main thought pathways (chambers of the heart) for wayfinding and wandering, and more than a few *sideroads* were trodden throughout the year. They ran like this:

*START WHERE WE ARE within lifespans & generations, in time—in our own lived lives—and through
Indigenous literatures and futurisms.*
*MAKING OUR WAY as part of our urban situations, as culturally gendered, classed, racialized
bodies...nimble...globally...noisily having our way, with fun.*
BEING IN THE MOMENT, with form & with change, with shared memories & uncertainty.
BEING IN THE VERY MOMENT, with sound & with Hum at 20!
THIS IS WHAT ME
WE WANT to widen the pathway; it's WHERE ME
WE want to be and HOW ME
WE heal. THIS IS
THE WAY ME
WE configure fresh passages! THIS IS WHAT ME
WE WANT—AND YOU?

With this theme, Hum101/201 and Writing101/201 participants wrote—or drew or painted or collaged—their course assignments which, after going through strong practices of consent, are included here for all readers’ delectation. Feel their incisiveness, adventurousness, candor, wisdom, humour and generosity. Read their deep wishing wells. Join me in congratulating them, heartily! This is Hum’s 14th yearly publication full of participants’ work, and this year there’s also a companion booklet with more to share about the people and projects that the Programme has been involved with.

With classes located at the UBC campus, Hum is as much or more a part of its downtown communities, also running weekly free Public Programmes at DTES/South community centres: Carnegie Centre, the Downtown Eastside Women’s Centre, néçà?mat ct Strathcona Branch of the Vancouver Public Library, and the Gathering Place. These Programmes are initiated and led by enthusiastic and steadfast participants, alumni and volunteers, and supported by the busy people at these community centres. This year, Hum’s free Public Programmes included two “read aloud” groups, *Elevenes: Eating and Reading Tolkien* (facilitated by Reuben Jentink), and *Doing Science and Technology* (facilitated by Mat Arthur); *A Taste of the Middle East* (yes, we got to taste facilitator Shahla Masoumnejad’s cooking!); the hands-on *Wednesday Women’s Writing Workshop* (with Maureen Phillips and Mandy Catron); a pre-Writing101/201 mini-course called *Grammar with Hum* (taught by Gilles Cyrenne); plus *Out n’ About in Vancouver* field trips; and an alumni-led documentary film series *Documentaries for Thinkers* now in its 13th year (curated by Terence Lui). Every year, so many people shape and hold Hum; all are truly thanked in person, and recognized in the Acknowledgements section that concludes this book.

Some say that Hum is a breath of fresh air, a fertile ground. Please remember, new graduates and mentors of Hum101, Hum201, Writing101 and Writing201, there's lots more Hum to stay involved with, and more for you to inspire and nurture, too, if you'd like to. My own lifelong path toward and amongst Hum has been shaped by my newly-late parents, Barbara and Frank Butler, who imbued in me their generations-long craving for unlocking doors that need opening. Then, those doors, too heavy for any one, need more strength and canniness to be held open; with that, I thank especially my longtime colleagues and dear friends Paul Woodhouse and Maureen Phillips. All circles.

Dr. Margot Leigh Butler
Academic Director, Hum
Associate, UBC Institute for Critical Indigenous Studies

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HUM 101/201 COURSE OUTLINE

Where we walk becomes the path

FACULTY: Dr. Margot Leigh Butler

MENTOR: Isaac White (Haida First Nation)

CLASSROOM: Buchanan D, Room 201

TERM 1: September 13 – December 6, 2018

TERM 2: January 10 – April 4, 2019

SCHEDULE 6:30 to 9:00 pm with many additional, optional *sideroad* field trips. For *sideroads* that are off the campus, you're welcome to bring guests with you.

COURSE DESCRIPTION

This two-term interdisciplinary course focuses on relevant, creative and critical thinking practices in Arts and Social Sciences disciplines, and on the connections between them. Each week we study a different discipline with a different professor/public intellectual, with “grounding classes” that set the course contexts, preparatory readings, in-class discussions, written assignments and field trips. This course is not an introduction to or survey of these disciplines, but follows an interdisciplinary Cultural Studies approach which enjoys and values participants’ own situated knowledge—of both areas participants live in, Vancouver’s Downtown Eastside/Downtown South and nearby, and their own life interests—as well as academic knowledge; is responsive to participants’ interests; and changes in both theme and content each year. There are four course sections, and each class is titled with a descriptive “thought pathway” for wayfinding and wandering through the year.

The first thirty minutes of class involves facilitated small group discussions based on assigned readings. Written work involves three essay assignments which correspond to different disciplines and the links between them, including a reflective writing piece.

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

Class readings are available a week in advance, both as photocopies and online, at canvas.ubc.ca.

PART ONE

Start where we are

SEPTEMBER

SEPT. 13 *WHERE WE WALK BECOMES THE PATH: START WHERE WE ARE.*

Orientation, with Paul Woodhouse and Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.

Gathering from around the world, through the Downtown Eastside and Downtown South (DTES/South), on this day we found our feet by starting where we are at UBC, within the unceded, ancestral, traditional territory of the hən'q'əmin'əm' speaking Musqueam people. After dining together, we went from The Nest to the Musqueam Post by Brent Sparrow, which tells the story of the origin of the Musqueam First Nation's name xʷməθkʷəy̓əm. Then to the UBC bookstore, the Xwi7xwa Library and finally to the First Nations House of Learning, which we returned to for our Graduation Ceremony and 20th year anniversary party. Our class photograph was taken at sunset on that very first day!

SEPT. 20 *WHERE WE WALK BECOMES THE PATH: START WHERE WE ARE INSIDE A UNIVERSITY.*

Cultural Studies: "Words become paths in living cultures," with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.

Hum's academic/activist heart and method is in the area of Cultural Studies, where our own, situated, ordinary Downtown Eastside/South and worldly knowledge matters. We focus on relevant, creative and critical practices in the many academic disciplines we work between, with an awareness of how each conceptualizes PEOPLE, POWER, KNOWLEDGE, PLACE + TIME, to ground us. Cultural Studies loves "agency"—the power to act and make meaning. We read Cultural Studies' founding document by Raymond Williams; and through their own words and pictures, we learned about Musqueam as a living culture, seeing how Indigenous ways of knowing and being involve different perspectives, practices, protocols and relationships that are increasingly influencing institutions like UBC and far beyond it.

Reading

Musqueam Indian Band. "Musqueam a Living Culture." Victoria: CopperMoon Communications Inc. 2006.

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

SEPT. 27 *WHERE WE WALK BECOMES THE PATH: START WHERE WE ARE WITHIN LIFESPANS & GENERATIONS.*

Journalism: "Paths are made by walking, so 'Let yourself be silently drawn by the strong pull of what you really love, it will not lead you astray'" (Rumi), with Mary Lynn Young, Journalism, UBC.

Mary Lynn sketched journalism's varying impulses, standards and values, and the

contention that can arise when they're put into practice over lifespans and generations. Pressing on our five touchstones to reveal journalism's soft spots, she asked "Which PEOPLE count?" "Whose POWER counts?" "Whose KNOWLEDGE counts?" "Which PLACES count?" and "Which TIMES count?" In order to have our own voices count, during the second half of class, we learned the form of the "Op Ed"—an argument that presents one side—which must include a clear focus on a timely/relevant topic, a statement on the writer's original contribution to this topic, compelling content supported by evidence, and a conclusion that may well be a call to action.

Reading

Deuze, Mark. "What is Journalism? Professional identity and ideology of journalists reconsidered." *Journalism*, vol. 6, no. 4, 2005: 442-464.

Sideroad at 2:30

at the x̣ẉic̣əsəm Indigenous Health Research & Education Garden
at UBC Farm and forest with Reuben Jentink, long-time Hum
volunteer and staff member. We enjoyed the way our Programme's name,
Hum, is both the sound that bees make and singing without words,
which leaves the meaning open.
Is Hum a contagious melody that has never been sung before?

Reading

Kimmerer, Robin Wall. "Asters and Goldenrods." *Braiding Sweetgrass: Indigenous Wisdom, Scientific Knowledge and the Teachings of Plants*. Minneapolis. Milkweed Editions. 2014. 39-47.

OCTOBER

OCT. 4 WHERE WE WALK BECOMES THE PATH: START WHERE WE ARE IN TIME.

Cultural Studies: "Does where I walk *become* who I am and what I believe in?," with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.

An introduction to overarching western and Indigenous practices involved in the content of this course, this class focused on some of the implications of the West's practices on the world from the 1600s to now, a time that spans wide-reaching colonialism. As well as elucidating Enlightenment to Globalization ideologies (cultural values and beliefs) and practices, this class featured an online lecture by Blackfoot metaphysician and science scholar Leroy Little Bear who implicates universities in the production of this present history and possible future, and teaches Blackfoot metaphysics based in "All my relations," Blackfoot languages as process and action oriented, and Blackfoot knowledge as about participation in and with the natural world, renewal and land.

Reading

Little Bear, Leroy. Foreward *Native Science: Natural Laws of Interdependence*, by Gregorj Cajete. Sante Fe: Clear Light Publishers. 2000. ix-xii.

Evans, Mary. "The making of the modern world." *Short History of Society*. Berkshire, U.K.: McGraw Hill Education. Open University Press. 2006. 94-117.

OCT. 11 WHERE WE WALK BECOMES THE PATH: START WHERE WE ARE IN OUR OWN LIVED LIVES.

English Studies: “The long and winding road: memoir, life writing and creative non-fiction” with Mandy Catron, author and English, UBC.

The genres of memoir, life writing and creative non-fiction involve starting where we are in our own lives, drawing from memory, family history and/or research, and creatively producing “true stories artfully told” (Ben Yagoda), stories that are from our own perspective and true to our own personal experiences in all their subjective messiness. These three genres declare that your voice matters—and not just to you—because they speak to fundamental aspects of being human through the details that only those who’ve lived through that situation would know. In reclaiming their power, the writer must earn the reader’s trust while asserting that they are a credible source of insight and knowledge. Written in retrospect, the memoir tilts toward hope.

Reading

Bradley, William. “The Ethical Exhibitionist’s Agenda: Honesty and Fairness in Creative Nonfiction Author(s).” *College English*, vol. 70, no. 2, 2007: 202-211.

Elliott, Alicia. “Dark Matters.” *Hazlitt*, 27 March 2018, (<https://hazlitt.net/longreads/dark-matters>.)

Sideroad at 2:30

At the nearby Rare Books and
Special Collections Library (Irving K. Barber Learning Centre),
which houses and displays
collections of rare books, archival materials, historic
maps, photos, broadsides and pamphlets.

OCT. 18 WHERE WE WALK BECOMES THE PATH: START WHERE WE ARE THROUGH INDIGENOUS LITERATURES.

First Nations and Indigenous Studies: “How do we learn to be human? How do we behave as good relatives? How do we become good ancestors? How do we learn to live together?,” with Daniel Heath Justice (Citizen, Cherokee Nation), First Nations and Indigenous Studies & English, UBC.

The title of this class mirrors the key questions in Daniel’s new book, *Why Indigenous Literatures Matter*, and during this class we touched on stories’ role in replying to these concerns. We talked about how stories can take different material and spiritual forms; and read selections of poetry, fiction, theory and history from many authors learning how to read and recognize these works. We left with a glorious reading list of more than 300 Indigenous literatures! Daniel taught us that what Indigenous people want is for their stories—which give substance to who they are in the world, where they belong—to be rooted again, re-established in relationships with each other. Now is the time of restoration, of re-storying!

Reading

Abel, Jordan. *Injun*. Vancouver: Talon Books. 2016.

Dimaline, Cherie. *The Marrow Thieves*. Toronto: Cormorant Books. 2017. 19-26.

Justice, Daniel Heath. "Keeping a Fire"; "Stories that Wound, Stories that Heal"; "Appendix"; *Why Indigenous Literatures Matter*. Waterloo: Wilfred Laurier University Press. 2018. 1-32; 205-240.

King, Thomas. "You'll never believe what happened is always a great way to start." *The Truth About Stories: A Native Narrative*. Toronto: House of Anansi Press. 2003. 1-29.

Sideroad at 12:30

at the First Nations House of Learning.

Hum hosted a lunch for Indigenous students and allies.

OCT. 25 WHERE WE WALK BECOMES THE PATH: START WHERE WE ARE IN INDIGENOUS FUTURISMS.

First Nations and Indigenous Studies: "Neo, sooner or later you're going to realize, just as I did, that there's a difference between knowing the path and walking the path" (Morpheus), with David Gaertner, First Nations and Indigenous Studies, UBC.

In Indigenous futurisms, "outer space, perhaps because of its appeal to our sense of endless possibility, has become the imaginative site for re-envisioning how black, Indigenous and other oppressed people can relate to each other outside of and despite the colonial gaze." While science fiction and speculative fiction often project a western past and present into a continuous (even if dystopian) future, Indigenous futurisms are held in earthen ships, helmed by black and brown women with advanced knowledge of land, plants and language (Lou Cornum). David treated us to a number of Indigenous futurist videos, including a short film, Diné director Nanobah Becker's *The 6th World*, which extends the Diné creation story to outer space through Mars cultivations of precious kernels of ancestral corn.

Reading

Cornum, Lou. "The Space NDN's Star Map." *The New Inquiry*. 2016.

Lewis, Jason and Skawennati Tricia Fragnito. "Aboriginal Territories in Cyberspace." *Cultural Survival Quarterly Magazine*. 2005.

Sideroad on Sat. Oct. 27 at 2:00

at the Bill Reid Gallery of Northwest Coast Art to see

"Body Language: Reawakening Cultural Tattooing of the Northwest"

and "Interface" the woven artwork of

Kwakwaka'wakw and Haida artist Jaad Kuujus/Meghann O'Brien.

PART TWO

Making our way

NOVEMBER

NOV. 1 *WHERE WE WALK BECOMES THE PATH: MAKING OUR WAY AS PART OF OUR URBAN SITUATIONS.*

Geography: “Uneven ground: gentrification and participatory urbanism” with Tiffany Muller Myrdahl, Urban Studies and the Department of Gender, Sexuality and Women’s Studies, Simon Fraser University, Burnaby.

Cities are situated and produced, not the natural outcome of natural or inevitable processes! Tiffany, in her class on participatory urbanism, stressed that our cities are not an outcome of a predetermined process, but rather the result of decisions made in the context of a specific political history. Further still, she taught us that geography itself has historically been based in capitalist and colonial processes aimed at profit-making. These origins of geography often inform the way urban design is practised today, which can result in gentrification. Gentrification describes unregulated reinvestment in a neighbourhood which leads to revitalization at the expense of those who currently inhabit the area, as property values rise and residents are forced out. However, Tiffany taught us how we can combat this process through activism in the form of participatory urbanism. Through this type of activism, we can advocate for and help shape cities that work for ALL of us, not just the wealthy.

Reading

Cahill, Caitlyn *et al.* “The Right to the Sidewalk: The Struggle Over Broken Windows Policing, Young People, and NYC Streets.” *City Unsilenced: Urban Resistance and Public Space in the Age of Shrinking Democracy*. Eds. Jeffery Hou, Sabine Knierbein. London: Routledge. 2017. 94-105.

Sideroad on Fri. Nov. 2 at 1:00
at the Patricia Hotel in the DTES to tour
“Curious Imaginings,” an immersive sculpture installation of
realistic-looking silicon genetically-modified life forms
by Australian artist Patricia Piccinini,
part of the Vancouver Biennale.

NOV. 8 *WHERE WE WALK BECOMES THE PATH: MAKING OUR WAY AS CULTURALLY GENDERED, CLASSED, RACIALIZED BODIES.*

Geography: “Re-drawing the boundaries,” with Tiffany Muller Myrdahl, SFU.

How does change work in cities, and how can we make them work better for everyone? In Tiffany’s second class we discussed how the wealthy and the government influence and build cities to meet their own ends, often at our (for example, Downtown Eastside) community’s expense. We read about the “safe cities for women and girls” movement,

and how re-narrativizing the city to tell different stories and make new possibilities can be done through the eyes of those who experience racialized and gender-based prejudice and violence. Then, Tiffany taught us a practice of participatory urbanism called community mapping, through which we can insert our own voices into conversations surrounding city planning to ensure that our needs are met. Tiffany emphasized that if our oppressors can work in concert to ensure their needs are met, then forces of liberation can act in concert as well!

Reading

Lambrick, Melanie. "Safer Discursive Space: Artistic interventions and online action research." *Building Inclusive Cities: Women's Safety and the Right to the City*. Eds. Carolyn Whitzman, Crystal Legacy, Caroline Andrew, Fran Klodawsky, Margaret Shaw, Kalpana Viswanath. London: Routledge. 2012. 162-183.

Sideroad at 3:30
to visit the nearby MOA (Museum of Anthropology) to see
"In a Different Light: Reflecting on Northwest Coast Art" and
"Marking the Infinite: Contemporary Women Artists from Aboriginal Australia."
Aboriginal women are redrawing the boundaries of the
contemporary Aboriginal art scene in Australia,
redefining a movement that continues today.

NOV. 15 WHERE WE WALK BECOMES THE PATH: MAKING OUR WAY NIMBLY.

Sociology: "Bridges and Doors to the Social and Natural Worlds," with Tom Kemple, Sociology, UBC.

Is it human nature to separate the connected, and to connect the separated? Jewish German philosopher and sociologist Georg Simmel believed so, and materialized this claim via the fetching figures of the "bridge" and the "door," asking how are we connected to or separated from one another, the natural world, and ourselves. Simmel felt that the people who first built a path between two places performed one of the greatest achievements, and it was a pleasure to walk Simmel's pathways with Tom, our devoted 17-year Hum teacher and author of a brand-new book on Simmel. He left us with a pithy quote for proceeding nimbly: "A wall is mute, but a door speaks."

Reading

Simmel, Georg. "Bridge and Door." *Simmel on Culture*. Eds. David Frisby and Mike Featherstone. Thousand Oaks: Sage Publications. 1997. 170-175.

Simmel, Georg. "The Metropolis and Mental Life." *Georg Simmel on Individuality and Social Norms*. Eds. Donald N. Levine. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1971. 324-339.

Sideroad on Sat. Nov. at 17, 6:00
at Carnegie Centre for Hum's "Documentaries for Thinkers" screening of *Metropolis*, by Fritz Lang (German, 1927), a classic film about social alienation, about searching for the missing heart of cities, lost through the processes of western capitalist modernization and rationalization. Series curated by Hum alumnus Terence Lui.

NOV. 22 WHERE WE WALK BECOMES THE PATH: MAKING OUR WAY GLOBALLY.

Philosophy: “You never set out to get lost’ (Leanne Betasamosake Simpson, Nishnaabe) on global citizenship,” with Sylvia Berryman, Philosophy, UBC.

What does it mean to be cosmopolitan? Cosmopolitanism is an adventure and an ideal. As early as 300 B.C.E. stoic philosopher Diogenes the Cynic proclaimed himself to be a citizen of the cosmos, not Athens. Diogenes was famous for questioning convention—wealth, honour, and obedience. Sylvia’s class made us question: in this era of global capital where people, ideas and cultures flow over national borders and virtual networks, “What are our responsibilities as global citizens?”

Reading

Laertius, Diogenes. “Diogenes (404 – 323 BCE).” *Lives of Eminent Philosophers*. Trans. Robert Drew Hicks. 1925.

NOV. 29 WHERE WE WALK BECOMES THE PATH: MAKING OUR WAY NOISILY.

New Media: “Following cables and conduits: making new media connections,” with Mathew Arthur, long-time Hum volunteer and Public Programme facilitator.

Mathew started the evening by grounding the practice of blogging in our material world. Working backwards from the keyboard and monitor, we considered how computer servers, cables, electricity grids, data farms, mining and waste dumps are all essential elements in the production, distribution and consumption of online media. Mathew mapped the undersea conduits that form the global digital network onto Black Atlantic slave routes, and connected ideas about technology with the equally big ideas each one of us could share using new media platforms. We were introduced to the blog platform “Medium,” where some participants created their first blog.

Sideroad at 3:30
at the nearby Belkin Art Gallery to tour
“Beginning with the Seventies: Collective Acts,”
which draws on 1970s archives and networks of
collective organising and cooperative production in
the arts and activism, and is women strong.

DECEMBER

DEC. 6 WHERE WE WALK BECOMES THE PATH: HAVING OUR WAY WITH FUN.

“Playing on the path, or, ‘If I can’t dance, I don’t want to be part of your revolution’” (Emma Goldman). End-of-term party for all Hum101, Hum201, Writing101 and Writing201 people.

We shared food and music, played games, ate too many donuts far too quickly, and some of us even received complementary reiki!

Being in the moment, with

JANUARY

JAN. 10 *WHERE WE WALK BECOMES THE PATH: BEING IN THE MOMENT, WITH FORM.*

Rhetoric: “Speaking from the heart, with form,” with D’Arcy Davis Case, Forestry, UBC.

We started this term with an “icebreaker” called “Time + Place,” a way to welcome each other back and to understand and tell each other about our position or “positionality” in time and space—not only to orient ourselves, but to understand ourselves and each other better, and our relations to this place.

In this empowering class, D’Arcy taught us a clear method for “speaking from the heart, with form” which was used by every single Hum101 and Hum201 participant in their speech that very night! After picking a “prompt” from D’Arcy’s basket (e.g.. Who taught you to ride a bike? What was the best day you ever had? What piece of clothing makes you feel great? What is the kindest thing a stranger has done for you?), you read it silently and slowly, in fact “stalling” to give your mind time to do an internal search for a personally-meaningful response to the prompt. Then came some quiet “slow organizing” of what goes in the beginning (what you’ll say), the middle (saying it) and the end (what you’ve just said) of your speech, standing up, and speaking from the heart for up to three minutes (our Paul was the roving timekeeper). Public speaking is persuasive speech, or rhetoric, and, as it should be, this evening was punctuated by much clapping and cheering!

JAN. 17 *WHERE WE WALK BECOMES THE PATH: BEING IN THE MOMENT, WITH CHANGE.*

Art, Semiotics, First Nations and Indigenous Studies: “Changing paths to make change,” with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.

How can practising the semiotic method—noticing (denotation), situating and interpreting (connotation) and playing with (détourning) culturally-meaningful shared SIGNS—reveal not only what we mean while communicating, but who we take ourselves, and others, to be and what worlds we will make? How can small changes in the usage of conventional SIGNS create fresh interpretations and real, lived possibilities? What happens when a “new” SIGN, perhaps from a different culture, is introduced into a “new” context? To address this, we studied how a large copper shield from Haida Gwaii was walked by Native activists and allies from Kwakwaka’wakw territory to Victoria (B.C. Provincial Legislature) and then to Ottawa (Parliament Hill) to be broken in shaming ceremonies signifying broken relationships between governments and First Nations. A challenge to the federal government to renew its troubled relationship with First Nations, it is “beyond protest, it is about waking up the consciousness” (Beau Dick).

Reading

Watson, Scott and Lorna Brown. "Lalakensis All Directions: A Journey of Truth and Unity." UBC Belkin Art Gallery. 2016.

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

Sideroad on Sat. Jan. 19 at 6:00
in Carnegie Centre auditorium for Hum's "Documentaries for Thinkers" screening of
The Road Forward (NFB, 2017), a musical documentary by
Métis artist Marie Clements that connects
a pivotal moment in Canada's civil rights history—
the beginnings of Indian Nationalism in the 1930s—
with the powerful momentum of
First Nations activism today.

JAN. 24 WHERE WE WALK BECOMES THE PATH: BEING IN THE MOMENT, WITH SHARED MEMORIES.

Music: "How solo notes became chords again in post-earthquake Haiti," with Gage Averill, Dean of Arts and Music, UBC.

In this energetic class, Gage took us on a journey to Haiti to explore the nation's vibrant musical and cultural traditions, and learn about working with musical archives. Gage taught us about his extensive project which emerged from a newly-discovered archive of the recordings of American ethnomusicologist Alan Lomax. Gage essentially did Lomax's work in reverse, producing a boxed set of CDs and liner notes that drew from more than fifty hours of recorded music and six films. Indeed, Gage's project helped bring traditional music back to Haitian communities following the devastating earthquake in 2010, where playing Lomax's recordings in town squares drew together stricken community members. We learned not only of the importance of using music to preserve culture and transmit story, but also the essential role it plays to bring shared memories, togetherness, culture, joy and movement to our lives.

Reading

Averill, Gage. *Alan Lomax's Recordings in Haiti: 1936-1937*. Liner Notes. Estate of Alan Lomax. 2009.

JAN. 31 WHERE WE WALK BECOMES THE PATH: BEING IN THE MOMENT, WITH UNCERTAINTY.

Anthropology: "Preserving what we value in times of uncertainty: Traditional Indigenous Knowledge meets earthquake science," with Jill Baird, Curator of Education, MOA (Museum of Anthropology).

As the Museum embarks on a major seismic upgrade, its educators are taking this time to "shake up" our awareness of earthquakes, which have long been part of the reality along the Northwest Coast. Beyond scientific discoveries, "Shake Up" also puts into the foreground traditional knowledge of earthquakes and natural disasters passed down

through generations of Indigenous and non-Indigenous cultures. After Jill's compelling tour, in the second part of this class, we each had time to find something of personal significance at MOA and to tell each other about it. We made two sweeps through the museum and its collections: first, individually, noticing what in particular drew us toward it, and then, as a group, circling through MOA again using D'Arcy Davis-Case's rhetorical method or the semiotic method to share our interest in our selections.

Reading

Shelton, Anthony. "Questioning locality: the UBC Museum of Anthropology and its hinterlands." *Ethnografica*, vol. 11, no. 2, 2007: 387-406.

Sideroad at 5:30

for community health training on how to use
Naloxone (Narcan) injections to reduce the harm and
deaths associated with opioid overdoses. Training was done by
UBC student health nurse Carla Olson.
Naloxone kits were provided, and they are also available
for free in the DTES and elsewhere.

FEBRUARY

FEB. 7 *WHERE WE WALK BECOMES THE PATH: BEING IN THE VERY MOMENT, WITH SOUND.*

Music: "Improvising as a keen listening practice," with Carol Sawyer, vocalist and visual artist associated with the New Orchestra Workshop (NOW) Society, Vancouver.

"Being in the moment" can be a challenge in the over-stimulating, distracting and high-pressured environments in which we live...so we turned to a sound-based practice which is devoted to it: improvisational music, a listening practice in which players of any expertise listen to each other completely and make their own contributions freely (sometimes within helpful, but always optional, guidelines). Carol took us expertly through many practices involved in improvisational music, and we also threw in a few surprises such as an impromptu duo performance of a Colombian song! This class took place at the UBC Music Building, and was connected with the *sideroad* "Bugs and Beyond" improvisational music and live-image NOW workshop/concert two weeks hence.

Reading

Lewis, George E. 2004. "Improvisation and the Orchestra: A Composer Reflects." *Contemporary Music Review*, vol. 25, no. 5/6, 2006: 429-434.

