

What if  
everything  
depends on  
everything else?

Humanities  
101 COMMUNITY  
Programme

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

#270 Buchanan E, 1866 Main Mall, University of British Columbia  
on the traditional, ancestral, unceded territory of the hənqəmiṇəm  
speaking xʷməθkʷəy̓əm (Musqueam) people  
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Hum





*Hum*

Hum



# PROGRAMME DESCRIPTION



## *What if everything depends on everything else?*

Hum, the Humanities 101 Community Programme, is honey: it's utterly specific, each and every time, for all involved; it depends. Like bees' ways, like honeycombs, Hum's a practice and an expression of interconnecting and interdepending, of reciprocal relationships that make their very own, situated, organic shapes. For Hum, the question "What if?" is about speculative fiction...and about making a living sweet spot where everything Hums, everything flows and mingles. And when everything in the world shifts, we hum along by finding safe ways to keep on depending.

## *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 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?* *Where we walk becomes the path*, and this year *What if everything depends on everything else?* 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, náçà?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 21, Hum is the first and largest programme of its kind in Canada, with 15 annual publications. To date, almost 1100 students have graduated and there have been over 230 volunteer teachers and scores of supportive UBC student/alumni volunteers who assist the dedicated Programme faculty and staff. Many more people are enmeshed in the growing number of devoted sister programmes across Canada and similar courses elsewhere. Along with the current focus on 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

What if everything depends on everything else?

What if...we imagined...that what we made together in Hum this year was honey? It's said that in order to make a pound of honey, a honey bee would have to travel the equivalent of the circumference of the earth, three times around.<sup>1</sup> In Hum courses we circumnavigated genres, disciplines and inter-disciplines; we dipped our pens to write and make in felt and worldly ways; we eddied in situated minglings through field trips, Public Programmes, and Steering Committee meetings; we tuned in to what the long earth wants, and then we got caught up in the sticky threads of the pandemic: that was our shared air, our meridian. And perhaps somewhere in the width of our "everything," we came to depend on each other....

This year was Hum's 22<sup>nd</sup> time around, our swarm of graduates and alumni now well over a thousand strong—even greater with Hum's hundreds of volunteers, teachers, student-staff, staff, faculty and supporters in the Downtown Eastside, Downtown South, at the University of British Columbia and abroad. Like the earth depends on bees, Hum has come to depend on all these people pollinating and cross-pollinating on the traditional, ancestral, unceded territories of the x<sup>w</sup>məθkwəyəm (Musqueam), Skwxwú7mesh (Squamish), and Səlilwətał (Tsleil-Waututh) Nations. We truly respect and recognize all of you, and appreciate Hum participant Kevin Scow (K̓wik̓wasut'inuxw Haxwa'mis First Nation) for his territorial acknowledgement which is placed at the beginning of the book's first section. We want to acknowledge the contributions of all Hum's Indigenous participants, some who chose to include their ancestry after their names, while others did not.

In all of Hum's four courses this year, the focus and content danced with a single question: What if everything depends on everything else? So rather than arranging this book's nectar—participants' compositions—by the course, by the frame, the arrangement takes up a more organic shape, more like a honeycomb in the wild, emerging, with all of the participants' compositions intermingling in the spaces between the theme's words: **WHAT IF... EVERYTHING DEPENDS... EVERYTHING ELSE**. And then everything in the world shifted with the impact of the coronavirus disease (COVID-19) pandemic. The last section of contributions is called **NOW**, and holds participants' compositions about their experiences during the first months of the virus' appearance in Vancouver and beyond. We took flight from the campus a bit earlier than others, owing to the length of the now-dangerous bus ride from downtown to the campus, and after some time, found safe ways to hum along closer to home, to keep on depending. Through all of this, we depended on Hum's rock of strength, Programme Coordinator Paul Woodhouse; Reuben Jentink, our fruitful new Writing Coordinator who arrived with six years' Hum experience; the nimble student-staff Emma Ettinger, Talia Papa and Shalon Sims; and Hum's groundwater supporters, Gage Averill and Gerald Ma.

As well as at the UBC campus, Hum hives in downtown communities, with free, open Public Programmes at many DTES/South community centres with which Hum has long-term relationships: 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—new graduates are welcome to start their own—and supported by the busy people at these community centres. This year, Hum's free Public Programmes included two "read aloud" groups, *Doing STS* and *Speculative Matters: Making Worlds with Zines* (facilitated by Mat Arthur); *A Taste of the Middle East* (facilitated by Hum alumna Shahla Masoumnejad); the hands-on *Women's Writing Workshop* (with Hum teacher Mandy Len Catron); a pre-Writing 101/201 mini-course called *How to Fall in Love with Artful Sentences* (taught by Hum alumnus and current Carnegie Community Centre Association board president Gilles Cyrenne); a documentary film series at Carnegie Centre, *Documentaries for Thinkers*, now in its 14<sup>th</sup> year and curated for seven of these years by Hum alumnus Terence Lui; and some new projects, too. 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. Special appreciation goes to UBC student Chimie Ohaegbu for being a Writing One-to-one volunteer tutor for four years, and to Mat Arthur who's been involved with Hum as an in-class discussion facilitator, teacher, Public Programme facilitator, editor, and an all-round sweetener and supporter for seven years.

So, it seems that Hum IS honey, and like all honey, it's utterly specific, each and every time, for all involved; again this year, it depended on all of us. Like bees' ways, like honeycombs, Hum's a practice and an expression of interconnecting relationships that make their very own, situated, organic shapes. The question "What if?" is about speculating...and for Hum, it's about making a living sweet spot where everything Hums, everything flows and mingles. We did this, together! Congratulations, and may you fly "...in vast clouds and swarms of ephemeral syllables buzzing and stinging and humming and flitting..."<sup>2</sup>

I thank you. I congratulate you. I look forward to seeing you again in Hum courses, projects, at events and Steering Committee meetings...for starters. I wish you sweet flight!

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

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<sup>1</sup> Butler, Margot Leigh. "Swarms in Bee Space." *West Coast Line: Writing, Images, Criticism*. Vancouver. Vol 35/2, Fall 2001: 96.

<sup>2</sup> Le Guin, Ursula. "She unnames them." *The New Yorker*. January 21, 1985, 27.

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## HUM 101/201 COURSE OUTLINE

# What if everything depends on everything else?

**Faculty:** Dr. Margot Leigh Butler

**Mentors:** Kat Gowman with Isaac White (Haida First Nation)

**Classroom (hive):** Buchanan D, Room 204

**Term 1:** September 12 – December 5, 2019

**Term 2:** January 9 – April 2, 2020

**Schedule:** 6:30 to 9:00 pm with many additional optional *situated minglings*. For *situated minglings* that are off the campus, you're welcome to bring guests with you.

### Everything Hums

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 nor survey of these disciplines, but follows an interdisciplinary, Indigenous-strong, 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 and experiences—as well as academic knowledge; is responsive to participants’ interests; and changes in both theme and content each year. Like honey, it’s utterly specific, each and every time.

### Everything flows

The first 30 minutes of class involves facilitated small group discussions based on that night’s assigned reading, followed by a formal two-hour class. Written work involves in-class writing, and four 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 graduated from Hum101, do all of the course work and also produce a final project. Class readings are available a week in advance, both as photocopies and online.

As well as our regular evening classes, there are a number of additional goings-on—let’s call them “*situated minglings*,” swarms in bee spaces on and off campus that complement the classes, are extra, and participants’ presence at them is entirely optional.

## PART ONE

# With

### SEPTEMBER

#### SEPT. 12 ORIENTATION

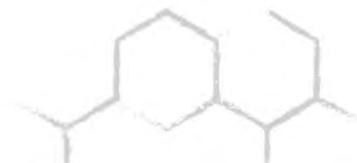
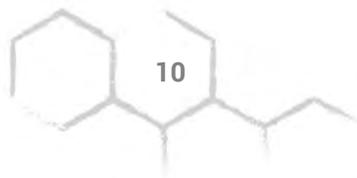
**“Where our hearts lead our feet follow” upon the unceded, ancestral, and traditional territory of the hən’q’əmin’əm’ speaking Musqueam people. With Margot Leigh Butler and Paul Woodhouse, Hum, UBC.**

Gathering from around the world, through the Downtown Eastside and Downtown South (DTES/South), on this day we shared the campus air, 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 house post by Brent Sparrow which tells the story of the origin of the Musqueam First Nation’s name x<sup>w</sup>məθk<sup>w</sup>əyəm. Then to the UBC bookstore, the Xwi7xwa Library, the First Nations House of Learning and the fragrant Rose Garden. In class, we learned about the meanings and protocols involved in Territorial Acknowledgements as a way to show respect to First Nations.

#### SEPT. 19 CULTURAL STUDIES

**“Do academic disciplines depend upon each other?” with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum & Associate, Institute for Critical Indigenous Studies, UBC.**

Hum’s academic/activist method and heart beats in the area of Cultural Studies, where our own, situated, ordinary Downtown Eastside/South and worldly knowledge matters. We focus on relevant, intermingling creative and critical practices in the many academic disciplines we work between, with an awareness of how each conceptualizes PEOPLE, POWER, KNOWLEDGE, PLACE + TIME, our



touchstones, 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, land-based 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. 26 CRITICAL INDIGENOUS STUDIES**

### **“Why do Indigenous Literatures Matter?” with Daniel Heath Justice (Cherokee Nation), First Nations and Indigenous Studies, UBC.**

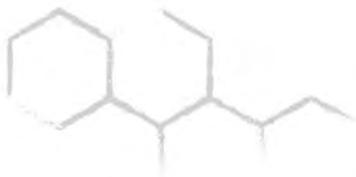
Indigenous literatures are thousands of years of stories; they are inscribed narratives in forms that carry significance and meaning. In this class, these forms included a book, a double-woven Cherokee basket and a quahog shell wampum belt we passed around the class, as well as the language written on the board, including Daniel’s name written in Cherokee/GWY. All of these are “living texts!” Daniel stressed that in Indigenous stories, you must figure the truths out for yourself: unlike colonial systems, there is not one single truth. The title of this class mirrors the key question in Daniel’s book, *Why Indigenous Literatures Matter*; from it and elsewhere, we read selections of poetry, fiction, theory and history, learning how to read and recognize these works, and leaving with a glorious reading list of more than 300 printed Indigenous literatures!

### **Reading**

Abel, Jordan. *Injun*. Vancouver: Talon Books. 2016.  
Dimaline, Cherie. *The Marrow Thieves*. Toronto: Cormorant Books. 2017, 19-26.  
Justice, Daniel Heath. “Stories that Wound, Stories that Heal”; “Keeping a Fire”; “Bibliographic Essay.” *Why Indigenous Literatures Matter*. Waterloo: Wilfred Laurier University Press. 2018, 1-32; 205-211; 243-247.  
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.

***Situated mingling*** on Sat. Sept. 28 pm

*Transmissions* immersive film exhibition by Lisa Jackson (Anishinaabe)  
SFU Woodward, 149 West Hastings St.



## OCTOBER

### OCT. 3 CULTURAL STUDIES & CRITICAL INDIGENOUS STUDIES

**“The spokes depend on the wheel + the wheel depends on the spokes” with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum & Associate, Institute for Critical Indigenous Studies, UBC.**

This rather poetic class title sets us up NOT to feel we need to choose between one side of a given pair (spoke or wheel), of a dualism, but can learn to understand them together, to appreciate their interdependencies...and that doing this may lead to different understandings of both of them, and different, possible, buzzing futures. What if we tried to learn to walk (or ride) two paths, both western and Indigenous? In the very first class of the year, and at the start of every class, we acknowledge that we are guests on the 9,000 year inhabited xwməθkwəyəm (Musqueam) territory, and Margot highlighted the three words that are always used in this Territorial Acknowledgement: *traditional*, *ancestral* and *unceded*. *Traditional* recognizes lands traditionally used and/or occupied by the Musqueam people or by other First Nations in other parts of the country. *Ancestral* recognizes land that is handed down from generation to generation, and *unceded* refers to land that was never under treaty, given away, surrendered or won in war. Using our touchstones—and doing semiotic analysis together for the first time—this class dwelled in 9,000 years’ Indigenous PLACE, western colonial versions of TIME, and rested with a sense of situated, implicated decolonial worlding in this shared, cross-pollinating earth.

#### **Reading**

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

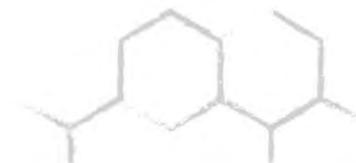
Evans, Mary. “The Making of the Modern World.” *Short History of Society*. Berkshire, U.K.: McGraw Hill Education. Open University Press. 2006, 94-117.

Hogan, Linda. “A Different Yield.” *Religion and Literature*. Vol. 26, no. 1, 1994: 71-80.

***Situated mingling*** on Thurs. Oct. 3 at 2:00 pm

*Biidaaban: First Light*. This interactive Virtual Reality artwork by Lisa Jackson (Anishinaabe) takes place in a future version of Toronto that has been reclaimed by nature.

Irving K. Barber Learning Centre, UBC.



## OCT. 10 CRITICAL INDIGENOUS STUDIES

### “Indigenous Futurisms’ Sticky Threads and Marrow Thieves” with David Gaertner, First Nations and Indigenous Studies, UBC.

This class carried the previous class’ decolonial worlding into the study of “Indigenous Futurisms”: ways of approaching possible futures informed by Indigenous pasts and presents. “A simple idea within the realm of Indigenous futurism is the idea that anything that’s Indigenous is often seen to be in the past, so can we imagine a future where Indigenous understandings are guiding us in some way?” So said the VR artist Lisa Jackson (Anishinaabe) in reference to her two artworks we’d just seen. To materialize this, David kindly arranged for us all to have a copy of the award-winning Indigenous Futurist novel *The Marrow Thieves*, which we read for today. This novel is in the genre of speculative fiction, which involves working through the question “What if”....same as our course theme! The novel asks: what if, after climate change’s effects ravage the world resulting in Canadian non-Natives’ literal loss of dreams, Indigenous people are hunted by government recruiters for the dreams embedded in the marrow of their bones? Despite being a dystopian novel, *The Marrow Thieves* can also be seen as a novel about the value of tradition, love, hope and survival for Indigenous languages, knowledges and ways of being, in accord with nature.

#### **Reading**

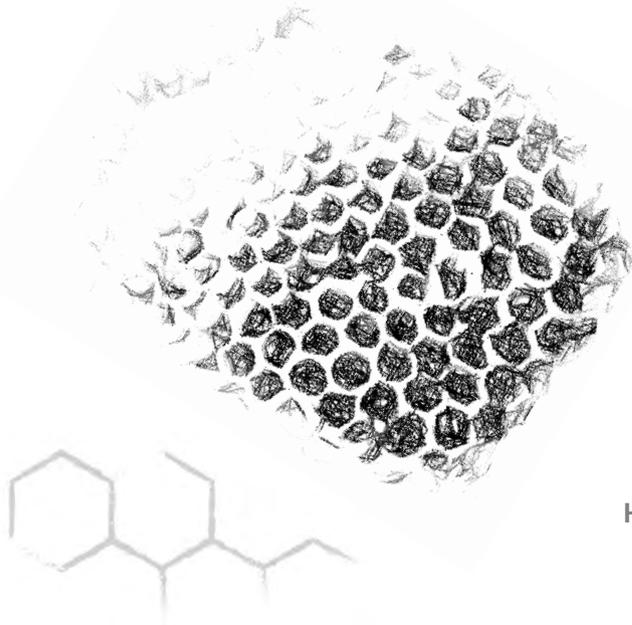
Dimaline, Cherie. *The Marrow Thieves*. Toronto: Cormorant Books. 2017.

**Situated mingling** on Thurs. Oct. 10 at 2:00 pm

*Biidaaban: First Light*, an interactive Virtual Reality artwork by Lisa Jackson (Anishinaabe).  
Irving K. Barber Learning Centre, UBC.

**Situated mingling** on Thurs. Oct. 10 at 5:00 pm

*Shadows, strings and other things: The Enchanting Theatre of Puppets*  
MOA (Museum of Anthropology), UBC.



## PART TWO

# Around

### OCT. 17 EDUCATION

**“Everything depends on whether I can find my glasses! Learning how I learn while relying on each other” with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum & Associate, Institute for Critical Indigenous Studies, UBC.**

The class title “Everything depends on whether I can find my glasses!” could mean that my willingness and capacity to truly see, responsibly, creatively, to recognize what I’m part of, depends on me! Can I find or make it in me? What methods could I use to communicate—to write this to and with others? Many cultural practices count as literatures, as writing which can be done in any form, shape or arrangement: with house posts; by walking; with pencils; via VR; with wampum belts and woven baskets and bearskin mitts; as images; in song; through weaving; in ceremony; in cuisine; through colour.... We started with a discussion: “What counts as writing for you, personally, now you’ve been in Hum for a while? At home? In your culture?” At university, academic essays are a popular writing form, so we looked at nine kinds of academic essays (analytical, argumentative, definition, expository, narrative, personal, persuasive, reflective and research essays) and then dove into a worksheet that flowed through eight steps for doing academic writing! The steps? Starting by creating a situation for writing, either alone or with others; self-reflecting; researching the classes you’ve already taken; brainstorming; associating (what ideas come from the words in this phrase, or the whole phrase? What are the associations’ larger categories?); connecting; stating your thesis statement and writing that first, forgiving, draft one.

### **Reading**

Didion, Joan. “Why I Write.” *The New York Times*. Dec. 5, 1976.

Wilson, Jordan. *qeq̓ən: A Walking Tour of Musqueam House Posts at the University of British Columbia*. Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery. 2018.

***Situated mingling*** on Tues. Oct. 22 at 12:30 pm  
Hum hosted a lunch for Indigenous students and allies  
First Nations House of Learning

## OCT. 24 PHILOSOPHY

**“Does anything exist in isolation? What if everything in the universe only exists because it’s in relationship to everything else?” with Christina Hendricks, Philosophy, UBC.**

Relating the philosopher/activist Michel Foucault’s theories of power to the course theme, “What if everything depends on everything else?,” Christina stressed that for Foucault, power is not a thing but a relationship between two or more people, and these relationships can be sticky. Most of the time, when we are in a position of lesser power, we occupy a position that can resist and reverse this power relationship, often in unexpected ways. We discussed the interdependence of power and resistance, in general and in specific lived experiences and structures; how what counts as truth and knowledge can be dependent on the way power moves in a society; what our own views of power are; and how power relationships are everywhere, most obviously in relationships where one person tries to control the conduct of another. Respecting people’s own situated knowledge, Foucault makes it a point to not tell us how to resist power: you are the one who must decide and you are the one who knows the best action to take!

### **Reading**

Foucault, Michel. “‘Panopticism’ from *Discipline & Punish: The Birth of the Prison.*” *Race/Ethnicity: Multidisciplinary Global Contexts*. Vol. 2, no. 1, 2008: 1-12.

Hendricks, Christina. “Michel Foucault, Quotes about Power.” 2019.

Mills, Sara. “Power and Institutions.” *Michel Foucault*. London: Routledge. 2003, 33-48.

***Situated mingling*** on Thurs. Oct. 24 at 4:00

“The Cheeky Proletariat: Free Expression for All People / AfroScience”

Museum of Anthropology (MOA)

## OCT. 31 SOCIOLOGY

**“Is it human nature to separate the connected, and to connect the separated?” 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 cultural 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 (*were they inspired by winged flight paths?*), and it was a pleasure to walk Simmel’s pathways with Tom, our devoted Hum teacher and author of

a recent book on Simmel. Through Tom's diagrams, we considered how the bridge imagines something's separated and then connected through a structure, and how paths freeze movement in a solid structure. Tom was presented with a small artwork to honour his long commitment to Hum: a hinged door sitting at the centre of a bridge across a moat...all made of popsicle sticks!

### **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.

## **NOVEMBER**

### **NOV. 7 CRITICAL INDIGENOUS STUDIES**

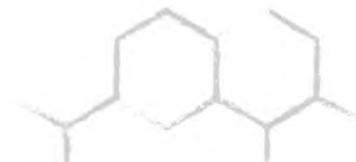
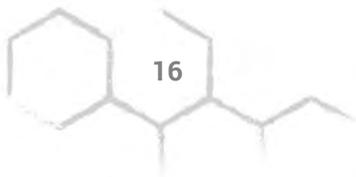
**"Intricate entanglements with 'high context' and 'low context' languages in Indigenous Nepali Himalayan communities" with Mark Turin, First Nations and Endangered Languages, UBC.**

Mark started the class by saying that many pathways lead back to traditional Indigenous knowledge! We learned that a positive correlation exists between areas of the world that are diverse and rich in ecology, both flora and fauna, and those rich in language and diversity. The Himalayas is one of these areas, where one sixth of the world's languages are spoken. Their languages depend on actual, fertile land (or biome, their distinct biological community formed in response to a shared physical climate) so they're considered "high context," whereas a "low context" language like English can seem independent of a specific place...and can be (dangerously?) mobile. With the dominant Nepalese language being transmitted through the education system and media, and a lack of recognition for peripheral languages, children are no longer learning their native tongue—to the point where entirely different languages are spoken across three generations of family members living in the same home. Mark spent six years developing the first and official dictionary for one unique Himalayan language, called Thangmi. In this class, he shared stories of his remarkable experience.

### **Reading**

Turin, Mark. "Language Endangerment and Linguistic Rights in the Himalayas: A Case Study from Nepal." *Mountain Research and Development*. International Mountain Society. Vol 25, no. 1, 2005: 4-9.

Turin, Mark. "On Linguistic Borders: Official Language Policy in Settler-Colonial Nations." *Border Bites 8*: 2008: 1-10.



**Situated mingling** on Thurs. Nov. 7 at 4:00 pm  
“Displacing Hogan’s Alley”  
Museum of Anthropology (MOA)

**Situated mingling** on Sat. Nov. 9 at 2:30 pm  
“Seeing connections and separations: digital artists envision relationships between nature and computer technology.”  
Tour of the show “Garden in the Machine” and hands-on workshop on making books.  
Surrey Art Gallery. Guests welcome!

## NOV. 14 FEMINIST GEOGRAPHY

**“Does gentrification ‘spark joy’...and for whom?” with Tiffany Muller Myrdahl, Urban Studies and the Department of Gender, Sexuality and Women’s Studies, Simon Fraser University.**

The class title was inspired by a stencil graffitied at Main and Union Streets in the DTES, a comment on de-personalized, land-consumerist fetishism in the context of a long-standing local low-income housing crisis. Tiffany reinforced that cities are NOT the natural outcome of natural or inevitable processes: they are situated, produced and changeable; they depend! In this class on participatory urbanism, Tiffany 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 pushed out (for them, gentrification doesn’t spark joy...). However, Tiffany taught us how we can contest and 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, and not just humans.

### **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.

Tuck, Eve. “RE-visioning Action: Participatory Action Research and Indigenous Theories of Change.” *Urban Rev.* Vol 41, 2009: 47-65.

Walker, Alissa. “Mansplaining the City: Why are Men Driving the Conversation about the Future of Our Neighbourhoods?” *Curbed*. Aug 16, 2017.

## PART THREE

# Hinging

### NOV. 21 CRITICAL INDIGENOUS STUDIES

**“What can witnessing (from the potlatch) teach us about knowledge as not just intellectual but as alive in our bodies and spirits? What can Indigenous laws teach us about creating knowledge with all voices at the centre? How can Indigenous cultural practices be taken up in reimagining justice?” with Sarah Hunt (Tłaliłila’ogwa, Kwagu’ł, Kwakwaka’wakw Nation), First Nations and Indigenous Studies and Geography, UBC.**

These are Sarah’s own words to us: Gilakas’la! During my time with Hum this year, we talked about witnessing, from the Kwakwaka’wakw potlatch, as a way to hold up the voices of those around us in order to make to make them louder, more visible or deeply felt on their own terms. So speaking as a witness to Hum, after working alongside the Hum community and visiting the class, I want to celebrate the vibrant, passionate and deeply knowledgeable community of learners who are eager to learn with one another across difference. During my time with the class, I heard incredible stories of resilience, intergenerational pride and strength shine through. Even after Hum classes wrap up, I know the community you have built will remain, and I encourage all of us to keep thinking about the ways our lives and truths are connected even across vast oceans or historic differences. Thank you for inviting me into your community this year—I will cherish the time I spent with you all.

#### **Reading**

Hunt, Sarah. “Researching within Relations of Violence: Witnessing as Methodology.” *Indigenous Research: Theories, Practices, and Relationships*. Eds. Deborah McGregor, Jean-Paul Restoule, Rochelle Johnson. Toronto: Canadian Scholars Press. 2018, 282-295.

McGregor, Deborah. “Epilogue, Indigenous Research: Future Directions”; “Indigenous Research Resources.” *Indigenous Research: Theories, Practices, and Relationships*. Eds. Deborah McGregor, Jean-Paul Restoule, Rochelle Johnson. Toronto: Canadian Scholars Press. 2018, 296-310; 311-327.



**Situated mingling** on Sat. Nov. 23 at 2:00 pm

Tour of “Cesna?em: the city before the city,” “Haida Now” and

“There is Truth Here: Creativity and Resilience in Children’s Art from Indian Residential and Day Schools” which focuses upon **witnessing** the experiences of the survivors as conveyed through their childhood artworks. Museum of Vancouver.

Guests welcome!

## NOV. 28 VISUAL ART

**“Making things that depend on other things, by hand!” (such as hinges that connect the separated and separate the connected....) with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum.**

In Hum, we do *critical AND creative practices*, and this class enjoyed the *materially creative* by taking up nine curious dance moves: circling, sharing, storying, material worlding, sharpening perception, connecting + improvising, speculating “What if?,” fuelling imagining, and realizing life as it is lived. (It turns out that these moves correspond to “honey bee dances” which communicate flowers’ locations precisely!) All this to enhance our everyday creative relations with the world, and to activate awareness around the Hum theme, our “red thread” that runs through the whole year-long interdisciplinary course. How better to materialize our dependence on and interrelationships with each other, right then and there, than by standing in a circle and throwing, catching, stretching a red ball of wool between us into the string figure of a cat’s cradle? With the room set up studio-style, we went into small groups to show the object/image we’d each brought in that shows relationships of dependence that are personally meaningful. Then we selected things from tables loaded with objects and connectors, speculating on how they depend on each other; selections might be predictable (two sides of a zipper) or unpredictable (a turtle-shaped dish and a hinged folding ruler). This class might have tickled us to activate awareness, fuel + unleash imagination, sharpen perception, materialize relationships (like the ones we’ve considered this term), speculate on “What if?,” and embrace improvising—being “in the moment” with your “What if”?

### **Reading**

Le Guin, Ursula K. “Introduction.” *The Left Hand of Darkness*. Toronto: Penguin Group. 1969, 1-4.

Dimaline, Cherie. “The Marrow Thieves Summary”; “The Marrow Thieves Frenchie’s Coming-To Story.” *LitCharts.com*. 2019

## DECEMBER

**DEC. 5 End of term party with this term’s Hum participants, their children, guests, teachers, volunteers, staff and faculty.** What if....everything depends on having fun?

## PART FOUR

# Grounding

### JANUARY

#### JAN. 9 PHILOSOPHY

**“Is anything really up to us?” with Sylvia Berryman, Philosophy, UBC.**

This was such a special class, with chairs pulled closer and Sylvia sitting amongst us while we choose personally meaningful passages to discuss from the “Encheiridion,” a handbook to work with every day, written by Epictetus, the ancient Greek Stoic philosopher, almost 2000 years ago. Epictetus encourages us to live in line with nature, to keep our choices in accord with nature and to focus on what the universe wants. Sylvia told us that he believed our theme: everything depends on everything else! Epictetus was concerned with **how we can make distinctions between what is up to us, and what is not up to us**. This means training ourselves to act in certain ways, to prepare ourselves for what may happen...and to keep our cool! Don't get distracted by the little stings: stay engaged...but don't get distracted. Sylvia invited us to write a letter to Epictetus on what we think and feel about his handbook. While such an ancient western text, the “Encheiridion” is still relevant. And there was much interest in the Stoics when the pandemic began, especially regarding making distinctions about what is up to us and what is not up to us!

#### **Reading**

White, Nicholas P. “Encheiridion.” *Handbook of Epictetus*. Indianapolis: Hackett Publishing Company, 1983 [c. AD 135], 323-334.

#### JAN. 16 CULTURAL STUDIES

**“Manifestos say ‘This is what I want!’ So...who else in the world wants this, who are we a bigger ME WE with?” with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum & Associate, Institute for Critical Indigenous Studies, UBC.**

On this day, nature reminded us of how ME / WE depend on the natural environment when a bona fide “snow day” occurred! This class was later held on March 12 in the DTES.

### **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.

***Situated mingling in the Downtown Eastside*** on Sat. Jan. 18 6:00 pm  
Hum’s “Documentaries for Thinkers” screening of films about Manifestos!  
Carnegie Centre auditorium, Hastings and Main.

### **JAN. 23 CRITICAL INDIGENOUS STUDIES**

**“Indigenous histories in London: How is the ‘centre’ of empire connected to and entangled with Indigenous territories around the world?” with Coll Thrush, History & Associate, Institute for Critical Indigenous Studies, UBC.**

In his biography of London, Peter Ackroyd wrote “it is in the nature of the city to encompass everything.” (Hmmm....could it be the nature of the city to depend on everything?) This quote starts off our night’s reading of Coll’s book *Indigenous London: Native Travelers at the Heart of Empire*. Through stories printed in the British popular press and letters penned by British and Indigenous diplomats, we learned lots about attitudes toward Indigenous people, the British urban poor and urban elites in the 16<sup>th</sup> century and beyond. Coll told these stories based in his archival, urban and Indigenous research in London, with respect to the Indigenous perspectives of colonized peoples. Our entry point was visual. We listened to stories while seeing many paintings of key figures, men and women who were Powhatan, Mohawk, Mohican, Cherokee, Inuit, Hawaiian, Maori and more; they were brought into the display cases of Royalty and the British public, and they had their own significant experiences and responses to the “heart of the Empire.” And questions, for instance, an Inuit man asked a deep and revealing question: how does London, a very dirty city, feed itself? This evening helped us to learn about and perhaps imagine or develop relationships with the people in the paintings, and to look even harder for signs of Indigenous histories and presence everywhere.

### **Reading**

Thrush, Coll. “Alive from America”; “Interlude Three: Atlantes, 1791.” *Indigenous London: Native Travelers at the Heart of Empire*. New Haven: Yale: University Press. 2016, 68-102.

## JAN. 30 CRITICAL INDIGENOUS STUDIES

**“Land as Relationship: How can Indigenous land-based practices and knowledge better inform and support solidarity-building across multiple struggles for justice?” with Glen Coulthard (Yellowknives Dene First Nation), co-founder of Dechinta, First Nations and Indigenous Studies & Political Science, UBC.**

This class focussed on the Dechinta Centre for Research and Learning, a ten-year-old Indigenous-led, grassroots, land-based post-secondary program on traditional territories in Denendeh (Northwest Territories). The Centre is a response to colonial pressures on Indigenous people to enter into resource extraction work because of the barriers they face accessing university education, including racism, sexism, distance and economic. “Dechinta” means “in the bush.” By reinvigorating a non-extractive “bush economy,” Dechinta is an alternative to conventional western universities because it is based in experienced traditional Indigenous land-based cultural knowledge practices. Dechinta’s family-inclusive atmosphere upholds Indigenous brilliance and shows that the community has present relevance. With Yellowknives Dene First Nation Elders as teachers, land-based practices are restored and feelings of shame for being Dene but not knowing these practices can be alleviated. When Glen passed around the huge bearskin mitts he’d made in Denendeh, it evoked Daniel Heath Justice’s earlier class on “Why Indigenous literatures matter.” Daniel told us he’s Cherokee but didn’t grow up “in community”; he’s learning and teaching more about his Cherokee language and culture through the literatures of a double-woven Cherokee basket and a quahog shell wampum belt, for starters; along with Glen’s mitts, they are all “living texts” with inscribed narratives in forms that carry significance and meaning. So too the 1,200 km paddle trip by Dechinta students and Elders documented in the video we watched called *Hold The Dehcho In My Heart/Sedze Tah Dehcho E’Toh*. Glen has written “if colonization is the violent dispossession of land, then learning from the land is the way to heal from that violence.”

### **Reading**

Simpson, Leanne Betasamosake. “Land as pedagogy: Nishnaabeg intelligence and rebellious transformation” *Decolonization: Indigeneity, Education & Society* Special Issue. Eds. Matthew Wildcat, Stephanie Irlbacher-Fox, Glen Coulthard. Vol. 3, no. 3, 2014: 1-25.

Kane, Pat. “N.W.T.’s Dechinta Learning Centre Partners with University of British Columbia.” *cbc.ca*. Nov 21, 2015.

Gibbins, Mike. “N.W.T.’s ‘Bush University’ Celebrates 11 New Grads and Leaders of Tomorrow.” *cbc.ca*. May 21, 2017.

Morin, Peter, Willard, Tania. “Site/ation”; “The Bush Manifesto.” *Cmagazine.com*. issue 136, Fall 2018.

## PART FIVE

# I wouldn't have seen it if I hadn't believed it

### FEBRUARY

#### FEB. 6 CULTURAL STUDIES

**"Everything, Part 1: Semiotics and practices of looking" with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum & Associate, Institute for Critical Indigenous Studies, UBC.**

The course section title "I wouldn't have seen it if I hadn't believed it" could be the motto of semiotics, a method for seeing through to the beliefs, values and ideologies of the cultures we're part of and embedded in through our everyday life. How can practising a 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 could be made? 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?

#### **Reading**

Barthes, Roland. "Plastic." *Mythologies*. Trans. Richard Howard, Annette Lavers. New York: Hill and Wang. 2013, 97-99.

Curtin, Brian. "Semiotics and Visual Representation." 2009: 51-60.

Sturken, Marita, Cartwright, Lisa. "Practices of Looking: Images, Power, and Politics." *Practices of Looking*. Oxford: Oxford University Press. 2001, 10-71.

***Situated mingling Downtown*** on Tues. Feb. 11 at 5:15 pm

Visit to the **Vancouver Art Gallery** to see "Transits and Returns" (an exhibition of multi-media work by 21 Indigenous artists) and "Cindy Sherman" (feminist-inspired self-portrait photography) with the Writing 101/201 participants. We met at 5:15 pm for supper in the Pacific Center Mall food court, and later walk over to the Gallery together for a 6:30 tour. Guests welcome!

## FEB. 13 CULTURAL STUDIES

### **“Everything else, Part 2: Semiotics and ethics in representation and research” with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum & Associate, Institute for Critical Indigenous Studies, UBC.**

In this 2nd semiotics class, after doing a refresher, we looked at mainstream media and artists' representations of DTES residents, applying a semiotic method to *The Province's* pre-Olympic 2009 “Operation Phoenix” photos and articles about the DTES, and local photographer Lincoln Clarke's *Heroines*. We learned about practices of looking and practices of “othering” that are enabled through modes of representation, particularly photography, and concepts like “the returned gaze,” the illusion achieved when the subjects of photographs (are asked to) look directly into the camera's lens...thereby *seeming* to look directly, personally, into the eyes of every future spectator in a *seemingly real* relation. We also talked about representations of the DTES produced by media and researchers—who, in some ways, depend on DTES residents—and the ability of photographs and research studies to shape beliefs and reinforce stereotypes, particularly about DTES residents. Turning to research subjects' rights, such as free, prior, informed consent, we learned about better research practices which are committed to suspending the harms done by “damage centred” research. This class was followed by a Saturday evening filled with self-representations BY Downtown Eastside people, held at the DTES hive called the Carnegie Centre theatre!

#### **Reading**

Butler, Margot Leigh. “The Hero of ‘Heroines’: Photographs by Lincoln Clarke.” *Mosaic: a Journal for the Interdisciplinary Study of Literature*. Vol. 37, no. 4, 2004: 275-296.

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

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

***Situated mingling in the Downtown Eastside*** on Fri. Feb. 14 at 12:00 pm

29th Annual Women's Memorial March to honour the lives of missing and murdered women and all women's lives lost in the Downtown Eastside. To join with other Hum people for the March, met on the steps of Carnegie Centre at noon, at the intersection of Hastings and Main Streets.

***Situated mingling in the Downtown Eastside*** on Sat. Feb. 15 6:00 pm  
Hum's "Documentaries for Thinkers" screening of self-representations by Downtown Eastside residents. Carnegie Centre,  
Hastings and Main.

***Situated mingling Downtown*** during UBC's Reading Week, Feb. 23 at 7:30 pm  
Hum received complementary tickets to the "Tlakentli" performance at the  
annual "Talking Stick Festival".  
Roundhouse Community Centre in Yaletown.



## FEB. 27 WRITING AND PUBLISHING

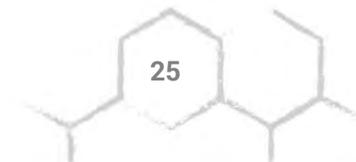
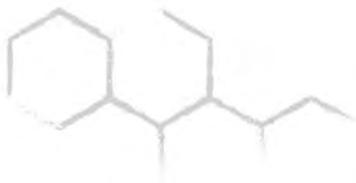
**"The leaves depend on the spine which depends on the hands, which rests on the lap" with Margot Leigh Butler and Paul Woodhouse, Hum, UBC.**

Each edition of Hum's yearly publication is unique to the theme, content and participants' collective personality. How do we make it so? This year, to learn how, we went through the nouns in the class title, in reverse order. The **lap** is about being in the lap of your own life/ancestry and situating your own knowledges, and we started by embodying this in a place + positionality exercise. Then the **hands**, suspending damage-centred research and using better research methods (or not researching at all: hands off!). The **spine** embodies Hum's ethical practices of representation, consent & confidentiality which flow through everything we do. The **book** is not alone—there are more than a dozen, sitting together on a bookshelf like frames in a beehive. And, finally, the **leaves of the book**: What goes on the pages? Our own work! How? We have a plan!

### **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. *cybernetics.org*. 2011.



# Sticky Threads

## MARCH

### MARCH 5 ANTHROPOLOGY

**“These ancestral treasures...our ancestors put a string on these old pieces, so that no matter where they wound up in the world, we would reconnect with them.” On the “In a Different Light: Reflecting on Northwest Coast Art” exhibition, with Anthony Shelton, Director of MOA (Museum of Anthropology), UBC.**

Again this year, we had the pleasure of being toured through the Museum of Anthropology by its generous Director, Anthony. But this year, because the Great Hall of the Museum was booked for an International Women’s Day concert..., rather than entering through the main portal Anthony took us through hidden doorways and down secret passages, sharing his insider knowledge about MOA. We paused in front of many workrooms where the intricate museum installation pieces are created, and where artifacts and belongings pause or are stored, especially fascinated by the huge deep freezer into which EVERYTHING newly arrived goes for two weeks to be sure it’s safe. Anthony told us a story about his favourite wool coat that acquired some moths while hanging behind his office door during a sabbatical, and how EVERYTHING in the office had to go into the freezer for two weeks—talk about everything depending! Eventually we went through a darkened doorway and wound up in the world of a ceramics exhibition, amongst intricate, fragile, installations, touring the rest of the galleries with the sound of women’s music and laughter!

### **Reading**

Clifford, James. “Four Northwest Coast Museums: Travel Reflections.” *Exhibiting Cultures: The Poetics and Politics of Museum Display*. Eds. Ivan Karp, Steven Lavine. Washington Smithsonian Institution. 1991, 213-254.

***Situated mingling*** on Thurs. March 5 at 2:30 pm

Visit to the Rare Books and Special Collections Library and Chung Collection with a talk about archives and museums by Hum teacher Alex Alisauskas, UBC School of Information Graduate Program Irving K. Barber Learning Centre, UBC.



## PART SEVEN

# Suddenly, everything depends on a virus

This is where the narrative of the course takes an unexpected turn due to the arrival of the coronavirus and anticipated global pandemic. Margot's Manifesto class, postponed from the January 16<sup>th</sup> "snow day," was taught on March 12 in the Lore Krill Coop Activities Room in the DTES, kindly arranged by active Hum alumnus and Coop member Terence Lui. This was the first class at UBC to leave the campus due to the pandemic to spare us the long and risky bus ride from the DTES/South to UBC. Soon after, UBC moved ALL its courses online.

### MARCH 12 CULTURAL STUDIES

**"Manifestos say 'This is what I want!' So...who else in the world wants this, who are we a bigger ME WE with?" with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum & Associate, Institute for Critical Indigenous Studies, UBC.**

How often do we take time alone, or with others, to listen carefully and figure out what we want in the world, now? In class, we took five minutes alone to find three things we want and another ten minutes in pairs to find or configure a single point in common. So, 15 minutes into the class, we'd already experienced the powerful potential of making manifestos...and, truly, it need not go further to be invigorating! But what if it does? An ancient western tradition, manifesto makers aim to persuade their listeners so that they're moved, and might even join them. The manifesto genre depends on three conditions for pollination: **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 many cultures, ending with a hot-off-the-press video manifesto by Greta Thunberg and George Monbiot on the climate crisis. In September 2019, the Global Climate Strike saw six million people protesting across all continents. Looking straight into the video camera, directly at all viewers, Thunberg stated "But we can still fix this. You can still fix this. Protect. Restore. Fund." The video ended with "Everything counts. What you do counts." The world may have listened!

NOTE: The remainder of this Course Outline is printed in a lighter colour, representing classes that almost were; they didn't surface, but they are felt under our skin, heard in our inner ears, and much appreciated. Hum respectfully recognizes that the following teachers had offered to teach these classes and had done significant preparation but were not able to teach on these nights because of the virus. We thank them for letting us depend on them!

## MARCH 12 FORESTRY

**"Three Stories Closer to Understanding Complexity Theory" with D'Arcy Davis-Case, Forestry, UBC.**

D'Arcy planned to tell us about her PhD research in forestry, due to be completed in June, just after her 77<sup>th</sup> birthday. These are her words: **At the heart of Complexity Theory is the acceptance that every living system is constantly adapting, connected and changing: children, neighborhoods, forests, grasslands, a nation. In a temperate forest, saplings begin to grow on a landscape during the period when entrepreneurial, pioneer species and physical forces dominate.** These living systems (Complex Adaptive Systems) then continue to develop, undergoing an intermediate period with Adaptive Cycles of diverse interacting species, and then to a mature forest of a few species that capture and store the accumulated capital. But eventually, in this growth and accumulation, there is no room for new species and the system has less ability to innovate or adapt to surprises. It is a system on the brink of transition. And when the transition comes it brings chaos, then adaptation to the change and then renewal—a new forest grows, and the Adaptive Cycle repeats itself.

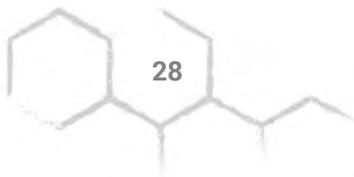
### **Reading**

Davis-Case, D'Arcy. "Context in Conversation." *Where They Walked Became Their Path: The Value of Practiced Complexity in Sustainable Forest Conservation*. PhD Dissertation draft. Feb 2020: 1-11.

Westley, F., Olsson, P., Folke, C. et al. "Tipping Toward Sustainability: Emerging Pathways of Transformation." *AMBIO*. Vol 40, 2011: 762-790.

***Situated mingling*** on Thurs. March 12 at 3:00 pm  
"Forest bathing" in the nearby woods.

***Situated mingling in the Downtown Eastside*** on Sat. March 14 at 6:00 pm  
Hum's "Documentaries for Thinkers" screening of films about nature-culture's interdependencies.  
Carnegie Centre, Hastings and Main.



## MARCH 19 SOCIOLOGY

**“Dealing with my digital double: the scattered self I don’t know...but big data sure wants to!” with Paul Woodhouse, Hum & Sociology Graduate Program, UBC.**

In the company of ubiquitous sensory “smart” technologies, our doings and being leave a trail of digital traces that render our patterns of behaviour, interactions, personal tastes, mood cycles and deepest desires into data. As physical places transform into code spaces, disruptive digital technologies dissolve the on-and-offline distinction and embark on a mission to collect massive amounts of valuable data in order to map our everyday lives. In this class we were to take a close look at the personal device we carry in our pocket—the smart phone—to explore some human-digital interdependancies in the age of planetary scale computing.

### **Reading**

Deleuze, Gilles. “Postscript to Societies of Control.” *October*. MIT Press. Vol. 59, 1992: 3-7.

Mau, Steffen. “Introduction”; “The Measurement of Social Value.” *The Metric Society: On the Quantification of the Social*. Trans. Sharon Howe. Boston: Polity. 2019: 1-20.

***Situated mingling*** on Sat. March 21 at 2:00 pm

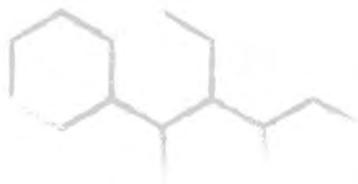
“What if the land and sea are human and worthy of respect,  
not to be dominated and exploited?”

Bill Reid Gallery of Northwest Coast Art, 639 Hornby Street. Guests Welcome!

## MARCH 26 CRITICAL INDIGENOUS STUDIES

**“What if healing depends on acknowledging? Understanding the practices and consequences of settler colonialism for everyone, Natives and non-Natives” with Peggy Holman and Kim Lawson, Indigenous Archivist/Librarian, Indian Residential School History and Dialogue Centre and Margot Leigh Butler, Hum & Associate, Institute for Critical Indigenous Studies, UBC.**

This class was to take place at a new centre at UBC, The Indian Residential School History and Dialogue Centre (IRSHDC), created to foster and support learning about the complex and difficult legacy of Indian residential schools, and the on-going impacts of colonialism in Canada from the **perspectives and experiences of Survivors**. In 2015, the Truth and Reconciliation Commission had released its final report with 94 recommendations; many address the need to develop historically accurate, culturally sensitive educational materials and places for non-Native Canadians to engage with and learn about the ongoing legacies, the sticky threads, of Indian residential schools. This Centre supports trauma-informed access to Residential School records for Survivors, their families,



and communities; privileges respectful, equitable, and Indigenous-informed access to records and information; houses important digital archives; and supports education and research. This evening would have started with a delicious dinner hosted by IRSHDC, and then our teachers Kim and Peggy were to teach us how to work with the Centre's many resources, including a huge touch-sensitive digital timeline spanning residential school history. They were so sorry not to get to meet everybody, and sent us their well wishes.

### **Reading**

Centre for Teaching, Learning and Technology. *Educator User Guide Time and Place at UBC: Our Histories and Relations*. The University of British Columbia. 2016.

Danesh, Roshan. "Confronting Myths About Indigenous Consent." Appendix 3 in *Special Dialogue on Bill 41 Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous Peoples Act (DRIPA)*. IRSHDC Report. November 2019.

Joe, Rita. "I Lost my Talk." *An Anthology of Canadian Native Literature*. Eds. Moses, D.D., Goldie, T., Ruffo, A.G. Oxford: Oxford University Press. 2013, 4-5.

The Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada. "Introduction"; "Calls to Action." *Honoring the Truth, Reconciling for the Future: Summary of the Final Report of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada*. 2015, 1-22; 319-337.

***Situated mingling*** on Thurs. March 26 at 3:00 pm

Campus walking tour to the Reconciliation Totem Pole, designed and carved under the direction of Haida master carver and Hereditary Chief, 7idansuu (James Hart).

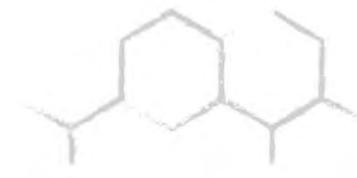
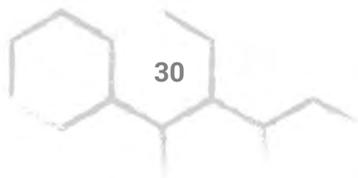
**APRIL**

**APRIL 2 MUSIC**

**"What if Hum's theme accurately encapsulates one's view of life and the universe?" with Gage Averill, Dean of Arts & School of Music, UBC.**

These are Gage's own words to us:

Dear Margot: Please pass along to our students my regrets at not being able to interact with them this semester, and my wishes for their good health in this pandemic. Because I was going to perform a set with my band, I also wanted to share the lyrics of the song I wrote for the class, and I include it below:



## Everything's Connected to Everything

"From this hour I ordain myself loos'd of limits and imaginary lines." Walt Whitman

Ab                      Bb  
Billions of stars exploding and scattering elements  
You and me and everything we know are formed from their debris  
The carbon in diamonds, in peat bogs, and in African elephants  
Ab                      Bb                      C  
The dust in the sky and jellyfish deep in the sea (because...)