FEB. 14 *WHERE WE WALK BECOMES THE PATH: BEING IN THE MOMENT, WITH HUM AT 20!*

Writing and Publishing: "Who are we walking with? Joining 1000 Hum walkers with our very own yearly publication." Hum yearbook workshop with Paul Woodhouse and Margot Leigh Butler, Hum.

The Hum community began celebrating its 21st year-long walk in September 2018. This class was planned to introduce participants to past Hum yearly publications and to begin producing their own work for this year's, our 20th. However, even the most carefully

pruned pathways are subject to...inclement weather! This may have been the first time that the childhood wish of all Vancouverites came true: CLASS CANCELLED DUE TO SNOW! Content of this class was then sprinkled onto other classes, and the readings were, nevertheless, enjoyed!

Reading

Hogan, Linda. "A Different Yield." *Religion and Literature*. vol. 26, no. 1, 1994: 71-80.

McLean, Sharon. Digest. *The Lost Art of Listening*, by Michael P. Nichols.

Sideroad on Sat. Feb. 16 at 7:00
at the Roundhouse Community Centre,
to see the performance "Bugs and Beyond." The NOW Society Ensemble
and "Mind of a Snail" combined perception, sight, sound, and touch to enhance a
multidisciplinary event featuring shadow puppetry and sound,
improvisation and composition, including
artwork made live on four overhead projectors.
A very memorable evening!

PART FOUR

This is what ME

WE *want!*

FEB. 28 *WHERE WE WALK BECOMES THE PATH: THIS IS WHAT ME*

WE WANT TO WIDEN THE

PATHWAY.

Law and Gender Studies: "What's supporting me to walk on this path...and makes it possible for others to, too? The Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms, Universal Declaration of Human Rights, The United Nations Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous Peoples, and the Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Discrimination against Women," with Margot Young, Peter A. Allard School of Law, UBC.

Margot's class made distinctions between declarations, commitments, charters, activism and legal formulations of "rights," not just for humans but also for animals and the land. Particularly interesting, if vexing, are the situations where it's clear that authorities recognize the virtues of what's been committed to, but don't carry through, epitomized in the quotation, "Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue" (Francois de La Rochefoucauld). We came to understand international law, such as UN Declarations on the Rights of Indigenous Peoples, and the Convention on the Elimination of All Forms

of Discrimination Against Women before an in-depth examination of Canada's Indian Act. Margot taught us the ways in which the Indian Act was discriminatory to Indigenous women, and the amendments made to the Act in attempt to eliminate said discrimination.

Reading

Human Rights Committee, United Nations. "Views adopted by the Committee under article 5(4) of the Optional Protocol, concerning communication No. 2020/2010." November 2018.

Sideroad at 3:30
for a campus walking tour to the Reconciliation Totem Pole,
designed and carved under the direction of
Haida master carver and Hereditary Chief, 7idansuu (James Hart)
and the new Indian Residential School History and Dialogue Centre.

Sideroad on Sat. Mar. 2 at 12:30
to the Vancouver Orpheum theatre.
Long-time Hum teacher and retired architect
Arthur Allen guided us through one of
Vancouver's grandest and most beloved performing arts venues.

MARCH

MARCH 7 WHERE WE WALK BECOMES THE PATH: THIS IS WHERE ME

WE WANT TO BE!

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

PASSION, POSITION, PARTICIPATION, PARTICULARS. These four touchstones gave context to D'Arcy's *passion* for implementing sustainable forestry practices; dual *position* as community activist and UN consultant; *participation* in sustainable forestry projects with local peoples in countries around the world; and the *particular* knowledges and practices of local experts whose traditions have taught them how to live with complex ecosystems. During D'Arcy's 33-year career with the UN, she had her feet in two worlds—the goliath institution and many local communities—and she taught us how to navigate these disparate knowledge systems in order to get the best possible outcomes for community groups that she supported.

Reading

Darlington, Susan M. "The Ordination of a Tree: The Buddhist ecology movement in Thailand." *Ethnology*, vol 37, no. 1, 1998: 1-15.

Sideroad at 3:00
for a nature/culture walk
in the nearby woods
to go "forest bathing."

Sideroad on Tues. Mar. 12 at 6:15
at the Vancouver Art Gallery for a tour of

"The Metamorphosis" exhibition, and a taste of the other exhibitions.
We were met in the lobby by VAG educator, Marie-France, who led us on our own personal tour through two floors of the Gallery, and then left to follow our own desires 'til the gallery closed.
Participants were free to bring guests.

MARCH 14 WHERE WE WALK BECOMES THE PATH: THIS IS WHAT ME

WE WANT IN TIME....

Art: "Re-wilding the path: finding the poetic in the provisional gesture" with M. Simon Levin, artist/educator and co-director of coppermoss.

This class started with us sharing slices of local apples dipped in honey made by Surrey bees, as Simon shared hopes with us for a year that's fulfilling and sweet—drawing from a Jewish New Year practice. He taught us about what he means by "provisional gestures," that is actions based in "what if," such as: what if we could leave out the "canon" (the biased western story of art), what if university education was free, what if we could, together, decolonize? He showed us many artworks, including his "Maraya" project that explored the seawall walkways of Dubai and Vancouver, Mariane Nicholson's (Kwakwaka'wakw) "Baxwana'tsi: The Container for Souls" (which we'd just seen at the VAG) and Colombian artist Doris Salcedo's "Shibboleth," a giant crevasse she carved into the floor of London's Tate Modern Art Gallery to signify the socially excluded under-classes in western and post-colonial society—and though it was filled in after the exhibition, it still exists under the surface and comes back to life whenever we talk about it. Simon emphasized action as a gesture, a provisional gesture of hope.

Reading

Kimmerer, Robin Wall. Preface; "Skywoman Falling"; "The Council of Pecans"; "The Gift of Strawberry." *Braiding Sweetgrass: Indigenous wisdom, scientific knowledge and the teachings of plants*. Minneapolis: Milkweed Editions. 2013. ix–28.

MARCH 21 WHERE WE WALK BECOMES THE PATH: THIS IS HOW ME

WE HEAL.

First Nations and Indigenous Studies: "Decolonization is not a metaphor," with Margot Leigh Butler and Rodney Little Mustache (Piikani Nation), Hum, UBC.

Each Hum class starts with thirty minute small group discussions. On this day, our discussion questions were: There's lots of talk about "Indigenizing" universities these days: Would that be different than "decolonizing" them? Do you think it's possible to "decolonize" education? What would that look like to you? So, we were conceptualizing decolonization not as a metaphor but as PRACTICES! These questions were taken up by our first teacher, Rodney Little Mustache (Maistoo'a waastan "Crow Flag"), who started his university education as a Hum101 student in 2013 and is now in his 4th year of his B.A. at UBC. Arriving with many years expertise in AIDS activism, Rodney soon became involved with the UBC student society (AMS), running for the role of president, and initiating its first Indigenous Committee. Having realized that he had previously seen

Indigenous people through colonizers' eyes, his studies, readings and activism have taught him how to see through Indigenous eyes. Margot then taught how university education and university-based research are implicated through the ways they attract themselves to the DTES and its residents, often engaging in practices of resource extraction there. Before hearing from current Hum students whose published essays we'd read for today's class, she discussed how we do things differently at Hum which has very specific commitments to its community, consent and confidentiality practices, and is influenced by longstanding Indigenous research protocols.

Reading

Tuck, Eve. "Suspending Damage: A Letter to Communities." *Harvard Educational Review*. vol. 79, no. 3, 2009. 409-427.

Venne, Sharon. "Manufactured Consent: A New Wave in Colonization." Presentation Slides on the Proposed Legislation by the Federal Government. 2018.

Neufeld, Scott et al. *Research 101: A Manifesto for Ethical Research in the Downtown Eastside*. Vancouver. 2019.

Hurrell, Kimberly. "The Personal Insecurity We Face Called Poverty." *What are you in a perfect position to do + know, now?* 38-40. 2017.

Hurrell, Kimberly. "Questions About My Celtic Ancestry." *What are you in a perfect position to do + know, now?* 2017: 40-41.

Bomberry, Vivian. "Civil Disobedience and the Rule of Law: The Role that First Nations Need to Play." *Hum word bound*. 2018: 93-97.

Sismey, Mike. "The State of Denial as a Geographic Reality: Observations of a Middle-Class Canadian Living Alongside the Nomadic North American Tribe called the "One Percent." *What are you in a perfect position to do + know, now?* 2017: 86-88.

Buffalo Star Woman (Sandra Delorme). "The Permit." *What are you in a perfect position to do + know, now?* 2017: 136-138.

MARCH 28 WHERE WE WALK BECOMES THE PATH: THIS IS THE WAY ME

WE CONFIGURE FRESH
PASSAGES!

Rhetoric: "Walking the talk, making manifestos! This is what ME

WE truly, madly, deeply want!" with

Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.

How often do we take time alone, or with others, to listen carefully and figure out what we want in the world, now? We took five minutes alone to find three things we want, and another five minutes in pairs to find or configure a single point in common. So, ten minutes into class, we'd already experienced the powerful potential of making manifestos...and, truly, it need not go any farther than that to be invigorating! An ancient western tradition, manifesto makers aim to persuade their listeners so that they're moved, and might even join them. There are three key parts to a manifesto: who makes it; what's said and how it's said; and who hears it (who really listens to it). We looked at manifestos in many genres, from an animated "Communist Manifestoon" to part of a lecture by the controversial academic Jordan Peterson, to clips of the Ted Talk "The

Danger of a Single Story” by Nigerian feminist writer Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie, to a music video called “Spirit Visionz” by Anishinaabe hip hop artist, Q-Rock. Current Hum101 participant Vivian Bomberly (Six Nations of the Grand River, Southern Ontario) published a manifesto based in her own knowledge, on research about the present, past and anticipated future, and she advocated for a different future that she wants to encourage and be part of—all key parts of manifesto process and content. She declared: “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.”

Reading

Brecht, Bertolt. “Writing the Truth: Five Difficulties.” 1935.

Ebert, Teresa L. “Manifesto Theory and theory as material force: Toward a Red Polemic.” *JAC*, vol. 23, no. 3. 2003: 553-562.

APRIL

APRIL 4 WHERE WE WALK BECOMES THE PATH: THIS IS WHAT ME

WE WANT—AND YOU?

“Hum on!” Current and past Hum201 participants present their 201 projects, Hum101 participants read their yearbook work, and super-involved Hum alumni volunteers Shahla Massoumnijad, Terence Lui and Antonietta Gesualdi share their journeys.

This class was a festival of people’s Humming now and across the years, and a Saa-ust shqalawin (lifting up the hearts and the minds) women’s honouring ceremony. What a wonderful way to complete the course!

APRIL 25 A THOUSAND STRONG WALKING

Graduation Ceremony and 20th Anniversary Celebration at the Sty-Wet-Tan Great Hall at the First Nations House of Learning (1985 West Mall, UBC), 5:00 – 9:00 pm. Weaver, artist and Musqueam Knowledge Keeper Debra Sparrow welcomed us to Musqueam. There will also be a second 20th Anniversary Celebration in the DTES at Carnegie Centre on Saturday, May 18 at 6:00 pm. This year’s grads are part of a group of 1000 Hum graduates who join hundreds of supporters on Hum’s ever-renewing pathways!

HUM 101/201 COMPOSITIONS

Hum101 and Hum201 participants produced the writing compositions you will read in the following pages.

This year's Hum201 project focused on the creative non-fiction genre. Hum201 students met every Thursday for tailor-made writing sessions. The project design was constructed so that students feel free and confident with this genre of writing, so that their own thoughts, experiences and commitments can shine through.

Hum101 compositions are responses to one of the following three essay questions offered during the course.

ASSIGNMENT #1

This year, our course theme is *Where we walk becomes the path*. Throughout the year, we'll be building conversations based in what we share in class.

This first short assignment relates to classes in the first section, called *Start where we are*. We started the year with a sunset walking tour around the campus, which set us up to learn about cultures of knowledge in universities and at the Musqueam First Nation. Our touchstones on this year's Hum101/201 pathways are people, power, place, knowledge and time, and we can learn lots by noticing how different academic disciplines approach them—remember our journalism teacher asked us to discuss, “Who counts as a person, whose knowledge counts, what counts as place, power and time?” The whole idea of *starting where we are* involves a sense of time...the time before starting, during, and possibly, after.... Indeed, time weighed heavily on the following class where we looked across time, from both Blackfoot and western perspectives. Tonight's class acknowledges that our very lives are lived within these broad brushstrokes: everyone leads interesting lives and memoir is one way to reflect and write about our own paths—a way to make sense of our own lives and situations.

For Assignment 1, please choose one question and draw from both course content and your own life:

- 1) What path(s) brought you to university, to Hum?
- 2) On your path(s), what counts as a person, what counts as knowledge, what counts as place, what counts as a power, and what counts as a time?
- 3) Does where I walk *become* who I am and what I believe in?

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

ASSIGNMENT #2

This year, our course theme is *Where we walk becomes the path*. Throughout the year, we are building conversations based in what we share in class. *Starting where we are*, we've been *making our way* in at least two manners:

- 1) by looking into how the world we're inhabiting is made or constructed, and
- 2) by *making our own ways* of life, our own *paths*, within it.

This assignment relates to some classes in Part 1: *Start where we are*, and Part 2: *Making our way*.

In our First Nations and Indigenous Studies classes, and on our *sideroad* trips to the Bill Reid Gallery of Northwest Coast Art + MOA, we studied Indigenous literatures, artworks and futures that matter because they contest harsh colonial worlds and offer significant alternatives, while “revealing the continued relevance of Indigenous knowledge in understanding our time and place in this world.” <https://moa.ubc.ca/exhibition/marking-the-infinite/>

In our Geography/Gender Studies classes, we saw how “what counts as people” is constructed in places and spaces, at the intersection of many social practices known as class, race, sexual orientation, age, religion, disability, gender, sexuality, etc., that don't exist separately from each other but are interwoven together (this theory is called intersectionality). We noted how uneven the city's ground is, and how we as citizens can participate together to make meaningful changes, to make new maps of our own.

A *sideroad* into genetic modification—via the exhibition *Curious Imaginings* of realistic-looking silicon transgenic organisms at the DTES Patricia Hotel by Patricia Piccinini—startled us into recognizing that humans are already making and sharing the world with novel life-forms constructed by humans, and that we must now flow together along unpredictable lines of flight.

Along paths, through doorways and via bridges, our sociology class asked us think about how we're connected to or separated from one another, the natural world, and ourselves.

For this Assignment, drawing on the class content described above, and on Hum 101/201's touchstones people, power, place, knowledge and time, please write about how you started where you were before Hum, and how you're now making your way differently:

- 1) by looking into how the world we're inhabiting is made or constructed, and
- 2) by making our own ways of life, our own paths, within it.

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

ASSIGNMENT #3

Reflective writing is a form of writing in which you reflect on something you've found significant, usually in a particular context. Assignment 3 is an opportunity to reflect on something about your Hum experience, guided by our theme *Where we walk becomes the path*.

By this time in the school year, four months along, we've shared much and experienced a lot of academic content: discussions, theories, ideas, concepts, facts, experiences, readings, lectures, events. What are your own perspectives and responses to something you found significant?

Your reflection will focus on this kind of thing: a class or idea that interested or surprised you; something that intrigued you; that made you question what you already knew; that affirmed what you already knew or suspected; that you didn't necessarily agree with or have a different opinion about; that changed your point of view or outlook on the world. It could be a particular idea, person, reading, subject, commute to campus, the university, the course as a whole, or anything else you feel is appropriate.

You're welcome to use our teacher D'Arcy Davis-Case's rhetoric method of posing the question to yourself, stalling (giving your mind time to find a significant thing), then writing "from the heart" using the form of a "reflection piece." Or, you could start by doing a quick semiotic analysis (denotation and connotation) which can help you to understand something familiar in a fresh way.

Describe your topic, explain why it's significant, and express how it's affected you. The "reflective writing" handout has lots of ideas on how to approach this style of writing, but don't forget that the most important thing is YOUR PERSPECTIVE and how it contributed to you *walking* your own *path*.

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

Walking the Path

MIKE SISMEY (ALGONQUINS OF GOLDEN LAKE, PIKWAKANAGAN), HUM201

I was expecting a paycheck from my job last week, a fair-sized amount which didn't appear in my bank account, as promised. When I asked my employer why I hadn't been paid I was given some convoluted excuse about it not fitting in with their computer pay cycle so everyone's check was cancelled and the money would be paid the following week. To which I diplomatically as I could think of explained that bouncing a paycheck, even a digital one, was illegal and might even be considered fraud and that, sadly, I was tendering my resignation, effective immediately. I felt empowered briefly by this decision before falling into a deep depression. Not only was I still without a paycheck, now I was out of job as well. I spent the rest of the day immobile on the couch, cycling through tv channels mindlessly with the remote control. I knew quitting was the right decision; still it had been a difficult one, and I had to admit to myself that the job filled a void in my life currently empty of friends or even close acquaintances. I realized I was going to miss the casual friendships that had been starting to bloom with my working colleagues—something, even six months before, I would not have believed possible.

And I'm not too proud to say I resented losing a job I was good at. In fact, not just good but really good at it, even though it was just a job as a waiter. And I genuinely liked it too. The temp agency I'd worked for sent me to events all over the city. To the kind of hotels where footmen in livery stand ready, umbrellas open for the guest exiting their cab, protecting them from the rain while on their journey between the curb and the smiling doorman waiting to usher them inside.

At the end of each shift the manager would rate you from 1 to 5 stars. I was always 5 out of 5, I was always on time, I worked hard transforming an ordinary hotel ballroom into something magical for whatever event, and then I'd blend into the background, just another flunky holding a tray of champagne, an extra in a big Broadway production as the principal actors arrived. It was all so different, living under that constellation of chandeliers, from where I'd lived not so long ago, homeless with the night sky my only ceiling.

Not so long ago, I was homeless and living in a tent in Stanley Park. If you could call it a life, since I'd gone there to die. It was a pragmatic choice; I was in an abusive relationship, increasingly violent. No matter where I went, he would find me and I'd lost count how many times he'd sent me to the emergency room. It was a nightmare scenario for both of us. A straight homophobic alpha male who fell in love with a gay male who didn't love him in return. A relationship on the down low which he wanted to keep to himself; he was possessive and jealous, and I was soon cut off from my family and friends. I soon learned attempts to escape had dire consequences, and there was no one I could turn to for protection or help. Shelters for battered women are available yes. But as a gay male I soon realized I was on my own. As I became more despondent and isolated, I simply grew to accept one day he would kill me. Resigned as I was, some last reserve of survival instinct inside me made me risk one last bid to escape, and I fled into the unfamiliar safety and shelter of the woods of the park.

It was a dark time for me, that summer, when I calmly decided to kill myself. He had taken everything from me—home, possessions, everyone I cared about. But taking my life, I decided, that he could not have. I would end it myself; where and how I would die would be my choice not his. I wasn't sure how I'd do it, I only knew when. I made a pact with myself—the next time it rained, I'd do it, travel deep in the woods, anonymous, and disappear, unremarked and forgotten.

A great plan if it had rained, but it never did, not once that summer, which was remarkable in a city where it rains all the time. Days stretched to weeks then to months and not a drop from the sky. The water parks shut down one by one, all the lawns turning brown. Trees across the city languished and then died; their leaves shriveled and fell prematurely well before autumn even began. Without rain, I was left with no choice but to remain alive. Alive but living like a ghost with, but not of, the packs of families and busloads of tourists swarming the park each day. But they helped me heal, those strangers that summer, laughing and enjoying themselves and the company of each other. It became harder for me to remain convinced death was the answer while surrounded by so many living examples of human happiness that only gave me reasons to live.

I had no cellphone or watch and I almost never knew what hour of the day it was or day of the week, a part of me inside increasingly alarmed by this evidence of my disconnect from civilized society. My sense of time only knew it was time to get up when I heard the clip-clop sounds of the horses' hooves pulling the 'tally-ho!' tour wagons passing my tent each morning. And I had the 9 o'clock gun to mark days end for me each evening. Beyond that it didn't matter. I had nowhere to go and nobody waiting for me anywhere, expecting me to show up.

It was August when he found me. It was a shock to me that he did, I'd been so cautious creating a clearing in the midst of a bramble patch, the entrance guarded by branches heavy with thorns. They would cut you to ribbons if you didn't negotiate the path carefully or know in advance where to duck or which bend in the path to choose. But I should have known better; he was a methodical man, the park merely a grid searched sector by sector, my eventual discovery an inevitable process of elimination. And once he spotted me, he followed me and learned where I hid. Then, while I was gone, had practiced entering my clearing over and over until he had mastered doing it without making a sound.

That final encounter, I was asleep one second then wide awake the next, my nerve endings jangling, on full red alert. I sensed him outside my tent in the pitch blackness, and I lay there frozen with fear in a pool of cold sweat. Then I only have flashes of memory, the knife slashing a line through the side of my tent, our tangle of bodies as we wrestled in a collapsed canvas enclosure, tent poles snapping like twigs. Our facing off in the open, my air mattress that I tried to use as a shield, exploding and slashed to pieces, his knife slashing my arm. Falling back hard on the ground and rolling, my hand groping wildly around and finding the fallen branch of a tree. Then rising and swinging the branch like a club. It coming down hard, full force, I could feel it connecting and breaking his arm. My arm rising again, then down hard on his collarbone this time. Then stunned, in disbelief, when he ran out of my burrow and out of my life forever. Although I didn't know the latter was also true at the time. I'd like to say I suddenly felt this rush of power and belief in myself

after this unexpected victory the way it is in the movies. I didn't. Instead I threw up and was more terrified and panic stricken than ever before for a very long time. Each night I waited, clutching the knife I'd knocked out of his hand, my back against a tree waiting for him to come back. But he never did.

By the time it rained, it was fall and I'd left the woods and returned to the city although I admit I wasn't doing too well. My life at that time seemed dedicated to an endless cycle of waiting in line-ups either for food or a bed in a shelter; my feet were constantly blistered, my one pair of shoes falling apart. Eventually the Downtown Eastside mental health team found me and moved me into a Main and Hastings SRO. The Jubilee Rooms were a hellhole, although there were worse places I could have landed, and I was grateful for the shelter if gave me, all the same. I didn't leave my room much and just listened to the rain drumming into the airshaft outside my window. By spring I was allowed to move into another, better SRO—the Yale Hotel. It was newly renovated, with tiny rooms and run like a military boarding school, and I hated it. The tenants were kept in a constant state of fear that they would be evicted. They were forced to sign a one-month "lease" when they paid their rent on the first so the landlord could avoid following the residential tenancy act. My tent in the park began to look pretty good to me again.

But that's not where my path meant me to go. With an uncharacteristic at the time burst of confidence, I found an apartment away from the Downtown Eastside, in a neighborhood where nobody knew me. But the neighbors still wave to me from their front porches regardless and say "good morning" as I pass on my way to buy cigarettes down the block at the corner store. I moved in with nothing—just the clothes on my back. But I knew it was home the moment I saw my street for the first time, and I've lived there ever since. For a year and a bit, I was content to be alone and starting to feel that safe was more than enough. But I began to reach out to connect with people when I went to UBC and took Hum 101. That gave me enough confidence to get a modest job at BC Place, nothing special just selling hotdogs and soda during the big sporting events, but it was being amongst families again who were happy, and it was like being back at the park.

I'm not comfortable with people, as you can probably imagine having read this, and my life is a solitary one. I don't go out to clubs or coffee shops or bars. I still can't develop friendships; it involves a giving of trust to another I'm not yet able to manage, although I am trying to accomplish this in a three-steps-forward, two-steps-back kind of way. I am aware the price of safety is a loneliness I find increasingly unbearable. I'm ok in class and I'm ok at work interacting with people and have even learned how to appear like a perfectly normal person sometimes for hours at a stretch. But I'm also aware I'll never completely recover from this experience, not really, and that's part of my path too.

As a child I was taught not to enter the park at night because, I was told, monsters lived there. It isn't true. The monsters live in high-rise apartments or neat suburban homes with lush green clipped lawns. Monsters with ordinary faces leading ordinary lives who look like everybody else, completely undetectable. Sometimes they even claim to love you and say they can't live without you, and of course those are the most dangerous monsters of all.

Sun, Fire and Blood Rituals (Gone Wrong)

ANONYMOUS, HUM201

The only time I am okay is when I can feel Goddess inside of me. God. Creatrix. Creator. That's the only time. I don't get too caught up in this world. I don't care too much. I am so tired of this place. I look forward to moving on.

Ragged. It's a good word to describe me. The place is spacious. Brick, cement and glass. So much glass. Benches like we are at some kind of an over-privileged white longhouse with no peace pipe and a lot of enceinte silences. Middle class people don't say shit if their mouths are full of it. Like a warehouse. Not the usual coffee shop. Fancy with a touch of French-industrial (although I have no idea what French-industrial looks like). Glass walls. Pockets full of stones. I can tell immediately I am not the usual sort of clientèle they are accustomed to. Although I have never been sure what it is about me that screams white trash, I know it's there. But sometimes you just gotta roll with it.

She's youngish and kind of pinched looking and conservatively very pretty (which to the patriarchal-pervert-eye will compensate for a lot until it doesn't—eventually everything passes—maybe even patriarchy).

"What (slightly pained smile)—did you want that to go?"

It's the third time she's asked me.

"To stay," I say.

"One large latte—no foam, extra hot, long shots and a turkey panini," she recites to me.

"Yes, a turkey thing—pressed or fried or whatever, please."

She smiles and in the hushed-tones-of-the-middle-class instructs me on where I can wait until my order is up and my number is called. Order up. Number called. It's kinda like foreshadowing. Some things you can't kill with kindness.

Anyway. I am waterlogged and even my books on writing are ragged. I braided my hair at work last night and tied the bottoms of it with an elastic band cut in two and retied to make smaller elastics. This paper is wet. I mean I practiced safe-rain-sex and everything, and I am still drenched.

I am thanking the turkey for its body. Then I disconnect. I want to kick meat again. My breakfast turns into a mental funeral service for some poor, lost turkey that probably smelled like shit. The chewiness of the bread is fucking delicious and now, as I approach my raggedly wet corner of this notebook I remember I was afraid of running into your little honey fame whore. Appropriator of all

things cool. The wanna-be-hollywood-club for recovering-almost-assholes. You know that's what killed you, right? It wasn't the heroin. But it might have been the chic. I savagely rip the lettuce out of my sandwich and chew it slowly and of course savagely. It tastes like lettuce which I imagine tastes like grass. Yes, L.A.W., I said grass not ass. No one can tongue fuck your ass now that you're dead, honey. Well maybe they can, how the fuck would I know, I'm stuck in limbo. I have a bite of my brutally murdered turkey with some penitentiary cheese, while remaining certain that all five of the yuppies sitting at this table can read my fucking mind. Even Freud believed that we had telepathic abilities, never mind his theory on the uncanny. There are flecks of cranberry in the bread, taking it directly to the border of deliciousness and crossing. Wow. That was a mouthful.

Dying of cancer, but she still wants to stay clean. I try to be there for her, but her dipshit sponsor hates me because I posted a picture of myself in hooker boots. Third round of chemo begins today. I wonder if she's at her appointment yet. We are all dying. Some whack job (we're all whack jobs) comes up to me at work waving a large stick hoping to intimidate me into active listening. "I'M DYING," he yells at me accusatory like. Like I'm killing him or something. I pull a draw on my imaginary cigarette and exhale. "We're all dying," I answer. He doesn't say anything else, just stares at me. Even that baby way over wherever is one more moment closer to death.

Then there was the build up to slamming you up the ass. Six foot three, all in black-biker-music-boy, I have never seen anyone, bitch in heat or otherwise, spread so fast. A walking contradiction but not quite a *paradox* (Greek—speaking of ass—meaning is "beyond opinion")—you were in the land of smoke and mirrors. You were a mirage in a desert. There was no way I was buying that thing. I mean all strap-ons look slightly goofy but that one looked like a medical device gone mad. There was a tube hanging off the side reminding me of a shit sack catheter—but this one had an oval pump at the end so it could be inflated. I don't know how we broke that thing but it only inflated on one side after that. It was ugly as fuck and I must have looked like a mad sex scientist with it on, but you seemed to like it. I was a little rough though. Sorry about that. Then when we broke up for the fifty millionth time you petulantly demanded your strap-on back. I hung it over the side of your balcony, dick pump and all.

I liked the way you held my hand, except for when you were trying to get someone else's attention and let go of it—like it was covered in shit and flaming disease—pretending you didn't know me. That hurt.

—You holding my hand. Looking down at me—your absolute favourite pastime for all people (although I'm a lot taller than you think I am). "Little fag," you say smiling. "Big fag," I retort. Trauma bonding. Main was dead and I couldn't even stop it. Yours, you were actively planning on killing to finalize your divorce. Eventually, I had to divorce both of you and all your show and shine, smoke and mirrors hollow man ways, although, you know some things are worse than hollow. And sometimes I just miss your company, strange conversation and fucked up all-nighters. The Cars / Just What I Needed. Rest in peace and play and oh yeah...go fuck yourself ;)

A Path Towards Sincere Friendship

KIMBERLEY HURRELL, HUM201

I recently read the Canadian census on "ancestry.ca" original data: Archives Canada, sixth census of Canada 1921, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada. The written census listed one of my grandfathers, a noble commoner, "William Henry," as born in 1889, in St. Catharines (Niagara), Lincoln, Ontario. He was a blacksmith by trade. Why did everyone have to be noted on paper? I like the idea, of privacy! But, I felt good, knowing that I had some freedom seekers in my family! I could not help but smile; just knowing that I had abolitionist blood lineage gave me an understanding of what was important in the self.

Though some abolitionists were afraid of being criminally prosecuted, some still had courage and worked towards finding a legal way to end slavery in the Southern USA, meaning they challenged the authorities when a law was in fact inhuman. At that point in my reading, I recalled a memory:

A mental picture flashed before my eyes and brought me back to the late 1970's when my grandmother took my sister Shelly and me for a drive to 155 Queenston Street, Lincoln District: 42, St. Catharines, Ontario. We drove on the highway from London, Ontario, to the heart of downtown St. Catharines, Regional Road 46, towards Maple Street, straight to Geneva Street on the left side. I remember a parking lot called Geneva Square. The pathway was full of traffic, even earlier-aged vehicles. This was our first stop; how long would we have to stay and pray? I was not interested in staying and praying at some other random Methodist Church. I just wanted to hug my great grandmother, Lillian May, because my great grandma's hugs were real, and I did not want to waste time!

"I see it, the Wall of Freedom," my sister called out to me.

"Kimberley, the sign says, 'This historic site was a safe house for the Underground Railroad, in honour of an African-American lady who escaped slavery: Conductor Harriet Tubman.' This lady, devoted her life to racial equality, women's equality," my grandmother Agnes explained.

"Did you know, Kimberley, that Lady Harriet suffered a head injury sometime during her early teen years? This disability contributed to hallucinations and bad dreams, and she suffered from mental exhaustion and chronic fatigue. The point I want to explain is this: Though Harriet Tubman suffered from disabilities, she still had the courage to fight for what was right, by helping tortured and imprisoned slaves escape from America into Ontario, Canada. The American Fugitive Slave Act was still legal in the mid 1800's. We call this 'The Canadian Freedom Trail.'"

I said, "That's very confusing to me, and why should all of that matter? This is 1978. Why do I need to remember this now?"

My grandma said: "Because people can be very cruel, and sometimes there are legal laws that are in fact criminal. For example, the law of owning a slave was challenged in the American Supreme Court; thus, owning a slave became a criminal offence! Go on, look at our Canadian history."

The church was built in the mid 1800's. This Protestant church was the last safe house on the Underground System. I remember two pointed arch windows and a split staircase with a stone foundation. Then my grandmother talked for a few minutes about the Anti-Black Slavery movement.

"Farms were used sometimes as safe houses, and this church became a part of that freedom." Grandma explained to me that some sincere friendships were formed along the shores of Lake Ontario to Owen Sound on the south side of Georgian Bay and Lake Huron.

"But," I told my grandma, "I am a little girl, and how is history important today? The year is 1978. "Your story is in the past."

Then she replied, "This changed your family, traditionally, and that's a big reason why you are you!"

The sign detailed that British Loyalists supported the Underground Railroad and assisted American slaves to escape from upper American states. "Your grandparents supported this cause!"

"Okay, so will I be able to gain access to Heaven?" I asked my grandmother Agnes.

I remember my Grandma Agnes telling me that her father—William Henry—attended this same Methodist church, and his parents lived on a farm just a few roads away. Now that I think about it, she avoided answering the question I asked about Heaven. I remember her reaction in a confused facial expression and the words, "My history is your history, too."

I was very confused, being a little girl at that time. Up until I was aged seven, my spiritual identity was formed by reading the workbook with the intention of receiving Holy Communion. I never realized how much history and religion would affect me at that time. I believe the same today.

I remember my Grandma Agnes explaining to me that we are seeded and rooted to Queenston and the Niagara River area, with the interest in sharing God's love. "Your grandparents had courage," she said, "They were British Loyalists."

"But I thought my Grandpa William Henry was just a suppressed Irish commoner."

Grandma Agnes then told me, "It is most important to Love Your Neighbour as Yourself. This is Love in God's eyes!"

She went on to say, "Heritage is a very important part of your personal history. You have other grandparents who were born in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Canada, but we will discuss that another time.

"Now listen, Kimberley. Are you ready to Listen?"

"Yes!" I said.

"Good. I want to attend the historic Emancipation picnic. It's the freedom celebration community gathering."

I replied, "I want to go check out some historic barn safe house and see our lost ancestry farmland. It's located between Church Street and Mohawk Drive! Why do we have to attend some picnic? We can do that another day!" I just wanted to visit my grandmother, Lillian May.

She said, "It's only a short 18-minute drive from here. Just imagine how long your relations had to walk to attend Sunday Mass in the winter snow."

As we drove along Mohawk Drive, Grandma said, "So, let me show you a little more about the direction our ancestry took. I want you to think back and remember, "When bad stuff happens, tough times don't stay when you have the courage to make it better and find an effective solution to solve the problem. Make use of what is available, celebrate and value life! Our future peace is not always easily understood or achievable."

"See, that historic road plaque was a good revolution choice that affected this future moment. I look at it like the water and sponge, just like a house. What will we do with it? If you need to wash your clothing in a bath tub, appreciate what you have, and use it wisely!"

"The system has at times failed freedom seekers, but because we live with an ability to change our circumstances, our diverse culture is a gift of knowledge to us all! We can improve our Canadian system!"

* * *

That life moment changed me. I felt like a bud on a peach tree, blooming!

I look back at the childhood memories and realize what my grandma was trying to teach me. Why memorize the anxiety? Forgiving is not condoning the past mistakes. Forgive for the purpose of emotionally walking towards happiness. Rise above the traumatic past. Why should I rage in the thunder of histories past? Why should I reject the healing qualities of the Sun? Walk life's path, free yourself from inner conflicts, the personal anguish, the sadness. Let go of the pain and renew personal inner happiness. Fly in your personal ability to make your own choices. Don't waste your life. "HUG TIME!"

Why Me?

DENISE DE JONG, HUM201

Christmas dinner at various homes, after being separated from my parents at the airport, was little compensation for my emotional devastation. I had a hurt no one could bear, not even myself. I was drugged for the trip. I spent 17 hours in the airport crying and sleeping. I was five years old, with three kindergarten years in Stalingrad, Volgograd. I wasn't unhappy to have milk from a bottle someone gave me.

I spoke no English. Someone put a large needle in me and I found out I wasn't at the airport anymore. I was locked in a large room with a bench for a very long time. I felt hungry and confused. Eventually, I was given to a family of abused people. None spoke the same language. Who they were, we don't know. I was blindfolded when delivered. I lost my identity, then became depleted somewhere. I guess that someone wanted to cheat at the Olympics and change faces with steroids or DNA, then left. I found myself at a hospital and don't remember getting there. I was given an IV for some unknown amount of time. I woke up weak and had about three more IVs. I was given jello to eat. It was Christmas, and it was green jello. The tart lime taste made me want more. Later I was given a turkey sandwich with soup. I didn't know what kind of soup it was; I just drank it in 15 seconds and wanted more.

The turkey sandwich was savoury, the cranberries red and tangy. I ate two meals and fell asleep for 15 hours. When I woke up, I ate bacon and eggs and pancakes. I was introduced to psychiatrics because someone just as depleted was in the same ward and wanted to murder someone because he ran out of food. He was an older male and tied me up to the bed with a straightjacket that the porter had for him. He broke my nose cartilage and then he got caught and went to jail. I wore a cast on my painful nose for two weeks when I went to my new home. I was afraid of being hit on the nose.

I became shy and after two weeks they sent me to school so that I could learn English. It was a shaming experience to be so new and injured at school. They were a poor family, so I got bread and cheese every day, but they paid for my education.

The teachers finally went to visit and found us in squalid conditions. They visited other similar Vancouver homes. We found out that there were boxes of old clothes by donation on the street corner and sometimes broken cookies were available at the street corner as well; one had to be careful and check that they were good. I lived in misery quite a bit. I wanted my family welfare cheque allowance for myself, though I figure it wouldn't have done much good to alleviate the misery I suffered in my young life. I continued to go to school. Eventually, I found out that books and stories put me in another world, a more comfortable one. I read something every weekend. I suddenly learned pleasure. It took me away from an abysmal life of the past, and I forgot it eventually. Vancouver became not as bad as it was. And, yes, I eventually married and had a child.

Naivety led me into a life of addiction, another horror compensated only by feel-good drugs, with a price far too high for anyone to survive well.

Meanwhile, my son grew up without me, and I worried constantly but could do nothing about it until I quit the addiction. After the trial, I finally won and my life became better again. I meet my existing family at Christmas and Easter and the food tastes great, for ordinary reasons, which are the best ones of all.

Someone in such a predicament cannot measure time very well, so therefore endless agony applies as a time-word for the ordinary born for centuries and centuries of another continent that is me and other youngsters on airplanes. Why they brought us here in our pyjamas and diapers, even our kindergarten clothes, we still don't know. I have noticed a technological enemy as well as who they looked like and do know I'd never be allowed to say that well. The path to an answer to my dilemma was like a maze of trees, green and coloured leaves disappeared into the cold, rainy, snowy, homelessness and dark. I met people with darker natures. I was brought to a house full of Monets and Picassos, art I knew nothing about, neither did my parents. They'd never been to a museum before. We were made to put our names on a visitors' list according to someone I do not know. This path separated me from caring people. Survival in an uncaring world is just plain painful and depressing. They are words that describe evil. They also describe the path where I walked in Vancouver, Canada. A path of Star Trek and Twilight Zone, Soylent Green, Rosemary's Baby and Dracula. Even cartoons were morbid.

Though I worked in an office for seventeen years, I got one holiday and then had a family. It brought hope into my life because after five to seven years old, I had none. The motivations of people, when someone is held hostage at such a young age, are vague. I cannot guess well at all. I was never allowed to read about politics. Vancouver is such an easy place to go to. I assume there are many more like me, who now have children who don't know anything about them. I hope for their safety. A safe path is an ideal not yet attained. So why hope? It's like a salmon going up to spawn—it makes no sense that they have to do that. Whatever happened to me has no answer. Direction wasn't in the dictionary anymore.

Upon reflection, the family institutions provided lots of comfort. It helped me to live as a single person. It helped me to recover myself a little as an individual.

If I had a Christmas wish, it would be to have grades 1 to 7 in the area I live in now. It's fairly crowded and there are quite a few younger people here. They'd have more fun at Christmas dinner with a school in the neighbourhood. The path to maintain a lifestyle and the road to regain integrity is full of periods and sorrow. It seems to be our inheritance on the planet. Because of this incident, ghost stories are the road to recognition for those who exist in misery and are too small to defend themselves wherever they roam.

Making My Way with My Paths Alongside Hum

SANDI ROOKE (SAULTEAUX-CREE), HUM101

"I acknowledge that my work and presence lies within the unceded homelands of the Musqueam, Squamish and Tsleil-Waututh peoples"

Am I a person or an entity?

I was considered to be an entity, and a lot of my first memories were of flash cards.

My recollection was that I had been picked from behind a square glass-paned room filled with scattered toys and brought to a new environment. It was the early sixties and, as a four-year-old new "Indian" member of the non-native British household, I was to undergo a rapid repetition of symbols, numbers, people, places and things. I guess that this flash card practice had been going on since the 1800s. This bizarre, incessant behavior was to elevate me to the status of the household. My dad held a degree in Commerce, and was a superior mechanic and grain farmer, while my mom was a RN war bride who did eventually run our small town as mayor.

So on went the flashcards.

Apparently, this was serious stuff. To my mother's surprise, I surpassed all her expectations. At the end of grade one, there was an institutional dilemma; between her small, brown inclusion to the family, me, and the RCMP constable's son, Michael Johnson, who to skip a grade? I guess it was too much for the town's ethics and culture, so Michael went sailing to grade three and moved to another detachment shortly thereafter. I was adopted for a reason, I was told. To be seen and not heard. To listen and learn from the decisions provided for me.

"Tansi"

Cree for "Hi, hello!"

The loss of all beloved ones and cherished items had me hit rock bottom. I became a resident of the scourge and notorious Downtown Eastside (DTES), and twenty years later it seems to have dealt me with a PhD in extreme human relations.

Because my choices were always made for me until I graduated from high school, my struggle of stagnancy and the shame of "not asking for help" made it easy to be back in that room, waiting to be plucked. There was scant independency.

But it was in the DTES where I was approached because I seemed to be quite intelligent, and I should consider the Hum Community Programme at UBC. After a few years of deliberation, I applied to Hum. It's been a while since I'd felt so tingly and explosively happy. Wow!

My several paths up to that point have seen me through Christianity—five denominations and a Bible School in my small town, a small stint at the University of Saskatchewan and a Cosmetology Diploma in Saskatoon, SK. My most recent education was at the Indian University, the Institute of Indigenous Government here in Vancouver. That is where I really became aware of how much I needed Native healing.

During and after two writing courses at Hum, I participated in the Aboriginal Wellness Warrior Women program, an SFU research study that strengthened my spirit and brought about a closeness and better understanding of every culture and the beauty that lies beneath. My impressionistic contribution to the Warrior Women, likely due to my active recovery and classes at UBC, provided a nomination to represent the DTES on the Vancouver Coastal Health Aboriginal Wellness Committee. I was honored and felt privileged at a time when I needed a reason and purpose.

Similarities between my First Nation—Saulteaux Cree—and the Musqueam, as read from their declaration,¹ is respect for the land and for all living beings and objects, renewal of resources and amazing storytelling. The Red Road path, which I have had the distinction of being on, teaches the Medicine Wheel, which represents four quadrants and encourages respect, honour and integrity, the four colours and aspects of balance—emotional, physical, mental and spiritual—heart, mind, body, and spirit.



Figure 1: Medicine Wheel

My time at Hum seems to have expanded a stream of consciousness. I feel it has opened up many avenues for me, making it possible for me to respect Mother Earth and my own dignity and pursue personal renewal with an ongoing pursuit of freedom, liberty and equality.

¹ Musqueam Indian Band, "Musqueam Declaration, Vancouver, 10 June 1976, https://www.musqueam.bc.ca/wp-content/uploads/2018/06/musqueam_declaration.pdf

My merged paths with Hum, the reflective writing, and the trips to the museums, provided a wider span of understanding of pertinent history and has given me knowledge to appreciate and empower my path of continuing education.²

The perspective of my museum experiences and how they contributed to my path brought back a childhood memory in my small prairie town. In my colonial town, a handful of concerned women including my mother, saw the need to preserve history and local culture after noting physical landmarks and influential buildings being dissolved through changing landscapes, either because of business or from natural causes. Volunteers transported a family home to approximately a quarter mile from the outside of the town, and the Prairie West Historical Society was born.

As a young teenager, I, being the only "Indian" within 200 miles, besides my brother, became the first "First Nation" engaged as a working contributor. Because of a creative artistic flair for ideas and designs, my non-native mother, then the Curator, had me find ways to create and organize files and design labels for all sorts of things. It had to look official and up to the standards of city museums we had visited. My mother had a dilemma about what to do with the entrances, so that task was handed over to me. Later, after I interviewed many seniors, I compiled a mural map approximately four by five feet, with the old trails, roads and names that no longer existed. It was absolutely fascinating, as were the elderly ladies. One lady donated an Indian inkwell from the Mayflower! I felt honored! I have never used such an everlasting quality ink! There were many comments from the astonished visitors to the museum at the time, as they remembered those old trails.

Now, because of Hum, I have come to realize how significant those days were and how this experience has given me much more of an understanding of history today and it now gives me great pleasure to have preserved a landscape that others regarded as historically correct at the time. This reflection gives high regard to the importance of "living" history today and, as an Indigenous person, to have "lived it." I would have easily never have related my previous Museum Path to this path that I am now walking. I am being reminded that personal knowledge of the times, without prejudice of who recorded it, is substantial to our preservation and provides ancestry and guidance, and incites curiosity for generations to enjoy.

Every object and collection in a museum tells a narrative of our Mother Earth and its residents. Each locality, with their stories and objects, presents an evolution of time and is inclusive only to that individualized culture—the touchstones of place, time, knowledge, people and power.

My path at Hum has me reassessing how artifacts are displayed. The timeframe, and being intrigued with the storytelling they represent, helps me to have a sense of belonging and relates

² In April 2018, I was awarded Hum's *Start Where You Are Award*: "This award is given to a participant who actively embraces all of the learning they have to do, not in spite of but because of what they've gone through. They trust themselves to stay open to learning whatever they can, be they healthier habits or intellectual concepts, and they are alert to their own relationship with that new material and what it means for them. They're not looking for a new life, but are instead always reworking the old one, because they know they didn't choose it in the first place but it's what they've got."

to the hours I spent creating and providing a reminder of a visual history of the land where my small town is. I have been enlightened.

This journey, my paths of awareness, survival, interest in educational intervention, paying my "dues" in the DTES, and my exciting days of singing with the "united nations of friends" at karaoke, has brought me to the realization of how I've been absorbed, making me a credible witness that there is a possible change for a healing mentality that is critical for a safe social society.

I am proud to be a Saulteaux Cree raised in a Western perspective and a student at Hum. This integration has allowed me many opportunities and to acknowledge greater realms. My time with Hum has given me the perseverance to evolve toward positive healing and wellness. Making my way in this maze of life enhances my perception with vigor. For the path of the Hum programme at UBC, I feel gratitude and a willingness to take on new adventures. Wherever the path may lead this has me realizing that,

I am a person!
Thank you, Hum
Miigwech

Does Where I Walk Become Who I Am and What I Believe In?

CLAUDE F. RANVILLE (MÉTIS, CRANE RIVER MANITOBA), HUM101

In the last ten years, I was fortunate to have participated in many healing circles with Elder Gerry Oleman, a member of the St'at'imc First Nation. It was during one of these healing circles that Elder Gerry spoke of the relationship between an eagle feather and "The Red Road." This would be the time when I came to realize how my own personal journey was in fact related to the Red Road, and the eagle feather.

Elder Gerry Oleman shared how in First Nations' cultures, the physical aspects of the eagle feather were a metaphor for the "Red Road." He spoke of how the centre of the feather was in fact the Red Road. The calamus (or quill) is where we, First Nations' peoples, would find our true purpose and calling in life, and it is important we remain on the Red Road. It is when we fall off the Red Road that we would begin to find stagnation in our lives.

Elder Gerry described how colonization has caused many of our brothers and sisters to lose sight of the Red Road: either through addiction, or mental health problems (PTSD, etc.). One only need travel through the Downtown Eastside of Vancouver to witness the impact of the human life falling from the Red Road! Remaining on the centre of the eagle feather, the quill, is crucial to a balanced life.

He also spoke of the pitfalls when one strays from the Red Road and the ultimate consequences when this does occur. When one falls off the Red Road, they will find themselves walking on the vein (interlocking barbs), to the edge of "nothingness." Personally, I too have experienced this, the helplessness of drifting from the Red Road. In my early years I experienced some trauma, which led me into addiction. This caused me to drift from the Red Road, and eventually, wind up in despair and nothingness.

I consider myself very fortunate for finding healing circles twelve years ago, starting my healing, and finding my way back onto the Red Road. I still bear witness to so many of my fellow brothers and sisters, still stuck in that world of nothingness. Me, I was given the opportunity to work with very dedicated healers, like Gerry Oleman; he and many other community healers have given me a new lease on life, a chance to begin anew. What a gift!

Now, when I hold an eagle feather, I pause and recall the teachings of Elder Gerry Oleman: how we all find great strength walking the Red Road, and how the fragility of life is symbolized by the structure of the eagle feather. It is my hope that all my brothers and sisters, one day soon, find their path back to the Red Road, and thus begin their reconciliation back to the person that the Creator intended them to become.

Where We Walk Becomes the Path

ANDREA KAMAL-ERICKSON, HUM101

Phalanges. Feet. 26 bones, 33 joints more than a hundred muscles, tendons and ligaments. Just how many things are in this small appendage of mine? The word "foot" also has a musical meaning, translating Latin pes, Greek pous in the same sense commonly taken to represent one rise and one fall of a foot: keeping time according to some, dancing according to others.

This is a window into my journey's rise to dance. Albeit with one foot. University, higher education, the halls of higher learning. Call it what you will. I AM here.

June 29 2018...Time: the first touchstone. My first class: Humanities 101 Community Programme.

OMG. "I think I did it now." It's broken. Fuck. Six broken bones, and a sprained knee at that. Morning glory! Well if that doesn't just steal the cat's meow. It's a Maritime expression you know. Darn garden. Why fall now? Just now before summer is about to begin. Cast for months. No mobility. No help. Confined. Trapped! No time for tears. It's survival time yet again. Again!

The most basics are too difficult or too painful to attempt. Shit! This can't be happening. Think...think. Maybe someone will help me out after remembering that I had a fall. You know, bring me over a casserole or two, soup, even a slice of lemon bread would do. They did that back home you know. Without a thought. Hordes of church people would just show up at your door with enough food to carry you through a snow-stayed winter.

I hadn't been seen for days. Just remembered that my neighbours volunteered to make me some food or to take me to the bathroom. God I have to go.

BOOKS! Touchstones two, three, possibly four. Trying to remember. Think...think. They gave me power, people, helped quench the thirst for knowledge, for in these books as I laid in my room, "the room of isolation," I journeyed. My adventures took me to all the corners of the earth. I observed cultures, studied languages, read poetry and landed on the beaches of Normandy, and even fought heroically in the Battle of Britain.

One book just fascinated me. Sent to me by my sister called, *The Signature of All Things*, by Elizabeth Gilbert. Beautiful descriptions. Written by an

18th century female botanist describing with such broad strokes and at the same time minute detail...mosses. Mosses! Really? Elegant and graceful, such beauty. I imagined seeing them through her eyes and soaking in the knowledge that only she was able to acquire after such a long study. Willing my body to absorb the context of the pages. "What a thrill." They do grow ever so slow. Mosses they do. When I closed my eyes, I could smell, feel and even taste them. Those mosses.

Damn. Like, why does life get in the way? Really was kinda hoping for a more direct route to happiness, or is it called serenity nowadays? Certainly could have done without some of my "learning" experiences.

Touchstones, repeat of three, four...is there a five? Place and time. Is power in there?

1983

Standing on the top deck of a passenger ferry. It's cold in December in the Maritimes. I am on my way from New Brunswick to Charlottetown, PEI. The fog is engulfing the Northumberland Strait. Nothing more to say about that, it's fog. The water is cold and choppy. Alone with a small suitcase I am to meet a...a Sister Anna-Marie. She will take me to the convent.

The doctor said that in two months I was going to have a baby. Crazy I thought. Can't be, I just turned 16 the week before last. Nonetheless that's the way it goes. I've heard stories about what happens to girls like me. Sent away. Babies born never to be acknowledged or recorded and are somehow gone after they are born in that covenant, never to leave a mark. "I wonder where do they go?" A statistic? Another number? The butter box?

Ferry docks. Announcement is made over the PA system where to disembark.

With tears in my eyes I reached into my pocket and pulled out my letter. It was my first "official" letter I had ever received, outside of the one I got from my little sister when she was sent off to summer camp. It was dated June 1983.

Dear Andrea,

We are pleased to inform you that you have been accepted into the Bachelor of Arts Program at the University of New Brunswick etc., etc., etc.

The second page informed me of a full scholarship.

With tears balanced quite precariously on the inner rims of my eyes and head tilted just so, so that they would not fall out onto my cheeks and down my face, it was at that moment that I knew that my life was forever changed. I would never be able to go home. HOME.

I attempted to find a place deep within in me where I could bury my heart, my hurt, my pain and my shame, trying to weave it into the VERY fabric of my soul, for, ON this day I knew that my education would not be in the gleaming marble hallways of long corridors; mahogany lecture halls and scholars at pulpits. From this day mine will be the school of hard knocks. I picked up my little brown Samsonite suitcase.

August 29, 2018

I received an email—it's much like a letter, but sent through a computer and no paper is involved. "Official" just the same. 33 years I waited. It read.

Dear Andrea,

We are pleased to inform you that you have accepted into the Humanities 101 Community Programme at the University of British Columbia etc., etc., etc.

The little brown girl is dancing now, albeit with one foot. Dancing! But dancing just the same in the hallways of learning once dreamt of.

Touchstone number five, or now maybe it's six.