### Chorus

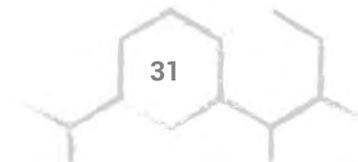
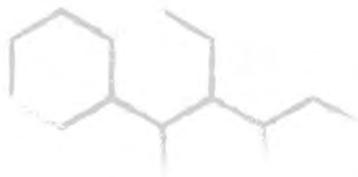
Everything's connected to everything  
Echoes of the big bang keep rippling through and through (and through)  
I see starlight shining down on me from a far-away galaxy  
Ab                      Bb                      C  
So why do I feel so disconnected from you?

Walt Whitman said: "I am large, I contain multitudes"  
And "...a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars (above)"  
And "For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you"  
"I bequeath myself to the dirt to grow from the grass I love", because (Chorus)

### Bridge

BbM7                      Am7  
Leonardo studied, light, biology and geology  
Every form in nature, every 'ology one could dream  
He drew spiral in dikes, helicopters, and in submarines;  
BbM7                      Am7                      C  
In flower whorls, ringlets in hair, and eddies in mountain streams

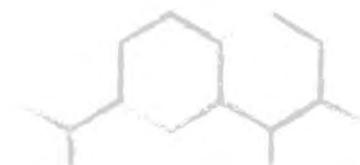
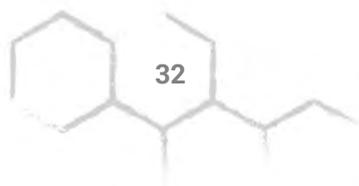
Water hitched rides on comets and earth-bound asteroids  
It made the clouds rain, the rivers flow, the oceans evaporate into skies  
It made this blue-green world what it is, and it filled up deep ocean voids  
Formed the saltwater in our veins and in the salty tears in our eyes (Chorus)



Signals are passed back and forth through a forest of beech trees  
Chemical transmissions flow through fungi to and fro  
Trees taste, they smell, they see, they hear whispers in the leafy breeze  
Intersections, insurrections, a whole gospel choir singing below! (Chorus)

Although this song was rooted in physical and biological connectivity, I was also going to explore the ways in which class structures and global politics create structures in which everything is dependent on everything else.

My best wishes to you and our amazing students.  
Gage Averill



## WRITING 101/201 COURSE OUTLINE

# What if everything depends on everything else?

**Writing Coordinator:** Reuben Jentink

**Mentor:** Michael Edward Nardachioni (Métis Nation)

**Classroom (hive):** Buchanan D, Room 204

**Term 1:** September 10 – December 5, 2019

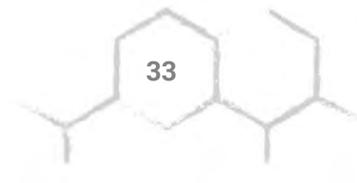
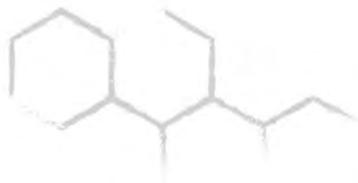
**Term 2:** January 7 – March 31, 2020

### Learning New Kinds of Writing & Developing a Writing Practice

In Writing 101 and Writing 201, we learn about and practise writing in many different forms, styles, and genres—some will be familiar and others may be new to you! Every evening, a different teacher will present a different form, style, or genre of writing and there will be many opportunities throughout the semester for you to pick up your pens to try that kind of writing for yourselves.

You will have the chance to build a writing practice—either a fresh writing practice...or maybe you will nurture an existing one! Classes will be linked—they *depend* on one another—through weekly writing sessions that are focused on the night's topic. You'll be able to take your piece of writing home to work on further, if you like. Then, at the start of the following week's class (in small groups, during the first thirty minutes of class) you'll be able to read aloud your piece of writing, and to ask for feedback from classmates, staff, and volunteers.

We'll be studying a different style of writing each week, which means that you'll experience what it's like to write in a variety of styles. So perhaps, your short story will change into a manifesto; your manifesto into a poem; your poem into an essay; and back again! Overall, you'll learn that "how" you write something affects the meaning of "what" you say; and that what you say *depends* on how you write it!



## Supports

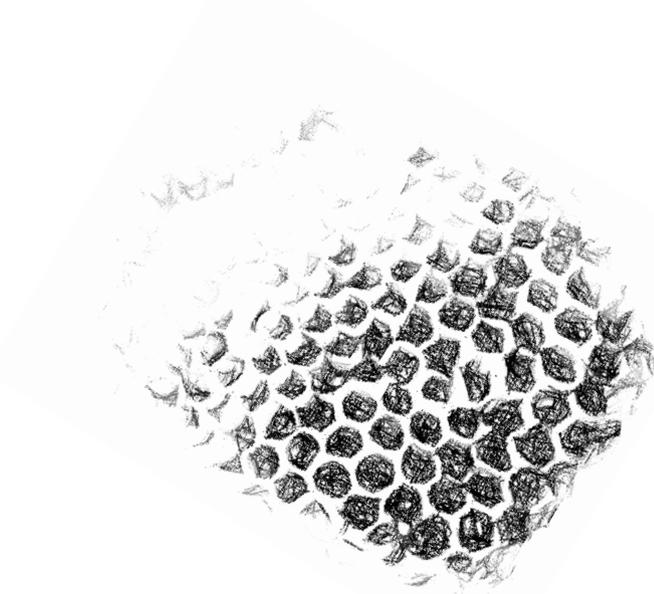
There are a number of ways to receive support and feedback on your writing. Here's what's open to you: 1) Writing tutoring with Chimedum Ohaegbu and Shalon Sims is available for you to work on your writing in a collaborative and supportive environment; 2) During the first 30 minutes of class, there's time for you to read aloud your writing from the previous class; 3) In addition, you will receive written feedback on your writing from Hum staff.

## Requirements

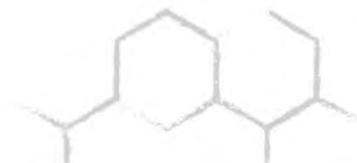
Every evening there will be a short, in-class writing session. You'll be able to take this piece of writing home with you to further work on, if you wish, over the course of the week. In order to graduate from the course, you need to submit at least three pieces of writing. You'll receive feedback on the pieces that you turn in and we encourage you to submit throughout the term. You'll also be able to choose and revise one piece of writing to be included in Hum's annual publication. You'll need to attend at least eight out of thirteen classes to graduate.

\*\* Off campus events are marked with a double asterisk.

NOTE: \*\*\* represents classes that almost were; they didn't surface because of COVID-19, but they are felt under our skin, heard in our inner ears, and much appreciated. Hum respectfully recognizes the teachers who had kindly offered to teach these classes and had done significant preparation but were not able to teach on these nights because of the virus. We thank them for letting us depend on them!



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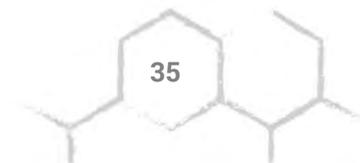
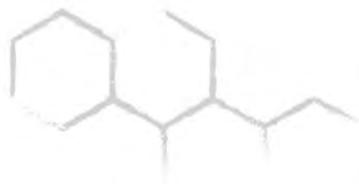


## SEPT. 10 + JAN. 7 ORIENTATION

**“Where our hearts lead our feet follow” upon the unceded, ancestral, and traditional territory of the hən'q'əmin'əm' speaking Musqueam people, with Reuben Jentink, Margot Leigh Butler, and Paul Woodhouse, Hum, UBC.**

In term one, we walked and walked (and walked)! We found our bearings on the UBC campus, on the unceded, ancestral, and traditional territory of the hən'q'əmin'əm'-speaking Musqueam people, walking from the bus loops to the Longhouse, stopping at the libraries and the Indian Residential School History and Dialogue Centre, and moving on to the rose garden and the Museum of Anthropology. And, all this time, we were thinking with the question: “what if everything depends on everything else?” We were thinking about how UBC depends on Musqueam. In class, looking at a digital map of Canada, we saw a representation of all the overlapping and complicated relationships of territory, language distribution, and of treaties between Indigenous peoples and Canada. We were thinking about how “writing” doesn’t always look like “THIS” and how stories can emerge from the colours and fragrances of a garden, a bee’s waggle dance, the intricacies of a weaving or carving, or in the specifics of a person’s laughter. We expanded and mixed genres, forms, styles, and our understandings of writing. We did all this to ground ourselves on the land that we’re on!

In term two we dodged the heavy patter of January rains and, instead of taking a walking tour of the campus, we got right to asking questions about relationships of dependency. We wondered together, what if everything depends on everything else? We leaped in to this question by taking a look around: what (at UBC, in the Nest, in libraries, in classrooms) depends on something else? We asked, does UBC depend on Musqueam? Then, with our brains thinking critically and creatively about what’s around us (and because we’re here to write!) we wondered what “else” counts as writing? Because writing doesn’t only look like “this”—it might also include the buzz of electrical circuits, the redolence of spring blooms, the looping stitches of knitting, or the drip drip drip of water tinkling—we realized that we weren’t only talking about writing, but also thinking about what counts (and to whom!) as a language. We finished off the evening by putting our pens to paper to think and write about what each of us depended on to get to and to be in class tonight, at UBC, on the lands of the Musqueam people.



## SEPT. 17 + JAN. 14 CREATIVE WRITING: FICTION

### **“What happens when believable characters and compelling stories entwine?” with Pat Dobie, Writer.**

We got lost in the pages of a good book! Our teacher Pat Dobie emphasized that one of the hallmarks of a fiction writer is that you're always paying close attention to what's happening around you. Being a writer is about looking around, noticing things, and living in the moment—so that one day you can incorporate those learned details, characters, or events into a story. Importantly, being a fiction writer also depends on practising writing and Pat shared with us some of her writerly “hacks,” like 1) read a lot of fiction! (and then borrow your favourite writer's tricks to write yourself out of a corner); 2) give yourself some distance from your writing, or as Pat said, “put it in the drawer” for long enough that the next time you read it it doesn't feel like you wrote it; and, 3) be patient but write often! Then we tried our hands writing a short story with the following restrictions: incorporating five words that we'd drawn from a hat, write a short story about someone looking for something or trying to hide something. Even though we were all sitting in the same classroom, on the same plastic chairs, and working with the same set of instructions, we had all written something completely different and unique.

## SEPT. 24 CREATIVE WRITING: POETRY

### **“What if everything depends on its writing?” with Reg Johanson, composition & literature instructor, poet & essayist, Capilano University.**

Reg spent two concerted hours problematizing the question of meaning in poetry—as well as meaning in the English language, more generally. How, he asked us, do we (as readers) understand the meaning of a text? We tend to expect that meaning should be both clear and transparent (that a poem can only mean one thing and that it should mean that thing clearly). But, Reg provoked, what if the meaning isn't clear? What if the poem is vague, ambiguous, convoluted, or subjective? Well, those are the most exciting moments of poetry! Those are the moments that the reader gets to do some work (interpretive work) with the poet's work. These interpretive aspects often show up when we're at the very limits of our understandings of language and how it's standardly used. Good poems push at the edge of meaning; they try to express something—through words—that seems inexpressible, or to say the unsayable. There are lots of ways that poets do this in their writing and Reg taught us one, called “parataxis.” Parataxis is a technique of putting phrases together one after the other, that might seem unrelated or of omitting the words that grammatical rules say are necessary. So, in a poem, when we read from one line to the next, the meaning might be uncertain. This uncertainty introduces a space (like bee space in a hive) into which the reader gets to try to insert or to make up their own meaning!

## OCT. 1 ACADEMIC WRITING

**“To be well with the world, how will we relearn our being in it?” (posited science fiction writer Ursula K. Le Guin), with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum & Associate, Institute for Critical Indigenous Studies, UBC.**

Margot showed us the ins and outs of academic writing, spanning the conventions across academic disciplines, the different types of academic essays, and all the many styles, expectations, and particularities of academic writing. We began by trying out a “surrealist writing exercise.” In pairs, we stitched together two phrases to make a (sometimes absurd, sometimes wonkily accurate) complete statement: an “If/when” phrase and a conditional clause (a phrase that includes the word “would”). For example, “If *everyone went to university to get a PhD*, then *the earth as we know it would end*”!! Then we crafted research questions that emerged from these phrases! We learnt that in academic writing, you must cite your sources. This is a way of honouring the thinkers who thought the thoughts you’re thinking with, and is like a “popcorn trail” so that the readers of your work can go and find the texts that you read. We also learnt that there are many different kinds of essays (e.g. analytical, argumentative, definitional, expository, narrative, personal, persuasive, reflective, and research essay). We finished the night by trying our hands at crafting one of the most important sentences in an academic essay, the thesis statement, which tells your reader what your paper is about and where it’s heading. Margot gave us six statements to use as inspiration for our thesis statements including 1) To be well with the world, how will we relearn our being in it?; 2) In your life, what have you relearned about being in the world?; 3) What do you think is the most important new perspective that arose?; 4) What if everything depends on everything else?; 5) Describe a surprising instance where something/someone depended on you; 6) How would you teach politicians about the world’s inter-dependency?

## OCT. 8 + MAR. 24\*\*\* CREATIVE NON-FICTION: PERSONAL ESSAYS

**“Writing the I from the eye,” with Mandy Catron, Hum and Creative Writing, UBC**

The personal essay is a really pliable form of writing, in part because it only has two rules: first, the personal essay is personal! That means that what you are writing must be about your own personal experiences. And second, the personal essay is true! The reader needs to be able to trust that the story that you’re telling is a true story (otherwise you’d be writing a piece of fiction!). Mandy stressed that the personal essay is a style that is about what you (as the writer) have experienced and why you think it’s important. So, sometimes that means that you’re writing and thinking at the same time (that the writing is the thinking) or that you might be trying to explore an idea or to think through a question on the lines of the page. This thinking on the page (or meaning-making) separates it from

other kinds of essays because a personal essay doesn't rely on a thesis statement. And, because personal essays often implicate others, it's really important to write both honestly and kindly, to be conscious of how your writing will be received.

#### OCT. 15 + JAN. 21 SCREENWRITING

**“Unpacking the world of the film’s story” (aka the *diegesis*), with Steven Hahn, screenwriter & UBC Extended Learning.**

This class was all about the silver screen! Steve called “Action!” and taught us how to write a story for the screen. Because film is a visual story (unlike a novel), Steve taught us that so much can (and should) be *done* through sounds, visuals, and especially through the actor’s acting. The audience doesn’t need the actor to tell it what is happening; the audience should see and hear what’s happening. We dissected the opening scenes of three Hollywood classics, Alfred Hitchcock’s *Rear Window* (1954), Stanley Kramer’s *It’s a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World* (1963), and Sidney Lumet’s *Dog Day Afternoon* (1975), which stars Al Pacino. Steve used these films to teach us about three crucial elements needed when writing a screenplay: 1) a dramatic question (or a “story problem”) that keeps an audience in its seats until the end of the film (the problem is what the audience wants to learn the answer to); 2) the screenplay must be character driven (in all good films, Steve said, a character is either running toward something that they love, want, or desire or is fleeing from something that they fear—the story’s character should *make* plot, rather than have plot *happen* to the character); and lastly, 3) a structure in 3 Acts (with the second act being the longest). In act 1, there is a call to adventure; in act 2, there is conflict; and in act 3, a resolution.

#### OCT. 22 JOURNALING

**“What if the truth about stories is that that’s all we are?” (asked Cherokee author Thomas King), with Maureen Phillips, editor & former Hum Writing Coordinator.**

Maureen shared with us some of the richness of journaling and of keeping a journal. Journaling can be done to reflect on one’s life, to preserve memories of people or events for later, or to record and explore dreams, thoughts, and wonderings—and for so many other reasons beyond those! Because it can be done for so many different reasons, journaling is a really diverse category. It might include process journaling (where one writes about or through an experience), travel or morning journaling, or even work journals. It’s often a form that is really honest, where one writes from the heart, and so it’s often deeply personal. Journaling can be an opportunity for the writer to become intimate with themselves, which means that it might also be a kind of writing that is private, or that we think about

carefully before sharing. And, it's a form that connects to other forms that we've learnt, like the personal essay (both in its academic or creative non-fiction styles). As Mark Twain cheekily remarked about journaling, "The older I get, the more clearly I remember things that never happened."

#### OCT. 29 PLACE WRITING

##### **"What if everything depends on place?" with Dallas Hunt (Cree), English, UBC**

Dallas guided us through some challenging conversations about Indigeneity, decolonization, queerness and Two-spiritedness, and masculinities. We started our class on "place writing" by reading three poems by Billy-Ray Belcourt, who is from the Driftpile Cree Nation, in Treaty 8 territory in Northern Alberta. So, we began thinking about "place" by reading some poetry from a *specific* place. And, as we like to do in Hum classes, we began in our small groups reading and sharing our thoughts about the poems. Afterwards, we came back together and had a group discussion about the poems and especially about the concept of "decolonization," ranging across scales and places: from Canada to Musqueam; from Treaty 8 to Vancouver; from the Downtown Eastside to UBC. And all throughout our discussion, we returned to the idea that decolonization is about the establishment of new, good relations between Indigenous and non-Indigenous peoples.

#### NOV. 5 + MAR. 17\*\*\* ART WRITING

##### **"Amplifying what's SEEN through what's SAID" (aka *ekphrasis*), with Alison Rajah, Director of the Surrey Art Gallery & former Hum Writing Coordinator.**

Drawing on a practice of art writing Alison asked us to think about how and what land means to us, in a situated way. She asked us to write about our relationships to the land and then to write again—this time about how art and writing can and do affect our relationships (or how we perceive our relationships) to land. Before doing that, however, we each shared a story or a memory about an experience of art that, in some way, moved us. So, we learnt things about and from one another, all the while thinking about "art writing." First, so many of us have either an art practice or a form that we really enjoy or a memory of an especially transformative experience. Second, we learnt that these experiences and practices can inform how we understand our relationship to land. Alison asked us to do this so that we might think about the multifarious genre of art writing in a specific way. We thought about how writing *about* a piece of art or an artist, or writing *as* a form of art might be related to how we both conceive of art as well as how we understand our relationship to land as Indigenous and non-Indigenous people.

**\*\*NOV. 9**, Surrey Art Gallery

“Seeing connections and separations: digital artists envision relationships between nature and computer technology,”  
tour of “Garden in the Machine,” with Cecily Nicholson.

#### **NOV. 12 CREATIVE WRITING: COLLABORATIVE WRITING**

**“Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful, committed citizens can change the world; indeed, it’s the only thing that ever has” (affirmed Margaret Mead), with Cecily Nicholson, poet & Interpretive Programmer at Surrey Art Gallery.**

Cecily got us to think about writing—and to write some writing—together! We learnt that “collaborative writing” is a form that can take many shapes: it might look like people writing letters back and forth to one another; or like a group of writers writing separately, but on a collectively-decided subject; or, like we did, trying to write a poem together. We had fun with a style called the “exquisite corpse” in which everyone only writes one line of a poem. Sounds easy, but here’s the catch: you can only see what the previous person wrote and nothing else! After, we collaborated on another kind of collaborative poem in which we each individually wrote one line of a poem and then came together to collectively decide on the ordering of those lines and on a repeating chorus line. Over the course of the evening, we deepened our understanding of what “collaboration” means, what its connotative and denotative meanings are, like sharing, cooperating with intent, agreeing, and embracing surprise, but also contributing, controlling, conniving, and colluding. We learnt that collaborating has varied meanings! After that, we tried our hands at making all that we’ve learnt so far (different writing styles, genres, and form) collaborate with one another. We responded to the night’s title—a quotation from Margaret Mead, “Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful, committed citizens can change the world; indeed, it’s the only thing that ever has”—using three different writing styles. We tried “braiding” what we’ve learnt together.

#### **NOV. 19 + JAN. 28 RHETORIC: MANIFESTOS**

**“If everything depends on everything else, where do I start to make change?” with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum & Associate, Institute for Critical Indigenous Studies, UBC.**

We learnt how to declare, “This is what we want!” Margot introduced us to “the manifesto,” which is a form of persuasive writing that is as old as the ancient Greeks! Aristotle wrote his book, *The Art of Rhetoric* in the 4th C BCE. A manifesto aims to persuade those who hear it and is sometimes called a “struggle text” because it is often directed toward institutions and powers that get to define, who, what, and how “normal” is organized. There are three key parts to a manifesto: 1) **who makes it**; 2) **what’s said and how it’s said**; and 3) **who hears it**. We tried our hands at manifesto writing by first

writing statements of what we each, individually want. Then, we turned to our neighbours to connect our demands with one another: we said, "this is what *we, together* want!" Margot taught us that doing this together (connecting our demands with another's) is what she calls a

ME

WE

—a contingent relationship that exists in this present moment. It isn't forever, it's provisional. It shows how we're entangled, how we depend on one another, and how a ME/WE is very, very specific. After learning the mechanics, we watched, listened to, read, and interpreted a range of different manifestos, learning that manifestos can come in many modes: in musical, video, artistic, academic (e.g. TED talks)—and in written form!

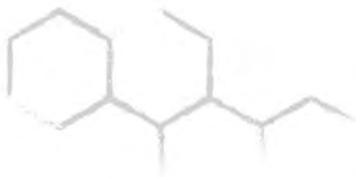
#### NOV. 26 + FEB. 4\* NEW MEDIA

**"The computer cord's connected to the outlet; the outlet's connected to the power grid; the power grid's connected to the hydro dam..." with Mathew Arthur, Hum & graduate program Gender, Sexuality & Women's Studies, SFU.**

We made our way through the Buchanan corridors to the computer lab for this class. After plunking ourselves down in front of a computer, our teacher Mathew had us listen to the low drone of the machines; he led us along the computer cords to the power grid; from the power grid to transoceanic underwater cables; from the cables to mega mines; from the mines to the sites of e-waste. We learnt how using the computer implicates us in global industries of resource extraction, histories of transatlantic slavery, and power systems (including both the electrical and political kinds). You might say that we learnt that using the computer depends on a whole lot of everything else! Then, using a pair of question cards, one "what if X..." and the second "...depends on Y in the future?" we each wrote a short, speculative story for a communal blog called "Futures Depend!" We wrote science fiction together! You can read these wacky, fun, and imaginative entries here at: <https://futuresdepend.tumblr.com/>.



\* No class Feb 4 due to snow



### **\*\*DEC. 3 VANCOUVER PUBLIC LIBRARY**

**“Speaking hope and possibility into situations of apparent impossibility” (from DTES poet Bud Osborn’s poem “Raise Shit,” 1997): field trip to Bud Osborn Creation Space at VPL néçà?mat ct Strathcona Branch.**

Staying in our home neighbourhood we met at the néçà?mat ct branch of the Vancouver Public Library, at Hastings and Heatley streets. We were on rotating shifts. Some of us worked on getting our yearbook submissions ready for publication in the Nellie Yip Quong Room (where so many of Hum’s public programmes take place, like Mat Arthur’s “Doing STS” and “Speculative Matters: Making Worlds with Zines” groups as well as the “Elevenses: Eating & Reading Tolkien” reading group). Some of us visited the Bud Osborn Creation Space (named for the DTES poet) with the Branch Head, Desiree Baron. Then we switched!

### **\*\*FEB. 11 VANCOUVER ART GALLERY**

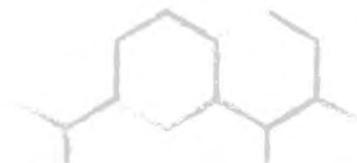
**to see “Transits and Returns” and “Cindy Sherman.”**

Along with the Hum 101/201 classes, we went on a field trip to the Vancouver Art Gallery. We went to see two shows, “Transits and Returns” (an exhibition of multi-media work by 21 different Indigenous artists from all around the Pacific Ocean) and “Cindy Sherman” (a solo exhibition of her feminist-inspired self-portrait photography). We asked ourselves, as writers, how can we think about these other artistic forms as kinds of writing in their own right? Paying close attention to Cindy Sherman’s Untitled Film Stills (1977–80), we saw how a single photograph can evoke an entire story—and how, in the case of this collection, 70 different photographs can tell 70 different stories! Touring the works in “Transits and Returns,” we saw how artists utilize different media (what the art is made of) as well as different forms and styles. For example, how the artist Carol McGregor (of Wathaurung and Scottish descent) mixed traditions and media and made a “traditional” map of her territory on the inside of a possum-hide blanket (traditional to the Wathaurung people) by painting in a style reminiscent of European botanical drawings the location of all the medicinal plants on her home territory.