My Path

KJ, HUM101

My Path is a teeter-totter. I balance at the careful point on the in-between—one foot on each side and invisibly balancing as the world rocks back and forth. My ancestors and the folks who raised me have been touched by disease, alcoholism, colonization, but have clawed their way up—nay, laughed their way up—on the backs of their privilege to create this life I was so fortunate and unfortunate to find myself in. Raised in Parkdale, Toronto’s equivalent to the Downtown Eastside (but mild in comparison to DTES’ current poverty), and simultaneously on a lonely grain farm on Saugeen First Nation Territory, I have always been of two worlds.

I was vegan for several years, and then became a hunter, fisher, and “ethical omnivore.” I’m queer. I’m white. I lived in Southern/Eastern Africa for seven years. I have never been unable to feed myself (or be fed), but I have been homeless, albeit briefly. I became a scientist but then was struck by spiritual awakenings through yoga and shamanism. I have been a meth addict and pothead, and now I lead a sober life. So, I have always been of two worlds—the East and West, the straight and gay, the herbivore and carnivore, the predator and prey. I believe increasingly that identity is fluid, but I also believe that part of my empathetic existence—balancing on the edge wondering if I am privileged or not—is a product of where I have walked. Or perhaps it is something more ethereal, a drive in my DNA to understand and know the world deeply and intimately, and in so doing, know myself.

The “disease” of addiction brought me to Hum in the literal sense, because I learned about it at the Vancouver Recovery Club. And in a deeper sense, my desire to better know and connect with humanity brought me into the classroom.

Where We Walk Becomes the Path

EARL SUNSHINE (STURGEON LAKE CREE NATION, ALBERTA), HUM101

Welcome to the unceded territory of the Musqueam, Squamish and Tsleil-Waututh peoples. The Aboriginal way is to thank the land we are on.

I came to Hum from the Dr. Peter AIDS Foundation. One day, I was walking by and Paul asked me if I wanted to apply to the Hum Programme. I said yes, but I was on the wait list. After the first week I got the call to come to school. I got lost, and after one hour I finally made it to class. When I came to class it felt weird, and it took me a while to understand what the class was about. That's the past, and we're in the present.

The Path to Success

Matthew 7:13¹: Go in through the narrow gate, because the gate to hell is wide and the road that leads to it is easy.

Matthew 7:14²: But the gate to life is narrow, and the way that leads to it is hard, and there are few people who can find it.

Path³:

1. A way beaten from or trodden by the feet of person or animal.
2. A narrow walkway.
3. A route course or track along which something moves.

Idiom⁴—cross one's path to encounter or meet unexpectedly.

In life there are many paths you can take:

1. You can be on welfare and do nothing, using people for your personal use.
2. You can get a job at the Dr. Peter Centre and go to UBC and take Humanities 101.
3. You can wish you did this and this, live in a fantasy world and never accomplish anything. After a while, you become a part of welfare line, soup kitchens, and homeless shelters.

Whatever path you take, it's your choice. Make the right choice.

¹ *The Bible*, Good News Translation, American Bible Society, 1976

² Ibid

³ "Path." www.dictionary.com

⁴ Ibid

Making a Path with Creating

KEITH LONG, HUM101

The Earth is truly in need of a cure for its ills. The continued dependence on technology to enhance our lifestyles furthers the division between the haves and have-nots. Greed is, it seems, no longer considered one of the classical seven-deadly-sins. So it can be said of gluttony and the need to brag about one's material accumulations. Even in advertising we are encouraged to "aspire to acquire" these traits as normal practice in our own daily lives.

As more machines are invented to replace the human worker, a new take on the "Art for Art's Sake" adage will be "Work for Work's Sake." There is already a new/old movement involving the craft/maker: artisan of the bespoke, hand-crafted and rare product. The "craftsperson" is more concerned with the art of the work rather than the mass-produced throw-away with its built-obsolence. For instance, versions one to ten of the latest and fastest piece of artificial intelligence that is capable of stealing, acquiring and monetizing our privacy and anonymity, all the while enhancing our fears of missing-out and not being up-to-date as the future looms before us. This is the cost of lifestyle in the 21st century.

A note on the drawing

The main components in the picture are a grimacing planet Earth violently disgorging the implements of mass destruction: a tank, fighter jets in formation, a big bomb and a gun. This is followed by factory smokestacks, a car and toxic waste containers, and finally a human with a cellphone, a computer, and finally, a book with a skull and crossbones.

The image was meant to be a literal depiction of man's detrimental effects on the planet and the inhabitants on it.

This was drawn in 2006 as one of a series of environmentally themed T-shirts. I have often thought of up-dating the image and its components, but I think the basic idea of a sick planet ridding itself of the poisons that afflict it, and humans, still apply to the year 2019.



Where We Walk Becomes the Path

VIVIAN BOMBERRY (SIX NATIONS OF THE GRAND RIVER, SOUTHERN ONTARIO), HUM101

In December of 2012 I was doing some last minute shopping at Sephora in the Pacific Centre Mall downtown, when I heard the sound of drumming. Am I hearing things right, or is an old memory surfacing from my time spent participating in protests with the Union of BC Indian Chiefs (UBCIC). Since arriving in Vancouver in 1998 they have become the political alliance that I associate myself with. No, I can still hear the drumming and it is coming from the street.

I had been waiting in line about twenty minutes. I was near the check-out and as I turned to look where the drumming was coming from, there they were, seven First Nation people involved in a march with a police car in front and one in the back. Lights flashed and the siren sounded about every thirty feet. I looked at my purchases in the basket and made a decision that had become ingrained in me by my political activism—I plunked everything on the counter and said, “I have somewhere I have to be right now.” I done this with the knowledge that the then Prime Minister Stephen Harper was trying to sneak Bill C-45 through parliament via an omnibus bill. The Bill, because of its large size and scope, would limit opportunities for debate and scrutiny. It passed the third reading and became law when it was assented to on December 14, 2012.¹

At the launch of the movement their aim was to encourage solidarity, education and local activism that would hopefully change the political channel. Bill C-45, formally known as the Jobs and Growth Act, would affect over 60 acts, including the Indian Act, Navigable Waters Protection Act, and Environmental Assessment Act, amongst others. IDLE NO MORE (INM) activists argued that the Act’s changes diminished the rights and authority of Indigenous communities while making it easier for governments and businesses to push through projects without strict environmental assessment.

The movement quickly gained supporters from across Canada, the United States and abroad. One of our assigned Hum readings was “Small Acts of Resistance,”² and I recalled my own supportive small act of resistance, walking up one of the main streets in Vancouver, and shutting down a main thoroughfare, West Georgia.

The Bill would have disregarded environmental protections by making it easier for environmental degradation, and economic and social inequality, thereby affecting both Indigenous and non-Indigenous peoples.

So, out I went, and now there were eight of us walking in the mini-protest. I was so proud to be a part of the INM movement.

¹ Parliament of Canada, Bill-C 45, 2012, <https://www.parl.ca/DocumentViewer/en/41-1/bill/C-45/royal-assent>.

² Steve Crawshaw and John Jackson, *Small Acts of Resistance: How Courage, Tenacity, and Ingenuity Can Change the World*, (New York: Union Square Press). 2010.

The INM is an ongoing protest movement that was founded by four women from Saskatchewan, on November 12, 2012; three were First Nations and one Caucasian woman, who was an ally and said that Bill C-45 would have a detrimental effect on all Canadians, not just First Nations. The four women who started the movement are: Sheelah McLean, Sylvia McAdam, Jessica Gordon and Nina Wilson.³ It was McLean who observed, "There are changes coming to Indigenous peoples' lives that they had absolutely no consultation about, or an awareness of the consequences."⁴ A mini-social and political revolution was born. Indigenous peoples had historically been left out of the loop on the premise that "all men are created equal." Now these four courageous women were establishing a group that would shine a light on the historic injustices, oppression and treatment that had been meted out to the country's First Peoples. The movement was meant to support Indigenous sovereignty, land and water rights, Indigenous rights, and respect for treaties.

In an interview Derrick O'Keefe from Rabble.ca,⁵ one of the founders, Sheelah McLean, an instructor at the University of Saskatchewan, would explain the legal meaning of acquiescence: "In law this means that if you're silent, then your silence is taken as consent." This understanding had a profound effect on me as an Indigenous woman. They all agreed that they couldn't be silent, that grassroots people have a right to know.

I look at how renowned Kwakwaka'wakw artist and visionary Chief Beau Dick took on the challenge of walking to Ottawa from the University of British Columbia, and the awareness that the journey created by using his artist celebrity to call attention to the injustices done to his people and the environment. On February 10, 2013, Dick performed a First Nations copper-breaking ceremony on the steps of the BC Legislature in Victoria in conjunction with a variety of activists, including local members of the Idle No More movement. Having embarked on a ten-day, 500 km walk from Alert Bay to Victoria,⁶ the gesture was intended to bring attention to the abuse of Native treaties by the federal government, as well as highlight the negative repercussions of commercial fish farms on Vancouver Island.

The ceremony was noted as being the first time such a shaming practice had been used by the Kwakwaka'wakw in decades. The ceremonial breaking of a copper was performed on the steps of the Parliament building in Victoria, BC, and then one year later on the steps of Parliament Hill in Ottawa, where he and other First Nations supporters had walked. The copper is a symbol of justice, truth and balance, and to break one is a threat, a challenge, and can be an insult. If you break copper on someone and shame them, there should be an apology. The ceremony is meant as both a spiritual and a political act.

³ Idle No More, http://www.idlenomore.ca/living_history.

⁴ Sarah Van Gelder, "Why Canada's Indigenous Uprising is about all of us," *Yes!*, 7 February, 2013, <https://www.yesmagazine.org/issues/how-cooperatives-are-driving-the-new-economy/why-canada2019s-indigenous-uprising-is-about-all-of-us>.

⁵ Derrick O'Keefe, "Idle No More co-founder Sheelah McLean on Canada Day & Sovereignty Summer," Rabble, 1 July 2013, <http://rabble.ca/news/2013/07/idle-no-more-co-founder-sheelah-mclean-on-canada-day-and-sovereignty-summer>.

⁶ Beau Dick, *Wikipedia*, https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Beau_Dick.

Upon reading the article it seems that it was more of a sojourn than a small protest. The way they structured the walk enabled him and his fellow sojourners to promote their goals: a cleaner and safer environment, building agency with both the Provincial and Federal governments, and community engagement as they travelled along.

The movement is leaderless as Ken Coates, an academic, would describe it in, *IDLE NO MORE and the Remaking of Canada*⁷—a remarkable book he wrote about the facts surrounding the movement. Coates suggested that one of the things that made the movement so successful was social media and the catalyst for quick organization of supporters for a march or strategy meetings. This method of communication also allows interested parties to gain perspectives, make resources, articles, polls, videos and have instant access to upcoming events like a flash mob. Coates would go on to say the study of social media's usefulness as a political force is in its infancy.

What is this thing INM all about? Coates calls the movement “the largest and most sustained affirmation of aboriginal determination and culture in Canadian history.” But does the non-Indigenous Canadian misunderstand this movement or have an inkling as to what it's all about? After all there is no clear leader, no manifesto or large confrontations with the police or people in the mainstream, no demands for civil disobedience or blockades.

What is going on with these people now? The story is old. It goes back to the Constitution Act, 1876, when Parliament was assigned legislative jurisdiction over “Indians and lands reserved for Indians.”⁸ This legislation promoted assimilation into non-Indigenous society until such time as they were able to be civilized and became farmers or agricultural workers, and has had detrimental effects on Indigenous people to this very day.

⁷ Ken Coates, *#IdleNoMore: And the Remaking of Canada*, (Regina: University of Regina Press), 2015

⁸ Parliament of Canada, Constitution Act, 1876, <https://laws-lois.justice.gc.ca/eng/const/page-1.html>

Where We Walk Becomes the Path

KERRY HOPKINS, HUM101

As someone who was born and raised in Toronto—one of the most culturally diverse cities in North America, if not the world—I was already coming into this program with what I thought was a pretty open mind. I grew up with friends whose parents or grandparents had immigrated to Canada from all over the world. I've never known anything other than diversity. I thought I was pretty woke.

After coming to the Humanities 101 program at UBC, and learning more about the history of the First Nations peoples of British Columbia, I feel like I didn't actually know the whole story. I certainly don't remember being taught about the "60's Scoop" in public school in the 80's, and was completely unaware of it until I met brave and beautiful people in my class who survived it.

I knew that Canada as a colonial country had a dark past, as with any other colonized lands throughout the history of the world: war, genocide, entire generations of people slaughtered, languages and traditions lost, and Christianity being forced upon the Native peoples of the land. What I didn't know was that children had been taken away from their parents and put into residential schools, taught that their own languages and traditions were bad or wrong and forced to completely abandon their cultures. I was ignorant of the horrors that had occurred in what I considered to be my country—my homeland.

This course has opened my eyes and broadened my mind. I have a newfound sense of humility and sympathy for the First Nations people who have suffered through so much and lost everything they held sacred. It's hard for me to imagine this land before it was colonized and before great cities stood here. I'm only a product of my own experiences and environment. I grew up in a huge city, without knowing much about my own family tree or ancestry, and as such I had very little in the way of any cultural traditions myself.

We can't go back and change the past. All we can do is move forward and try to learn from the mistakes of our forefathers. I like to think that this generation has made strides towards changing things for the better, but I know that a history of systemic oppression isn't forgiven or forgotten overnight. Just as with the civil rights movement of the 1960's in the United States, there are still people who are, unfortunately, opposed to progress and reconciliation. It's going to be a long and arduous process.

I think my takeaway from this program so far has to be to always question what I think I know to be true. History was written by the colonizers and it's always been shown from that perspective. The wonderful thing about Hum is that I'm getting to hear the whole story, and seeing from different points of view.

A Divided Window

RENEE TABATA, HUM101

Somehow watching the documentary *For Mr. Rogers* broke me. I only put it on because I thought it would be boring and drive my anxiety-riddled, gifted, but learning disabled and school-skipping daughter nuts, sending her out the door. I was also suffering with a flu on this day and I am sure she saw a way out, giving me the old weak cough excuse, "I'm sick." We argued over getting to school, and I finally told her she had to go by lunch hour, which left her on some sort of fan-fiction or YouTube channel while I watched the show. The documentary spoke of being honest to children, whether it be about the Kennedy assassination, divorce, death, racism, or 911. When the *Mr. Rogers* show started in 1968, children were still disciplined by the belt; child abuse only went to congress in 1973.

Although I was the youngest child in a comfortable middle-class family, a good part of me felt isolated. Brain injured when I was six and then a year after suffering abuse from the hands of a babysitter, I was left with paranoia. I watched kids shows like *Mr. Rogers*, *The Friendly Giant* and my favourite, *Mr. Dress Up*, when I needed to hear a softer voice. By reflecting on the times when I watched these shows and where I was now with my daughter I could only question whose truths would she hear.

After she left the apartment I sat by the computer and looked out the window and reflected upon what my classmates have said about being homeless. Whether by their trying to find safety, dealing with addiction or dissolution, I don't know their pain. I hope it is safe to say that I can call some of them my friends, and not just people I pass by on the street. A room full of strong people who have overcome obstacles which led them to UBC's Hum101. Like characters in an ancient civilization, or a Dungeons and Dragons game: wizards, monks, nobility, or warriors. We are fighters broadening our minds and we have become so much more.

It was after Margot's class about semiotics I thought about a window in a coffee shop downtown. A glass window, made of sand, heated to molten liquid, drawn into a container with melted tin. Pliable and mouldable. Tempered, reheated and chilled to prevent the glass from shattering. I went down to Georgia and Granville and grabbed a tea from a coffee shop in the centre of all the action in the downtown mecca of Vancouver. I really tried to observe what windows were and how the inside compared to the outside.

Initially, in my denotation of the window, I observed clear glass, but on further inspection the windows wore flicks of dirt and scratches, circular smudges of perhaps a washing gone wrong, and the reflection of lights and faces. Beyond the barrier of that window I could see fast moving feet covered in multiple types of shoes, and bodies exhaling smoky breathes. Next to them were pigeons of greys, blacks, and blues, fed by a mystery person who threw out seed. Silver cylindered buses and shiny yellow, green and red cabs. Further away were sharp square-cut buildings made of tin, reflecting the sun. As the door nearby my seat opened and closed and a breath of cold air came in from the outside world even the temperature was a sign of division.

Finally, I finished my drink and went outside. I found a seat on the street and I felt more self-conscious taking photos of the windows from outside looking in, as opposed to the other way around. I have never been as conscious of what was going on around me as I am today. Graffiti scratched into that very window with clear reflections of bodies moving by. Multitudes of white cigarette butts covered the endless grey sidewalk and bodies lay in sleeping bags in black doorways. I was amazed how, with attention, I could feel those people, they were like ants in an anthill and I could hear the whizzing of their loud conversations going by. This was the outside world.

I felt overwhelmed with the difference, I began to understand how people could have agoraphobia—perhaps it was because their senses were too enhanced as the outside world was a faster more threatening world.

The inside is a far different reality. While I looked outside from the comfort of the coffee shop, I watched how strangers interacted. A man with a sign that said: “Pay Me If I Can Make You Laugh.” Another smiled and payed him. Another man who looked upset was being consoled by a woman. I could watch strangers looking out the window, but from the outside I could not look in.

The window, what is its meaning? What is the connotation? A barrier from the outside world to the inside, the warm shelter to the cold, the well fed to the starving. The window is a barrier for solitude, privacy, quiet and introspection, while the outside means involvement, community and understanding.

How does this reality of the window relate to my 12-year-old daughter? The window made of glass was once liquid and now it has become solid. Perhaps metaphoric to Georg Simmel’s images of natural life. A child that has become an adult. Being behind the sturdy window she could have her introspection and division, broken, smashed into a million pieces of blue like our Hum 101, which both brought ourselves outside of our normal realities and then inside different communities. Perhaps the girl who would eventually become a woman might have a tough future ahead of her, but allowing people in from the outside and hearing their truths she might get through her own personal struggles.

Conspiracy Systemic Society

MICKEY SJ (TESLIN TLINGIT COUNCIL), HUM101

In the modern era “the millennium” wherein one’s path becomes easily streetwise, filled with different levels of anarchy, who and where do we find ourselves amongst other than being anonymously in “the system.” A person who is acknowledged and matters in ‘the systemic’ is authority. These figures often model themselves as leaders thus paving many opted paths. The knowledge at hand of the structure of the system is highly based on research, with people merely being presented as statistics for “a better system” for the future next generation.

In a hands-on society, although all seek agency, knowledge can often only be acknowledged through education. Places of significance these days go beyond businesses right through institutions and all the way to where we each are judged in residence. There is a power chain that is the class system, where once again we are each weighed and determined by our place(s) of residence, the very poorest being the homeless on the streets outside, who marginalized are often forgotten and discriminated upon. The lack thereof of power in society comes down to racism, sexism, and segregation. Authority controls and dominates everyday life, and for those who are too struggling “to survive the system.” Time is dedicated to seeking education by many to beat the odds and hopefully succeed in life somehow. Sum “slip through the cracks” becoming the odds: “out.” For others there is “failure in the system” and “time” is prison or some sort of sentence. (“Prison Song” by “System of a Down,” American white male heavy metal band, lyrics disclose USA stats on national convictions over a decade ago.)

We each collaborate on various key paths while we explore cities, towns, villages and reserves. We each see one another through cold eyes “fighting against the system.” Some peoples fight for land claims and/or treaties, while others fight for the Green Party to get voted in, and yet others fight for decriminalization for drug users and sex workers rights. Religious rights are challenged worldwide because of tribal cultures being domesticated. (“Voodoo” by “Godsmack,” American white male hard rock band, is a powerful religious rite in positive demonstration.) Some people have been poor all their life and get rich, while others have been rich all of life and get poor. How is this not a “corrupt system”? People born into this world daily, internationally, addicted to drugs and/or alcohol will have to fight for their rights their whole life. This is not a system that supports addiction; it is almost as if a system that will punish its citizens for addiction. [I h’ave’ a safety pin label “fight addiction not addicts.”] Addicts often suffer terrible fates, such as guns, knives and weapons in streetfights/fights...and may find themselves institutionalized. (“Institutionalized” by “Suicidal Tendencies,” American white male punkrock band, is about the struggle adolescents face against modern mental institutions. Also watch “Schizophrenia” by “Necro,” American white male rap artist, which depicts a dead-on “exposure” of policed brutality in psyche; lyrics also explain what torment goes on behind closed doors, with stigmatized listing of frequently abused pharmaceuticals often forced under legal threats add confinement.) The system tries to manipulate peoples into conforming. Social ills in modernity are affecting all citizens of our planet. In World War II when the world was “in a state of terror” and fascism, singular people in conflict did not matter. Today sometimes if a racist or sexist hate-crime breaks out, it is on the loose in

“the media system” somewhere, forever accounted for. (“Territory” by “Sepultura,” Brazilian male death metal band, reviews the war footage of suffering of the people of Israel inflicting Palestine measures into an Islamic War (for continental rights). In third world countries at war, usually individuals are seen as not to be seen. Controversial are niqabs and burqas. A lot of people say it is a woman’s right to wear the hijab, veil, niqab or burqa and it’s believed it can be a “liberation,” but also extremely dangerous in a well-blended society full of women all wearing niqabs, veils and burqas, who is to say to show face—the authorities? In a world manipulated by terrorism; in this, errorism. Many struggle for an “identity.” Many Islamic immigrants use intellectual medias to challenge hatred and proclaim “Islam is a religion of peace.” Here I feel North America needs more foreigners//immigrants to influence culturally the building of larger cities; although our first nations land claims/treaties/self-government needs to be respected. Stand and rise above dictatorship, communism, conservative-democracy, etc. Every country has suffered political damage which would have resulted in locals under threat (i.e: policed brutality). The counteraction is always “exposure.” We must question everything; earned so knowing the answers we never had. In my long-term streets life I met all walks of life. As a part of the path of all walks of life, various generations contribute. “We are all equal” because we all bleed as we each are of flesh and bone; only our skin colours change.

Although when someone gets shot, authority will often cover it up and who’s to say that person ever even existed before? In conclusion, the way I feel about “a systemized society” is highly controversial and I find it oppressive.

A Window into Philosophy

RAUL CASTILLO, HUM201

From the beginning of this journey of six months many of my thoughts have changed, and my routine changed. My study space, the way I listen to things, the different perspectives of my surroundings. I also learned new things to help others.

Also, during this six months with all of my peers I had many different experiences. One of the moments was when me and my friend shared a beer during Christmas. This was something I had not done before in Canada. After this happened I was more open to new things and I started going out more to assist at different events, and having friends over for drinks. My English has improved thanks to having different friends from all over the world. This also helped me with my own confidence. All of this help gave me new ideas and an adventure.

What surprised me, or rather changed my mind, was the philosophy class and how the teacher, Tom Kemple, interpreted his material. He made it look easy, but it was complex. He expressed things about nature, and this intrigued me and changed the way I think about this topic. The way he thinks and the different way I think made me change the way I look at my life because of the relations you have to see at all times. More specifically, the way I look at the relation between philosophy and medicine.

This takes us to the way a doctor gives a test result to a patient—something I have done many times—and to be able to express the result philosophically. To do this would give a better understanding between the doctor and the patient (or student). The way that philosophy is situated in my home country, Columbia, is different from here. One example is that the ideas of a philosopher cannot be expressed in public, or to move people, because he or she could get killed. For this reason, philosophy is not something people commonly want to learn or have an interest towards. This makes me think that this is probably why people don't express themselves. While here in Canada I noticed right away the differences when people express themselves without being scared at nothing. For me it was a surprise to have a class on philosophy, let alone the way the teacher gave the class. I was able to understand and assess the way to express things philosophically. For example, when I read the book that Bruce Lee wrote, I saw how he explained his ideas through the martial arts, an area I also teach.



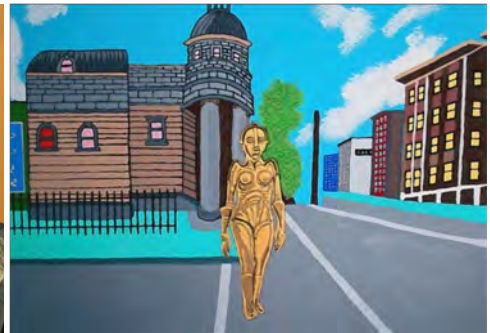
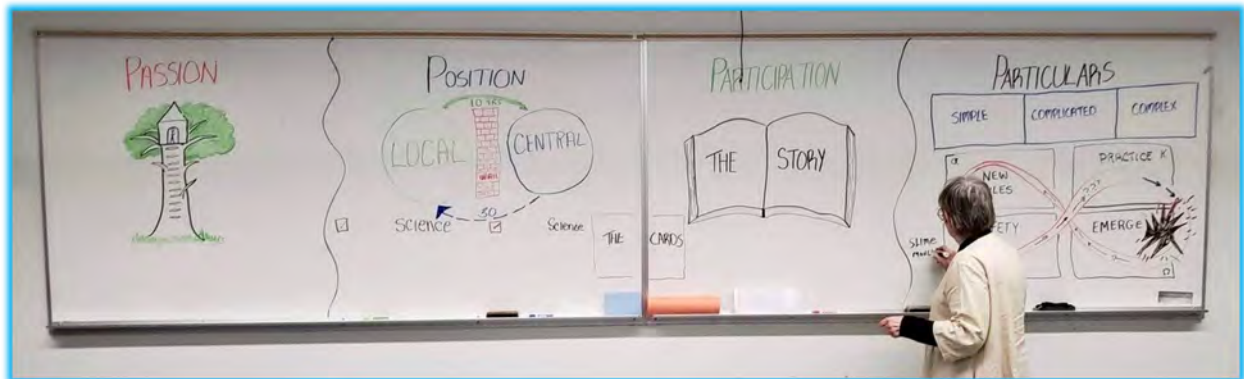
**HUM 101/201
2018–2019**

**WRITING 101/201
FALL 2018**

**WRITING 101/201
SPRING 2019**







WRITING 101/201 COURSE OUTLINE

Writing Coordinator: Maureen Phillips

Mentor: Kevin Nanaquewitang (Saulteaux First Nation)

Classroom: Buchanan D, Room 204

Term 1, Autumn 2018: September 11 – December 6

Term 2, Spring 2019: January 8 – April 9

Schedule: Tuesdays 6:30 – 9:00 p.m.

COURSE DESCRIPTION

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

By the end of the course you've learned the vocabulary and practices of writing for personal, creative and academic 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, Julia Burnham and Maureen Phillips 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 and teachers.
- There is 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 Facilitator Gilles Cyrenne facilitates the series during the hour before class.

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

REQUIREMENTS

There are 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 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 11 + JANUARY 8

Journaling: “Charting my path, with reflection” with Maureen Phillips, Hum Writing Coordinator and UBC Extended Learning.

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: What was it like for you on your path to campus for your first class today?

SEPTEMBER 18 + FEBRUARY 5

Creative Writing: Postcard Stories: “This runway sure is short, but is it ever wide!” with Maureen Phillips, UBC Extended Learning.

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.

SEPTEMBER 25 + APRIL 9

Creative Writing: Fiction: “Compiling characters from our journey” with Pat Dobie, writer, editor, and 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 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. Or, beginning with letter A and ending with Z, write a story using each consecutive letter of the alphabet to start a new sentence.

OCTOBER 16 + FEBRUARY 26

Songs and Lyrics: “The songs that speak to us on our path” 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 paying 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 2 + APRIL 2

Screenwriting: “Put your adventures on celluloid!” with Steven Hahn, UBC Extended Learning.

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.

OCTOBER 9 + JANUARY 15

Creative Non-Fiction/Memoir: “Chronicling the distance covered” 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—non-fiction. The scope of creative non-fiction 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 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?

OCTOBER 23

Poetry: “Going around the twist” with Reg Johanson, English, Capilano University.

Reg introduced the class to a poetic form called “variations”: a translation, recasting, or revision of a source text. To illustrate the technique, Reg had the class read short samples of original texts and then study the different variations created by contemporary poets. We were then invited to write our own variations based on these. Reg also introduced us to the nonsense poem, in which you create and play with completely unrelated ideas and stitch them together into a poem that makes no sense but can produce some humorous and intriguing results.

Prompt: Try to write a nonsense poem—a poem that makes no sense.

OCTOBER 30 + JANUARY 22

Rhetoric: “Walking the talk: making manifestos!” with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum 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 class worksheet and make your own manifesto, on any subject you like.

NOVEMBER 6 + MARCH 12

New Media: “Following cables and conduits: making new media connections” with Mathew Arthur, long-time Hum volunteer and Public Programme facilitator.

Mathew started the evening by grounding the practice of blogging in our material world. Working backwards from the keyboard and monitor, we considered how computer servers, cables, electricity grids, data farms, mining and waste dumps are all essential elements in the production, distribution and consumption of online media. Mathew mapped the undersea conduits that form the global digital network onto Black Atlantic slave routes, and connected ideas about technology with the equally big ideas each one of us could share using new media platforms. We were introduced to the blog platform “Medium,” and some participants created their first blog.

Prompt: Using blogging platform Medium, create a blog post.

NOVEMBER 13 + MARCH 19

Vancouver Public Library: “The best candy shop a child can be left alone in, is the library” wrote Maya Angelou.

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, and were introduced to the newly opened roof-top garden, a beautiful space for reflection, reading, and enjoying a coffee and snack.

NOVEMBER 20 + MARCH 26

Academic Writing: Assignments and Essays: “Ordinary, special voyages” with Alison Rajah, former Hum Writing Coordinator and Curator of Education and Engagement, Surrey Art Gallery.

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?

NOVEMBER 27

Poetry: “Poetic pathways” with Ted Byrne, poet, translator and essayist, Kootenay School of Writing.

Ted focused on the 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 rhythm 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 29

Life Writing: “Finding hidden paths within pathways” with Leanne Johnson and My Name is Scot, visual/textual artists and Publishing, Simon Fraser University.

DTES-based artist My Name is Scot 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.

MARCH 5

Poetry and Collaborative Writing: “Finding the rhythm of our steps,” with Cecily Nicholson, DTES Gallery Gachet Administrator, poet, and winner of the 2018 Governor General’s Literary Award for Poetry.

Cecily started by introducing us to “exquisite corpse” poetry. She sent around a piece of paper on which everyone wrote just one line, with the catch being that people could read only the line preceding theirs. In the second half of the class we learned about collaborative poetry. Participants formed into groups to write and recite a poem to which everyone contributed their ideas. Each group chose an *image* that would set the scene for the poem, and then after digging deep into a bag of sumptuous words, the two elements combined and the poems collectively took shape. Participants were encouraged to write from the heart and let the style flow with the ideas, rather than attempting to fit the ideas into a pre-chosen form.

Poetry

After William Blake

MILA KLIMOVA, WRITING101

Every morn and every night
She is born to give delight.
Every night and every morn
To misery she is born.
Dimmy bars with grabby tricks
Greet her: Hi ya, cheappy chick,
You are nothing, hooker, nix.
Quickie leaks with no foreplay
Done already. Now, pay.
Every morn and every night
Drug addicts an endless plight
Gloomy streets to her abode
Saw her selling flesh for pot.
Crystal meth is a boon,
Heroin will follow soon,
Cherry-flavoured methadone
Will continue until dawn.
Drugs are foe,
Drugs are woe
Here is the report on
Her kids *status quo* –
They were apprehended
Long time ago.
There is no joy, nor silken twine
For this soul divine.

Crimson Red and Cobalt Blue

GHIA AWEIDA, WRITING101

Living in her community
she performed off camera
as best as she could
 writing one more song
 writing one more tune
that thunders like a volcano erupting
 as lights danced on the wall
 before her eyes.

Refrain: The most requested colour for her
 is the one that lightens up her mood,
 to make the richest violet colour
 that mixes her two favourite colours
 of crimson red and cobalt blue.

Her best work is done
 off camera
 composing one more song
 using her favourite cobalt blue pen
 and drawing stars and dots in red
 to make it resemble a sleeping volcano
 that came to life again
 erupting one more time.

She lives so well in dual tone
 with her favourite colours
 of contrasting dancing figures
 in her two favourite colours
 of red and cobalt blue
 as she works in her script
 one more song
 that she perfects
 to sound like a volcano erupting.

She finds joy behind the scene
 she finds joy in one more song
 she finds joy in alternating
 her two beloved colours of red
 and of cobalt blue.

Timeless

DARSH GREWALL, WRITING101

Just as this vast ocean glistens, it is there in the distance that I start to listen. For on the shore for all of those that frolic and play, with mirth upon the surf.

Where waves of water ever so gently kiss the shore as they do tenderly all the more, and then repeat to repeat, and kiss yet again relentlessly instead again and again...without end.

As a father lay there nearly bare without a care and with his son, on his back wherein no lack, as if to say and they declare: Here is he that follows me, just as those who came ahead and gave their best for my stead.

As this universe sees what's the highest purpose for me, there I embark,
Upon these beautiful warm and bright sunny days.
There I am, a father with his son and there is truly here where are we,
My progeny and me; where he like the ocean is my immortal being, beheld at last.

And so as he grows to become a man, noble in being and of service in task,
I shall be throughout his life and then there before I depart, do my very utmost to verily ensure his full heart.

To take his hand and lead as I can, as to hold his heart verily wide open from the start.

And there at his beginnings and his start, shall be my mortal end. As he shall continue through life, and in love, and in loss, through triumphs, tragedies, and pain.

And there one day here shall come a child for him as his wild immortal son, to gain, to love, to cherish and adore, forever more; much like the ocean so endless and vast.

Where it's apparent, there is love without end...at long last, forever.

And so it goes immortal me, with eternal glee
As I've come to see thee, you're resplendent beauty there in me.

Lest We Forget to Remember to Forget the Way We Remembered It Before

CHRIS MARQUIS, WRITING101

"Lest we forget" is an olden way
To say let's all remember
And yet the older way to say
Brings gloom to our November.

That World War One was *the* Great War
To end all wars was what it was for,
And yet in only twenty years
A greater world war shed more tears!

So don't forget to shun and berate
The concept of war, along with hate.
In a hundred years we've made it this far.
Tread lightly now, post nuclear!

A poppy for Flanders, that is your choice
But I myself prefer to remember
War cannot be given a credible voice
From January through to December.

Warm Blanket

JAN TSE, WRITING201

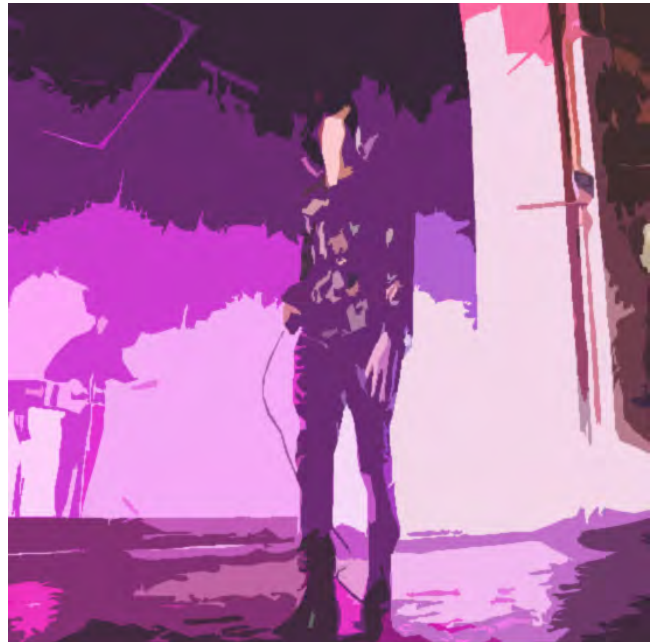
THE WARM BLANKET-----LONDON, ENGLAND, UNITED KINGDOM

*I remember when you placed a warm blanket underneath my body
even though it was a long time ago and at a place far away
I remember your green jacket in a warm autumn English day*

Picture in Picture

REMONA (CREE, MÉTIS, JEWISH, CHINESE, JAPANESE), WRITING201

High school confidential dropout
Whitewash pale noir distressed retrograde
Highlight all the neon purple with hot pink undertones
Rouge siren YSL red schmear tattoo in black and white
Depression masked as an et al conquest
Sugar tank substitution hiding out from saccharine
The diluted eye trained to look for mental fog
No I'm not trying to come-onto-you
Scratch shorn ideas unleaded lcd dummy lights
Scratch my head for another notion indication
Inspect the expected obvious oblivion
Smells like mass utilization is on sale again
Lost 3rd generation finds its roots
Research oogle save the memory
Black coffee, desert, no coffee, cigarette
Donation room fine print on auto pilot
Economic syndicates busy at reversing the charges
All the drunk dialers are seated in usual suspects
Ready-set-on-your-mark-wait.



Songs and Lyrics

Hushed Bright

BLAYNE SINE O'MALLEY, WRITING201

The sun is quiet,
for it's listening for you.
The moon has risen cautious,
As you're not here.

You're my worth,
Now greater than stones.
As you were here,
The dark left under the cost.

I didn't know you today,
I couldn't remember my old name,
until seeing you there.
You were under that street light.

The sun is quiet,
For it's listening for you.
The moon has risen cautious,
as you're not here.

I don't know where you are again today,
in which green car, or in which stay light.
I do know you'll return,
As my soul is not cold.

You're how I hear orange,
it wrinkles and rustles.
Your eyes back in my water,
and when will that be?

The sun is quiet,
for it's listening for you.
The moon has risen cautious,
As you're not here.

In a Vancouver hospital, odd events, movies, and talk of aliens wearing bras

ANNA SMITH, WRITING101

I am in the waiting room of A&E at St. Paul's Hospital in Vancouver, again.

I have been sitting beside two nice young men for two hours. They are both film students—one Italian, one Mexican. One of them had to get scans as he had an appendectomy two weeks ago and his innards were still settling, so he is waiting for the scan results and getting blood tests.

It has been a very entertaining last several hours.

A&E is very busy. Through a window, I saw a catatonic Sikh man sitting on a chair, without a turban, and his hair was a mess. Nearby, a hefty, good-looking drunk woman with bare legs sat howling angrily that she had been in every suburb of Vancouver in the last two days. "You DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT HAS HAPPENED to me!" she told people. "My boyfriend has LEFT me!"

The emergency waiting room is like a circus. The two students and I seem like we are the only ones not stoned or drunk.

One old man was amiably drinking beer after beer from cans. He announced he had some pot but not rolling papers. An old lady (who works as a safety officer on a building site) said she had papers, so they went out to smoke a joint and got stoned in the ambulance bay.

Meanwhile, a wiry little man with a grey afro hairstyle went into the bathroom and, when he re-emerged, his pants were falling down. He ripped his shirt off and started roaring around the room stripping, so they made him lie on a stretcher.

"Fuck Me!" he said in exasperation.

"Don't talk to me like that!" a nurse told him.

"I wasn't talking to YOU," he said angrily. "I was talking to MYSELF!"

I went for an MRI scan. The technician asked me to remove my bra and necklace. The necklace had a fiddly clasp and, because I was feeling shaky, I asked the young lady to undo it for me.

She asked: "Do you want me to help take your bra off too?"

"God, no!" I said, "I'm a stripper. I can take my own bra off."

“When did you do the stripping?” she asked.

“I still do it,” I told her.

“Did you ever do anything else?” she asked.

I should have pretended to be surprised and asked: “What else is there?” but I didn’t.

Anyhow, when I got back to the waiting room, the students were still there. I told them about the bra question and they cracked up.

I told them my funniest stories. They told me their funniest stories too. One involved a friend in Mexico, who had mistaken a midget for a leprechaun. We also spoke about film, art, and the drug problem downtown.

The Italian, Ruggero Romano, is directing a feature documentary film about homeless people on the Downtown Eastside—it depicts the controversial dynamics of the financially poorest and emotionally richest postal code in North America, V6A.

The Mexican, Daniel Federico del Castillo Hernández, was a painter before turning to film. He showed me a lively painting that he had made of his family, with each of his relatives portrayed as a different animal—a dog, a cat, a horse, a deer, etc. We were having so much fun watching the goings on. Ruggero was busy taking notes. He has joined a writers group. He said: “We should come here more often.”

A cute, paranoid lady with a skateboard and a British accent sat nearby, chatting on her phone.

The beer drinking man started demanding that the television channel be changed. When no one responded, he stood on a chair and groped around the TV unsuccessfully. A security guard then realised the TV-groper had been drinking and told him to put away his beer. He refused, so he was told: “You aren’t allowed to drink in the hospital!” and he was escorted out.

Eventually, after six hours, a doctor came to explain that Daniel’s scans were okay, so he could leave.

While waiting, I have found out that, in the UK, Ian Breslin and Mark Levermore of The Outbursts band were at the Isle of Wight Festival. Apparently, they are still celebrating the release of *Alien Bra*, their latest album, which features a song about being abducted by aliens and forced to wear a bra.

Elsewhere, the World Health Organization has declared that BDSM and Transvestism have been struck from the list of diseases. They did not mention anything about men who go out in the sun wearing alien heads (or alien bras), so I suppose that is still an illness.

I am still here, in acute care now, waiting for my CAT scan result.

Roads not taken

GILLES CYRENNE, "GRAMMAR WITH HUM" FACILITATOR, AND WRITING101/201 ALUMNI

A couple of days ago, a friend, in light of the many pursuits and interests that consume my life these days—community involvement, teaching essential skills to persons wanting to return to work, teaching grammar to persons wanting to return to academia, writing and publishing poetry, hanging on to a couple of my carpentry customers, stage managing and building sets, writing essays and studying pre-calculus algebra—asked me, "What would you do and study if you were starting over, at age eighteen, knowing what you do now."

Instantly, off top of head I answered, "I would study Leonardo da Vinci; he did everything. I would avoid specializing in any one thing." Bit of a glib answer, but it holds some element of truth.

But seriously, had I not dropped out of university, hit the road, put my thumb and fate into the wind and surrendered to insecurity, what might I have done rather than spending the next twenty or so years more or less permanently stoned on weed and psychedelics, with the added stress of alcohol addiction in the last seven of those years. I sometimes joke that I was either so out of it (or so much into it) that I didn't realize the sixties were over until 1980, and the shock of that realization kept me drunk for seven years.

Despite all that youthful folly, or possibly because of it, it was during those years that I realized the possibility that there were ways of being and seeing that were alternatives to consensus reality. Running into a Buddhist community taught me that one could achieve liberation or enlightenment through practices that did not depend on the sacramental ministrations of a corrupt, celibate, pedophilic Roman clergy. It was also during those years that I encountered a community of stoner scientists and I developed a love of science and math. Needing money, but too irresponsible to pursue a teaching career, I fell back on building skills I had learned growing up on a farm and I became a carpenter. So in those twenty or so years of oscillating between premature enlightenment via psychotropic means and unconscious drunken depression, I emerged as a tradesman, as a somewhat lazy Buddhist meditator, and as a student of empirical science and math. And, defying the chaos of those years, I was always seeking a better path. I never stopped reading, learning and doing a bit of writing.

Now, some thirty years later, thirty or so years clean and sober, I'm a healthy old guy and happy most of the time.

So the question is, "What other path could I have taken that would have brought me to an equally happy place without those twenty years in the school of ecstasy/depression hard knocks?" Tough question. Those twenty years included hippy idealism, a genuine conviction that dropping out,

turning on and tuning in, as espoused by Leary and friends, was a legitimate response in opposition to a life of meaningless acquisition. And I continue to believe that, though now I have dropped into a community I love, am tuned in to voices from street and community, and I am turned on to serving and connecting with my community any way I can. Those twenty years also connected me to beat sensibilities, a love of bebop jazz, poetry art and philosophy: existential, spiritual—and nurtured a passion for reconciling science and logic with spiritual perspectives.

About that reconciliation, I have come to a conclusion—always open to more research—that how we see the world is entirely a product of our brain, a physical entity composed entirely of the same interconnected atoms, elements and molecules that make up the entire universe. Spiritual values, such as love and compassion are the product of a physical evolution that required us to work together, to cooperate and to create community in order to survive. That does not diminish those values in any way; it just places them into a natural context that doesn't require their invention by a god. Our own brains are the creators of our goodness: creators of community, creators of cooperation.

Those “oneness” spiritual experiences that have emerged as a product of consciousness exploration appear to me to be, not a confirmation of the existence of some transcendent entity/deity, but rather a result of our molecules telling us that we are stardust, that we are connected to the entire cosmos, that we are the physical stuff of the universe evolving into consciousness.

So, given that I have arrived at a happy, rational way of seeing and being, with an ongoing enjoyment of peace of mind and a quiet heart (most of the time—I do still have moments of losing it), and that I have found a community I love and that I am wealthy beyond all expectations in friendships, the question remains—what could I have done differently that could have brought a similar happy result?

Possibly, had I known, or somehow stumbled into the information when I was younger, that I could study creative writing: that could have made a huge difference. Maybe finding the voice I have found over the last several years, when I was a young man, would have led me to similar explorations and discoveries, without those seven years of drunken insanity and depression. But, recovering from that insanity and learning to live in gratitude—deeply in gratitude—as a result of that recovery, can that be found without suffering?

I don't know. It is interesting to contemplate paths not taken, but I believe excessive time spent in “coulda been, woulda been, shoulda been” isn't all that productive. Looking back, I learned the lessons I had to learn—many through the school of hard knocks—but I learned them; for that I am grateful, and overall with some caveats, no regrets.

NASA Dress Socks: Science 101

EDGAR SEVILLA, WRITING201

I have been an avid collector of fun dress socks for a few years now. Some guys collect sneakers, shoes, sport jerseys, or baseball caps, but I like dress socks because they're fashionable and reasonable at the same time. The good thing about it is that buying them doesn't break the bank like buying artisan chocolates. During one of my trips to Winners, I saw a pair of regular length dark navy dress socks with NASA, in capitals, scattered and splurged all over it. Being the last pair of their kind in the socks section, I bought them for the price of a cup of hot chocolate at Starbucks. Not only did these cute socks become part of my collection but they served as a symbol of my wonderful science discovery at UBC (recently rated as one of the top 30 universities in the solar system).

When I was in college more than a decade ago, my friend Carlo (who now heads one of the biggest media conglomerates in Southeast Asia) asked me if I wanted to date this girl who worked at NASA. I was shocked, as I had never met anyone who studied science before—except my physics tutor in senior high. In fact, the motto of my classmates during that time was that physics and chicks don't mix—sorry for physics. Science was kind of geeky and nerdy for me, in the past. So, I spent a few days thinking what was I going to say? Are we going to talk about how planets play ping-pong with each other, or the simulation of the human body? It had been years since I used a scientific calculator. I didn't even ask Carlo what she looked liked. In the end, I chickened out and came out with a lame excuse not to date that weekend.

More than a decade after, I was blessed to be accepted one summer in Science 101. I was in shock again, but for a different reason this time around. I met cool people in the Science program who even went to the Arctic in a Coast Guard vessel. My Science 101 tutor Zoe was talking about all her cool chemistry projects. And coincidentally, my Danish yoga flow buddy in Westbrook Village spent most of her time doing research in one of the science labs at UBC. I met the father of antibiotics, and a popular professor who talked about the cosmos, moon and the stars; basically coming across people and a department on campus that change the world we live in.

The NASA dress socks are still part of my cute socks collection. I have dress socks with roses, beer, pineapple, motorcycles, chili, dogs, and dinosaurs to name a few. In the past, my dress socks used to be plain, classic, and subtle but elegant. The NASA dress socks, as part of my now funky and colorful collection, remind me of two things: that we human beings only go around the world once, so have FUN and learn to love yourself; and that science is COOL and FUN, and people who teach and study it are even COOLER.

Runners

EVA W., WRITING101

Splat! Homemade blueberry jam spilled on my right runner. Yikes! Quickly I went to the cupboard to get the Spray 'n Wash. I wiped it off and dried them after with a paper towel.

My object is my women's size eight runners: black, nondescript, leather and rubber runners. They look non-descriptive black, sturdy and stand higher off the ground than most runners. A black tongue is placed in the middle front of the runner with five round lace holders on each side of the runner to hold the laces up.

I first saw my comfortable black runners in an athletic store in the Tsawwassen mall, one day while I was visiting a friend. I tried them on and they fit perfectly. I had been looking for a sturdy, black pair of runners. I wanted to take extra walks on the advice of my doctor and I figured that a black pair that looks like shoes would be easy to camouflage if I feel like taking the long way home (which is rarely).

Yesterday I visited a friend and wore a pair of tight boots there to break them in. Halfway there, I changed into my runners. My feet were aching and my bunions were crying out in agony. I use my comfortable runners which I put on unbelievably well, to go everywhere. I walk in them, take the bus, and exercise. I am very dependent on them for my foot comfort and well-being. They are always reliable and in five years have never needed any repairs and the maintenance is low. I dread the day....

I have taken care of my runners with a black polish for the top, and foot powder once in a while—the white seeps through, so I don't do this too often.

A dog once mistook my leg for a fire hydrant and peed on my runners. I washed them with detergent and put them in the sun to dry. They bounced back well and dried quickly on my balcony in the 85-degree sun.

In the past I have had trouble getting shoes to fit me because of bunions, ganglions and wide feet. My runners have done me well and have become a favourite with me. I sometimes take a brush and shine the leather up.

I have come to consider these runners good friends. They fit well and are ready to be used to go anywhere anytime (low maintenance). They don't argue or talk back.... I would miss these fine shoes terribly if anything happened to the best pair of comfortable shoes that I have ever owned.

Hum 1200

STAN VLIORAS, WRITING201

As a person who on and off has bounced in and out of the DTES, it is hard to fully explain what the Humanities program fulfills for a person like myself, but I will try my best to give you an idea how it applies to me.

I, like almost everyone else, had a life before the DTES. That included thought patterns, a certain level and dexterity of English usage, behaviours that reinforced verbal expressions, etc.

Hardly anyone comes to the DTES because they want to; they end up there as a last resort, from all over the province, Canada, even the world (obviously pre-gentrification). Most have lost along the way to the DTES their existential roots, those that solidify and reinforce who they are/were.

As such, their behaviours are modified, which in turn changes their oral usage of the English language, and subsequently their thought patterns. In the process of becoming part of the DTES, these three above points change and incorporate values, behaviours, standards, even language from a wide range of peoples, by race, culture, sex, gender, income, politics, caste, etc.

The lucky few who “plan” their entry into the DTES get a better shot at “choosing” who they are in the context of the DTES; the rest at some point get “assigned” by whoever is there at the time they “burn” their behaviour communication, a “pivot point” to start from (or at least it is supposed to seem that way). Some have a mental template of how to proceed at that time. Others fear of using that template because of all the past threats and hooks to themselves and loved ones, and hence become victims again in the context of the DTES because they are branded as uncooperative, a threat to the status quo, or even a predator.

And once you carry that contextual umbrella around, it is only a matter of time as a human that you make a mistake, or one is assigned to you, and you become that part, that role, that you do not know how to express, and now you have a new “pivot point” to play from, one that provides you an indirect route to the threats and hooks you were subjected to, a 101 step to a Stockholm syndrome you did not even know existed.

You now have contextual help from a lot more sources that you were cognizant of at the start of your first “pivot point” assigned, and things get easier for you to incorporate your behaviours as acceptable within this new realm of your existence in the DTES. Albeit, you also comprehend that your new behaviours clash with your old standards, and at some point, you get so caught up in expressing yourself within the new acceptable norms of your role, you do not see how obvious it is to all of all the clashes you are continuously creating within acceptable society outside the DTES (obviously, those who have had more time to experience this will possibly mask their shortcomings within yours, or worse, make yours stand out).

Without going into more detail, at some point of resorting back to whatever memory of who you were, and what opportunities exist now to play catch-up in a bottomless cesspool of this life, the Humanities program appears. Meal ticket and transportation costs are covered, a big stumbling block for anyone in the DTES. No credit for the courses, but that really isn't the purpose of this program: my perception is that it gives those that need to slow down mentally that opportunity, those that need to speed up mentally the same, but for most, myriads of combinations of the above, since nothing in the DTES is an easy black or white.

As mentioned, since thought, expression and language have been modified during one's stay in the DTES, the Humanities program gives you the opportunity to start to unravel and comprehend these changes with and through people of similar background that chances are, connect in some context to what you went through. Any change on your end had some similarities with what someone else went through, and whatever the non-tangible mental puppet-masters were, it would have to connect one person's changes with someone else's experiences and events. As long as you are willing to sacrifice what is now precious to you, what was built for your context with the DTES, you have the opportunity to go through all those feelings of guilt and abuse, and let them dissipate while allowing the background contexts to appear that you were not aware of. And this all takes action through travelling to and back from UBC, eating at UBC (which may give you insight and comprehension of the contexts of the stomach), writing at UBC, listening, seeing, and asking questions while in class, preparing homework, presenting it, interacting with others in class, including student, mentors, guest speakers, teachers, etc. Each and every segment needs to play a part to confront those semiotic signs already in place from the DTES, which were put together from a multitude of contexts. If anything, and if all of this seems beyond comprehension, it is an opportunity to hone your skills, expand your horizons, see how other people study and learn, while they are building the bridges that will incorporate them into tomorrow's society, and who we will have to face and interact with at some point in our lives. That should give us at least a basic understanding of all the tics, nuances, implied concepts, behaviours, etc., that we all experience every day from others, whether either party (including what we do as well) is fully cognizant they are doing it or not.

As well, the access we get to all the campus facilities, e.g., museums, pool, etc., allow us (or try to) to view life as it is experienced from all those visiting UBC and experiencing what UBC has to offer not only as a university, but as part of Vancouver, British Columbia, and Canada, and how we might change or revert back to old behaviours to streamline who we are with how we may be part of life as it "should" be.