### **FEB. 25 THEATRE-MAKING**

**“Theatre is alive. An ever-evolving dialogue with life and with the world.’ What if we dig into the how and why of making theatre?” with Heidi Taylor, Artistic & Executive Director of Playwrights Theatre Canada.**

This class on theatre-writing and performance gave us a feel for how the words that we write might sound, be heard, or are understood by another person...and that this depends on **how** we say (and

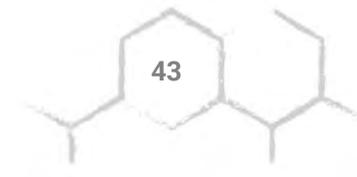
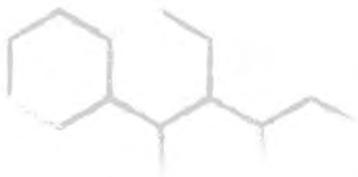


act!) them. We felt the words form on our vocal chords, leap from our mouths, and weigh on different parts of our body. Our teacher, Heidi Taylor, taught us all about writing for the stage (or for the street corner, which is its own kind of stage) and especially about using our voices, our faces, and our bodies to perform our writing. The voice, said Heidi, is an actor, and how and where and when and to whom we say something changes its meaning. We learnt about different forms of writing, like an instruction pamphlet, a letter to the editor, a toast at a wedding, sports commentary, and even a testimony from the stand—and how each are their own unique forms of writing, with distinct expectations and ways of transmitting meaning. We tried our hands writing in one form (maybe a sermon) and then adapted the **content** of what we wrote into another form (like an online review). We learnt that when it comes to the theatre and to performance more broadly, how you say what you say is just as important as what you say. That making meaning depends on how you speak, shout, whisper, sing, or hum what you say!

### MAR. 3 JOURNALISM: OP EDs

**“What we know matters! Adding our voices to public conversations by learning how to write Op Eds” with Mary Lynn Young. UBC Graduate School of Journalism, & co-founder & board member of *The Conversation Canada*.**

Tonight’s class was all about journalism and we were the ones shouting “Extra! Extra! Read all about it!” We started broadly and asked ourselves, “What is journalism?” Our teacher Mary Lynn Young suggested that journalism (and how journalists describe themselves) is typically described in one of four main ways: 1. Journalism (and journalists) as the Fourth Estate (“the accountable estate”), which/who holds power (the other three Estates) to account; 2. Journalism as culture (a vehicle for public conversation), which creates a common and coherent culture (sometimes this relies on an “us” and “them” or “friend” and “enemy” narrative structure); 3. Journalism as the capitalist order, it’s about the interests of dominant society as represented through their allies in the news business, the owners!; and 4. Journalism as what journalists say/think about themselves, as holding a special amount of objective, publicly-minded, autonomous, and ethical obligation to society. We cried, “Fake news!” and took a critical look at news organizations and at journalism’s and journalists’ biases and tried to show what journalism is good and what it’s not-so-good at. Then, we put our pens to our reporter’s notebooks and tried our hands writing an Op Ed. This piece of journalistic writing, which differs in form from a news story (like on the cover of a newspaper) or a long form piece (like in *The New Yorker*) is generally shorter, might be written by someone other than a journalist, and always has a clear perspective. It’s an opinion piece!



## MAR. 10 ACADEMIC WRITING & PUBLISHING

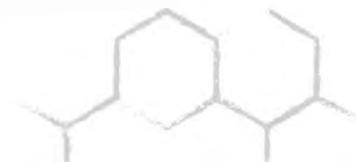
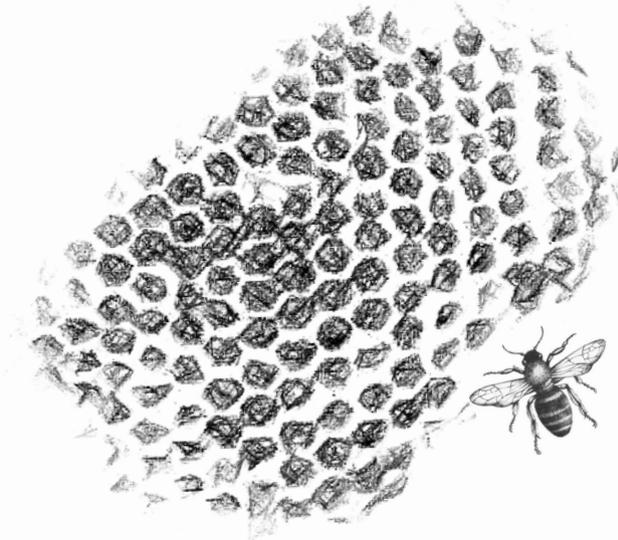
**“What if everything that Hum publishes depends on our ways of knowing and working together?” with Margot Leigh Butler and Paul Woodhouse, Hum, UBC.**

We spent much of tonight’s class discussing the COVID-19 pandemic: what we knew collectively, what precautions we were each taking, and how Hum was responding. Paul then led us in a discussion about Hum’s annual publication and how each of us could get our writing ready for publication. We didn’t know then, but tonight’s class was the last Writing class of the semester. With the COVID-19 pandemic worsening, we made the decision to move the semester’s remaining classes to the DTES. But between tonight’s class and the following Tuesday, UBC canceled all in-person classes for the remainder of the semester. This meant that we were unable to meet for Alison Rajah’s March 17 class on art writing (“Amplifying what’s SEEN through what’s SAID”); a field trip to the Bill Reid Gallery of Northwest Coast Art on March 21; Mandy Catron’s March 24 class on personal essays (“Writing the I from the eye”); and the March 31 class on speculative fiction (“What if ‘what if?’?... Hum’s theme this year depends on us speculating!”) with Reuben, Margot, and Hum teacher, Mathew Arthur.

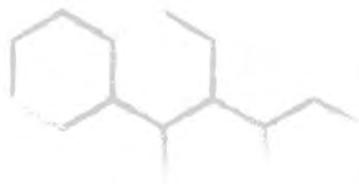
**\*\* MAR 21\*\*** Field trip to the Bill Reid Gallery of Northwest Coast Art to see “Out of Concealment – Female Supernatural Beings of Haida Gwaii” and the permanent collection of Haida artist Bill Reid’s work.

## MAR. 31\*\*\* SPECULATIVE FICTION: READING THE WRITING

**“What if ‘what if?’... Hum’s theme this year depends on us speculating!” with Reuben Jentink, Mathew Arthur, and Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.**



# What if



WHAT IF PARTICIPANT COMPOSITIONS



# Land acknowledgement

KEVIN SCOW (K̲WIK̲WA̲SUT̲'INUX̲W̲ HAX̲WA̲'MIS FIRST NATION), WRITING 101

Tree roots run deep into the soil  
all connected and intertwined  
they communicate through ancient incredible mycelia networks  
to which the scientists are finally catching up

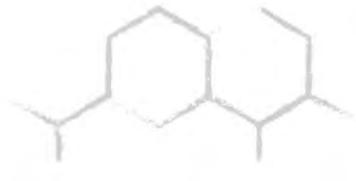
the x̲w̲m̲ə̲θ̲k̲w̲ə̲y̲ə̲m (Musqueam) moved in as the delta was forming  
9000 years ago  
their actions, the trees, and nature  
all in a symbiotic dance  
each nurtured and affected by the other

newcomers arrived  
the ancients were ripped from their lands  
shoved in a corner  
told they were savages, backwards, and lesser humans  
there was an ongoing multi-generational assault  
attempting complete cultural extermination

horrors inflicted remain untold  
sparing the hearts of caring, receptive souls  
even though inside we are raw  
and my soul rots from the inside

anger misdirected, people isolated  
it was all too unbearable, never ending  
day after day after day

need to forget, to distract, to ignore  
in any way possible  
clouding the mind  
avoiding loved ones  
lashing out indiscriminately  
at anything, anyone within reach  
internal insanity



eventually reaching for lifelines  
some type of therapy, a good medicine  
drumming & dancing = cultural regeneration  
laughter and humour vital to our survival  
building ourselves, and then bridging the chasm  
to the hearts of our conquistadors

learning, listening, receiving  
then sharing  
stories, culture, community, depth, and love

reminding others of paradise lost  
relearning just how amazingly relevant we all are  
in this age of destruction, short-sightedness, and arrogance  
this incessant comfort-seeking, media-distracted, squandering of lives

there is a lack of meaning, a lack of insight, a complete lack of vision  
slaves to their ancient European rules, mindlessly engaging in their old—now outdated—ways, at the  
complete expense of the actual world, with all of its creatures, and our mutual survival

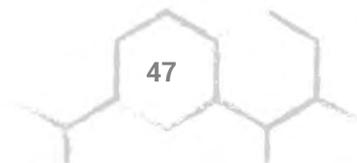
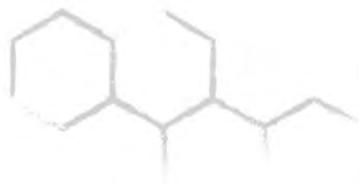
we are getting back to our roots  
so full of love, respect, and belonging  
welcoming the world to know  
who we are  
strong, resilient, powerful, survivors

As we live on the unyielding bones of countless generations of caretakers, and the spirit of the natural world  
which they swore to protect, we can feel the power of their ghosts, though mostly unrecognizable, a  
timeless part of these lands, granite like, timeless, undefeatable, and impenetrable.

It is still possible, if you truly pay attention, within the deepest parts of yourself, to be aware of an  
undeniable and unyielding energy of this natural, healing, loving, embracing, beautiful, nourishing, unyielding  
reality, which is buzzing with life, and which will never relinquish its power to heal, nurture, and transform.

So please pay attention, as if our very lives depend on it, and may we all be the richer for it.

Gilakas'la



# Dancing in the truth

MARVIN J. DELORME (MOUNTAIN CREE, MUSKEG RIVER, ALBERTA) WRITING101

It's 2025.

A look at the Downtown Eastside in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.

A family, a dancing lady, a million thoughts and the quest for love.

It's November 15, and the day begins with light snow falling down. Children are so very happy! Some are making a snowman, while others are having a snowball fight. Snow is a great blessing to all people in the Downtown Eastside.

The old folks are walking on the sidewalks, laughing together as they tell stories of long ago. Many of these old folks are so happy to be present; they have seen so much pain over the past fifty years.

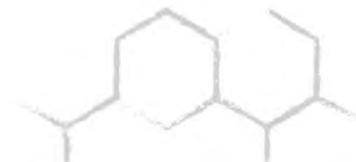
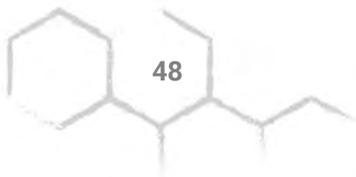
There are no street people to be seen anywhere, for many are getting help in treatment centres. Lots of people decided to get help. They no longer have to handle the great pain. There's Doris pushing her children in a shopping cart. The kids are laughing and having a wonderful time. They are going to the Downtown Eastside Neighbourhood House for a snack and to do some crafts.

At Main and Hastings Streets, the heart of the neighbourhood is coming alive with many people. They are going to the Carnegie Community Centre for a Tuesday night pow wow. Everyone is laughing, giggling, and shouting great news to be heard by everyone. Two drum groups will be playing the songs for the people.

Suddenly, from Hastings Street comes a surprise. The Number 20 Downtown bus comes to a screeching halt!! Out come many people; they are coming to the gathering of many people. There is so much laughter and love in the air.

Meanwhile, down at Pigeon Park lots of people are gathering for the regular fellowshiping that happens on a nightly basis. The address is Carral and Hastings Streets. There are lots of hugs exchanged. Everyone is so happy to see one another.

The conversations go on for a long time. Around 7:00 p.m. all people gather around the Survivors Totem Pole to offer thanks to the unceded homelands of the Musqueam, Squamish, and Tsleil-Waututh Nations. And the talking and laughter gets a lot louder. The pole was raised here in 2016. It took many hours and many volunteers to make it happen. Lots of blood, sweat, and tears.



At 36 West Cordova Street is a store which has been there since 1919, Army & Navy. Their mandate is, “you won’t believe what’s in store.” In 2019, it celebrated 100 years of low prices for all. They have been selling men’s clothing, workwear, footwear, camping and fishing equipment, groceries, and hardware.

At 1 Hastings Street is Culture Saves Lives, another great gathering place for everyone. They share stories, drumming, arts and crafts. Everyone is most welcome and all come to engage with their neighbours.

Anywhere you walk in the community of the Downtown Eastside (Water Street, Cordova Street, Blood Alley Square, East Pender Street, Gore Street, Dunlevy Street, Main Street, Keefer Street, Union Street) there is lots of laughter and all are talking to each other, and helping one another.

Oppenheimer Park is a happening place on the weekends. Our local Japanese baseball team is playing another team from a different neighbourhood. For the last several years not too many have beaten our local team. The team has been with the neighbourhood for the last sixty years. And they sure play the game very well. Lots of the community watches the team when they play. Great times at the park.

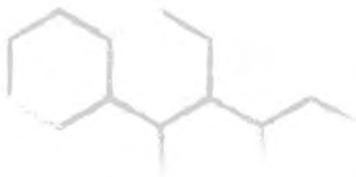
A brief history...the Japanese baseball team called Asahi was a great team who won many championships, including five in a row. They were in the Pacific Northwest League. When the park was opened in 1912 it was called Powell Street Grounds. The team played until 1942, when they disbanded.

Meanwhile, down at CRAB Park, which is home to the Aboriginal Healing Lodge, there are many people in the beautiful building. There are two floors in this building. The first floor has a healing space, performance space, community kitchen, four studios (including multi-purpose studios), two galleries, and an outdoor roofed area. The second floor has many more studios for healing, artists, and performances, and a second community kitchen. Many people come here on a daily basis to begin their healing journeys.

Outside the Healing Lodge is the memorial boulder to the missing and murdered women of the Downtown Eastside, which was placed there in 1997. The CRAB Park boulder represents all 69 of the missing and murdered women of the Downtown Eastside, as identified by police.

For many years the Carnegie Community Centre was the heart and soul of the Downtown Eastside. For the last several years there is a new gathering place, which is the new heart and soul of the neighbourhood. The Downtown Eastside Neighbourhood House is open every day to accommodate all the people who come here. Congratulations to everyone!!

There is lots of peace, love and hope for the community of the Downtown Eastside today, tomorrow, and the long lazy days ahead. Keep on dreaming. Keep on living. Keep on loving. All my relations!



# Executive summary

C. JAMIESON, WRITING 101

The theme of Hum's Writing 101 course this spring is "What if everything depends on everything else?" Could anyone have predicted how entirely appropriate this particular theme would turn out to be? Our course started on January 7, 2020. Just a week earlier, on December 31, 2019, China reported to the World Health Organization the first cases of a pneumonia of unknown cause. Ai Fen, Director of the Emergency Department at the Central Hospital of Wuhan, took a photo of a report on a patient and shared it with some of the medical community, who forwarded it on to others, including Dr. Li Wenliang, a young and healthy ophthalmologist.<sup>1</sup> Later in the day, Dr. Li shared the report with a group in an internet chat. Unfortunately for Dr. Li, the chat was leaked and he was reprimanded on January 3, 2020 for making false comments that severely disturbed the social order.<sup>2</sup> Dr. Ai reports she was also reprimanded for spreading rumours, and she was ordered not to talk about it, not even to her husband.<sup>3</sup> We started Writing 101 on January 7, 2020 at the UBC Point Grey campus with many other students fresh back to school from the holidays. WHAT IF everything depends on everything else?

Executive Summary:

## **Week 1: December 31, 2019 – January 6, 2020**

Happy New Year.

WHO get the news from China about a new virus.

## **Week 2: January 7 – January 13, 2020**

*Class #1: "Noticing the world and its dependencies."*

Recognizing the hən'q'əmin'əm'-speaking Musqueam people, on whose land we pursue our intellectual quests; land never-ceded, ancestral, and traditional. I have dreamed of studying at UBC my whole life. How exciting and wonderful to be here.

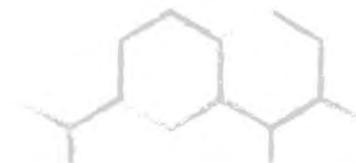
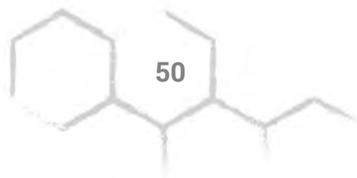
WHO Situation Report 1: China isolates new type of Coronavirus.

## **Week 3: January 14 – January 20, 2020**

*Class #2: "What happens when believable characters and compelling stories combine?"*

Interesting class—some great hacks to get started on Alison's story.

WHO Situation Report 1: Thailand and Korea report first cases of virus believed to originate from a seafood market, Wuhan, Hubei Province, China.



**Week 4: January 21 – January 27, 2020**

*Class #3: Screenwriting: "Unpacking the world of the film's story."*

The FORMULA. The refusal. The Point of No Return. Midpoint. Climax. Making progress now!

WHO Situation Report 7: The "Cough" reaches US and Canada.

**Week 5: January 28 – February 3, 2020**

*Class #4: Rhetoric – The Manifesto.*

Toughest class yet. Challenging on all kinds of levels.

WHO Situation Report 13: No doubt about community transmission now.

**Week 6: February 4 – February 10, 2020**

*Class #5: New Media.*

Cancelled due to Heavy Snowfall. Was really looking forward to this class.

WHO Situation Report 15: 20,630 cases globally. 425 deaths.

**Week 7: February 11 – February 17, 2020**

*Class #6: Field trip to the VAG: "Photographs by Cindy Sherman" and "Transits and Returns" multi-media work by Indigenous artists.*

Stumbled into the NSFW room of Sherman's photos of posed dolls. Quite upsetting. Emotionally rocked by the Possum quilt, "Skin Country" (Carol McGregor). Sparrow's weaving—my grandma would say she was showing off. Complicated little patterns. Women's Memorial March February 14th.

WHO Situation Report 22: 43,103 confirmed cases. 1017 deaths.

**Week 8: February 18 – February 24, 2020**

*No classes: Reading Week.*

Write eight or nine pages of "Alison's Patch." Getting closer.

Who Situation Report 35: Over 79,000 cases.

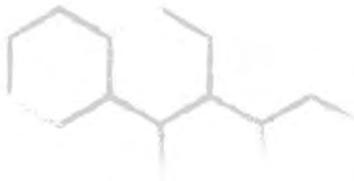
The outbreak on the Diamond Princess cruise ship.

**Week 10: February 25 – March 2, 2020**

*Class #7: Theatre-Making: "Theatre is alive. An ever-evolving dialogue with life and with the world."*

Fun class. Even if the party animals were making big noises cleaning up on the other side of the wall. Got laid off from my day job on the 29th. Enjoyed being a little loud in class.

WHO Situation Report 42: A little under 89,000 cases.



### **Week 11: March 3 – March 9, 2020**

*Class #8: Journalism – Op Eds.*

I have opinions. Do I believe it is right to share them? I worry about shutting down other voices.

### **Week 12: March 10 – March 16, 2020**

*Class #9: Academic Writing & Publishing: “What if everything that Hum publishes depends on our way of knowing and working together?”*

Creative writing, academic class. March 10th, we talked about the new virus, we talked about it a lot. Dr. Margot talked about keeping us safe, and as it turns out, the Hum team was absolutely on point. Deadlines and requirements. Yearbooks. Received email cancelling all further classes, and probably April 30 Grad, due to COVID-19. Disturbing. Two people left class. Confusing. Disappointing. Well, at least I got to go to UBC, even if I couldn't go to the grammar and tutoring classes because of work. At least I have the grocery store job.

### **Week 13: March 17 – March 23, 2020**

Work on “Alison’s Patch” and think about essay.

What if my country shuts down almost entirely because the new year started with reports from China to the World Health Organization of a new respiratory virus that emerged on the other side of the world? Spanish flu bad? (50 Million globally) Unknown. Virulent.

### **Week 14: March 24 – March 30, 2020**

Figure out refusal (“Alison’s Patch”). Start Essay. Work at grocery store—panic buying. Worry about son. Half a million people apply for EI. Stores, restaurants, bars closed. No “regular” people on the streets. The nights ring out with the shouts and cries of the homeless. Violence increases as muscle collects. More windows boarded up every day.

I am sorry we won't have the Speculative Fiction class—but then again, maybe we won't need it. Only need to look outside. Ghost Town. What if this was the last Hum?

Dr. Ai Fen has been reported missing.

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<sup>1</sup> Kuo, Lily. “Coronavirus: Wuhan doctor speaks out against authorities.” *The Guardian*. 11 March 2020.

[www.theguardian.com/world/2020/mar/11/coronavirus-wuhan-doctor-ai-fen-speaks-out-against-authorities](http://www.theguardian.com/world/2020/mar/11/coronavirus-wuhan-doctor-ai-fen-speaks-out-against-authorities).

<sup>2</sup> “Li Wenliang: Coronavirus kills Chinese whistleblower doctor.” *BBC News*. 7 February 2020.

[www.bbc.com/news/world-asia-china-51403795](http://www.bbc.com/news/world-asia-china-51403795).

<sup>3</sup> Huang, Kristin. “Coronavirus: Wuhan doctor says officials muzzled her for sharing report on WeChat.” *South China Morning Post*. 11 March 2020. [www.scmp.com/news/china/society/article/3074622/coronavirus-wuhan-doctor-says-officials-muzzled-her-sharing](http://www.scmp.com/news/china/society/article/3074622/coronavirus-wuhan-doctor-says-officials-muzzled-her-sharing).

# I was a journal virgin!

MATTHEW RUSNAK, WRITING 101

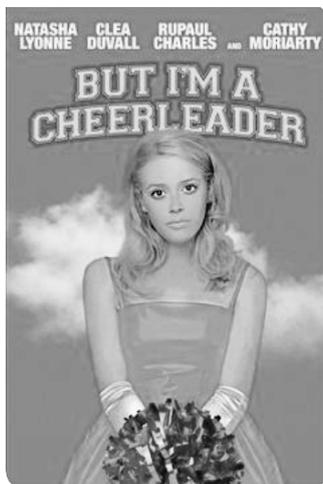
I'm a novice writer. I like to write fictional stories and poetry; and I like reading STORIES because they're easy to read and to comprehend and don't take long, except novels take a LONG TIME—unless they're really good and you CAN'T STOP READING.

I also like to watch historical documentaries about how other people lived back then—the morals, values, phones, and cars they used. I like old *National Geographic* magazines, especially the ads and STORIES in there.

This is my first piece of journal writing. Look at the extravagant things that happen when you start writing in a journal!

# But I'm a cheerleader

EARL SUNSHINE (CREE FIRST NATION), WRITING 201



It is the end of football season at UBC's Thunderbird Stadium. Earl plays quarterback. Lyonne is the kicker and Smith is the coach of the UBC Thunderbirds, who are playing for the 19th time in the annual university football playoffs. The game is being hosted outside on a magnificent new environmental turf at the Thunderbird Stadium. It looks like a full crowd is in attendance cheering on their favourite Thunderbird team on this blistering hot day where you can barely keep your clothes on. You'd rather be at Wreck Beach, naked, swimming, and cooling off than outside in this sweltering heat, watching the last big game of the year.

The Thunderbirds made mincemeat out of the Calgary Bottom Feeders in the Western Final playoffs. It was a close and tough game but UBC won 35-32 in double overtime in the sweltering heat.

Earl was awarded the trophy for the most awesome player of the game. The Seattle Seahawks have an eye on him and are very interested in signing him with a multimillion-dollar contract—with bonuses.

Duvalle is on the cheerleading committee. Charlie is in her last year at UBC, completing classes for her PhD in Natural Medicine. She's been the hottest cheerleader for nine years in a row! She could have anyone she wanted. But she wanted Lyonne the kicker, and so did Duvalle.

Lyonne had buns of steel; he kicked the football better than the rest of the team with his sexy formed legs. All the girls and boys both looked twice at him passing by and adored his masculine physic and curly long dirty blonde hair.

Duvalle made a list of the twelve most beautiful, busty cheerleaders and Charlie was not on the list. Duvalle was very jealous that Charlie was becoming a doctor and that Lyonne really seemed to like Charlie more than her. She became irate and vengeful and took Duvalle off the cheerleading squad. She was also provoked by the fact that Charlie was on posters, on the cover of books, and on a TV commercial for the upcoming Super Bowl. How dare she get this attention and not Duvalle!