I hope my opinions above do not offend anyone. My only purpose in writing this is the hope that it might save someone else an enormous amount of effort.

The Jade Ring I Have

CINDY QT, WRITING201

The jade ring I wear is very valuable and called ancient jade. It is called a transparent green with white jade. Sometimes my ring looks dark green, and other times light. It was from my neighbour, a nice retired lady named Fen who lives next to me. She gave me this jade ring for her best wish for my rehabilitation. As we Chinese appreciate the pretty jade carrying good luck and wealth, we all believe in owning a piece of pretty jade that can help us be better. We make jade shine and jade shapes and gives us better health and wealth.

She is Canadian Chinese from Cambodia. As she can speak, read and write Cambodian and Chinese, and a little bit of French and English, she got her first paid job on her first landing day in Canada and then worked for a couple of organizations helping the Cambodian refugees settle down and start their new life in Canada. After four decades of hard work as a Cambodian/Chinese interpreter and translator in Canada, she retired with poor health. She saw my physical weakness and also saw that I was young enough to have a better future.

She invited me to her apartment one day, showed me several jade rings and let me pick the right one for my finger. And then she told me her family had owned jade jewellery for a couple of generations. She said our earth is getting sick because of over development and pollution. There would be no more pretty jade like these from our earth. They are priceless. She would like to keep them for friends as presents to carry our best memories of the beautiful earth we had before. Even though I am about twenty years younger than her, I still became one of her friends, to own one piece of her priceless jade ring and to honour the beautiful earth we used to have.

I dedicate these words to her kindness and also to our natural earth, honouring my jade ring, honouring our beautiful earth as it used to be.

Beautiful Marks

LARKE MILLER, WRITING101

Beautiful Marks

SCARS, wrinkles, *beauty marks*.

Not moles, not age spots...*beautiful marks*.

Irregardless of **tone**; perhaps a *hair follicle* or three.

Who saw the *beauty* in this **imperfection**?

True beauty comes from **WITHIN**. Why not **BEAUTY ULCERS**?

Pretty palpitations? Handsome hernia?

Just *Beautiful Marks*

JO BEGIN, WRITING101

The MOMENT to "Respect, Resist and Build"

The Prince and the Incognito Princess

HEATHER BLAIS, WRITING101

Once upon a time there was a handsome young Prince, born in a rich, elite realm. He had almost everything he could need to grow strong.

He had caring nursery attendants, and children with which to play. He had the best doctors for his health, and the freshest food to eat. He lived with his large family around him.

The Queen ruled with an iron fist. Everyone in the kingdom agreed she had clear objectives and high ideals. But no one knew how this affected the young Prince.

The Queen was much too busy running the kingdom to spend time playing with him. But her words to him were often highly critical and cutting, as if nothing he could do was ever good enough. Sometimes it escalated to physical punishment.

Nevertheless, the young Prince excelled at sports. He was trained in combat, weapons, riding, and water sports, as all Princes are. He took pride in these accomplishments. He grew stronger and faster than his opponents.

Still the Queen was unimpressed. She demanded he improve as a scholar and tried to find fault with his appearance.

The young Prince agonized over the Queen's criticism. He vowed to do better, to be the best of everything. He began to dress as sharp and stylish as he could. He kept his hair glossy and trimmed.

He decided he should leave the kingdom to experience other realms. He attended a school of his own choosing, which would teach him the arts, manners, public address, and a confident demeanor.

He met lovely ladies with whom he loved and experienced different parts of life. He travelled to many different realms over the years. He went up in flying machines; sailed on ships across seas; he navigated moving vehicles through vast highways in faraway realms.

He became well known and admired. His presence was sought at parties and gatherings. His smile was admired by ladies and men seeking handsome, accomplished comrades to make them more popular. He was a Prince in truth and a Prince incognito, waiting for the right moment to announce himself as King.

He belonged to many business associations, and had many friends. They travelled and partied with him. But though he was there laughing and partaking in the jests and drunken tirades of the quest, he felt quite removed in mind. He did not like drunkards as they often turned brutish, then dangerous.

How far away he was from childhood by then, and yet, it pained him to think of it.

One fateful dark night some guests at a party were passing round a white powder. "Here try this, it'll make you feel good," they said.

He thought it wouldn't hurt to try. He liked this new powder. It made him feel instantly alert, happy and smiling, feeling turned on and connected with others. He denied he wanted to do more of it.

Money was no object to him as a Prince. He did a lot of the white powder that night. When he resumed his daily life, he found himself thinking frequently about what a great party it had been. Oh, how he'd like to do that again! He thought the best part was spending time with his lady.

It was easy to attend other parties. He found himself enjoying them to an inordinate degree. At first his lover indulged with him, but after a while she didn't always want to do things his way.

So the Prince went off on his own and sought other lovers.

Years passed and many funds were spent on the white powder. He began to forget about becoming a King. He stopped doing all the elite sports for which he had been trained.

Only when he listened to music did it lift his soul to remember his highest aspirations. His eyes would snap with clarity, and he would dance and sing with joy.

Alas, over time he became ill. The doctors implored him to take care of himself; to rest and take his medicines; eat well and sleep every night.

But the Prince had become sick not only in body, but also in mind. He could not stop taking the white powder, though it was making him sicker and sicker.

The doctors confined him to hospital while he was too sick to move, but as soon as he was able, he left to consume more white powder. This became a revolving door of hospital to the street and back; his health worsening.

His admirers had long ago deserted him. His family had no idea where he was. The persons supplying white powder did not care who he was or if he lived or died.

The Prince lay on a single bed in a Downtown Eastside single room occupancy, in a realm called Vancouver. He stared blankly at the ceiling as a cockroach crawled along the edge. He didn't have

the energy to take a shower that day. He felt paranoia as he heard a door bang and footsteps approach his door. He had been too sick to get the money he owed the dealer.

Rapping on the door, a sweet voice calling his name. Someone friendly, someone who knew him, and cared. She was known to him as a dame, but she was actually a Princess of her own realm. He dragged himself out of bed to let her in. After offering hugs and a care package, the dame got down to business.

"You, my Prince, are very ill. You need to go to a healing place, away from here. It is a place to detoxify your body. You need to stay somewhere safe, a place of rehabilitation. You may need to stay there for many moons until you no longer crave that poison you take."

The Prince sighed. He knew she was right, that it was necessary. He just had trouble thinking about going without that white powder. But his life was now so bleak he contemplated ending it. What was there for him to live for now?

"Remember Prince, one day you can be King," said the dame (incognito Princess).

It sounded hollow to the Prince who now felt like a serf, because he had become a serf to the white powder.

"I know you can't see it now, but your life will become so much better after you stop doing this to yourself," said the dame.

The Prince's mind reeled with all the negative thoughts of the totally depressed. He regretted so many things, he feared so many things, he feared so many relationship problems, he was saddened by the condition of his sick, older body.

"Who cares about me anyway?" wailed the Prince.

"I do," stated the Princess.

"Okay, I'll do it," promised the Prince, his eyes sparking with the resolve of going into battle, like the true King he was.

This is not the end of the tale. It is only the beginning of many stories on the way to what we wish for the Prince and Princess: to live "happily ever after." There are many dragons to fight, many mountains to climb, and many losses to grieve. We need to know what the pitfalls are to face and overcome them.

The Little Boy

DJ BRUCE, WRITING101

His name was Alexander Waylen Bell, and he was only 15 years old, and lived in Vancouver, BC. So back on the evening of September 25th, 1905, he stood there waiting for his parents to pick him up at the train tracks, but it seemed like nobody was about to show up. He just got back from his Auntie Wendy's house. And there was nothing nearby, just a gas station around the corner. He was standing there wearing his brand-new suit and hat. Surely hoping it would impress his parents, since he paid for them himself.

Alexander just stood there, while the train was supposed to show up at noon. So where was the train then? It was almost an hour late. Were his parents too busy with his baby brother Harvey, as usual? Alexander threw a stone at a puddle and put his hands in his pockets, and he paced back and forth.

He was getting thirsty too, and wishing he could get a drink of water. So he walked around the corner and went inside the gas station to get himself a glass of water. There, at last! He thirsted no more, so he came outside the gas station and walked around a little bit more.

You see, Alexander's baby brother Harvey was just a two-year-old toddler and took up most of the family time. Harvey kind of got in the way too, and it used to be so much easier, before Harvey was born. But little Harvey was so cute and cuddly, and was rather adorable. With his blond, wavy hair and bright blue eyes, and always with a bright smile on his innocent looking face. Alexander was getting hungry for some food now. But he knew he had to wait for the train, because he was already out of money.

You see, it was Alexander's father who ran the train. So this could be the only explanation as to why it was taking so long for his dad to get to where Alexander was waiting. Alexander was looking up at the skies, again, looking at the clouds.

He thought to himself, "it's always about little Harvey. Why can't it be about me for a change? They always think about Harvey."

He felt so left out, and so very sad. With a frown on his freckled face, not realizing how selfish he was becoming, he kicked another stone at a different puddle, with a splash. Didn't he know anything about sibling rivalry? Too young, I guess.

So why did this have to happen again? He was still pacing back and forth, with his hands in his pockets again, kind of grumbling to himself.

And then an hour went by...

And then another...

And so on...

Finally, Alexander heard a very loud noise, Choo-Choo!!! Choo-Choo!!! The train was there at 4:30 pm. His dad finally showed up, with his mom too, and they even brought the cheerful little toddler Harvey with them.

“Awe...,” Alexander happily thought, and closed his eyes, “...they finally showed.”

Postcard Stories

The Postcard from Hell

KEVIN MILLEY, WRITING101

Henri, tortured by the events of the past five days, bicycles towards Mount Cleu, a few miles north of Toulouse.

Passing by a communications tower, he wonders if the Germans are on to his resistance activities. The thought of his movements compromising the others in his group weighs heavy on his fragile psyche. Dodging small stones and soft dirt, the wheels of his rickety old Peugeot sputter further up the road.

The elderly Frenchman wonders if the two loaves of baguette will be enough for the ever-growing group's quickly arranged lunch. Puffing away at the Gitane that is constantly going out on him, he stops to relight the cigarette. Henri needs the nicotine fix. His life, as well as the lives of everyone in the movement, has been a hell on earth. The rumbling of the lorry's engine changing gears startles a flock of blackbirds into a furious flight. Are they the same birds he and his wife have been struggling to feed since the occupation?



The lorry passes and thankfully it is not full of Germans, but it is carrying farm workers and what has become a meagre yield. He spies a dozen bushel baskets among the four workers in the back.

Apples? Or perhaps pears?

Either way the crop will go a long way. He relights the Gitane as the sun bursts through the heavy cloud that was shielding its warmth, remounts the bicycle and continues towards the hamlet, muttering to himself a small prayer that has been in his mind since forever, or so it seemed.

Please God, put a stop to this madness.

While on Barclay Street

IRENA GANCEWSKA-PINDUR, WRITING201



Gosh! Look at those houses on the right-hand side; this portion of Barclay Street hasn't changed for ages! Oh, maybe except for the trees along the opposite sidewalk. They are much smaller now. I guess the big, old trees had been removed after that weird incident which took place in the middle of the summer of 1911....

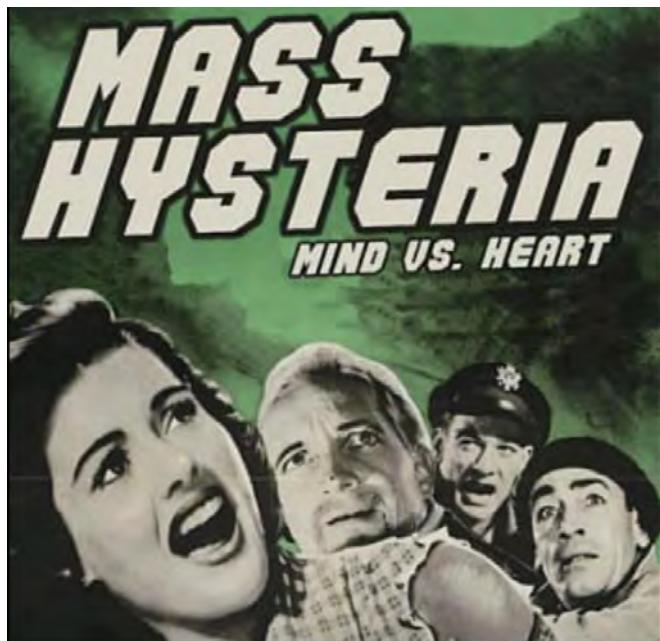
It was a warm, lousy Sunday morning and the Barclay neighborhood was slowly waking up. All of a sudden the birds got silent as the previously, perfectly calm blue sky was whistling like a giant kettle. The entire sky was covered with a huge stream of countless balloons in all possible colours. Everyone, from old to young, stepped outside and stood in astonishment with heads pointed towards the strange rainbow river in the sky, slowly approaching the neighbourhood. As balloons were coming closer, people couldn't help but get excited, noticing that each of the balloons was carrying \$100 bills tightly packed inside. The excitement grew as the balloons were coming closer and closer to the spectators. The first ones, while passing the big, old trees, were caught on branches: Pop! Pop! Pop! They started to break, releasing all that money, now swirling in the wind. Desperate people tried to catch the floating bills, which seemed to slip through their fingers. Some started to jump, some attempted to climb the trees, and some started fighting! In the end the heartbroken people were hopelessly watching all those juicy bills effortlessly blowing away into the sky forming a green river coming together like a flock of birds. In front of everyone's eyes a giant cloud of money now was drifting to the south, straight to California.

I guess the big, old trees got blamed and were cut down later.

P.S. My grandpa told me that people in the neighbourhood are still out there watching the sky and waiting for balloons to return.

Catastrophe

KAREN SCHAUBER, WRITING101



Kendra tore down the hallway grabbing many essentials; iphone, keys, granola bars, kitchen paring knife, Tylenol, and her expensive leather bomber jacket, as she exited her apartment. She could hear screams and fits of desperation escalating from behind her neighbours' closed doors. They too would have to find ways to cope, make allowances, and even adapt. In a fit of rage or momentary lapse in judgement—she would decide later which—she upped and left it all behind. Nothing made sense. She was heading out where she would connect with others. It had been too long already; almost an hour without news, without any real contact; left on her own. She felt disoriented, cut off. It scared her.

It all began that morning when her alarm went off and she reach for her phone to check her messages and

“Likes.” Something was clearly off. She immediately messaged AJ to get a fix on what was happening. He did not reply. Patience was not a familiar virtue. She felt strange, panicky.

Her home page showed posts from the night before. That seemed odd. Those were posted quite a while ago; almost 7 hours. She usually woke up to a stream of new posts and messages coming in overnight from the east coast while she slept. But there was nothing current/new displayed. Those were the same posts she had scanned the night before. She tried to type a message on her friends' pages. Nothing. It would not transmit. The comment window was frozen. A pop-up screen came on, indicating there was a “system error.” It frightened her. That never happened before. That wasn't supposed to happen, ever. The web was too big too powerful for an “error” message. Too much relied on its continued availability, its nano-speed operation, every microsecond of every minute of every day. What!!?? She felt certain there was something sinister at play, some big conspiracy at work, infiltrating, taking over the airwaves, the cloud, her network, her world. Kendra felt vulnerable, cut off, and began to panic. She did not know what was going on with her friends, her network, her city, the coast, the country. It was more than eerie.

She could not remain in her apartment like this. She did not know how to function without constant access, constant communication. Leaving, was her only hope. She would seek out others, in person. It would be strange, but it would be something. She would figure out how.

—Report of March 14, 2019: the day Facebook died.

Crazy Dog of Ours

CRYSTAL WAKEFIELD, WRITING101



I still remember that crazy dog of ours. Dad loved that dog. Brought new meaning to us kids, that sayin' "man's best friend." Our dog, appropriately named, was called "Dare Devil," or Devil for short. I sure was jealous of that dog. My dad and Devil were always together. There was nowhere Devil went that dad didn't lead him. Even though I was terrified of dad's bike, I cringed with envy. The courage Devil had, to get up on those handlebars, not to mention sit still while riding so fast. I could

never do that! Then again, of course mother forbid it. No chance I was ever out riding. Nope. Dare Devil was the only one I ever saw on that bike, other than my dad. He loved that bike and he loved our dog. I have a memory only now I understand. He used to describe the freedom he felt "out on the open road." I thought, roads don't open...do they?

Life's like riding a bicycle—stop peddling and you fall off! These are the words displayed on the front of my postcard. There is also a drawing of a man on a bicycle. He seems to be in motion, yet he has no hands on the handlebars. His one leg is up in the air, looking like an attempt to regain his balance. A red tie is tightened around his neck, blowing in the wind, from the speed. At first glance I saw this man in the picture and considered him to be a clown. With his red nose, tiny top hat and dressed in a colourful costume.



Perhaps a clown doing a circus routine on a red bike. On further examination of the picture and the quote, it appears much more profound than a simple clown on a bike. It suggests a huge metaphor for wisdom learned by life. In fact, the statement made is true, "stop peddling and you will fall off." The statement "life's like riding a bicycle," is also true to some extent. I guess the statement could mean different things to different people. What I personally take away from this statement is to never give up. Even if in fact you did fall off. Get back up and try again. Never stop trying. Never give up.

Boy in Suit with Cats on His Hat

SARA KNIGHT, WRITING101

1967—Cassidy and his Cats

Cassidy's obsession with his cats aggravated his father John to no end. They went everywhere with the boy. They went to school and church, and down to grandma's house where they caused nothing but trouble getting into the pantry and knocking things about. Between her "tsk tsk," grandma secretly found this amusing until one day they knocked over her favourite bottle of brandy. After that Cassidy and his cats were cast out of the house. Eventually, winter came back around, but thankfully the brandy bottle fiasco was forgotten and Cassidy and his cats were allowed back inside. Good thing too as it was a particularly cold winter. Cassidy even got his grandma to knit sweaters for his cats and the stray dog no one wanted. Spring eventually came and so did a litter of kittens. That was it. His father had had enough. Cassidy thought his father's head would explode into red smoke. "No more cats in this house," his father yelled early one morning before the sun was even awake. "I want them all gone by the end of the day. I don't care if you have to drown them." "No," yelled Cassidy, who gathered up all the cats together and ran away from home and never spoke to his father again.

Fiction: A-Z Stories

Death in the Alley

MICHAEL ROSS, WRITING101

Aroused by a discorporeal voice from a cracked speaker.
Below my window a lone police officer listens to the static voice.
Crouching over a young mid-thirties man, comatose.
Determined to bring him to consciousness he listens diligently to the voice on the radio.
“Emergency backup has been called and confirmed,” the officer said.
“Fire medics first to respond.”
Getting back to the job at hand he continued CPR on the young man.
Help arrives.
Individually they jump out of their vehicles.
Joining together in a brief conference.
Kicking debris out of their way, they take their positions.
Looking at each other for direction and encouragement, eight of them taking turns.
Many men working to save the life of a stranger.
Numerous attempts by numerous men trying to revive him.
Organizing and reorganizing their protocol.
Pumping and pumping.
Quietly.
Repeating.
Sinking into despair.
Trying with desperation.
Until it becomes obvious.
Very discouraging.
“Will he make it?” one of them yells.
“Xanax might work!?” says a young police officer.
“You kidding?” says a fire medic.
“Zero out of ten for today,” a paramedic cries as they wheel away the gurney.

A-Z

MELANIE ROSE (KIPLING), WRITING101

A long time ago there lived a beautiful but sad and lonely princess who was very lost.
Black clouds hovered over the princess everywhere she went.
Continually she felt alone and afraid, it seemed never ending.
Doubt often filled her clouded mind.
Even if someone said that she was beautiful, talented, or smart, she didn't believe them.
Frightened by her thoughts, she knew that she must change them before it's too late.
Gathering all the strength she could, she reached up to the sky and yelled out "Help!"
"Help," she cried out to the sky, "Is there anyone up there listening to me?"
Instantly the clouds opened wide, a loud clap of thundering noise echoed across the sky, and a sparkly fairy flew down to greet her.
"Just tell me what it is that you really need, darling," she said in a tiny whispery voice.
Keeping a little distance from the fairy, the princess looked at her with hope in her eyes.
"A LIFE," she cried, "a life full of hope and joy."
Magically, the sparkly fairy lifted her wand and spread sparkly fairy dust over the very surprised princess.
"No one will believe this when I tell them," the princess thought to herself.
Often the princess wondered if fairies actually existed, now she knew for sure.
Pleased by the sparkly dust that was now glittering all over her, a new life full of joy.
Quickly she rushed back to the castle, full of excitement to start her new life.
Recognizing her new wonderful feelings, she ran to her closet to get her most favourite red dress.
Suddenly an idea came to her...I want to make people laugh, she thought to herself.
Too much time has been wasted on my fear and anxiety, she pondered.
Unchained came all thoughts of doubt, fear and sadness; she was a new woman.
Volumes of love poured into her now huge heart, leaving her full of wonder and light.
Walls of heartache and pain slipped away from her once dark mind.
Xtra strength had filled her, it seemed to make her feel ten feet tall.
"You are going to be amazing!" exclaimed the fairy as she flew back up into the baby blue sky.
Zero to ten it went and now her life had been changed forever.

The princess had now become her true self. Was there really a fairy there? Was it drugs, or medication, or delusion that made the princess change? Can a shift in the brain happen that fast?

I will leave that up to you.

26 Sentences

L. STRAND, WRITING101

Alright, the pressure's on, need to focus. Beautiful day: blue sky, puffy white clouds, windy, crisp, rain gone. Chirping birds in the courtyard, crows feasting on the berries.

Down below in the back lane where the trees overhang the courtyard is the squishiness from the berries shaken off the trees as the birds wrestle them from the branches.

Enough, need to concentrate. Formulate a plan and a plan B. God I hope that strategy will cover all the angles. How am I gonna get out of here, unscathed and unseen. I can whip down to the end of the hall—it's not far—listen for noise of anyone out there, quietly exit, close and lock the door, ever vigilant, all senses on alert, with backpack, phone, other necessities; walk soundlessly down the short distance to the stairwell door, again quietly open and close that door to the lane soundlessly, after listening intently for the sound of footfall on the pavement before stepping from the building, remain mindful of the berry mush just outside and remain aware to not slip in it and attract attention which would defeat the blood, sweat, and tears of all the previous effort of remaining undetected.

Just missed a car exiting the underground parking. Knowing, remembering what a stroke of luck that was. Luck, luck's been good so far, the Luck Angel's have been on my side, remain there please. More or less have the hard part done. Now what. Oh. Perhaps rethink which way's best to head when I reach the sidewalk or should I just continue in the alley, scurry across the road when there's no cars, of course stay in the shadows. Quite right, the sun is heading down, the building shadows will become all round darkness.

Remember the plan, remember keep your wits about you. So much depends on it. Telephone your friend when it's for absolute certain it's safe to do so. Untold eyes, untold ears, untold tongues. Volume of lies. Where to hole up to make the call. Excitement pounding in my ears. Yowls of fear pounding in my throat, swallowed.

Zoom, just when I thought it was okay, the lights of a truck flash past in the alley.

A–Z

JENNIFER NELSON, HUM101

Amazing...Beauty CAN surround us, if we let it. Construction surrounds us too; the world is constantly changing. Disgustingly though, it's being shaped by AND for people with money. Enough of us can't afford what we need as it is, and it's just getting worse. Finances have never been my thing but I'm surprisingly good with what little money I DO have. Governments are supposed to be there FOR the people, yet politicians get rich while the poor continue to suffer. Hope is a hard thing to find or keep in this situation...I can barely afford to eat properly, let alone do ANYTHING fun! Justice would be making politicians try to survive on welfare! Knots would form in their fat bellies just at the thought of that! Lunch to them is probably a nice fat steak with ALL the fixings, not a dry bologna sandwich. Mayo or mustard would NEVER be unaffordable to them, living the good life with their fancy house and car...NONE of them COULD survive on welfare! Of course, it doesn't matter cuz they'll probably never have to...Politicians aren't for the people, they're for themselves. Quite saddening really. Robin Hood is who we need! Since nobody else seems willing to try to even things out between the rich and the poor. Try as I might, I dunno how to get ahead in life. Unsurprisingly, I'm not the only one. Visualizing success does NOTHING for me. Wishing for it doesn't work either. Explaining why life is unfair is impossible, even for the smartest genius out there! Yelling at the universe would be a better waste of time. Zillions of people have tried I'm sure, but logic seems to be a lost language, so we're stuck in a world that doesn't make much sense at all.

The Path it took me to get here

ANGELINA ANTHONY, WRITING101

The beginning is always hardest. You dream, plan and begin your journey. Resources are not available at that time. I decided and thought, I hold my own key to my success. I have lived a life of sacrifice serving and receiving all sorts of deeds and blessings. I have a heart of generosity and am willing to take a challenge, thrill, adventure, courage and a whole lot of fear. I believed in myself and decided to never give up. Thinking I must not be selfish, try to forget my own needs and sense my community instead.

So here I am on my huge path still. I always wanted to have higher education, but it seemed impossible for various reasons. Now I have a golden opportunity to get some education, and this hopefully will expand into more opportunities. I am transformed; I'm changed. Burden and pain have become a thing of the past. I needed strength to move me, but power of prayer moved me. Days, months, and weeks have gone fast with no accomplishment.

Now finally I feel the excitement of a new beginning. My perspective has changed greatly. God knows my needs and will, pride, faith, love, hope, simple and humble mercy. I believe our God is unique, who can do things only he can. My heart's longing and miracles. He is my satisfying priceless treasure and strength.

I always begin my journey with trust in God. His mercy and faithfulness, prayer and confidence, freedom and delight. I could not achieve on my own or empower myself. I decided to not crave for more material things. Take what we already have entrusted to God, "little becomes much as you place it in the master's hand."

Life is an entanglement of suffering. The seeking of happiness and self-worth need empowerment and connections. I decided to help the homeless, the lonely, the sick, the elderly and single mothers. It was challenging. I faced an uncertain future. I used my talents and multiplied them for excellent purpose. Millions of people struggle on a daily basis and now is the time to evaluate the world that we have been given and count on ourselves to create a better future. I became God's agent to provide His peace for the helpless.

With feelings of adequacy and being alone, no more abandoned and lonelier, a higher power took over. I do not forget I'm called to be present individually with those who are suffering and in need. Sometimes the best ministry we can engage with is being with someone and sharing their distress, letting them know that they do not need to carry the burdens of life alone. We have to listen to our divine commands; nothing is impossible to Him.

I ask myself how everything has gone wrong. I have a hand in life. The lessons I've learned motivate me. Now I have a golden opportunity to join a professional experience. My suffering has changed my life forever. My life has taught me that my guiding principle is my higher power.