Charlie demanded to be back on the cheerleader's squad. Duvalle told Charlie she was yesterday's news, silently wanting to smash Charlie in the face and make her beg for mercy.

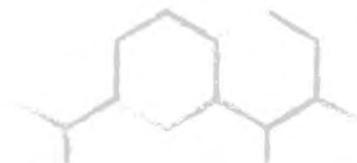
Before the big game, the two decided to settle things with a wrestling match down at Wreck Beach. If Charlie won, she would become the head cheerleader, Duvalle would not be allowed to finish her UBC studies and would have to move back to Newfoundland. However, if Duvalle won, Charlie would have to finish her last year in Calgary. Either way, someone would be moving on.

20,000 people, including Lyonne and Earl also went down to Wreck Beach to watch the big fight.

Charlie practiced Kung Fu in her spare time and knew many fancy moves. Duvalle lifted weights and had twenty-four inch biceps—"pythons" like the immortal Hulk Hogan called them—and could put people to sleep in her infamous sleeper hold. The fight of the century began with Charlie giving Duvalle a standing drop kick from behind and she went crashing down onto the beach. Duvalle stood up quickly and slugged Charlie hard in the left eye. She lost her balance and fell down into the sand as Duvalle pounced on her busty chest, declaring her victory—albeit too soon. Charlie was enraged. She put Duvalle in a deadly camel clutch. That was the end of it. The match was called, with Charlie victorious. The loud, naked crowd cheered and danced around the fire pit, drinking and singing.

Charlie laughed at Duvalle and sang, "But I am a cheerleader."

Duvalle moved to Newfoundland and was never seen again.



# Everything I do depends on you

BILL LIM, WRITING 201

Comment: This is a “true” story of a boy’s true love for a girl. However, he’s too shy to tell her so he “communicates” with her in his dreams. The conversations are his imaginings. All his life he only dreamt of her. Finally, on the day that he dies he gave the only picture that he had of her one last kiss. He died without her ever knowing that there was this one true love that would have made her life truly happy. In this world, there are many men and women who have these shy ones who are too afraid to tell their one true love that they love him/her. This short screenplay is to ensure them that just because they don’t feel loved doesn’t mean that there isn’t anyone out there who doesn’t really care. It is also a story for the ones who only dream, to tell them that they may only have one life as a human being, and if they’re not completely honest with themselves and of their feelings, they may never have another chance to do so.

INT. RESTAURANT – NIGHT

WAY, fat, late twentyish, paranoid, and quirky, is sitting with CARRIE, young, early twentyish, beautiful, intelligent, shy, and anticipatory.

WAY: (Shaking Voice) Well, Carrie, do you eat meat? No, no, no, I mean, are you a vegetarian?

CARRIE: (giving Way a dirty look) No.

WAY: (breathing hard) Carrie, why—what do you want to drink?!

CARRIE: Water.

WAY: With love, you can live on water.

CARRIE: Oh.

WAY: I’m not saying that that’s all you need. I mean I can get you something else too.

CARRIE: Oh.

WAY: (smiling awkwardly) I learnt some Chinese.

CARRIE: Oh.

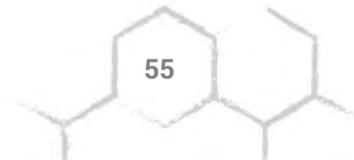
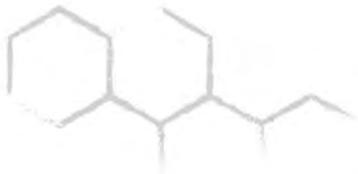
WAY: Je t’aime.

CARRIE: Oh...I don’t think that’s Chinese.

WAY: No, I speak in tongues.

CARRIE: Oh.

WAY: (whispers) Voulez-vous coucher avec moi ce soir?



CARRIE: (scared) Oh.

WAY: Is there a way I can say this without getting you too upset?

CARRIE: Try me.

WAY: Wouldn't dare.

CARRIE: That's your problem.

WAY: Right.

CARRIE: I thought you were different when I first met you.

WAY: What do you mean?

CARRIE: I thought that you would be a person who would be comfortable with himself.

WAY: I'm not?

CARRIE: Not with me.

WAY: I'm sorry.

CARRIE: Don't be. Just change. If you want something badly enough, change.

WAY: How?

CARRIE: There isn't a how. Just do it.

WAY: You look beautiful tonight. (Way feels a tickle in his nose. He sees in his head that his nose hair is white and it's going to break off and drop into his steak. And it falls into his steak.)

CARRIE: (laughing) And you said that you were going to kill all the bacteria in the world to make people live forever.

WAY: It was a childhood dream.

CARRIE: (smiling) It can still happen.

WAY: Only in the movies.

CARRIE: There isn't that much difference between movies and real life.

WAY: What do you mean?

CARRIE: Moments happen, in your dreams, and sometimes your dreams can become your realities.

WAY: Maybe...it's too late.

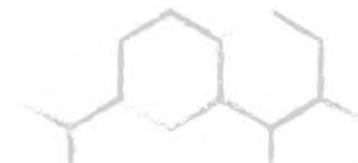
CARRIE: It's never too late. It's only too late when you're dead.

WAY: I think I'm getting there.

CARRIE: (laughing) No, you're not.

WAY: That means you're going to marry me?

CARRIE: No, you're not mature enough.



WAY: Mature is a guy who looks good smoking a pipe.

CARRIE: (smiling gently) Maybe.

WAY: Like Hugh Hefner.

CARRIE: More like Popeye the Sailor man.

WAY: Hugh Hefner's a real man.

CARRIE: No, Way. Hugh Hefner's a playboy. Women don't want a playboy. They want someone who can stand on their own two feet. Who can take a punch...then get up and take another.

WAY: I can't do that. Everything I do depends on you.

CARRIE: I gave you your chance.

WAY: You should have come to me, I was on crutches that day.

CARRIE: You should have come to me—even if you were on crutches that day.

WAY: (crying to himself) I "should have" done a lot of things. Will I see you again?

CARRIE: All the time. Whenever you want. In your dreams, in your writing. I am always with you.

WAY: Forever.

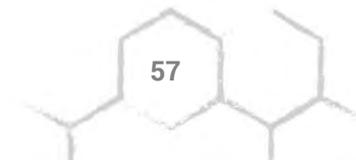
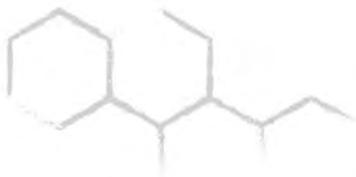
CARRIE: Forever.

INT. BEDROOM – MORNING

Phone alarm is buzzing in bedroom. WAY wakes up from his dream. He is 70 years old. He picks up his laptop and turns it on.

WAY: (looking at a picture on his laptop) I love you.

He slowly gets out of bed, holding the nearby chair for support. He goes into the washroom. In the washroom, his soft gasping is heard. As he opens the door he gasps and grasps his chest and collapses on the floor and remembers one last time the things he did for his "love" who will never know. On his laptop is an old picture of Carrie's young face smiling gently and images of him practicing kung fu.



## My first day

ERIC BOUTIN, WRITING101

I'm right here in Western Canada in Cree Nation territory. I'm having a sanguine moment. Why? Because I'm here to write an article for my new bosses at the *Saturday Post*. I know, who would believe it? After all, 10 years ago I was almost six feet under. My lifestyle and hard living were worrying everyone, including myself. I never gave up hope. Slowly things started falling into place, one by one. It all seemed to be in synchronicity.

Things seemed to be connected to everything else.

Well, enough about me, I'm here for educational reasons. I'm meeting up with Cree Elders and will try to ask questions like: How did you survive the severe elements like the hot and humid summer, and especially the cold and windy winters? What is in your daily diet? Were you historically hunter-gatherers, or farmers and fishermen? What was a typical day in your life? How well did you cohabitate with neighbouring villages? Did you trade, and what did you trade with? With this information and everything else that the Elders share with me, this will turn out to be the best story I have ever written.

## Sandra the sea lion

JANIS BEDNARSKA, WRITING 101

Sandra is a sea lion. She's 24 years old—in sea lion years. She's missing one flipper due to a nasty experience with a boat propeller. Sandra longs to find true love in the great big sea. But she worries, *will someone accept me for me?*

One day, Sandra went down to the local fish market. There, she checked out the bulletin board for any postings... There's one advertisement for a "used can opener, and 3 clam shells" ...*no*, she thinks. There's another with a number for a "sea horse for hire," ...*no again*. Reading down the board, there's a poster for the "North Shore Fifth Annual Sea Lion Speed-dating Night!" *THIS IS IT*, she thinks, *THIS IS MY CHANCE!*

She gasped with excitement! *Oh no*, she realized this event already happened two nights ago. Suddenly, Sandra felt sea sick. *Uh! I will always be single. Will I ever be a mom?* she wondered.

That night, Sandra had sea terrors while she slept. She had flashbacks to that stormy night when Mama had gotten stuck in the boat. *I tried to save her but it was too late*, Sandra remembers. In the dream, Mama's blood spills across the ocean floor. That was many years ago. Sandra was young and had lost a flipper as she fought to save her mama.

The dream rattled Sandra and made her sad to think of her mama. For the next three nights, Sandra showed little enthusiasm for life, swimming, or shells; she didn't even take pleasure making strange noises above the water, which usually brought her joy... Nothing really mattered to Sandra. She felt broken and defeated.

Sandra left Sea Town; she tried to swim away from all that was hurting her. She found solace in a remote, unoccupied cave. There, she buried her head in the sand, exclaiming *I've had enough! I don't trust boats and I don't know many sea folks anymore and they don't care about me*. She was completely unaware of the missing search posters that had been put up in the village only a few nights after she left town.

The cave was lonely. It had been a long time since Sandra had noted anything other than the watery currents; but one day, she noticed an unusual swooshing in the waters in the cave she was lurking in.

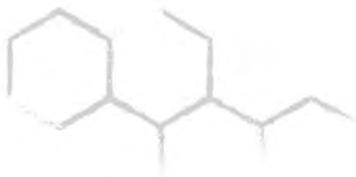
*Hello!* she hears, but there is nothing to be seen. *Huh*, she says, squinting and scratching her head. *Hello, my name is Onna, and I am a transparent fish. Honestly, transparency is my strong point! I have been looking for you everywhere, because the village is worried sick about you. We thought you got stuck in a cave joint.*

*Really, me?* Sandra gulped. *Uh, you must have the wrong sea lion. See, I'm defective, I only have one hand.*

*Exactly!* said Onna —*just like the posters out in the village. Those posters also mention how hardworking, caring and family oriented you are. Sea life is lost without you, to us you're our star.*

Suddenly Sandra's heart grew heavy and her eyes drew light. She realized that the transparent fish always told the truth. Hence the "transparency." Sandra felt an overwhelming sense of love and familiarity from her fellow sea friends. Sandra realized that they loved Sandra just the way she was.

Today, it's three months later and Sandra can be found working at the fish market. Now Sandra celebrates life with one fin, and have I told you about Charlie. He is a sea lion and Sandra's first boyfriend. Together, Sandra and Charlie swam all over the colourful coral reefs, and lived happily ever after.



# What if my future depends on this year?

GHIA AWEIDA, WRITING 201

Beirut, Lebanon:

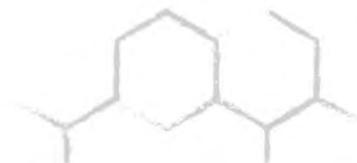
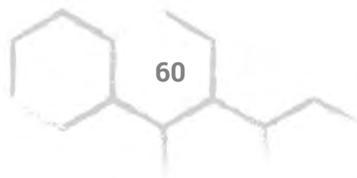
“Hey there, my little pumpkin,” my mother addressed me from her hospital bed.

It was 1979, halfway through my school year, mama Lamia laid beside my ailing, unconscious father, baba Danny, recovering from her injuries. She and my father were attacked by the missile. I sat in the hospital room working on my school assignments, watching the nurses care for both my parents. Mama was following the doctors’ orders and cooperating with the nurses, while I watched baba slowly fade away into unconsciousness, never to recover. I spent as much time as I could by my mother and father’s bedsides, reading passages in three languages from the comprehension books out loud, and working on the comprehension questions in my notebooks. Mama Lamia longed for me to recite historical stories, on which I had been quizzing myself by answering the questions in both the textbook and the workbook.

After having visited at the hospital for a few hours, I walked home with Ansaf, the maid. We walked amidst bullet ridden buildings, as well as some standing ones, bracing ourselves not to be attacked by a missile. Ansaf was the daughter of the elderly maid Em Ali, who was unable to work due to Carpal tunnel syndrome. I did not know if my mother would ever come home or if my father would regain consciousness. Yet, baba made me promise that I would persevere in school and earn the highest honours. I had just completed my mid-year exams in February and I planned to study hard for the rest of the school year. My father wanted me to plant my roots in my school years, so long as I learned of my true original history. At home, I completed my mathematics, religion, science, and geography assignments. Ansaf set the dinner table with all my favourite supper foods, while I thought out my school compositions.

“Ghenwah, dinner is ready for you,” called Ansaf. “Come and eat before your dinner becomes cold.”

I slowly made my way to the table, but I was uneasy to eat alone so I asked Ansaf to eat with me. The maid sat at the table looking on while I ate my supper. I urged her to eat with me, but she refused. I looked at her face. She was worried, on the verge of tears. I ate in silence, egging her on to eat something until she finally caved in and prepared for herself a platter of food like mine. She ate slowly as I finished my plate and put it in the sink. I picked up the Arabic book that I was reading, turned to the page where I placed the bookmark and read for the next hour. I aspired to not only rank first in my class, but also to receive the highest marks on the exams.



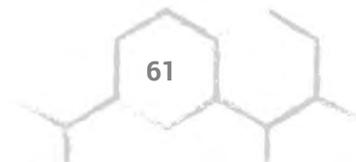
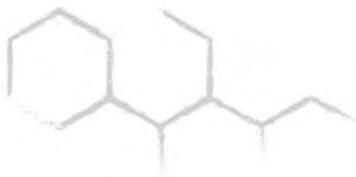
Later, I made my way into the living room to the piano to practice the pieces that were assigned for the week. Even though my parents were hospitalized, I made no excuses to myself. After all, I was musically inclined and talented. Not only did I want to excel in music, I also wanted to have fun.

It was the third week of February. Mama Lamia regained full recovery and returned home. Baba Danny transitioned into the Spiritual journey. I came home from school that day and found my mother sitting in the living room. Ansaf prepared lunch for us in the kitchen. I knew that we had to bury baba Danny, who had finally succumbed to his injuries. That Saturday we had a church funeral to give him a send-off. We drove to the graveyard, where Mama Lamia bought a drawer for the family in the hopes that she, too, would someday be buried with him in the same grave. After the service, we went to the burial site where Ansaf and I stood helpless as we watched the undertakers slowly roll his coffin into the grave drawer and then close it. Mama Lamia then stood helpless with Ansaf and me, watching the engravers slowly engraving the name Danny Awad 1929 – 1979 in Arabic, English and French, so that I would remember the grave whenever I wanted to visit the cemetery. I nailed a wreath of flowers to the outside of the grave door while Mama Lamia posted his picture and placed a bouquet of flowers in the slot. Then slowly, we went to the road where we flagged a taxi—a driver in an unmarked empty car with a red licence plate on both bumpers—to take us home. Mama Lamia jumped into the front seat; Ansaf and I sat in the back seat.

“Hamra, Ras Beirut, please,” Mama Lamia asked the driver.

He drove us to the front door of our building. Mama thanked the cabbie and handed him a twenty Lebanese pounds bill. We got out of the car and went up into our apartment.

At home, neither Mama Lamia nor I had the appetite to eat dinner, though we nibbled on a few mezedes that were laid on the coffee table in the living room. Ansaf was deep in thought, as she joined us for the mezedes. She thought about me. I thought of what would become of me, now that I had lost baba Danny. What would happen to me if I were to lose my mother? What if my future depended on this year? I read her thoughts and thought that I better not waste precious moments. It was time, I thought, I would involve Mama Lamia in my studies, let her overlook my homework, recite to her the poetry and passages I learned by rote, have her dictate the dictations assigned in all three languages, quizz me in history and geography. I solved my own mathematics problems and completed my science assignments alone. After all, I was the pupil and she, the parent. We still found time to converse about our days at the dinner table over a late lunch as well as time to read fictions of our choosing. She read adult novels and I read novels for young teenagers. Besides, I was only thirteen years of age.



“Ghenwah,” said Mama Lamia.

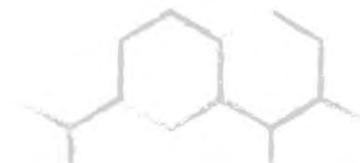
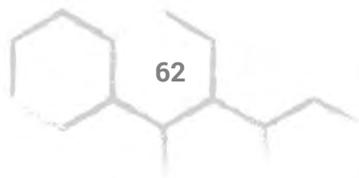
I looked up from my book, “Yes, mama Lamia,” I softly answered.

“It is about time you get back into ballet, karate and swimming,” she told me gently. I was thinking that it is high time I accompany you to your physical activity classes. You mustn’t let the war stop you from having fun. I believe you are still having Physical Education classes in school. What do you think about that?”

## Write On!

DEIRDRE PINNOCK, WRITING 101

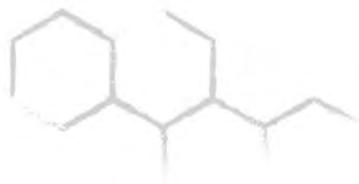
He asked me these questions so I thought I would SHINE! What he knows is only what I want him to know. There’s my fiction, there’s my lie. There’s my story of why I’m here. I want to learn and I want to write, play, sing, and laugh—on paper. THIS FOR ME is my goal! I know I have the juice and the flavour. It can be so sweet. So, get on with this class. Take away my fears. Let me write something beautiful—and oh so dear. WRITE ON! RIGHT ON!



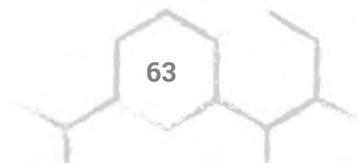
everything



depends



EVERYTHING DEPENDS PARTICIPANT COMPOSITIONS



# What If Everything Is Connected To Everything Else

COLIN BEIERS, WRITING101

What I want to know is

If life is infinite and

Everything is forever

Is consciousness infinite or is it

Connected to something?

To the individual, perhaps

Everything must have a beginning

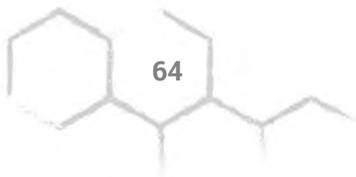
Else nothing can emerge.

## The power of you cannot be taken

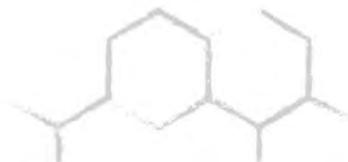
ROBERT DITH, HUM101

Christina Hendricks' lecture on Foucault's ideas of power made me feel subjugated to the whims of despotism. Adopting these ideas was unnerving because it created a sense of inferiority and hopelessness, which is detrimental to the growth of an individual. However, "*What if everything [does] depend on everything else?*" and power over another is not unilateral. What if power is also multilateral with reciprocal concomitants? The latter idea is what allowed me to form the foundation, the anchor point to create a paradigm shift to liberate myself. I now see that power stems from within an individual and reverberates.

No one has power over you unless you give it to them. Power over oneself cannot be taken, it must be given. Just as a gift must be voluntarily given, the power over you also cannot be taken but must be given. In a power struggle between opposing agents, there is a moment when an individual is given the choice to yield the power over oneself to another. The decision, whether under duress, coercion, harsh or facile conditions, always has



EVERYTHING DEPENDS PARTICIPANT COMPOSITIONS

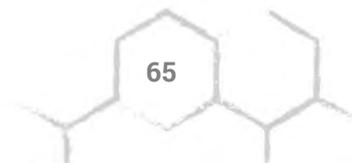
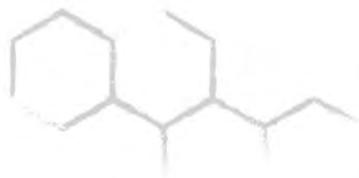


the component of free will to choose whether to relinquish one's own power. However, although one can relinquish one's own power to another, the individual can also later relieve this choice. The plight of refugees from an agrarian utopia highlights this idea.

My parents worked in labour camps in Cambodia during the country's genocide in the 1970s. Under the fear of violence they chose to give their power and work. They suffered long hours in the rice fields working under harsh conditions, starvation and sleep deprivation. They witnessed many atrocities such as the torture and murder of their own family members in front of their eyes. The penalty for escaping a labour camp is death. To escape, the journey involves travelling through treacherous terrain with poisonous snakes and tigers among other deadly wildlife, and swimming through waters infested with crocodiles. If those things were not enough to deter you from the many days journey through the dense jungle, then the millions of landmines—gifts from the Americans—littered across the land may make you reconsider.

One night my parents along with seven others escaped the labour camps. Their plan was to escape into Thailand where there was rumoured to be a refugee camp. For fear of being caught, they travelled under the cover of night through the jungle. Part way through their flight one of their fellow companions was killed by a landmine. Two other members decided to head back because they felt that the journey was too perilous while the rest of the group continued onward to Thailand. After many days of travel they reached a ravine near the Thailand border and decided to rest before their final day's journey. The next day while travelling up the ravine, another member of the group stepped on a landmine and was instantly killed. My mother was hit by shrapnel in her back from the landmine. She laid bloody and unconscious. My father and the others decided to leave her behind believing that she was dead, and afraid they may be discovered from the loud explosion. Later, my mother awoke wounded in her own pool of blood. Badly wounded, she crawled for hours up the ravine until she reached the refugee camp across the border.

This story shows that while some choose to give power over oneself, others resist. The power of you cannot be taken. If another agent demands power from you and you are forced to give that power, you may give your life instead. That is to say, the only thing you have to do in life is die.



# Falling through the cracks in public view

CHRISTINA MAE TAYLOR, HUM101

On February 6, 2020, Dr. Margot Butler taught a class called "Everything Part 1: Semiotics and practices of looking." During the class, we were shown images of a series of articles in the Vancouver newspaper *The Province*. The series was entitled "Operation Phoenix" and ran from January 2009 until February 2010. The series, which was published in the 12 months before the start of the 2010 Olympic Games in Vancouver, involved three of British Columbia's largest news outlets and covered issues surrounding poverty, mental illness and addiction in the Downtown Eastside (DTES) of Vancouver, BC. While learning about the practice of semiotic denotation and connotation we were shown images, and we communally practiced semiotic denotation.

While going through the images Dr. Butler had prepared, I was taken aback when an image from *The Province's* March 6, 2009, "Operation Phoenix" series appeared on the projector screen. A young Caucasian woman is pictured on a Downtown Eastside sidewalk with her white shoes grounded to the pavement. Her bottom is crouched and her butt is just slightly touching the ground. She has a worn shoulder bag that is draped over a winter coat. She is looking over her shoulder and her mouth is slightly open, her teeth slightly off-centered. There is a cigarette butt beside her, a white plastic bag and an empty clear plastic bag. Two people in the background are looking over in her direction. The strands of her dark brown hair fall in many directions and her eyes are focused on the far left.

*The Province* is using her image, name and a few words to introduce the reader to issues in and around Vancouver's Downtown Eastside Single Room Occupancy Hotels. Underneath the female's photo, the paper outlines six goals that "Operation Phoenix" has for the Downtown Eastside: 1. To raise awareness of the conditions. 2. To promote dialogue and debate around all the issues facing residents and business owners. 3. To celebrate what is working and expose what is broken. 4. To hold specific people accountable to help facilitate change. 5. To actively push for the change that is needed to help change people's lives. 6. To work to engage communities in and around the Downtown Eastside to find workable solutions. Those six goals line the bottom of the photo.

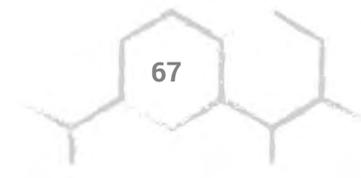
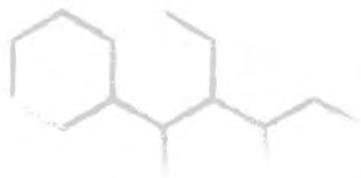


I knew right away when I saw the photo who the female was, her name is Sandy Davidsen, she is named under the photo. She left a lasting impression on me in my late adolescence. My mother has been a foster parent for The Ministry of Children and Family Development for over 20 years. Throughout my life, I have watched hundreds of youth come and go. Some are never seen again and some become your family. Sandy was close friends with one of my foster sisters around 2003 – 2004. She hung around with my sister and her group of friends. Sometimes teens in the group would complain about Sandy hanging out with them and try to exclude her from activities because her cerebral palsy and related mobility issues would slow the group down significantly. My sister always stood up for Sandy and we would have her over at our house regularly. Besides her physical disability, Sandy had a rough start to her life; she lived in low-income government housing and her mother was in and out of addiction. Sandy was always kind, sweet and funny. In elementary school she had a teacher aide.

In July of 2010 my mother had a gathering at her Richmond, B.C. home. Sandy's former teacher aide was among the invited. The aide who was freshly-retired asked me if I remembered Sandy Davidsen, and I informed her of course I did. She then asked me if I had seen her in the news. She told me to google Sandy's name. I then found out Sandy was involved in a CCTV incident while on East Hastings: three VPD Officers passed her on the sidewalk and one was caught pushing her to the ground. The video showed Sandy struggling to walk with her cerebral palsy and being shoved down by a rookie VPD Officer. An investigation was done into the incident by the New Westminister Police Department. It was alleged in their final report that the officer involved had been trained by a veteran VPD Officer who had a long and unapologetic history of dealing with residents of the DTES in a heavy-handed manner.

I know from personal experience it is easy to blend individuals struggling on the DTES. If you let yourself it is easy to blend everyone into one mold. It takes years of experience and training to have the skills and abilities to separate people and define them by their personal experiences, struggles and situations. The police incident with Sandy and the young constable involved causes me to feel pity for both parties. Sandy, a disabled marginalized woman, was abused for a moment by a person who is tasked to be a protector. The young constable had his career maimed by being placed in a situation he was not properly trained to navigate. Dropped in a difficult situation without the appropriate tools and mindset to properly guide him. I cannot say for sure but I would imagine he feels shame and embarrassment due to his momentary lack of judgement and poise.

Years went by and I lost contact with my foster sister and her friends, including Sandy. In early 2018 I ended up in a psychiatric ward at St. Paul's hospital after years of drug use and self-abuse. During the time leading up to my hospital stay, I was suffering from drug-induced psychosis. My brain had been playing horrible tricks



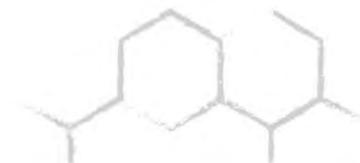
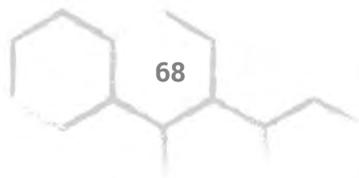
on me. I was hallucinating and had an idea that what I was seeing and thinking was abnormal, but I was not able to stop abusing drugs on my own; even though I desired to, the compulsions were too strong for me to stop without major intervention. The more I used, the stronger the irrational thoughts became, the more I found false connections to substantiate my beliefs in the world, the more I despised being a part of the world. In that state, I viewed normal rational thinking as flawed and dishonest. I would have outbursts and act irrationally, damaging relationships and embarrassing myself. I eventually lost the ability to properly care for myself.

I viewed the world as a dangerous place that had lied to, displaced, and abandoned me. I would see things and connect patterns that on reflection had no basis in reality. I would see those things and make those connections because I truly believed the world was a horrible place. I had suffered trauma and in a drug-induced state would create elaborate stories to rationalize the pain I was feeling. I was like a security blanket woven of false truths that I had constructed to minimize horrible things that sometimes occur in life and in nature. In retrospect, the experience strengthens me and has made me a resilient and compassionate woman. There are those not fortunate enough to step out of mental illness. I was lucky enough to stop using drugs and be relieved of my symptoms without any medication needed.

It took months away from drugs for my view of the world to fully shift. I now know my beliefs were a symptom of trauma and repetitively filling my body with poison for an extended period of time, and wanting to find comfort and solace in pain that had not been addressed. The whole experience has given me insight into the power of one's core beliefs of the world and how those beliefs shape a person's actions, attitudes and behaviours. It has been a powerful lesson in my life. The phrase "I wouldn't have seen it if I hadn't believed it" (one of our Hum101 course section titles) addresses, at least for me, the sentiment that although in the wrong state something can be detrimental, in a positive state it can be the basis for seeing and creating strength and beauty in our lives. The contrast has been empowering. Waking up from a nightmare and being given a powerful reset button in my life.

We see what we want to, and our beliefs create a basis for how we view ourselves and the world. One cannot appreciate the sunshine until we have walked in the rain. "I wouldn't have seen it if I hadn't believed it," is a simple but powerful statement that to me represents: we can navigate our existences to meaningful places by possessing a positive, hopeful perspective.

I did not see Sandy again until late 2019. It was after my hospital stay, my WorkBC training, and changing careers when I was working at the front desk of an SRO where Sandy was living. I remembered her right away, and she remembered me. She told me her mother was on the DTES too. I told her I would help her in any way



I could. She said she felt isolated and rarely leaves her room where she lives with her boyfriend. I felt really bad for Sandy, but I guess many people with physical disabilities end up on the DTES because of the “affordable housing,” coupled with the fact that when one is different it is easy to find “acceptance” and “love” among drugs users. It is usually when things are too far gone that one realizes the community they have found acceptance with is slowly killing them and has done the opposite of enriching their lives. Sometimes by that point the damage is too extensive. After seeing her photo in class, I was surprised to see that Sandy had been in the DTES since at least 2009. I wonder what would have happened to her if a brief paragraph about her life and her disability had been captured beside her photograph in *The Province’s* “Operation Phoenix” piece? When our UBC class was denoting the cultural symbolism in Sandy’s photo, one of my classmates exclaimed “It looks like she is keeping six.” Which means it looks like Sandy is watching out for the police. Had I not known her, her struggles and her story, I would have agreed.

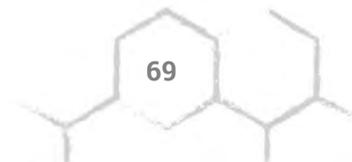
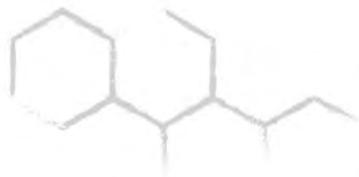
## Composition

VIVIAN BOMBERRY (SIX NATIONS OF THE GRAND RIVER, SOUTHERN ONTARIO), HUM201

In 2018, for Hum’s Writing 201 course, I wrote a short paper. I realized that my opening statement is as true now as it was then, even critical. When I wrote the following I was not aware that I would have to re-visit this subject in mere months.

In this short essay I will argue that the Indigenous Peoples of Canada need to continue protesting, committing civil disobedience and breaking the Rule of Law in search for justice. The Rule of Law expresses the principle that all people are equal under the law. No one is above the law, whether he or she is a politician, police officer, corporation or a wealthy individual. The court exists to ensure that everyone is accountable to the law. Well, two events happened in the past six months to disprove this “principle.”<sup>1</sup>

So why recount this story again? In early February 2020, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP) entered the traditional unceded territory of the Wet’suwet’en Nation, and attempted to enforce an injunction. The injunction had been granted by the B.C. Supreme Court on December 31, 2019.<sup>2</sup> B.C. Premier John Horgan had invoked the “rule of law” in clearing anti-pipeline encampments. But the Unist’ot’en peoples practiced resistance, much to the chagrin of the B.C. provincial government and the RCMP. The RCMP came charging



in by cars, trucks, paddy wagons, and their little black helicopters, wearing military gear, with assault weapons and menacing police dogs.

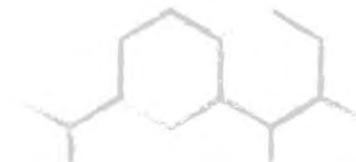
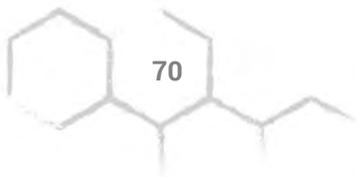
Hereditary chiefs from all five of the Nation's clans are opposed to the project and, since 2009, they and their supporters have re-occupied land along the pipeline route. They rejected the B.C. Supreme Court decision, and stated: "the order has criminalized the practice of Anuk 'nu'at'en (Wet'suwet'en law) and inflicted violence against Wet'suwet'en people on our own unceded lands."<sup>3</sup> On the other hand, the Indian Act Elected Band Council supports the Coastal GasLink (CGL), a subsidiary of TC Energy (formerly TransCanada Corp.), whom they had entered into business agreements with.

I have carefully followed the crisis currently unfolding in the Wet'suwet'en territory.

Looking through the semiotic lens at photos of the Wet'suwet'en barricade, I see things very differently now. I see several people, men, women, young people and a few dogs, a ragtag looking group. In one shot there was a young woman walking with a baby on her hip. I saw several trees that had been chopped down, and are laying in a clearing. It was heavily snowing with a lot of it already on the ground. The barricades are laid out in typical, cobbled together fashion with various found items: new 2X4s, old wood and poles, tires, barbed wire, plywood with hand-lettered signs on them, flags of all sorts, and an old bus. At the entrance to the camp there is a bridge lined with spruce trees, and out of place red dresses. I see many police officers and several police vehicles; all the police are wearing camouflage, military types of uniforms and carrying assault rifles. There are bottles, jerry cans and billy clubs.<sup>4</sup> There is a sacred fire burning.

Within Aboriginal culture this means a special connection to the spirit world, connecting our past and future and its presence is a promise of peace and a better future. The actual blockade is a metaphor meaning "you are not welcome here," no one invited you. I was proud to see Mohawk flags waving in the wind, they represent Indigenous unity, nationalism and resistance, and protector of the Eastern Door. In the territory, the flag is known by its traditional name, *Ganienkeh Flag*. The red dresses signify missing and murdered Indigenous women and girls.<sup>5</sup> The trees laying in the roadway are meant as a no trespassing sign.

The shared cultural meaning of the different items at the blockade were common to Indigenous people across what we now call Canada. To take an action and stand your ground is a fundamental dimension of Indigenous protest, and brings global attention to injustice and rights that are being trampled on. An end to what has been failed negotiations or resolution of an issue.



The Wet'suwet'en people, ordinary people with extraordinary resolve and courage. They, in the face of great danger, but solid principles, were trying to save their land from the federal government and corporate business. I look at the Unist'ot'en people, which means "heal the people, heal the land."<sup>6</sup> The Hereditary Chiefs and Matriarchs were having none of it, they refused to tear down their blockade and ordered the RCMP off their territory, but they refused to leave. On February 7<sup>th</sup>, the RCMP arrived en masse with four waves of the little black helicopters and started arresting the people who were at the blockade.<sup>7</sup>

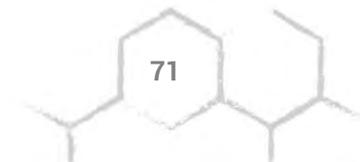
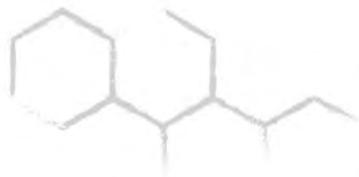
On the 10<sup>th</sup> of February, the RCMP moved in and started to physically handle, assault and arrest several Unist'ot'en and one supporting Mohawk. None of them would sign a conditional release agreement, stating they would not visit anyone on their traditional territory. They were all taken to jail and kept in custody.

Matriarchs were thrown on the ground, handcuffed and arrested. Chiefs were arrested and dragged to waiting paddy wagons. Young people experienced the same thing, and I wondered if this event would be a milestone in their life, a future activist being made. Their manifesto is "RCMP OFF Wet'suwet'en LAND." Only then will we begin to talk about what we want.<sup>8</sup>

This type of violence is not new for the RCMP, it has been going on for well over a hundred years. In the early 1900's the Haudenosaunee, later known as the Six Nations of the Grand River, had been experiencing severe injustice in the nation, at the hands of the Federal Department of Indian Affairs, and wanted it to be known to the global community.

In 1923 Deskaheh<sup>9</sup>, who was the Chief of the Iroquois League known to the English as Levi General, had taken a team to Geneva, Switzerland with a mission to attend the League of Nations (now the United Nations) in order to have it recognize the sovereignty of the Iroquois: "The constituent members of the State of the Six Nations of the Iroquois now are, and have been for many centuries, organized and self-governing peoples, respectively, within domains of their own, and united in the oldest League of Nations, the League of the Iroquois...."<sup>10</sup> Due to the stereotypical statements made by Canada to Britain, which had undermined their credibility, their mission failed.

Then, on the 7<sup>th</sup> of October 1924 during a regularly scheduled council meeting, the RCMP and with federal government officials in tow, came thundering into the meeting, unannounced. The RCMP, carrying clubs and armed with firearms, physically and brutally ousted the assembled chiefs. They were clubbed and physically assaulted during the removal, and bodily thrown out of the council house. The council had existed since 1863 and had been established by the Traditional Hereditary Chiefs, the governing bodies at the time. The original house, now a memory, had been the seat of government for 300 years.<sup>11 12</sup>



As a result of the deposing of the Hereditary Chiefs, the federal government arbitrarily installed an Indian Act Elected Band Council, but the Chiefs held steadfastly to their culture, customs and traditions. And the nation has suffered dysfunction and political strife since that black day in our history. Divide and conquer at its purest.

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<sup>1</sup> Vivian Bomberry. "Civil Disobedience and the Rule of Law: The Role that First Nations Need to Play." *Hum word bound*. 2018: 93-97. The passage continues: "There were two legal decisions that found two Indigenous people, Tina Fontaine, a 15-year-old child, and Colten Boushie, a 22-year-old Cree man, were murdered in cold blood. Miss Fontaine was raped, murdered, and thrown into the Red River like so much garbage. Colten Boushie was shot in the back of the head while sitting in the back seat of a vehicle. Both perpetrators of the crime were acquitted. The acquittals of Raymond Cormier and Gerald Stanley show that the judicial system is stacked against Indigenous people; Stanley claimed it was an accident and an all-white jury agreed. These decisions will be defining moments in First Nations issues, guaranteed to make this coming summer long and hot—a call to action."

<sup>2</sup> Bethany Lindsay. "B.C. Supreme Court grants injunction against Wet'suwet'en protesters in pipeline standoff." *CBC*. 31 December, 2019, [www.cbc.ca/news/canada/british-columbia/bc-injunction-coastal-gaslink-1.5411965](http://www.cbc.ca/news/canada/british-columbia/bc-injunction-coastal-gaslink-1.5411965)

<sup>3</sup> Unist'ot'en Camp. "Wet'suwet'en Hereditary Chiefs Reject the BC Supreme Court Decision to Criminalize Wet'suwet'en Law." *unistoten.camp*. 2019, [www.unistoten.camp/wetsuweten-hereditary-chiefs-reject-the-bc-supreme-court-decision-to-criminalize-wetsuweten-law/](http://www.unistoten.camp/wetsuweten-hereditary-chiefs-reject-the-bc-supreme-court-decision-to-criminalize-wetsuweten-law/)

<sup>4</sup> PoliceOne Staff. "History and use of the billy club: Early police forces used the billy club as a tool and a symbol of authority" *policeone.com*. 7 November, 2016, <https://www.policeone.com/police-history/articles/history-and-use-of-the-billy-club-ICrwpOfIpDTkHY2B/>

<sup>5</sup> National Inquiry into Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women and Girls. "Reclaiming Power and Place: The Final Report of the National Inquiry into Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women and Girls" Vol. 1b. 2019, [www.mmiwg-ffada.ca/wp-content/uploads/2019/06/Final\\_Report\\_Vol\\_1b.pdf](http://www.mmiwg-ffada.ca/wp-content/uploads/2019/06/Final_Report_Vol_1b.pdf)

<sup>6</sup> Unist'ot'en Camp. *Heal the people, heal the land*. 2019. [www.unistoten.camp/wp-content/uploads/2019/01/UZINE\\_View.pdf](http://www.unistoten.camp/wp-content/uploads/2019/01/UZINE_View.pdf)

<sup>7</sup> The Canadian Press. "A timeline on rail disruptions by anti pipeline protesters across Canada." *Alaskahighwaynews.ca*. 24 February, 2020, [www.alaskahighwaynews.ca/a-timeline-on-rail-disruptions-by-anti-pipeline-protesters-across-canada-1.24082663](http://www.alaskahighwaynews.ca/a-timeline-on-rail-disruptions-by-anti-pipeline-protesters-across-canada-1.24082663)

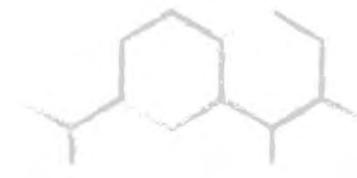
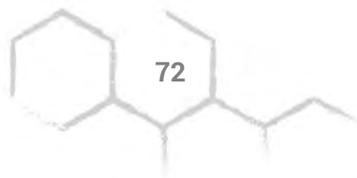
<sup>8</sup> Jillian Kestler-D'Amours. "RCMP off Wet'suwet'en land': Solidarity grows for land defenders" *Aljazeera.com*. 14 February, 2020. [www.aljazeera.com/news/2020/02/wet-land-solidarity-grows-land-defenders-200214163301407.html](http://www.aljazeera.com/news/2020/02/wet-land-solidarity-grows-land-defenders-200214163301407.html)

<sup>9</sup> Deskaheh (Levi General). *Wikipedia*, [http://www.biographi.ca/en/bio/deskaheh\\_15E.html](http://www.biographi.ca/en/bio/deskaheh_15E.html)

<sup>10</sup> DOCIP. "Historical process at the United Nations." *docip.com*, [www.docip.org/en/oral-history-and-memory/historical-process/](http://www.docip.org/en/oral-history-and-memory/historical-process/)

<sup>11</sup> Ibid.

<sup>12</sup> Laura DeVries. *Conflict in Caledonia and Aboriginal Land Rights and The Rule of Law*. Vancouver: UBC Press. 2011.



# How I know that Native literature matters

JOHNNY CHENG, HUM101

I know that Native literature matters because I have attended the UBC Hum101 course, Term 1, Fall 2019, and I have learned this from the speakers in the course. In this essay, I draw on classes and/or readings by Margot Leigh Butler, Jordan Wilson (Musqueam First Nation), Daniel Heath Justice (Colorado-born citizen of the Cherokee Nation/GWY.Ꭰ D.ᎦᎳ) and David Gaertner.

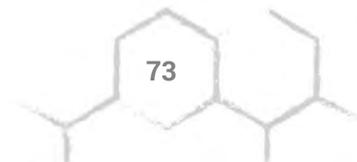
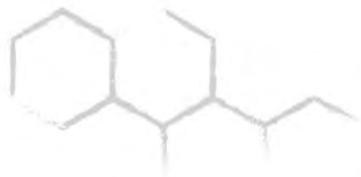
Musqueam First Nation has history, culture, traditions, and ancestral practices with 9,000 years of continuous inhabitation at Musqueam (MOA, 2019). Musqueam people have lived on what is now called the Musqueam Indian Reserve #2 for over 3,500 years, but it has only been classified as a reserve since the early 1860s. It has reduced in size several times. The Reserve is very small, measuring 190.4 hectares or 1.9 square kilometres due to the Federal government agents' restrictions to the size of the reserve under the justification that Musqueam are a fishing people, relying on the resources of the Fraser River. Because the North Arm of the Fraser opens up to Georgia Strait at the Reserve, the Federal government did not need a large land base. The authorities assumed Musqueam populations would become smaller because of government policies and organizations enforcing their assimilation into the mainstream. They did not foresee that Musqueam peoples would recover from disease. It was social design, popular media and political culture that always figured Musqueam people would not rebound as they have today (Wilson, 2018).

In various ways, Indigenous literatures accomplished different things. Indigenous literatures affirm Indigenous experience, presence, and possibility. Some works will accurately reflect cultural contexts, others won't. Some Indigenous writers are culturally grounded and those who are won't always share cultural teachings or with full accuracy. Some will reflect the overtly political views in their interpretations, some will choose a different approach. But all work by Indigenous writers contributes to an archive of Indigenous expression. The literature of Indigenous artists shares their truths on their terms, showing their diversity and complexity (Justice, 2018).

A single idea within Indigenous futurism is the idea that shows how the past contributes to the future. Indigenous understanding guards them in some way that organizes the roles for them leading to a new better future (Cornum, 2016).

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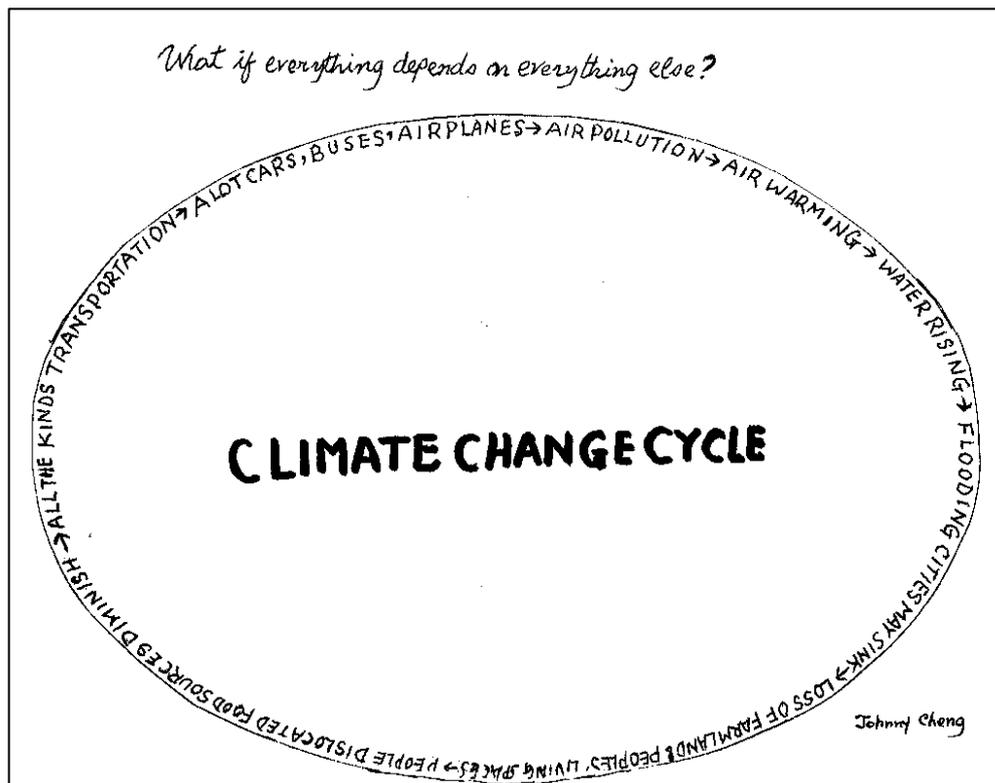


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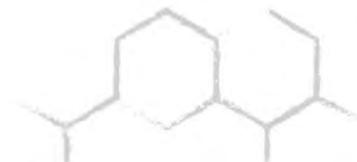
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EVERYTHING DEPENDS PARTICIPANT COMPOSITIONS



# Everything depends on everything else

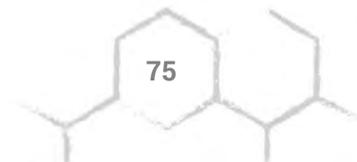
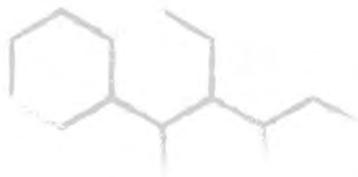
STELLA WONG, HUM101

In this world it is a fact that everything depends on everything else, just like everything depends on the five touchstones: people, power, place, time, and knowledge. They all depend and connect to each other. For instance, when people do things at a place, they are using their knowledge and power at the right time.

Power is not a material thing—it doesn't exist in a particular place. We can't see it, we can only feel it. When it is exercised in action through networks, or a relationship between people, it can constrain and restrict freedom. It is often conceptualized as the capacity of powerful agents to realize their control over the will of powerless people; to govern a country, a community, a group or a family, direct and determine behavior, thinking and ways of doing things. It is always around us every day—we can't get rid of it. The unity of people has more power than an individual. When this happens, it will lead us to change our minds to obey and follow instructions and act in other ways.