So, writing becomes my means of communicating self and becomes a therapeutic story. I hope to accomplish by writing my feelings and creating peace of mind, discovering myself and enjoying my experience. I feel when I'm calm and focused everything is possible. I want to be happy and healthy in my life. I think writing releases all stress and heals you.

I decided to help others to make me forget my own experience and bring joy in return. There is nobody in the world that doesn't have memories worth writing about. My path empowers me, energizing me, and provides me with emotional release to cope with stress. Serving the needy, I build self-confidence and it helps me detach and let go of my past.

Writing is a discipline. It is hard to start, but once you do you are glad you did, and writing becomes like a daily vitamin. Sometimes we find ourselves on paths with no light at the end of the tunnel. God shows His presence in various ways. The Spirit of God produces spirit of love, peace, faithfulness, gentleness and self-centring. I feel this year, 2019, I'll experience the power and effectiveness of a transforming year.

There are very few people in the world who through their courage and determination channel their grief to help others. The tireless, courageous and compassionate individuals keep on taking on more and more challenges to serve others—the needy, the homeless and hungry. Hope, courage and perseverance in the face of opposition. Education is the most powerful weapon you can use to change the world with grace and gratitude.

I also work hard to strive toward diversity in our private and social circles, and deepening and broadening relationship building through purposeful activities. I also grow towards putting the best interest of others ahead of my own by utilizing my gifts, resources and abilities to the benefit of the individual.

Life has many twists and turns. We must focus on the centre, remembering that a strong relationship with God will develop even if it feels like we're going in circles. Homelessness has many causes, for example, brokenness, bitterness, and the high cost of housing.

Thank you, dear God, for shining your light in my dark world. A big miracle, I got one. It's called UBC family. Thank you everyone!

God's richest blessings to all!

Non-Violent Communication

CLINT BELCHER, WRITING101 & WRITING201

Violence plays a considerable role in our culture. It is frequently celebrated. Some examples of violence being celebrated are in sports, television shows, movies, music, and hunting. Some types of violence can be positive and vital to our survival, but other types of violence can have negative consequences to both the victim and the perpetrator. In society, violence is used as an outlet for jealousy, vendettas, and anger. I have recently learned about violent and non-violent communication.

I have had a slight history of being quick to feel anger and would frequently express myself through violent communication. But now, after learning from Marshall Rosenberg about non-violent communication (NVC), I enjoy and prefer to express myself this way. He teaches a way to communicate with empathy, and focuses on meeting personal needs, without having much judgement.

To me, non-violent communication means my communication is led by respect, understanding and appreciation. This does not come without its challenges, like when I am being met with disrespect from another person.

Non-violent communication means expressing and listening honestly. Before reacting to a situation, take a moment to think about what has been heard and/or seen. Also, listen to the needs of the other person. Feelings are the result of someone's personal needs. Showing empathy to others will help get rid of negative feelings one may have.

NVC can help people see what is alive in us. This requires great honesty and openness to overcome judgement, fear, obligation, punishment, reward and shame.

Most of what we do is of service to our own needs. NVC guides us in reframing how we express ourselves and hear each other. Automatic reactions can become calm, conscious responses, based on an awareness of what we are perceiving, feeling and wanting. We will be led to express ourselves with honesty and clarity, while at the same time paying others respectful and empathetic attention. In an exchange, we should come to hear our own needs and the needs of the other people in the exchange. We should observe what is actually happening in a situation; what are we observing others saying or doing that is either enriching or not enriching to our own life? We should also be able to observe without showing any judgement. Think, are we feeling scared, happy, irritated, etc.? Next, we may want to express what needs of our own are connected to the feelings that we have identified.

Other non-NVC types of communicating can alienate us from our own natural state of compassion and trap us in a world of ideas about rightness and wrongness—a world of judgements. Our attention is focused on classifying, analyzing, and determining levels of wrongness rather than focusing on the needs we are getting and not getting.

We should be careful with words such as “always,” “never,” “ever,” “whenever” and “frequently.” Sometimes such words are used as exaggerations, in which case observations and evaluations are being mixed. They often provoke defensiveness rather than compassion.

It definitely helps to have a decent vocabulary of feelings that describes the feelings in us, rather than interpreting other people. That means we should refrain from using expressions like, “I feel misunderstood,” because that is not a feeling.

Picasso's *Guernica*

JOSE A. DE LA TORRE, WRITING101

The first time that I saw *Guernica* I realized that I was in front of the most important painting of Picasso, and one of the most powerful anti-war symbols. Art and politics are involved in this monumental painting. The painting represents the 1937 Spanish Civil War, one of the most cruel and painful wars of the 20th century. The moment was depicted by Picasso in a bold and surrealist form that expresses how violence affects human existence.



Image: *Guernica*, by Pablo Picasso. Source: Wikiimages.

The 20th century was marked by wars, and convulsive periods of peace. Spain was no exception. After a chaotic decade (1925 – 1935), Spain was legitimately governed by socialists and communists. In 1936, the military, backed by the Catholic Church, the aristocracy, and the extreme right, began a rebellion against the constitutional government. This movement ended in a bloody civil war. The Republicans were backed by the Soviet Union and the nationalists of Germany and Italy. Hitler and Mussolini supported General Franco, who was the leader of the insurrection, with troops, airplanes, and arms. In 1937, German airplanes bombed Guernica, a small town in Basque province, killing hundreds of innocent and unarmed civilians who were mostly women and children. The world was dismayed because this act was the first aerial bombing which affected civilians. Picasso, who sympathized with Communism's ideals, was commissioned to paint a mural for the Spanish pavilion in the 1937 World's Fair in Paris. The result was *Guernica*, which represented the pain, sadness, and death of the Spanish people caused by this abominable bombing. Picasso, self-exiled in France, never returned to his motherland, in protest against the dictatorship of Franco, who died in 1975. Democracy in Spain was restored in 1978, and three years after, *Guernica* finally went to stay forever in Spain.

Guernica is a monumental oil canvas, painted in grey, black, and white. It depicts the mourning caused by the barbarism during the Spanish Civil War. The painting, an immense display of protest, measures 3.5 by 7.8 meters. The main theme is the death and horror suffered by the people of Guernica. This cruel war is represented by a dead soldier; by beasts such as a bull and a horse, which represent both sides of the war—nationalists and republicans; by a woman with her dead baby, which expresses the painful feeling caused by this bombing; and by a bulb of light that represents the bomb. The painting represents the horrors that came with the war, and has many details that can be interpreted in different ways.

For me, *Guernica* represents everything that I want not to occur again.

Sometimes painful memories are necessary in order to find a better future. *Guernica* is past and future, war and peace, death and life. This painting is, for me, a part of the past, as it also represents the violence in my own country, Colombia. However, it is a part of my future too, a future in peace.

My Grandfather

C.M., WRITING101

China is a country which for over five thousand years has been based on the hand script history. Over this long period, she has made lots of great contributions to the world. Moreover, she was very respected by overseas. Unfortunately, starting in the 19th century, China began being invaded by more than eight countries at a time. That was the darkest time in Chinese history.

In 1904, when my grandfather (G.S.) was born, there was a war between Japan and Russia for the harbour in Shandon, northeastern China. Because my motherland was very poor, people were starving to death, and there was hardly money for children to go to school. These situations made for a very weak self-defence.

My grandfather was so talented that when he was thirteen, he was sent to the United States as an overseas student. However, after over one month in the Pacific Ocean, when the ship was close to the mainland of US, he and other Chinese were put into jail by the US customs for no reason. This was unfair to the Chinese for sure. (This is what people say: there is no foreign affairs for a weak country.) Because my motherland's economic situation was so low, education was so limited, foreign affairs was so weak, and also the country's power of defence was almost equal to zero, Chinese had no chance but did whatever by the US government.

In 1919, World War I was over; China was one of the winning countries. Somehow, when there was a conference in Paris they discussed the benefit to a winning country in WWI; therefore, the harbour in Shandong was not returned back to China, but to Japan. That caused a student movement in May 4th against the Paris Contract that lost our right and our land in China! That movement spread quickly to the whole country. Overseas, my grandfather, as a 15-year-old student, bravely made a speech in public to encourage the US Chinese to support China against Japan. He told people to stop buying Japanese goods in the US. He was the one who started and led the fight for China against Japan in San Francisco, US.

After he graduated from the University of California, in 1931, Grandfather left the US, which had a higher living standard and no war at that time. For his deep love of my motherland, he returned to China where it was poor and partly being invaded by foreign enemies.

He worked as a faculty in Zhongshan University, which is one the most famous universities in China, and he also had a job as an English teacher in its sub-high-school. In September 18, 1931, Japan invaded three provinces in northeast China. On September 10th, there was a student movement against Japan in Guangzhou. A few students were shot to death, some were wounded, and over one hundred students were put in jail. Grandpa and other professors fought for the students. Finally, it was done. The jailed students were released.

In the middle of the 1930's, the city was being bombed by the Japanese. The university was damaged. In 1938, the city was lost. For the students' safety and also for the country's future,

Grandpa, along with other professors, helped the students escape by foot from the city to the countryside near the wild mountains in the north. The situation was very dangerous and life was hard. They were always out of food, and had nowhere to live during the journey. Some became sick because of lack of food and also being threatened by the Japanese armed soldiers. One of the professors was very sick, and he did not want to bother others, so he committed suicide when the campus was surrounded by the Japanese armed soldiers. He knew, if he did not kill himself, he would be killed by the Japanese invaders.

Not long after the World War II, in 1950, the Korean war started. The United Nations air forces bombed the northeast of China. To defend the country, we had to fight back. China sent out the Volunteer Army. Because China was at war for a hundred years, the country was very poor, industry was so slow, technology was too far away to the west, we had no air force and a lack of weapons. Still people provided a lot to support to the volunteer Army against the United Nation's war. My grandfather again led people in town to contribute a huge amount of money to support the Volunteer Army.

Starting in middle of the 1950's, Grandpa had been selected as mayor for over three decades in China, and for the rest of his life. When he worked as a mayor, he worked as the principal for a college and high school at the same time.

In 1970's, the United States president visited China. He asked Prime Minister Zhou to invite my grandfather to visit the United States. Replying to the invitation of the United States president, for the development of the friendship between the two countries, in early 1980, Grandfather again left China, crossing the Pacific Ocean and heading to the US.

It was over fifty years after he left the US when he returned to China in 1931. He visited his old and new friends and different places. Wherever he went, he was warmly welcomed. During his visits, he told people about the enormous changes in China. The country's economy was growing, people's education level was higher, the high technology went beyond the western world, the country's defence was stronger, and so on. He also led two groups of people back to China for a visit. Going back to China, he was very welcomed by the leaders in the city where he stayed. Moreover, he went back for some of the important conferences in China as well.

World War I has passed its 100 year anniversary. From 1919, my grandfather struggled and worked hard against the invaders, for the nation's independence and people's freedom, to lead the city's construction and educate the young; further, he worked for the friendship of the people between China and the United States and for the peace of the world. It is one hundred years ago, on May 4, that Chinese students created a movement against the Japanese. Also, it is best to remember my grandfather who was leading the Chinese overseas students against Japan and who has been admired by China for one hundred years. One hundred years has already passed; China has become a great country in the world again. She has a lot of highly educated people, and is technologically advanced; there is no fear about being threatened by any country now. China is

great now. I believe that is because my grandfather and his generation struggled for, worked at, hoped for and contributed to China!

Finding my family history, I discovered that grandfather's life is not only part of my family history, but also early Chinese overseas students' history. Furthermore, people got freedom from foreign enemies because China fought against foreign invaders for the country to gain independence. More important, it is the history of the country to go from poor and weak to become rich and great! Dear grandfather, I want to say that I love you and I miss you. This paper is the only way for me to remember all that you have gained for the country, your involvement to gain the people's freedom from the invaders, to bring peace to the world, and to give me life. Thank you, my dear grandfather. You are very great! I am proud of you!!!



This photo was shown at the US consulate in 2014; an exhibition demonstrating China's opposition to the Japanese invasion.



This photo shows the damage to the university after it was bombed by the Japanese air force in 1930.



This photo was taken when grandfather (G.S.) was leading the US visiting group back to China; he was warmly welcomed by the leaders of the city.

PUBLIC PROGRAMMES

Hum's Public Programmes are offered year round in the DTES and Downtown South locations where Programme participants live, work and volunteer. Facilitated by Hum alumni and volunteers, these groups are a great way for people to continue on with their shared intellectual and creative practices.

DOCUMENTARIES FOR THINKERS

When: 2nd and 3rd Saturday of the month, starting at 6:00 p.m.

Where: The Carnegie Centre Auditorium

Curator: Terence Lui (Hum Alumnus)

Every month "Documentary for Thinkers" welcomes Downtown Eastsiders to an intellectually stimulating and emotionally nurturing environment—to share the provocative experience of watching documentary films. Our screenings run year-round on every second and third Saturday of the month at the Carnegie Centre theatre. Thanks to everyone for bringing your enthusiasm and making 2019 a banner year for "D4T." I hope you'll continue to join us as often as you can.—Terence Lui.

ELEVENSES: EATING AND READING TOLKIEN

When: Sundays, 11:00 – 12:30 p.m.

Where: Vancouver Public Library, né'c'a?mat ct Strathcona Branch, Nellie Yip Quong Room.

Facilitator: Reuben Jentink (Hum volunteer and teacher)

Close on two years ago a small group of current Hum students, alumni, staff members as well as their friends and family (and sometimes others!) pulled to and bolted a sturdy, circular and green-painted wooden door at the top of a grassy hill at the end of a dirt road in Hobbiton, before walking down that hill and along the path leaving the Shire. Since then, our small group has been reading along with the adventures of four hobbits, a wizard, two humans, a dwarf, an elf, and a hobbit-like creature who's been trailing just behind us all this long way. We witnessed this fellowship form and then break apart. We tarried below the silvery boughs of Mallorn trees, and got turned and turned around again in peaty swamplands. We sang walking songs, recited Elvish verse, and recounted the lore of the old days of Middle Earth all while within eyesight of our very own range of Misty Mountains (over on the North Shore). Every Sunday morning, at 11:00 we gathered at the né'c'a?mat ct Strathcona Branch of the Vancouver Public Library to read together of this journey to Mordor. Over tea or coffee and something (usually) sweet to nibble on, we shared in the story of J.R.R. Tolkien's famous *Lord of the Rings* trilogy. Our reading practice is a lot like that of a reading circle: we take turns—if we choose—reading aloud and listening to one another, savouring in one another's intonation, sense of drama, and (sometimes) singing voices. Bringing our own twist to the tale, we had discussions concerning fantasy as a genre and considered authorial inspiration (and intent) and even asked questions about Tolkien himself. We noted the absence of women in the text, and thought critically about the story by applying Indigenous frameworks—for example, by using Daniel Heath Justice's *The Way of Thorn and Thunder* trilogy as a paired text.—Reuben Jentink.

A TASTE OF THE MIDDLE EAST

When: Mondays, 6:00 – 7:30 p.m.

Where: The Gathering Place.

Facilitator: Shahla Masoumnejad (Hum Alumna)

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

GRAMMAR WITH HUM

When: Tuesdays, 5:00 – 6:00 p.m.

Where: Buchanan D, Room 204, UBC

Facilitator: Gilles Cyrenne (Hum Alumnus)

In this introduction to grammar mini-series, Gilles Cyrenne teaches the nuts and bolts of English grammar...with verve! Whether learning English as a second language, or needing a refresher course, participants are expertly guided through the fundamentals of grammar with this beautifully structured course that Gilles developed.

WEDNESDAY WOMEN'S WRITING WORKSHOP

When: Wednesdays, 3:30 – 5:00 p.m.

Where: Downtown Eastside Women's Centre, Wellness Room

Facilitator: Maureen Phillips (Hum's Writing101 and Writing201 Coordinator)

In this series of 90-minute writing workshops, we explore some of the different genres of writing—journaling, memoir, personal essays, fiction and poetry. Each week a writing prompt help get the ink flowing, and then we read our stories aloud. These weekly sessions helps to understand the kind of writing we like to do, how to go about it, and how to keep up a good practice of writing.

DOING SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

When: Wednesdays, 5:30 – 7:30 p.m.

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

Facilitator: Mathew Arthur (Hum volunteer and teacher)

Most people think that science is about finding out what makes up the natural and social world and how it all works. In this Science and Technology Studies group we read texts that consider, instead, what it means to do science and technology as situated practices that are always making or transforming the world around us—rather than thinking of science and technology as specialized 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 who show that there are other ways that do not rely on discovering “facts” about a reality that is separate from our ways of being, knowing, and doing in the world.

OUT N' ABOUT IN VANCOUVER

Event: Curious Imaginings

When: Friday, November 2, from 1:00 – 2:00 p.m.

Where: Patricia Hotel: 403 East Hastings St. V6A 1P6

Tour Guide: Naomi Evans

Globally renowned Melbourne artist Patricia Piccinini's *Curious Imaginings* immersive sculpture experience exhibited in Vancouver as part of the 2018–2020 Vancouver Biennale. The hyperrealist “world of oddly captivating, somewhat grotesque, human-animal hybrid creatures” was the artist's first exhibition in a non-museum setting, transforming a wing of the 105-year-old Patricia Hotel in the DTES. Piccinini's immersive sculpture experience “challenges us to explore the social impacts of emerging biotechnology and our ethical limits in an age where genetic engineering and digital technologies are already pushing the boundaries of humanity.” The intimate hotel setting for *Curious Imaginings* empowered visitors to personally consider questions posed by the exhibition, including the promises and consequences of genetic research and human interference.

Event: Vancouver Orpheum Tour

When: Saturday, March 2, from 10.00 – 11.30 a.m.

Where: Vancouver Orpheum: 601 Smithe St.

Tour Guide: Arthur Allen (Hum volunteer and long-time teacher)

Hum teacher and retired architect Arthur Allen guided us through one of Vancouver's grandest performance arts venues. The Vancouver Orpheum transformed from vaudeville, to cinema, to performance art, but without the protest power of the people, the venue was almost reduced to rubble during economic hardships. The architectural design mimics classical European architectural styles, from baroque to renaissance, and although it won't be found in an architect's handbook, the “kitsch” style is much beloved by Vancouverites.

WELL WISHES

I would like to thank the Tsleil-Waututh, Musqueam, and Squamish Nations, and the Semiahmoo Band for allowing us to be on their territory. Thank you Hum 101 for allowing me to go to your class at UBC, and the teachers and professors for doing an excellent job.

Earl Sunshine (Sturgeon Lake Cree Nation, Alberta), **Hum101**

Someone say "I think so I am."

I breathe so I am.

I write so I am.

You write by blending all colours of the light spectrum on the gigantic drawing pages of our Earth.

You write by composing with your heart beats and pulse in a music score overwhelming in the atmosphere.

You write when acting through prologues, scenes, final act, curtain calls and encores on the stage of civilization.

You write in the passion of pursuing faith, hope and love enriching our souls in the daily sole game of sun and moon's "hide and seek."

You write being a clause, phrase, a sentence or a phrase in the Big Book of human.

We write; we all unite.

We write so we are.

Simeon Tong, Writing101

Hum graduates of 2018-19, you are an amazing class, full of wisdom, questions and analysis.

I wish every precious one of you to be well and happy, peaceful and at ease as you go out into the world. I wish for every precious one of you to continue learning as long as you have breath. Make whatever comes your way a learning experience. Thank you for sharing two evenings with me, and for teaching me by your enthusiastic and deep speeches and questions.

D'Arcy Davis-Case, Rhetoric: "Speaking from the heart, with form" and Forestry: "Community forestry: earthly stories of embeddedness."

To My Teachers:

I thank you from the entire circumference of my heart for all your fascinating lessons and explanations of the mysterious process of authorship. I loved creating the lifeblood of my favourite pastime: curling up with the stories in a book.

To My Fellow Students:

I trust you were as inspired and motivated as I felt by the intriguing topics we studied.

I hope you get carried away by the flow of creativity.

Heather Blais, Writing101

Dear Hum graduates,

Congratulations on completing the HUM journey. I hope the program experience was a sweet and memorable one for all of you. The biggest reward in life comes from being able to share and exchange ideas, dreams, humours and challenges with others. I am proud of our HUM program for achieving our objective to bring together a diverse group of individuals with deep life experiences to build lasting connections. I feel grateful to be part of the program and want to thank Margot and her team for being the guiding light for all of us.

Also a big thank you to Dean Averill for his continued support for the program.

Much love,

Gerald Ma, long-time Hum supporter and dear friend of the Programme.

Just over ten years ago my path merged with this radical little program we fondly call Hum. Hum had just relocated from a tiny office on the other side of campus to our current suite in Buchanan E, and myself from England. The program was about to turn 10, and I was tasked with organizing a worthy celebration to be held at the Native Education College off Main Street.

The party was a raging success, so I heard. A flu that found me the night before meant that I missed the event that had consumed my energies for two months. I thought, best make myself comfortable and settle in for the next big one. Now here we are, the landmark 20th year.

What a journey!

Participating in Hum set my path on an unimaginable course. I'm deeply indebted to this community for shaping who I am and for continuing to nourish and teach me daily.

Thank you.

Paul Woodhouse, Hum Programme Coordinator and Writing & Publishing: "Who are we walking with? Joining 1000 Hum walkers with our very own yearly publication."

HUM students and friends! It has been lovely getting to know you this year. Learning from (and with) all of you has truly been a pleasure. Thank you for all the sharing, laughing, heated discussions, for your openness, generosity, and collaboration; I feel inspired and enriched by the incredible community we built and shared together.

Margot, Paul, and HUM staff; thank you for materializing this incredibly valuable space, and for always reminding us how joyful education can be. Your drive, integrity, and the hard work that you dedicate to HUM is felt, and very appreciated. It has been a wonderful privilege to be a part of this community.

Warmly, and proud of us all!

Shai Ophelia Kehila, Hum101 volunteer facilitator

Dear Hum Graduates,

It is always an honour to engage with such committed students. Lifelong learning is the key to questioning this crazy world that we live in together. The provisional gesture takes the emphasis off being expert enough and acts as a political, material and spiritual provocation 'for the time being'.

Learning is always provisional and you all have demonstrated its power and resilience. Congrats on all your hard work and accomplishments!

M. Simon Levin, Art: “Re-wilding the path: finding the poetic in the provisional gesture.”

Hum’s Writing 101/201 class brings me to UBC every Tuesday. For that, and for everybody in the Programme—staff, teachers and students—I am grateful. This term has been my third time around teaching “Grammar with Hum” for Writing101 and in every term I’m sure that I learn as much or more as my students do, both from studying and from the students. I consider it a real privilege to be able to participate in this amazing Programme. Thank you staff, thank you co-ordinators, thank you teachers and thank you students!

Gilles Cyrenne, Hum Alumnus and “Grammar with Hum” volunteer teacher.

The 2018–19 HUM 101 has been full of lively and informative classroom discussions and I have looked forward to attending them each week. And when leaving at the end of the night, I’m still thinking about where this path we chose is leading to. I am also very appreciative of partaking in the many outbursts of laughter, many thanks to all the teachers and classmates for making this education an enjoyable and engaging experience.

Keith Long, Hum101

On this auspicious twentieth anniversary, my enthusiastically-given and roaring congratulations to you all, the Hum class of 2018–19!!! What a tremendous year it has been, conversing, learning, and—especially—ambulating with you all: walking this path, becoming that. It’s been an absolute pleasure to walk with you through laminate corridors, to take turns around garden and forest paths, to wade through dense theoretical worlds, and (especially) to follow along, together, with a motley crew—a fellowship—of dwarves, elves, humans, wizards, and hobbits, of course making new paths and trodding along old ones. My best wishes for the upcoming summer and for whatever paths you come across along the way.

Until we meet again,

Reuben Jentink, “Tour of the x̣ẉc̣ịc̣ə̣ṣə̣m Indigenous Health Research and Education Garden at UBC Farm, Hum 101/201 volunteer and “Elevenses” Public Programme facilitator.

Thank you so much to all persons involved in Hum101/201 classes for your insights, teaching, and grand exposure to your writing.
Best wishes to you all, in general, including all your successes.

Blayne O’Malley, Writing 201

Many unsupported cultures

Everyone knows you are there.

You will always be there.

Beautiful in every way.

Walking spirits

with stories that are existent but not supported because of unsubstantiated reason.

Such is life.

A part of history and not exempt.

All that is lost and possibly forgotten needs to be recaptured to provide a realization and take favour to commend each. We are creation.

No one can replace each other's specialness and uniqueness.

Each mystique, the wonderment of life and all therein.

We are all individually endangered but resilient.

We are the world.

To be loved.

This programme gives a chance to be heard and possibly recapture life.

Let's remember all. Our writing and history can be there for the next.

To understand the good with the bad, however it may portray.

It is important.

To be heard.

I give thanks for your interest in me and now I am able to provide support in the DTES community that really deserves efficacy. I commend this programme highly, especially at its 20-year mark!

Thank you Mr. Averill, Margot Leigh Butler, Paul Woodhouse and Maureen Phillips for your support and to all the profound professors, doctorates and esteemed contributors.

There is a most intriguing and palatable experience for all who have had the experience of Hum. I am honored to be a participant. This program has helped grace me in a way that I can make a difference and contribute to the welfare of my community, the Downtown Eastside. My respects to all the students and may you prosper and be in great health and wellness!

Sandi Rooke (Saulteaux Cree First Nation), **Hum101**

This is something more heartfelt than I would casually say about going to UBC as a student. I will proudly keep my graduation certificate(s) for the rest of my life. Reflecting, UBC was the right choice for me considering universities. I enjoyed the lectures with the friendly and often humorous attitudes of both staff and my fellow students. I want to wish all well in their careers, oriented as educational pursuits. While we all face challenges and barriers I would like to take this opportunity to throw down more barriers. May we, ourselves as together, unite to confront and face all challenges.

Us peoples could walk on water if we dreamed it. Thank you UBC.

Sincerely, **Kari Anne Stiele-Jules (Mickey)**, **Hum101**

Wishing all of this year's HUM graduates many bridges and open doors in your future educational path!

Tom Kemple, Sociology: "Bridges and Doors to the Social and Natural Worlds."

Thank you so much to all the participants of Hum 101/201 and Writing 101/201, for creating a lovely space of learning and acceptance. I am honoured to have walked this path with you. Each week, I learned so much from each and every one of you through both our discussions and the writing and experiences you shared. It has been such a privilege to share space with such a vibrant group of activists, poets, thinkers, knowledge holders, artists and creators.

Congratulations on your graduation! I deeply look forward to reading all of the wonderful work you all go on to create and publish in the future.

Emma Ettinger, WorkLearn student/staff

Dear Hum participants,

My sincerest thanks and warm wishes for inviting me to share in your learning process this year. It was a privilege and a pleasure to walk alongside and learn with you.

Yours,

Tiffany Muller Myrdahl, Geography: "Uneven ground: gentrification and participatory urbanism" and "Re-drawing the boundaries."