Sometimes power is also seen as a possession, something which is held onto by those in power and can control those who are powerless. Furthermore, it can function in the form of an organization or a community that wants to perform a particular action. For example, when a boss transfers an employee to another department, although that person doesn't like the new position, they still have to agree when they need to earn a living, or until they find another job. The employer has power over the employee, on the other hand, people can either resist or comply. It is always a matter of connection in human relationships, whether this involves verbal communication, institutional, economic, or interpersonal relations.

The interdependence of power is related to what counts as truth and knowledge that perpetually induces regular effects of power. It is impossible to be functional without knowledge, at a suitable time and place. Mother Nature is also another kind of power—earthquakes, forest fires, floodings, etc. Once these things happen, lives are changed in a short period of time. It is a major force in all relations, societies, people, where groups of people have to face the truth and power up with knowledge and take time to rebuild everything again.



# Humbly mumbling

BRENDALALA, WRITING 101

Sparks fly when one's vision appears—so clear to begin with, then an endless flow over 50 years. A woman's idiosyncrasies develop like a beautiful river winding through a mind like no other. I am puzzled and in awe of Cindy Sherman's artwork—her being her own model throughout the years, and raised in a post-war world by the survivors of a depression.

Survival depends on expression: expressive art pictured, photographed, costumed, transformed, and danced throughout those years.

I imagine Cindy growing up so observant, both nurtured and with a genetic predisposition for envisioning the world turning slowly. Evolutionary, revolutionary, a glimpse of meaning through her eyes, a dependency on a public that would GET IT!

I scratch my head and wonder if I get it. If I could figure out what it is—the cultural genre, the sometimes-abrasive photos that allow one to write (to imagine) their own story. Raised as she was, in that era, I try to recall when it all shifted to rebellion, drugs, flipping a bird at my parents' values, choosing poverty, whereas my folks' choice was to work their way out of it.

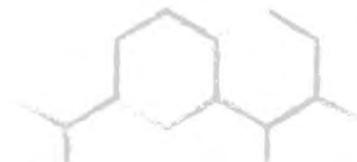
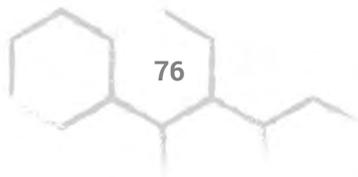
Oh hindsight, you big kick in the ass! The irony of understanding only after all the actors in the family play are gone.

And the disturbing reality that no one gets it until they go through it...

Our world would have been completely immersed in a philosophical fugue of questioning—and answers evoking even more beautiful questions.

An artist seeks her truth; she is dependent on the public to inform her work. The beauty I find in photography is its unbounded narrative, one that is very personal and I simply travel it along the way.

How does this affect my writing? What are photos of myself telling me of my own story? Musing through memories that hold only part of the truth. Are there absolutes? When we can see the interconnectedness—the link between and among it all—all those blissful glimpses the torn veil letting us peekaboo for a split



second. Leaving not an articulate message, more a felt sensual experience—knowing, seeing, believing that everything is all right.

A pigment of celestial colour embraces my heart and soul, comforted in a maniacal way, speechless because there are no words, unforgettable and unimaginable in this life of mine as a human being.

I breathe with my soul as I write these words.

## The only thing that has ever changed the world

CHRIS MARQUIS, WRITING 201

“Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful, committed citizens can change the world; indeed, it’s the only thing that ever has,” affirmed Margaret Mead. Write three short responses in three different genres.

### Poetry

You can make it happen, son,  
With your group of more than one.  
Test the waters with a friend.  
Soon you’ll make it to the end.

### Academic Writing

**A plan in the hands of a determined group of people can change the world for the better, when no change was happening before.** This also applies to an individual, which seems to be an oversight in Margaret Mead’s statement above. Of course, the change can be for good or evil, and we have had our share of determined villains both in the present and the past. Nevertheless, we must not be too quick to judge or dismiss an individual or small group. There is a common denominator among all human beings that can hold them back or destroy them. It is called the reactive mind and thinks in terms of similarities, not differences (sometimes erroneously called the unconscious mind).

**Thus, the unifying elements must be of a positive nature, such as to remove injustices, not revenge and punishment or a shared bad habit.** Both the hypercritical terrorist group known as ISIS, and Canadian General Roméo Dallaire along with his Bangladeshi troops trying to keep the peace amid genocide in Rwanda, would claim to seek justice. So, you have to look at motives as well as actions. Amended we have: **“Never doubt that a single individual or a small group of thoughtful, committed citizens can change the world! Indeed, it is the only thing that ever has.”**

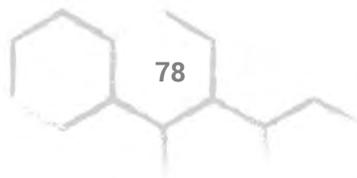
## Fiction

**Pius, the cat, was the first sentient beast to awake from the Great White Miasma that swept up the West Coast of South, Central and North America in 2049, the year of the Jupiter invasion.** The people of earth called them Jupitans, as they had hidden in the clouds of Jupiter for almost a decade before their shocking discovery. We now know, of course, that they migrated to our solar system from the galactic bulge, over a period of nearly a billion years. Initially just trying to get away from our galaxy's core black hole, Sagittarius A\*, this strange race of creatures developed a way to travel at incredible speeds, along with nutrient gasses that kept them alive.

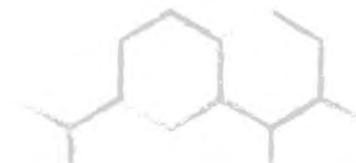
We all know the story now. Pius left his master's apartment and climbed onto an upper balcony and woke up his girlfriend Binky, whose mistress had one of those new-fangled Swoosherboards. Pius and Binky climbed on and set the swoosher to spiral up through the white mist seventy meters above Commercial Drive, Vancouver. At this height, several skyscrapers were visible in the direction of downtown and the West End. Pius and co. set off for the Sears Tower, but as they got near, a neon green mist wrapped around their swoosher and directed them over the top of a mist covered Stanley Park and rapidly out to sea.

All of a sudden, a shifting rainbow of colours appeared in the shape of a giant cigar. The green neon changed to purple and moved away from the swoosher, leaving two red mists front and back, holding the board firmly as several purple mists ran back and forth as if in a dither, while a few of them made their way back to the...the...Ship? “Oh wow!” thought Pius, this is no time to be dithering, and he let out a giant “Miaaaaaooooooooowwww!”

Well, you know the rest. The Jupitans had finally found someone who spoke their language: Cat! So, Pius and Binky got to talk to their great leader, Miaow, and soon had arranged meetings between Miaow and Justin Trudeau the Third, supreme leader of North America. But not before the Jupitans took their Miasma safely into earth orbit, so all the humans on the American West Coast could safely wake up. **Well, these days it's hard to imagine life without the playful Jupitans. But never doubt that a single cat like Pius, or a small group of thoughtful, committed cats, like Pius and Binky, can change the world! Indeed, it's the only thing that ever has!**



EVERYTHING DEPENDS PARTICIPANT COMPOSITIONS



# Outfoxed

VICTORIA REGALADO, WRITING 101

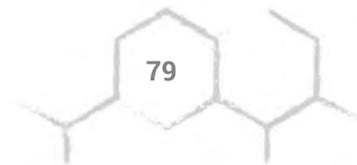
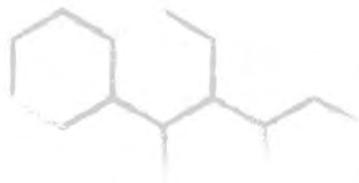
Food in the mountains is disappearing fast, and foxes have started to starve. Some of them have died due to the fierce fights for food. All this chaos is being caused by the pipeline. A lot of workers have invaded their territory in an unimaginable way with the purpose of working in this virgin land. If the foxes do not find food soon, they will become extinct. During the night, while the workers sleep deeply in their tents, the foxes wander around and eat some of the leftovers of the workers' meals. One of the small ones licks a colourful liquid on the ground. When his tongue tastes that acid flavour, the fox shakes his head in disapproval. It was jello, which he had never tasted before. Now, he is no longer confident that he wants to try anything with a similar texture. The morning is arriving; it will be another day to survive, but the foxes do not know if they will be able to live one more day.

## What if the future of humanity depends on the way we treat each other and mother nature?

JO BEGIN, HUM101

The Musqueam people have always claimed to be the keepers of the lands and the waters that sustain them (Musqueam Indian Band, 2006). Since time immemorial they have been firm believers in Mother Nature's signs and teachings, as well as fierce advocates and defenders of everything that comes from her. They respect the cycles of life in all its different aspects and know-how. They are grateful for what they have received and in return take good care of the land. They have great traditions filled with wisdom, and they respect different cultures who want to engage in peaceful relations. Working with nature, instead of against it, through fishing, hunting, farming and harvesting wild gifts such as fruits and plants, they have flourished for several millennia. They have used natural and organic resources since their very beginning.

The Euro-thieves, for their part, have often claimed ownership of lands and waters that they set foot on, simply by planting a flag on it and claiming it out loud in front of people that didn't understand their language. Their "love one another as I have loved you" motto stood only if Indigenous peoples converted to their religion, once they were dispossessed of everything they had. It sounded more like the order of a torturer than the wisdom of anyone with real compassion and true understanding. Through the years, some of the settlers, never happy



and always willing for more, came to experiment on anything and anyone in order to make more money, no matter how harmful for the human race, or the different species and habitats around the world.

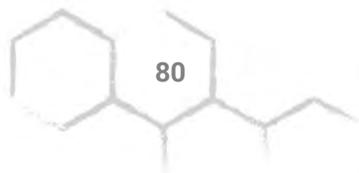
In Canada, we hear a lot about reconciliation, but how can you reconcile with authorities that took everything you had and still want to keep it? Canada's government acknowledged that what happened was wrong and asked for forgiveness through the lips of the prime minister. Some authorities seem to think that they can pay money to compensate the Indigenous nations for everything that was wrongfully done to their communities, and in turn, keep their ancestral lands. In contrast to other countries around the world, official representatives continue talking about how Canada is a staunch defender of human rights.

Worldwide, many stolen artifacts have been returned to where they originally belong. The F.B.I. has been working for many years to identify 42,000 stolen objects from around the world, including Native American burial remains. For example, some 361 of the pieces identified belong to the People's Republic of China. They included jewelry, vases, and other art, some dating to 500 B.C.E. (Katz, 2019). There is no difference between stolen artifacts and stolen lands. These ancestral territories belong to the Indigenous nations: give them back.

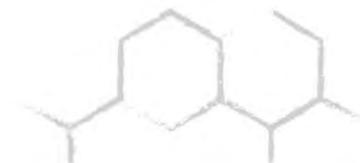
Once that step is crossed, we can talk about real reconciliation and how to protect everyone from imminent destruction. Global warming is continuously increasing, and it will soon trigger the seas to rise like never seen in modern times. We can already see all number of natural disasters multiplying year after year: droughts, wildfires, earthquakes, and tornados. We can see a decline in general human health, people getting sicker and sicker due to pollution, processed and chemically grown food.

Of course, lots of positive achievements still have been accomplished in the domain of science, technology, medicine and botany, but at way too high a cost. Numerous generations of Indigenous people died because of violence, and never-before-seen pathogens like smallpox, measles and influenza brought by the settlers. By 1600, 55 million (90% of their population) had perished in the Americas (Woodward, 2019). More than three million innocent Jewish people were exterminated in the Nazi extermination camps during World War II ("Extermination Camp," 2020), and many were subjected to atrocious forms of abuse and torture as a means to gain psychiatric (Luty, 2014) and medical knowledge (United States Holocaust Memorial Museum, 2006).

Human beings from all around the world have perished due to illness and disease created by big corporations. So much harm continues to be done every day. Some advocates in the U.S.A. say, "It's time to bring back the corporate death penalty" (Hartmann, 2019). There is a continuously growing will emerging from the population to hold large corporations and their leaders accountable. Cancers, respiratory diseases and other illnesses caused by tobacco, processed food, mining, chemical plants and other industries that pollute and



EVERYTHING DEPENDS PARTICIPANT COMPOSITIONS



contaminate land, water and air are truly a shame for the human race. All the profits made by a few and the knowledge acquired from these painful practices will never justify or bring back the lost lives.

In many cases, and after decades of pushing back, only now can we start to see the result of the quest from a so-called elite to control everything and everyone. Most of the damage done is irreversible. The way things are heading, soon, the richest will escape to colonize Mars and leave the rest of the population dying on earth. We have to stop the wrongful ascension right now, before it's too late!

Let's start by giving back to every Indigenous nation around the world what belongs to them, and let us give back to Mother Nature too. Let's share our experiences for the well-being of everyone and not just a few. Let's collectively use the knowledge and wisdom acquired by all nations, while working to return—as meant to be—as much land as possible to Mother Nature by reforesting it. Citizens of the earth can live using all the lost urban space to raise and grow most of what they need for food, but everyone has to make a choice now. Rest assured that the future generations will hold you accountable for that choice.

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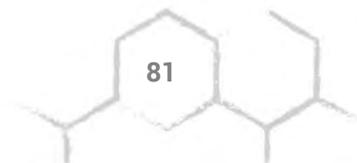
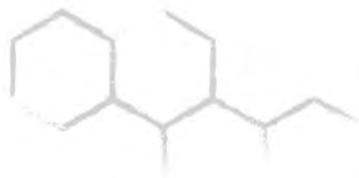
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# Colonization versus decolonization of Indigenous peoples

EARL SUNSHINE (CREE NATION), WRITING 101

Colonization: In the past and present, Canadian political powers exert control over Indigenous land, water, and resources, i.e. gold, silver, furs, fish, lumber, and oil. I will demonstrate through five examples how I feel our people are still enduring colonization by the government.

Example one: Unequal power relations: i.e. Northern communities' land and resource developments with Kinder Morgan, LNG, and Mount Polley Mining Corporation; and the lead-contaminated water on many of the reserves across Canada.

Example two: Department of Indian Affairs is designed to assimilate Indigenous people through Indian residential schools, the Sixties Scoop, and through the force of different religions, causing thousands of them to have died from neglect.

Example three: Ethnocide: designed to kill social structures through displacement of home and community, and the loss of Indigenous cultures and languages.

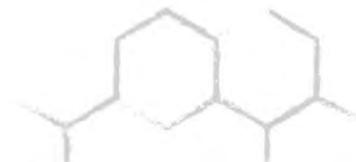
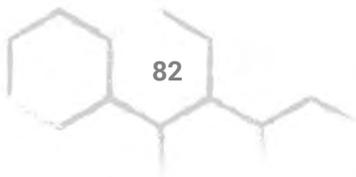
Example four: Land/Environment: Government killed off all the bison, killing off Indigenous ways of life, and brought in European diseases, such as smallpox.

Example five: Genocide: continues today as seen with the Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women and Girls, and others who report high rates of violence.

I truly believe history is in the making and decolonization is paving the way for Indigenous communities to reclaim what has been taken from us, and to help restore Indigenous views of ourselves and how the world views us. For example, Orange Shirt Day is designed to share and communicate about our real history regarding Indian residential schools. And, the Truth and Reconciliation Commission designed 94 "Calls to Action."

Reclaiming our control through self-government agreements, treaties, and other negotiated agreements, and with Indigenous communities writing our own perspectives of our history and replacing Western interpretations of history.

Even though we are the First Peoples of British Columbia, we still have lots of struggles to overcome the injustices; however, we remain true warriors.



# De-colonization

DANIEL WILSON, WRITING 201

I grew up on the Prairies and learned of the colonization of the West by going on a high school field trip to Batoche, Saskatchewan. As it was the 1960s, there was a strong movement growing for a historical pardon of the chiefs who were hung during the Riel Rebellion.

Now, years following the Riel Rebellion, the Canadian government has formerly exonerated a prominent Cree leader, the revered Chief Poundmaker, known as Pihatokahanapiwiwin. He was falsely accused and convicted of treason by the Northwest Mounted Police Commander, who is now known to have lied. On May 2, 1885, his people were attacked by a group of police, militia, and soldiers, while Chief Poundmaker tried to make peace and negotiate with government officials. His people, the Cree, were suffering mass hunger as a result of government policies in the region.

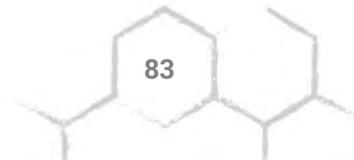
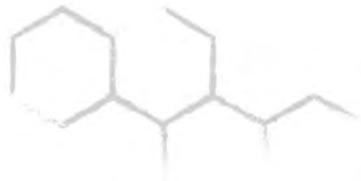
During the Battle of Cutknife, government officials deployed cannon and a Gatling gun on a camp of men, women, and children before retreating in defeat after nearly seven hours. Warriors attempted to chase after them until Chief Poundmaker stopped them.

In the aftermath of the battle, Poundmaker travelled to speak to government officials, but instead was arrested and convicted. He was released after less than a year in jail because of his poor health. He died four months later.

I travelled back to Saskatchewan three years ago for a memorial for my brother, who had passed away from MS. The family gathered at Manitou Beach outside of Watrous. Manitou Beach is the Dead Sea of the prairies as the lake is full of minerals and salts. With the gorgeous summer prairie evening, it was magical to see the rolling hills touching down to the water and the frothy waves of the lake. I could imagine Chief Poundmaker's people camping nearby and bathing in the waters to ease and maybe cure smallpox.

Colonization is a process by which a central system of power dominates the surrounding land and its components. This central system of power benefits the few as seen by the gentrification of cities. With rapid technological advances, the majority are not retrained and lose out on these benefits. Open immigration for people of privilege has driven up house prices, and Airbnb further contributes to homelessness. This colonization has benefited the 1%, while the majority are not heard in democracy.

The West is magical and the government's actions on decolonization of the Indigenous peoples are commendable. But the centralization of the country is splitting the West apart and is threatening confederation.



# Our role in the treatment that the mentally disabled receive

ERIC BOUTIN, WRITING 201

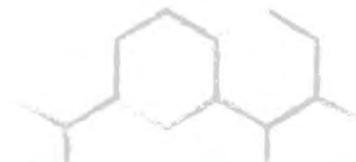
We are not being the good neighbours that they need. They need more from us than just having awareness, and they need it now. They need us much more because the funding and treatment that they get has fallen to record lows.

If we are to be a well-functioning society, we need to be much more than just aware of the pain and suffering of our mentally ill. We cannot return to the dark days of caring by locking up the mentally unwell. They can't fall through the cracks of our health care system again. We have to make sure that the new funding that we will inject reaches them. They have shown over and over again that when treated, they become one of us. We see them as writers, painters, chefs, city planners, doctors, in leadership positions and everything in the middle. So that is why we must mobilise now, before the mentally ill fall back into the heavy hardship they suffered before.

We must begin now, by fixing the most urgent. We need many more new doctors, nurses, caregivers, advocates and personnel in the other fields that take care of mental wellness. Right now, the ones who do take care of them, mentioned above, have no option but to work extra hard until they burn out. They can tell us of so many success stories of the transformations that they have witnessed in the patients of theirs. They can tell us of the incredible turnaround from being lost souls to now creative, hardworking passionate human beings. They, the mentally ill, then begin to be in a position to give back to others. We are talking about the same people that could not get out of bed or take care of themselves due to illness and are now full of life.

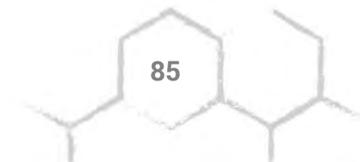
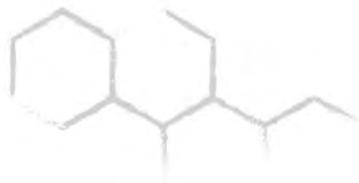
Next, the funding that is spent on getting our mentally ill better is below the funding that it was 15 years ago. The amount of money put into the mental health field per capita is at a record low because of the unprecedented population growth. We must urgently inject new money into the care that makes them better and well. We cannot and will not let down those who are neighbors and friends to us.

We must change the narrative of negativity as told by media and other special interest groups. They spread lies and are misinformed about what is truly going on. They base their opinions about mental illness on a few cases that they can see on the streets. It is but a small percentage of said group that partake in drugs and alcohol. I, like many others, have witnessed on many occasions that the depressed or suicidal, the bi-polar and the rest of those ill are far from that. They do not consume drugs and wouldn't be able to tell you what street drugs look like. It is such an awful and unacceptable misrepresentation that is painted of them by media and other special interest groups.



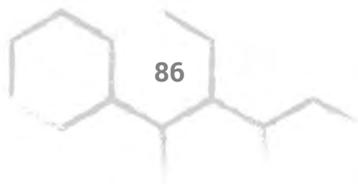
What is also very disturbing is the treatment of abuse and violence they receive from the police and other security. We are again back to the days of injustices suffered by our ill from these authorities. They are back to using illegal tactics. We now have many stories of the violence, of the cruel and unusual treatment by said police towards the sick. We all have heard of horror stories of how brutal and criminal the police were toward the mentally ill. We must now put a stop to all this by the armed ones towards the weak. They must stop all their illegal acts and become the first responders we expect them to be. We must demand that the police stop their profiling and harassment of such a defenseless segment of our city population. It is with great sadness that we hear of horrible interactions between the police and the unwell in 2020. The abuse suffered at the hands of police must stop now.

In closing, it is important that I mention that many in the mentally unwell group have given back in so many ways. They are gainfully employed in so many fields. With the proper care they become well and have a chance to have a joyful and fulfilling life. Now is the time to support and mentor them. They have proven over and over again that they are worthy of our love, care, energy, and attention; and we must include them in every part of our lives.

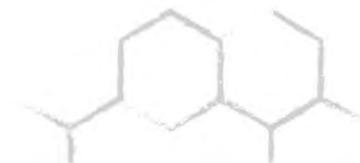




# everything else



EVERYTHING ELSE PARTICIPANT COMPOSITIONS



# When everything depends on everything else, every thing matters to every thing

BRONWYN ELKO, WRITING 201

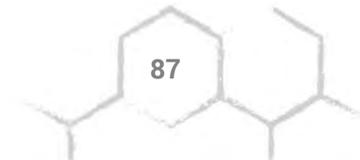
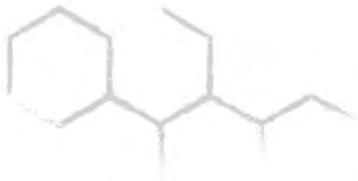
When everything depends on everything else, everything we are as living beings becomes transparently entangled.

From the big bang, we are born of stardust. From primordial elements to single cells, to the vestigial fishtails at the base of our human spines, the wholeness of life's diversity shines forth. Every animal leaves behind its trace in the great chain of being, in the DNA of every creature, past and present. Entwined with every air molecule is every uttered breath in history. Every drop we drink today was drunk by dinosaurs in 10 million B.C.E. Every being from every time everywhere on earth stamps its passage in the book of life.

If every thing depends on  
everything, if to be depends  
on earth and air  
on care or snub  
on yours and mine  
Love and hate matter.

When every thing comes  
from everything that was and is,  
when all depends on  
what is and may be,  
on war or peace  
on rain or shine  
on fire or ice  
every thing matters.

When everything depends on everything, every thing belongs to every other thing. Every thing depends on you and me, the birds and bees, the We that is the larger Us. When everything is connected, every creature's reality matters. Truth and lies can and do make and break the world. And when our truths collide, our vision of the universe and Us expands.



When everything depends  
on everything else,  
when every thing is  
made of matter,  
everything matters  
to everything.

Every atom belonging  
to me as good as  
belongs to you.\*

When everything depends  
When every thing belongs  
When everything connects  
to every other thing,  
all matter matters.

\* "Every atom belonging to me as good as belongs to you," from "Song of Myself," Walt Whitman (1892).

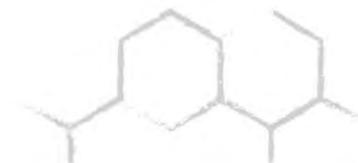
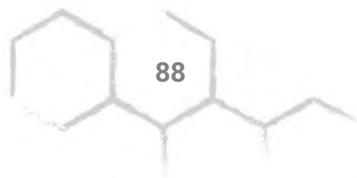
## Paradise awaits

GLORIA O'BRIEN, WRITING 201

Approximately one year ago, I was startled and woken up from a deep sleep at 3:00 a.m. on a Friday morning. First to the shrill, hollow and loud sounds of sirens and then to a demanding, loud knock on my door. Knock! Knock! Knock! The knock was almost as annoying as the siren. Helga, my elderly neighbour, stood at my door in her torn, oversized paisley cotton nightgown. Her hair was a tangled mess not unlike a floor mop.