The HUM Writing Programme has a remarkable staff, teachers and volunteers making each class enjoyable and inspiring. The learning environment: the expertise, stimulation, interactions and support, was invaluable, and I cannot thank you enough for providing this life-changing opportunity. I feel highly motivated to keep on digging & writing. I will not disappoint you; I promise. Kudos to fellow writers and everyone involved in this phenomenal programme.

God Bless.

Irena Gancewska-Pindur, Writing201

May you all continue to glow, shine, and thrive!

Carol Sawyer, Music: "Improvising as a keen listening practice" and Songs and Lyrics: "The songs that speak to us on our path."

It's been such a pleasure working with HUM again this year! Thank you for putting your words and ideas out into the world. Congratulations!

Mandy Catron, English Studies: "The long and winding road: memoir, life writing and creative non-fiction" and Creative Non-Fiction/Memoir: "Chronicling the distance covered" and Hum201 "Creative Non-Fiction" teacher, and "**Wednesday Women's Writing Workshop**" at the **Downtown Eastside Women's Centre (DEWC)** Public Programme facilitator.

When I think of the world I want, I think of Hum!
With each class I attend as a facilitator, I'm so blown away by the stories, the wit, the generosity you all share. It was a pleasure, too, to teach New Media, and take you along with me on a path of undersea conduits and tangles of wire connecting big, globe-spanning ideas about technology with the equally big ideas each one of us could share from our own perfect position using new media writing.

A special thanks to everyone who attended some or all of the 14-week "Doing Science and Technology" reading group. Wow, you are all brainy, theory-reading powerhouses! We read 14 incredibly dense texts that roamed over the practices, problems, and possibilities of science and technology.

And, we fabulated wild worlds of ideas that we could inhabit together!

Congratulations graduating class of 2018–19. Can't wait to see you around!

Mat Arthur, New Media: "Following cables and conduits: making new media connections,"
Hum101/201 volunteer and "Doing Science and Technology" Public Programme facilitator.

Be courageous and unafraid
to try a challenge new.
Each night a new class
each class a new topic—
despite past failures
disappointments and all ills—
pass through obstacles
and conquer them all
and take the road to learn
without money or resources
of material belongings
to bring rich knowledge in your life
to cultivate your own path.
Ghia Aweida, Writing101

Very inspiring course—Thank you teachers and every one of the participants....
Raymond Becker, Writing101

Best wishes for graduation—congratulations, and good luck as you continue your journey!
Sylvia Berryman, Philosophy: "You never set out to get lost" (Leanne Betasamosake Simpson, Nishnaabe)."

Oki Niisokwa:

My dear Hummies, 13 years ago I was knocking on heaven's door. I was at, what I thought the end, but thanks to Family, Friends, Profs and Hum101, I am completing my 4th year at UBC, with two more to go, a journey that started at Hum101.

Hum101 allowed us to express our views, discover our own gifts and strengths. We each come from diverse backgrounds. We are also a part of a world that needs to be reminded of how special we all are. We were given the tools to do just that.

I will not offer a well wish, but offer you a challenge. If you/we all advocate for the rights of others, bring needed change. To speak up when others cannot. To help others when others won't. It is my hope that if we all do this then Mother Earth will be one step closer to being a REAL home for all of us.

That is humanity...That is love. Unca

All My Relations.

Maistoo'awaastaan (Crow Flag) **Rodney Little Mustache** (Piikani Nation), First Nations and Indigenous Studies: "Decolonization is not a metaphor" and **Hum 101/201 volunteer facilitator**.

Congratulations to a fabulous group of students. My class time with you was rich, engaging, and fun. You had so many good questions! Remember, "It is better to know some of the questions than all the answers" (James Thurber). We went into some complicated areas, and I was happy to share with you a quote that I find particularly useful: "Hypocrisy is the tribute that vice pays to virtue" (Francois La Rochfoucauld).

Warm wishes,

Margot Young, Law and Gender Studies: "What's supporting me to walk on this path...and makes it possible for others to, too? The Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms, Universal Declaration of Human Rights, The United Nations Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous Peoples, and the Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Discrimination against Women."

Congratulations Hum! It was such a pleasure talking with you about new media and Indigenous futurisms. Your questions and comments left me with so much to reflect on. I left feeling much enriched. Thank you and all the best to you in your future endeavours!

David Gaertner, First Nations and Indigenous Studies & New Media:" "Neo, sooner or later you're going to realize, just as I did, that there's a difference between knowing the path and walking the path" (Morpheus).

Hello my name is Claude. I am 57 years of age and I have lived in the Lower Mainland for over 50 years. The main reason I appreciate living here in Vancouver is our wonderful multicultural society; there is very little judgement on one's spiritual affiliation, one's economic or educational background, or one's sexuality.

In the Fall of 2017, I became a student of “The Hum 201/101 program” and have experienced all these values I hold so dearly, living in the Lower Mainland. I have recommended to all my family and friends the positive experience there is to be had in the Humanities 201/101, and they should consider signing up. Hum 201/101 is a great place to find one’s true passions; there is the experience of great people and places to visit.

I will be taking away a greater sense of self, and all the new possibilities waiting for me down the road. Also, the fond memories of working with a wonderful staff and volunteers, and last but not least I have come to know some nice fellow students.

Thanks HUM 201/101
Claude Ranville (Métis, Crane River Manitoba), **Hum101**

The HUM program has provided me with the opportunity to expand my worldview and look at other people’s culture, values and mores, and consider how fortunate we are to live in this country. I am exceedingly grateful for and appreciative of the lectures, handouts and expertise of not only our Academic Director, Dr. Margot Butler, but also our visiting and volunteer lecturers. Through the lecture of our Dean, Dr. Gage Averill, I learned not only about Haitian music, and the time and energy that went into learning about Haitian music, but about their culture as well. I, as an Indigenous woman, could understand and identify with the travails they experienced and yet emerged with their music and arts intact.

Meeting and socializing with my fellow Hummers was important and at times hilarious.

It is important to help and support each other as we navigate through the course.

I highly recommend the program to anyone who wants to explore higher learning and take those first small steps that hopefully lead to bigger things.

Nia:wen (thank you in my Cayuga language)

Vivian Bomberry, Hum101
Six Nations of the Grand River
Haudenosaunee Territory
Cayuga Nation

Thanks a million times for everything you have done. The Hum community is such an amazing community, and I am more than glad that I am a part of it now. Our class was a fantastic class full of inspiring and hardworking people that I really admire. The teachers were so lovely. I loved each and every moment of my time that I spent with the Hum community.

Stay Blessed!
Hosnia Shekib, Writing101

Were We Walk Becomes the Path!

We are all a beginning to something! Solution for stuck in time! A solution for chaotic urgency! Challenge and change the circulation of injury! I found all of the instructional educational contributions to the Hum curriculum positive!

It is with great pleasure that I would like to recommend the Hum program for the UBC Dean's Excellence in Teaching Award. This weekly program, since I started in 2015, has been effective beyond the normal, as I reflect on all course material, including my grammar habits. Denotation: literal/explicit meaning of a word. I realized that I could achieve some educational success!

In the past I found The University of British Columbia to be intimidating due to some of my own personal past academic failures. Umberto Eco proposed that every cultural experience is a form of communication. The problem was that because of some personal negative life challenges, I struggled, and that affected my self-confidence. In the logical dimensions, the connotation: cultural implications, emotional meaning. I would give up and withdraw if I could not understand it.

This personal few years of Hum has been educational but very emotional! I am thanking all of the instructors, this includes the outstanding mentorship. In memory of the late Hum participant Fred Shantz, thank you Fred for helping me to view myself as something.

Over these last three years, I was encouraged to meet the challenges, and if I could not understand the educational material, there was always someone to help me learn. I found a change in my personal attitude. I started to believe that I could challenge and change my negative past path, that I could learn some tough educational material, that I was not a waste of time!

Kimberley Hurrell, Hum201



The course has been a wonderful experience for me. I have met some very interesting people and learned so very much. I didn't even know what a manifesto was when I first came here. From grammar, to all aspects of writing, the course has led me to attend other lectures on writing. Many thanks indeed to Paul, Maureen and the volunteers who work so tirelessly to make it work and give confidence to so many.

Many Happy Returns,
Eva P. Waterson, Writing101

Thank you to all the teachers, volunteers and staff who give us lessons and help. Moreover, I would like to thank all the classmates who are so nice and share the time with me during the study.

Best wishes to all of you!
Chenmin Cao, Writing101

I'd like to think if there was an intersection of some parallel universe it would be Hum.

There is so much to be thankful for, the community of UBC and the sponsors whose funding made the program possible. The volunteer academics who spoke so strongly of their ideas and philosophies which enriched and opened doors to the way we think. Volunteer students who have given up their free time and whose faces seem to light up as they enrich our lives. Margot and Paul, through their fortitude, have chosen Hum as their career. The commitment of gift and nurture, without having this in-depth belief I am sure programs like Hum would not exist in this world.

And then there is our young student body of Hum. Not only is our student body bright we are also rapiers of strength and accept the allowance of growth. Our minds are open to hearing and reading ideas which may conflict with our own. To hear such voices we have allowed ourselves to grow both critically and spiritually. I am always grateful to be sitting a Hum101 classroom. I doubt the teacher is one-sided, I think it goes both ways. That is something to be grateful for.

Renee Tabata, Hum101

I'm glad I chose to participate. It was a fun experience. I didn't think I'd enjoy being back in a classroom & having "homework," but I actually did! Which was a nice surprise. So thanks to all our teachers & guest teachers for sharing your knowledge.

Jennifer Nelson, Writing101

As a proud and cynical curmudgeon it is with great displeasure that I express myself in a fashion contrary to my usual indulgent negativity.

Ignore the fact of travelling an hour or more on a weekly basis on the rudest most abusive transit system I have ever experienced. One I describe as the Prison Bus.

Admittedly those ordeals pale in comparison to those endured by Prometheus. Unlike Prometheus I was able to reap the rewards of my labours.

To say that I enjoyed myself thoroughly learned many useful techniques and ideas and acquired new confidence in my writing is not only true but a miniscule attempt at describing the wealth of this experience.

Thank you to All of you.

Michael Ross, Writing101

Thanks to all the great teachers and volunteers for sharing their knowledge with us. It was great to come to class every week and listen to someone new share parts of themselves with us. Thank you for the invaluable experience. Good Luck in all your future endeavours.

Sara Knight, Writing101

It is with great gratitude and a renewed sense of awareness and consciousness I would like to thank all those that have contributed to the Humanities Program at UBC, acknowledging that our classes took place on the unceded land of the Musqueam people.

Special thank yous to Dr. Margot Butler, Paul Woodhouse, teacher's assistants, Hum alumni, and fellow students.

Entrance to the Humanities Program for me is, and has been the first step into a personal journey of evolution.

Entering into the halls of higher learning, fulfilling a lifelong dream to truly be enriched and engulfed in a multitude of disciplines, such diversity that I will forever feel compelled to keep asking questions, and seeking out their answers.

Propelled into a stratosphere of which I only once dreamt of.

This journey has truly has been an amazing adventure. Resignating, simmering. For in knowledge comes strength and wisdom.

To draw upon, act upon, when given the tools to do, and to do so responsibly. Different disciplines studied, complimented with the sideroads, the program in and of itself inherently nurtures, gently encouraging us to expand our knowledge, broaden our horizons so to speak, and develop friendships in an environment that was always warm and comforting, relaxed and encouraging.

To my fellow students I congratulate us all for all the hard work that we have done. And I revel in our accomplishments.

It has been an honour to have been able to have spent this time with you. Your dedication and accomplishments have truly been inspirational and I wish the Humanities Program continued success in the many years to come.

Andrea Kamal-Erickson, Hum101

I wish to thank Gilles for teaching me how to write a proper sentence. To the teachers of Writing101, I am grateful that your class has opened my mind up to being a more creative person.

Thank you.

Melanie Rose, Writing101

What an incredible year! It was an absolute pleasure to be part of the Hum team and to learn alongside each and every one of you. Keep on writing, learning and forging your own path! I wish you all the very best and hope you'll always remember the great times we had in Hum.

Julia Burnham, WorkLearn student/staff

Any Given Tuesday. I think Steven Hahn basically sums up the quality and passion of our teachers in Writing 101/201. Steven was a big shot screenwriter for Warner Bros., and he gave up the glitz and glamour of Hollywood to pursue his passion of teaching. Just like one of the richest men in the world, Alibaba founder Jack Ma, who is planning on stepping down from China's version of Amazon in 2019 to pursue his worthwhile noble passion that is teaching. Talking about Amazon, one of our teachers Mandy Len Catron's best-selling book entitled, "How To Fall In Love With Anyone," can be bought there. Blessed to be one of the more than eight million people to have read it and be a student in her class. And the list of world-class teachers goes on from Pat Dobie's creative fiction to Carol Sawyer's songs and lyrics.

However, I do remember Steven Hahn showing us the Al Pacino movie "Dog Day Afternoon" towards the end of the class, after analyzing a Hitchcock thriller. In the movie industry, sequels rarely do quite as good. Even Al Pacino doesn't do sequels, with the exception of the Godfather I guess. However, one sequel that's equally as good as the first one is Writing201. That's because of our Hum101 program, which always listens and continues to improve yearly. And their amazing group of coordinators, staff, and volunteers who always go out of their way to help the students even when the program is over. Blessed to have this opportunity to have taken 201 with a great bunch of 201 and 101 students rich in writing talent and the thirst for writing knowledge.

Plus, the classes are held in the beautiful campus of UBC with its lush natural scenery, beaches, and captivating view of the mountains. One of my favorite hangouts in UBC is Rain or Shine Ice Cream. On the fun side, one of my favorite ice cream jokes—besides how does Reese eat her ice cream? Witherspoon—is When does Al Pacino eat his ice cream? Any Given Sunday. When it comes to writing education, I wouldn't miss Writing201 on Any Given Tuesday, Rain or Shine.

My wish for the Writing 101/201 Program is to continue to make a difference reaching the lives of people and enriching their knowledge of writing. And for the students to keep on believing in their dreams. You never know how far you can go or what you can achieve unless you try. Out of the thousands of scripts submitted to Warner Bros. monthly, what if your script made it to the desk of the person now sitting in Steven Hahn's place, or your writing piece in top book agent Ben Silverman's desk, or David Foster fell in love with the lyrics of your song. We have Harry Potter because J.K. Rowling believed in herself even when she was damn broke with numerous rejections behind her. Always, BELIEVE in the power of the pen: it can move mountains.

Edgar Sevilla, Writing201

A well wish thank you to the Hum community.
For the generosity of spirit. For the generosity of time and patience. Thank you for the opportunity and
for getting to know all of you.
Again, many thanks.
L. Strand, Writing101

You've done it—after months of hard work and thoughtful writing, you've graduated Hum with flying
colours! Congrats and félicitations; I hope you're proud of yourselves and your achievements, because
I certainly am!
I'm so glad I got the chance to meet and work with you all this year. It's been an amazing time, one I
know you'll all replicate with people you meet in the future. I can't wait to see what you do next, and
have no doubt that whatever it is, it'll be incredible!
All my kindest wishes and best of luck,
Chimie Ohaegbu Writing 101/201 volunteer tutor

Classmates—Congratulations to my peers for all your hard work.
Hope to see you in the new year at 201.
Teachers, Volunteers, Staff—Thank you all for your time, effort and direction.
This has been an interesting experience.
Clint Belcher, Writing101

Out of all there is to be gleaned from the spoils of this uprising of a program I want to say in all
sincerity that the most precious, the most valuable fruits of Hum 101 is you, but I don't know how. The
volunteers, staff and teachers, it appears such a labour of selfless passion, it's certainly not for tenure
or speaking tours of int'l intellectual connections. I hope I am not insulting with my zealous insistence
that there is a demographic diversity in these classes that has with it such fresh fearlessness that
may only be found outside Hum in something like an elder college non-credit course, but not with our
unpretentious and unselfconscious readiness to participate without hope for immediate personal
gratification. I think especially, and now I'm really coming close to insulting someone, in the global
village of refugees and immigrants, a spectrum of women ranging from youth mothers, elders, and
voices that carry traces of Indigenous twang.
The artist formerly known as Mrs. Doubtfire, Writing201

I'd like to give a big thank you to the all the teachers who gave their time to us and shared so much
knowledge. I've learned so much this year and am so grateful for that! Also to all the students who
made this year so wonderful—your hard work and passion for learning is always so inspiring. Thank
you to my awesome fellow staff for making every day a joy to work here!
Talia Papa, WorkLearn student/staff

Thank you Margot, Paul, Talia, Julia, Emma, Chimie, Maureen, fellow classmates, featured performers and guest teachers for learning, writing and the discussions with me this semester. I consider myself a hack, no business writing or being creative. But when I'm within a group like Hum101 and Writing101 I get into a groove about it, get on for the long ride of creative writing. Expressing myself is easier today than it was when I sat down in the Writing class for the first time on Sept 11th 2018, or in Hum101 in its very first year, 1998.

Thank you for allowing me to mentor this spring's Writing class. It is a privilege and a great learning experience. I wish you all great stuff in your writing endeavours and choices in life. I thank you. I thank God. I love you all. Keep in touch.

Kevin Nanaquewitang, Writing101 and Spring Writing 101/201 Mentor

Dear people,

It has been my distinct pleasure to come to know each one of you in my class, in big and little ways however all the same. You have all honoured me with your presence and thoughts. Your words have moved my heart and stirred my being, where my soul is bemored for having known and in sharing time; and life has for me become ever so more vivid. Heartfelt Thank You!

Warmly,

Darsh Grewall, Writing101

Dear Hum participants,

It has been my privilege to share the classroom with all of you this past year! Every week the conversations I help facilitate have been profound, shrewd, and introspective. All of you enrich my understanding of both the readings and the disciplines with your unique experiences and perspectives. I feel very grateful to be able to learn from and alongside all of you, and I thank you all for the opportunity to volunteer for a community like Hum. I wish all of you the very best in your future endeavours, and hopefully I will have the opportunity to support and learn with you again in the future!

Warmly,

Christine Xiong, Hum101 volunteer facilitator

I wish to thank all contributing teachers, mentors, UBC family in general. My sincere thank you for education opportunities that open doors. Education is very seriously valued by me. I can't thank you enough for the priceless experience I enjoyed. To all involved please accept my appreciation for the endless education. Education is powerful and endures forever. A very big thank you to all including my UBC family. Thanks UBC. May dear God bless you endlessly.

Angelina Anthony, Writing101

瑞雪兆丰年

白蝶双双午满空，
疑似清明节临中。
不见岸边杨柳青，
却闻巷议明年丰。

Xmas Snow

White butterfly over the sky.
Maybe spring comes now?
But no green trees by the river bank.
And some people said:
“A good harvest is in sight.”

Every classmate will write more and more great poems as a good harvest of Writing 101/201:
Celebrating 20 years.

ShangWu Wang, Writing101

I want to extend my gratitude to all the participants, volunteers, and teachers of Hum who made it such a safe and light place of learning and healing. It was an honour to be a part of.

KJ, Hum101

Congratulations graduates! It has been such a privilege to learn from, and alongside all of you. Your passionate curiosity has made these Thursday evening classes so special. Thank you for sharing your stories and wisdom with the hum 101 gang--I am leaving this classroom a more aware and perceptive student because of it.

Zoe O'Neil, Hum101 volunteer facilitator

Dear Writing 101/201 Graduands,

Congratulations, writers—you did it! You committed to travelling to UBC each week for 12 or so weeks to explore a new genre of writing, and you've produced some exceptional pieces. Your final submission will form a part of this 20th anniversary yearbook, and I, for one, will treasure it.

While you've been busy working on your writing projects, I've been learning too. Each week I've learned something about each of you. While you read your writing aloud at the beginning of class, I learn about your interests and about your experiences, about the things that make you angry or bring you joy. You write about these things, and then you have the courage to share with the class. Your

experiences and your cultures may be different, but your compassion and your respect for one other is a shared quality.

It's been a great honour for me to hear a bit of what it's like to be a First Nations kid growing up on the reserve, to be a refugee in a new land, to hear of the terror of being homeless, or to feel the grief for a lost sister or auntie whose name is on the list for missing and murdered Indigenous women in Canada. And I know that many of you suffer from chronic pain and serious health challenges. But through it all, each week you show up in class, to learn something new from the dedicated teachers who take pleasure in sharing their knowledge with you. You come to class with such dignity and grace and good humour, and inspire me with your minds wide open to all possibilities.

We've taken this journey together, and I am richer for it. I want to thank you all for your determination and for contributing your wonderful creative energy to this exceptional program. I hope our paths will cross again one day in the future.

With all my very best wishes,

Maureen Phillips, Writing Coordinator and Journaling: "Charting my path, with reflection" and Hum201 "Creative Non-Fiction" teacher, and "Wednesday Women's Writing Workshop" at the Downtown Eastside Women's Centre (DEWC) Public Programme facilitator.

With all of our energies mingling in freshly-made, freshly-found ways of life, 20 years on, now's the time for a Hum-filled pause, stoked with gratitude and love.

As ever,

Margot Leigh Butler, Academic Director and "Where we walk becomes the path: start where we are" and Cultural Studies: "Words become paths in living cultures" and Cultural Studies: "Does where I walk *become* who I am and what I believe in?" and Art, Semiotics, First Nations and Indigenous Studies: "Changing paths to make change" and Writing and Publishing: "Who are we walking with? Joining 1000 Hum walkers with our very own yearly publication" and First Nations and Indigenous Studies: "Decolonization is not a metaphor" and Rhetoric: "Walking the talk, making manifestos! This is what

ME

WE truly, madly, deeply want!"

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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

All the people and organizations who supported the Programme during the 2018-19 academic year are deeply appreciated.

MEMBERS OF THE HUM STEERING COMMITTEE

The Steering Committee guides all aspects of the Programme. Everyone who has taken a Hum course since it started in 1998, for whom we have a current email address, is invited to each Steering Committee meeting, held twice a term in the Downtown Eastside and Downtown South. As well, alumni receive regular invitations to all Hum Public Programmes.

HUMANITIES 101 MENTORS

Isaac White and Kevin Nanaquewitang 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; Paul R 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 néç'a?mat ct Strathcona Branch (Stephanie Kripps and Desiree Baron); Downtown Eastside Literacy Roundtable (members are from literacy programmes held in the DTES by professionals from Vancouver Community College, Simon Fraser University, VPL, Carnegie Community Centre, Carnegie Library, Capilano University, UBC Learning Exchange, Vancouver School Board and more); Vancouver Art Gallery (Celia Jong and Marie-France Berard).

UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

Dean of Arts Gage Averill, Associate Dean Rume Ahmed; Dean of Arts staff Gerald Vanderwoude, Sarah McDonagh, Brian Lee, Betty Wong, Fiona Wong, Silva Kraal; Emma Novotny (Arts Communications); Taher Hashemi, Gary Andraza and Ricardo Serrano (Arts Instructional Support and Information Technology (Arts ISIT); Alia Abu-Sharife (Bookstore); Ricky Sung (Carding Office); Christine Saunders (Recreation); Arts Undergraduate Society; Alma Mater Society; Nancy Cook, Erin Evoy and Andrew Sharon (Science 101); Musqueam 101 (Sue Rowley); Tanya Bob, Candice Yu and Louise Soga (Institute for Critical Indigenous Studies); Deb Martel, Ryanne James and Christine Wasiak (First Nations House of Learning); UBC Call Centre.

HUM 101/201 TEACHERS

Margot Leigh Butler (Hum); Mary Lynn Young (Journalism, UBC); Mandy Catron (English, UBC); Daniel Heath Justice (First Nations & Indigenous Studies, UBC); David Gaertner (First Nations & Indigenous Studies, UBC); Reuben Jentink (Hum Volunteer); Tiffany Muller Myrdahl (Urban

Studies, SFU); Tom Kemple (Sociology, UBC); Sylvia Berryman (Philosophy, UBC); Mathew Arthur (Hum Volunteer); D'Arcy Davis Case (Forestry, UBC); Jill Baird (Curator of Education and Public Programs, MOA); Gage Averill (Dean of Arts, UBC); Carol Sawyer (Vocalist & Artist); Margot Young (Peter A. Allard School of Law, UBC); M. Simon Levin (Artist/educator and Co-Director of Coppermoss); Rodney Little Mustache (Hum Alumnus and UBC student).

WRITING 101/201 TEACHERS

Maureen Phillips (Hum); Mandy Catron (English, UBC); Margot Leigh Butler (Hum); Leanne Johnson and My Name is Scot (Publishing, SFU); Stephen Hahn (Continuing Studies, UBC); Carol Sawyer (Vocalist & Artist); Cecily Nicholson (DTES Gallery Gachet Administrator and poet); Mathew Arthur (Hum Volunteer); Alison Rajah (Curator of Education, Surrey Art Gallery and former long-time Hum staff; Pat Dobie (Writer, Editor, & Teacher); Reg Johanson (English, Capilano University); Ted Byrne (Poet and Essayist, Kootenay School of Writing); Renee Milaney (VPL).

VOLUNTEER DISCUSSION FACILITATORS AND WRITING TUTORS

Chimiedum Ohaegbu; Shai Ophelia Kehila; Mathew Arthur; Reuben Jentink; Zoe O'Neil; Christine Xiong.

PUBLIC PROGRAMME FACILITATORS

Shahla Masoumnejad, "A Taste of the Middle East" held Mondays at The Gathering Place; Gilles Cyrenne, "Grammar with Hum" held Tuesdays at UBC; Maureen Phillips and Mandy Catron, "Wednesday Women's Writing Workshop" held at the Downtown Eastside Women's Centre; Mathew Arthur, "Doing Science and Technology" held Wednesdays at VPL néçà?mat ct Strathcona Branch; Terence Lui, "Documentaries for Thinkers" held twice monthly on Saturdays at The Carnegie Centre; Reuben Jentink, "Eleveses: Eating and Reading Tolkien" held Sundays at VPL néçà?mat at Strathcona Branch. Arthur Allen, "Out n' about in Vancouver," Vancouver Orpheum.

FACULTY AND STAFF

Dr. Margot Leigh Butler (Academic Director), Paul Woodhouse (Programme Coordinator), Maureen Phillips (Writing Coordinator), Emma Ettinger, Talia Papa and Julia Burnham (WorkLearn Programme Assistants).

SPECIAL THANKS

Hum's kind donors Gerald Ma, William Waters, Nancy Gallini, Kelsey and Jody Croft, UBC alumni; Hum's Faculty Advisory Committee members Daniel Heath Justice, Thomas Kemple, Mary Lynn Young, Patricia Shaw 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 (formerly at 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

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IMAGE CREDITS

Hum staff and participants.

COVER ARTWORK INSTALLATION

Margot Leigh Butler and Paul Woodhouse.

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**HUM (HUMANITIES 101 COMMUNITY PROGRAMME)
DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE/SOUTH & FACULTY OF ARTS**

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