"John passed away. He just died in my arms," she cried in her thick German accent. She and John had come to Canada from Germany 65 years ago, and through thick and thin had survived the destructive Second World War. Her life had been hard in the old country, where not enough food had been an almost daily struggle.

Her loud sobs echoed through the long hall. She scooted hurriedly back down the hall to get dressed and to let the ambulance people into her apartment. I quickly got dressed to accompany her. In the hurry, I forgot to



take my cell phone...wailing, crying, hysteria, regrets, more crying more wailing, more regrets until the ambulance came to a stop at Vancouver General Hospital.

Just last week, she had said to me, “He doesn’t eat anything anymore. He just sits at the table and stares off into space and refuses to eat anything I prepare for him. We are keeping the garbage people happy.”

They had been married for 65 years, not happily. Through the halls, the yelling and screaming at each other could be heard every day of the year. Worrying that someone might report them and that they might get kicked out, I would tell her to quiet down. They were like a cat and dog who tolerated each other only occasionally.

Five years earlier, I had seen John on his scooter. Helga had gone to the hospital for one week to have a hernia repaired. She had high blood pressure, with heart problems and the operation had almost taken her life. That day, he looked like the life had been sucked out of him. I sent him some vegetable soup and fruit to make him feel better. I visited her, took a card, flowers, and dark chocolates—which she loved. She survived and a month after coming home, they were back to normal.

When we got to the hospital John had a peaceful look on his face with ashen skin.

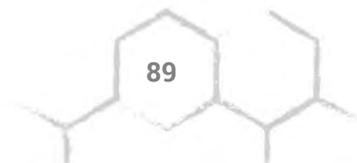
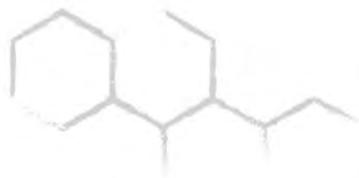
Most of their days were spent shopping; he had lost his license due to a stroke and so wasn’t allowed to drive. That had been the beginning of the end for him. He lost hope when he couldn’t drive his car anymore.

Helga made funeral arrangements with the help of both her sons who previously had rarely visited them because of John’s bad temper. Now they were visiting her all of the time.

A funeral was held with six people in attendance. I was not invited. For fifteen years I was never once invited into her apartment to have tea. I bought her a thin china cup, that she requested I buy. She came to my apartment once a week.

After the funeral, her blood pressure settled down except when she would think of him. One day, about six months later, we sat having tea and she said to me, “Do you think the loved ones are waiting for us on the other side after death.”

“Why, yes of course they are!” I tried to reassure her and to make her feel better. I didn’t know for sure, but the stories I have heard gave me some insight to answer this question.



"I can't wait to go and be with John, I miss him so much." Tearfully, she left.

I said, "A lady on TV said that they are all waiting for us..."

One month later, a week before her 87<sup>th</sup> birthday she passed away to be with John in paradise! She had predicted that she would pass before her next birthday. The sons phoned me after the death certificate had been taken care of and invited me to the funeral. The funeral had been paid for by John and Helga many years ago. They wanted to be independent and, "free from debt."

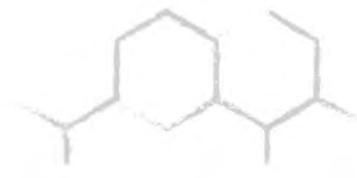
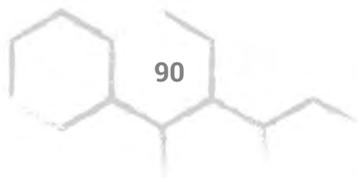
There were only four of us at the funeral, including her three sons. One flew in from Winnipeg, a thin wispy man in his late 50s, and two sons from Birken, B.C. Helga's favourite had been the youngest son, Allan. She would go to visit the two brothers on holidays and special occasions like her birthday, and when she came back she always complained of the dog always wanting food from everyone, and that the room was too cold for her. She was always afraid that the bears in the forest would "get" her, if she ever went for a walk.

Laid out in the casket, Helga had a very peaceful look on her face. Her face was dusted with an iridescent powder and rouge on her cheeks that made her look younger than her 87 years. I always thought that she looked like one of Howard Hughes' girlfriends, the bra girl Jane Russell. She had dyed her hair red and wore lipstick and makeup till the end of her life. Well-coiffed and dressed, she always looked presentable and put together. She was trained in Germany to be a fashion consultant and worked in ladies' clothing stores.

Last summer, I noticed that she was wearing a polyester pant suit while grocery shopping. She carried a small grocery cart everywhere. I asked Fred my neighbour, "Why does Helga always get asked to leave her shopping cart at the front of the store?" "Don't you know?" —he replied, "I saw her one day looking at the apples and every second one she put in her cart."

Many years ago, I had been asked by John to befriend Helga. He said, "She has no friends, I will give you some money to take her for coffee." I said no you don't have to do this. Occasionally, he would tuck a \$20 bill into my pocket when I wasn't looking. I never told her this, because I thought that it would hurt her. I once had to haul her off a lady and break up a big fight because the lady smoked in front of her and Helga disapproved! Mostly, I had her over for tea and cookies or sometimes if I made pea soup, which she loved.

At my request, the boys invited me to the apartment. I always wondered why she never invited me over. There was a red leather sofa, well-worn with mismatched throw pillows covering its arms. Some of those pillows I



had given to her years ago. The kitchen sink was full of dirty dishes and the counters were covered with old bottles, variously sized glasses, and a toaster oven, that had seen better days.

The cupboards were full of ordinary cups and saucers and plates—certainly not the china that I had anticipated. A floor mat that I had given her was placed in front of a chair beside the sofa. In the bedroom, just a single bed. She had got the boys to take it to Salvation Army after John had passed away. It was a spare existence for a woman who had told me about all of the luxuries her family had had before the war.

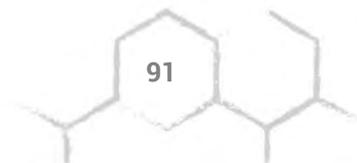
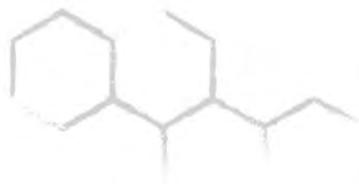
I think my china, linens, and antique furniture rekindled a life she had once known. I had antique linens from my grandmother and Royal Albert china given to me by my aunts when they had passed away. Altogether reminiscent of days gone by. I hope that she is in a better place, and free of the constant pain in her back and legs. I am happy to have known her. I learned a lot about the war and its effects on people. She would say to me, “What you see on TV is nothing, it was 100 times worse than all of that.” John never spoke of the war; he drowned all of his disappointment and feelings with alcohol and gambling.

I grew to accept and understand two survivors.... Bon voyage to you both!

## COSMOS

GILLES CYRENNE, HUM ALUMNUS AND “HOW TO FALL IN LOVE WITH ARTFUL SENTENCES” VOLUNTEER  
TEACHER

In my brain  
a compass of curiosity ranging from  
subatomic to galactic scales  
music of reality  
wonder playing my life  
thirteen point eight billion years  
many light years circumscribed  
in this mystery we call consciousness  
born on a planet 4.5 billion years old  
mother of life going back 3 billion years  
from one cell beginning to these fingers on keyboard  
WOW



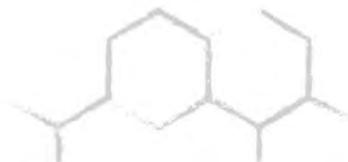
# Hardness of seeing grey

VICTOR DIDIER, WRITING 101

Seeing the grey in things is hard.  
To see between the good & bad is difficult.  
Because the black & white that,  
by necessary logic, must exist  
for the colour grey to exist  
but always I must remind myself  
that they lie only at the extremes,  
at the end of the tapestry to judge.

Black & white seems so common though,  
not easily acknowledged within modern living  
now dictated, but shamelessly implied in tone  
for judging is wrong, shame is wrong, assuming wrong.  
Why put these things on your fellow man whom you don't know?  
What if a man does steal to feed his family? Is it black?  
asked despite stating the question as from white?  
Today, that which you & I have adopted so readily  
as shades of grey is to be defined by both colours.  
Not an in-between spectrum of light. For us to stand on.  
For that is too difficult to live. But is that missing the point?

Colour morality is made to make you think  
to question what is right & wrong  
by feeling, by circumstance, & theoretically,  
by which context in which  
all men are to be judged. Yet as we grow more,  
as we turn from child to adult in this secular society  
starved for any sense of ethics to be argued  
or for meaningfulness to not be lied to,  
we are taught basic truths. Simple, unquestioning judgments  
so our concentric can be tamed by truth.

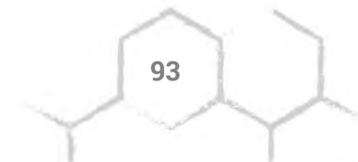
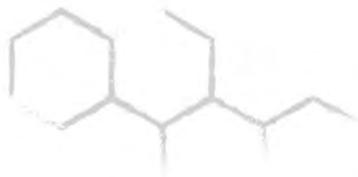


So, I seek that—to find those things.  
Things that I felt were questionable  
to practice & enhance my ability  
to live by this truth. Act on it purposefully  
to properly consider the correct answer  
I question as I have been taught to question.  
In order to live this way but still it's hard  
for all it took was one talk, one perfect summary  
to make me realize that questions in themselves  
must fit this logic as well.

But this year, faith found me again. In it  
I was surprised to see I could still learn.  
Not by waiting for someone to convince me that  
I was wrong, I was foolish, I was waiting for truth  
to come save me from what I no longer see.  
For, I am on a pilgrim's regress now,  
unable to see what is nutrients from refuge  
waiting for reason on its horse of truth,<sup>1</sup>  
& oh, what that truth first gallop hard  
for now I see contradiction is the death of truth.

All my life, all my life I have been taught  
that questioning is good. In school, in study  
even in my hiding faith. For what believer can  
exist truly if he never questioned it?  
It is why I am & why I am disappointed by the false  
actions of my faith or by foolish understandings  
that would convince the smart that they're great  
for defeating the ignorant mind. It's depressing  
so for many years I didn't question my faith back.

To question is to seek the truth. To not be fooled  
by the jester's hand dancing amidst the roaring crowd  
this is good. We all say it so isn't it funny how this

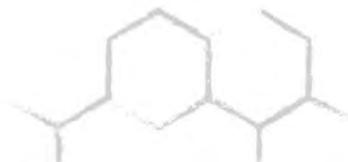


is there for white not grey? I scarcely remember  
hearing that asking is grey. All I remember is that not to is wrong;  
it is oppression, it's black. Yet if it's true that all is grey,  
then how is this such an unquestioning expectance?  
Why does it feel so wrong to ponder about it so?  
I feel icky & angry just to ask against  
the sacredness of our education, our society.

Yet, the rider comes from atop its mighty mountain<sup>2</sup>  
& speaks to me the warning of G. K. Chesterton. His words  
that have shaken my core. By what he had to say about  
the modern revolutionist of his time & of this time we are in.  
He speaks about the paradoxical nature of it all &  
of where being an infinite skeptic, an infinite questioner  
will lead to in our own minds. If this is questioning things,  
then may god have mercy on us. May we live a better day—  
but today I'm crying for what is sacred is now grey to me  
& how before did I not choose to see it that way. For I live  
in contradiction: towards myself & inside as I wait.

Not by my faith, but by my own mind  
undermined from lingering feelings of not  
being dumb, being stupid, being ignoramus  
like the other who preaches the colour.  
But now I see that gray is so much harder,  
not because the color doesn't exist impassively  
but because anything can grow discoloured:  
darker or brighter on an unwatched canvas  
making grey so hard to truly see purely if  
not then forgetful of the two we wish to weigh  
making the grey so hard to truly see as its own.

“The new rebel is a skeptic and will not entirely trust anything. He has no loyalty; therefore, he can never be a true revolutionist and the fact that he doubts everything gets in the way when he wants to denounce anything. For all denunciation implies a moral doctrine of some kind; and the modern revolutionist doubts not only the



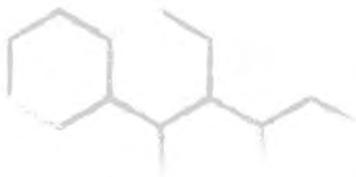
institution he denounces, but the doctrine by which he denounces it. So, he writes one book complaining that imperial oppression insults the purity of women. Then he writes another book (about the sex problem) in which he insults it himself. He curses the Sultan for forcing Christian girls to lose their virginity, then curses Mrs. Grundy because they keep it. As a politician, he cries out that war is a waste of life, and then, as a philosopher, that life itself is a waste of time. A Russian pessimist will denounce a policeman for killing a peasant, and then prove by the highest philosophical principles that the peasant ought to have killed himself. A man denounces marriage as a lie, then denounces aristocratic profligates for treating it as a lie. He calls a flag a bauble, then blames the oppressors of Poland or Ireland because they take away that bauble. The man of this school goes first to a political meeting where he complains that savages are treated as if they were beasts; then he takes his hat and umbrella and goes on to a scientific meeting where he proves that they practically are beasts. In short, the modern revolutionist, being an infinite skeptic, is always engaged in undermining his own mines. In his book on politics he attacks man for trampling on morality. In his book on ethics he attacks morality for trampling on men. Therefore, the modern man in revolt has become practically useless in all purposes of revolt. By rebelling against everything, he has lost the right to rebel against anything.”

— Gilbert Keith Chesterton, *Orthodoxy* (1908)

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<sup>1</sup> Lewis, Clive Staples. *The Pilgrim's Regress*. 1933. Harper Collins, 2018.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*



# Precepts for all ages

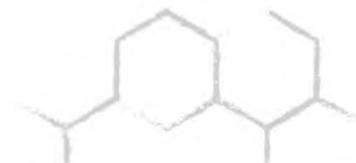
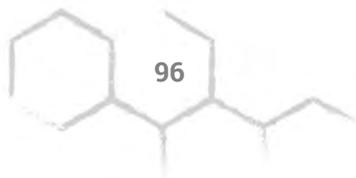
JUANA PERALTA FRANCO, HUM101

The *Encheiridion* is a handbook comprised of 53 points or passages (P) with advice or precepts about the appropriate actions and behaviours that we need to follow in various situations. The precepts are meant to be used by everyone—regardless of age. It was written between 55-135 AD, about 1900 years ago, by Epictetus, one of the greatest Roman Stoic philosophers that emigrated to Greece. In this paper I will pick out sentences from the passages that touched my soul deeply, and I will explain what they mean to me. I argue that all the passages are contained in the Christian Bible, and that they were compiled around 382 AD.

P1: “The things that are up to us are by nature free, unhindered, and unimpeded” (323). This means that those things that belong to me are my own, and that gives me peace. These could be material things, but also my capabilities and knowledge that enable me to perform a function or a task without harming myself or others. P4: “In accord with nature” (324) means to keep in touch with nature, to use common sense by establishing differences with appearances and simulations, and to be on guard and focus on reality.

P29: I took that passage to mean I must be a good person. If I decide to do a project, do it well and persevere. In order to achieve this, I must be disciplined and use my training in order to avoid spending my life behaving the way children do. Children tend to change their mind at a moment’s notice. I on the other hand need to be mature and carry out my role with all my heart and mind—focusing on the objectives of my project. To do it, I have to inspect my own nature and whether I can bear it. Therefore, for each action I have to take into account what leads up to it and what follows in order to start with enthusiasm and to enjoy the process. To be consistent, to make sure that things happen, and to embrace the projects throughout my life and beyond.

P30: “Appropriate actions are in general measured by relationships” (328). This means that the severity of the reaction needs to be appropriate to the relationship that I hold with the person who carried out the misconduct. Before making a decision, I need to remain calm and level headed. I need to consider “what I can do to bring my own faculty of choice into accord with the nature of the offence.” Furthermore, I also need to understand that not every action needs a reaction. There will be times where the people closest to me—family and friends—may say or do things that harm me. However, it is up to me to decide how harmful those actions are when it comes to my well-being. At the end of the day, it is up to me to make sure that I behave in a way that is not dictated by emotion, but by rational and critical thinking. This brought to my mind, the theme of our Hum101 course: “What if everything depends on everything else?” and how the theme will help me discover the appropriate actions that I need to expect from those around me—neighbors, citizens, friends, and family members—by making sure that I make a habit of looking at relationships.



P33: “Set up right now a certain character and pattern for myself which I will preserve when I am by myself and when I am with people” (330). “Be silent for the most part, or say what you have to in a few words.” If someone says something bad about me, I need to keep silent and say: obviously they do not know my other bad features, otherwise they would not have just mentioned these” (330).

P35: “When you do something that you determine is to be done, never try not to be seen doing it, even if most people are likely to think something bad about it” (331). From this passage my takeaway was that when I decide to do something, I need to try to see myself doing it. A light is put in a place to shine, never to be hidden.

P37: “If you undertake some role beyond your capacity, you both disgrace yourself by taking it and also thereby neglect the role that you were unable to take” (331). Look at all features of the context. Follow your ruling principles in every action.

Finally, I would like to express my opinions with regard to the Roman and Greek philosophers and thinkers of two thousand years ago. On one hand, the *Encheiridion* shows us how deeply we are in their thoughts and how moral law and behaviour are always important in all societies. To me, precepts like the ones mentioned above and the others included in the *Encheiridion* should be taught in all schools. In doing so, we can ensure that everyone—regardless of culture, and religion—could have a universalized set of rules. On the other hand, in the Old and New Testaments all of these precepts are written. Making a timeline after the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, when his apostles started preaching about his life and mission here on earth, we can make assumptions that at the time the *Encheiridion* was written, Paul the apostle went to Greece. In Athens, there was a polytheistic society during this time and he observed that they also had a statue for an unknown God. Paul, as a way to be accepted among these people said: your unknown God is the one I came to talk about. From my Christian faith, I believe that Jesus existed since the beginning of the world, he was and is the creator, thus, he knew and knows all human beings and their thoughts. Which leads me to assume that the great philosophers such as Zeno, Cleanthes, Chrysippus, Heraclitus, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle also had divine inspiration, when they wrote about justice, and the truth that is Jesus himself.

In short, the Bible has moral precepts in the books of Ecclesiastes, Proverbs, and all Jesus’ teachings in the New Testament. The Bible was united for a Pope named Dámaso in 382 BC. In my humble opinion I can make the assumption that philosophers from the first university founded by Plato—named “The Academy,” which was founded in 387 BC and stayed for 900 hundred years—could have helped in the compilation of some of the books that form our Bible, which is the book that has been printed the most amount of times and the one that is available in most languages around the world. However, because we have freedom of religion, we cannot make it compulsory to read The Bible, hence, the *Encheiridion* could potentially play an important role to disseminate precepts of morals and behaviours for each human being, thus, resulting in better relationships among humans in the entire world.

# My beach

WILL DISHER, WRITING 101

I have always loved the beach. Any beach really. Sun bleached beaches that I played on in amazing, far off places like Hawai'i or the Caribbean. Beaches with crystal blue water and sand so white hot and fine that it would burn my feet if I stood still for too long. Or cold, flat, and dark grey beaches that went on for miles with towering, ominous cliffs behind in Scotland, Wales, and England. But my favorite slice of beach was in my own backyard. Literally steps away from my bedroom, where I would wake up to the crashing waves. I remember the cold, hard concrete steps that led down from my childhood home, through the big brambly blackberry bushes straight to my beach. I remember on steamy August nights my little brother, sister and I would pick the juiciest berries, which my dad would make into mouth-watering pies. My feet seasonally calloused from running up and down those steps, climbing on rocks and logs—basically not wearing shoes for the whole summer. It felt like my own little playground. The beach was rocky in parts, with more and more barnacles as you got closer to the cobalt water, frothy white at the shoreline. There was a mammoth tractor tire that had washed up years before and my imagination prickled with ideas of giant metal tractors roaming the ocean like dinosaurs from another time. Over the years, the middle of that tire had filled up with rocks and sand. My baby sister played in that wheel of sand while my brother and I explored and adventured. There was a tremendous rock that seemed so massive to me as a young boy. When the tide would come in, that rock would be the only piece left of my beach, jutting out above the clean blue ocean. In the summer, my brother and I would shallow dive off the rock. The sun dipping low, brilliant orange and red as it slipped into the horizon. When the tide was low, we would catch tiny, shimmering fish in the tidal pools left behind by the retreating water, usually when the sun was at its peak in the perfect blue sky. There was a community beach around the bend from our private paradise, where tourists and their kids would come during the summer season, when the sun beat down and the ocean shined. The tantalizing smell of BBQ'd burgers and salty fries wafting from the old burger shack. But I felt my beach was mine alone, protected from outsiders by the natural bend and away from prying eyes—a sandy oasis that I knew intimately. If a new log got swept in by the current, I'd know it and my brother and I would run down to investigate right away. We would make up fantastic stories of where the log had come from. Sometimes we would see holes drilled into these logs, through which rope would run to tie it to other logs. Making its journey from the forest, down the river, and finally to the ocean. I thought somehow that it must have slipped away in a last burst of freedom, fleeing its fate at the lumber mill, to come live out its days on my beach, just for me. I sometimes visit my beach. Some of it has changed, but mostly it's the same; it feels like home. My tire, my big rock, my logs, my ocean. MY BEACH!!!

# Memories

HANNAH NGUYEN, WRITING 201

I dearly love my memories; they've made an impact on my whole life.

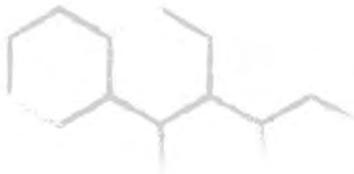
I came from an agricultural country. My memories of the past are of my parents' three-bedroom summer house. In that house, there were three beds, which were all lined up and pushed together. The middle one was my parents' bed. One side was for the boys and the other side was for the girls because we were all still too young to sleep separately. Outside of the house, we had a wonderful garden with year-round fresh vegetables and fruits. There were lettuces, cabbages, carrots, and many more. Moreover, we had an orchard of trees, with orange, mandarin, grapefruit, mango, and longan trees planted here and there. These trees supplied us with more fruit than we needed. Around the property, banana trees were planted in rows as a kind of fence. These, too, produced an abundance of fruits beyond what my family could consume. What we couldn't eat, my mother brought to the market to sell. She'd use that money to buy other necessities.

I have memories of my parents' domestic animals, such as buffalos to plough the fields, poultry and pigs for meat, laying hens for fresh eggs, cats for pets, and dogs for guarding the property. We also had two ponds at separate ends of the property which we used to water the vegetables, to fish, to wash clothes, to bathe, and to do anything related to cleaning—but not for cooking or drinking. For cooking, we used other sources, including captured rain water and community reservoirs. Between the two ponds ran a long path and at one end of the path was a field. This was the place where we docked the boats.

Actually, my grandparents had had a great estate with a number of concrete buildings. But because of the war, some of the buildings were damaged and needed significant repairs. We only moved to this summer cottage because my grandparents wanted us to avoid the noise and danger of the construction.

My memories are so numerous! I remember wonderful, moonlit evenings when the family gathered in the front of the yard. On nights like that, we'd eat boiled clams and oysters, sticky jams, and crunchy peanuts, corn, and fresh beans. We'd stay up late and watch the moon slowly rise in the sky. We'd marvel at the moon's rays sparkling across the ponds. We breathed in deeply the fresh air from the rice fields. Life was delightful here and would last late into the night, when my mother would finally order us inside to bed.

The rice we grew we'd harvest during the last months of summer and into early fall. Rice is a difficult crop to grow and harvest, which is a process that involves cutting the top (where the grain is) from the bottom half of the plant. After removing the upper half, what remained would lay sunken, rotting beneath the surface of the



water. We called that “the season of the snail” and my older brothers, sisters, and I would go out to catch snails. I would sit in the middle of the boat while they rowed to the best snail-catching waters. The giant snails floated on the surface of the water with their mouths wide open. I still do not know why they opened their mouths! Maybe, like us, they also had a passion for moonlight, or maybe they felt a great pleasure being in the fresh air. We often brought our nets and caught plenty of them easily. Nights like that were always pleasant evenings.

We lived like that for four or five years before we were pushed off the land. My family owned the land and the Communists wanted to destroy the old systems of land ownership. We escaped to the South. Here, we did not live in the countryside. The young children had to go to school, and the young adults needed convenient access to work so my parents and aunts and uncles decided to stay in the city until we moved to Canada.

When we first immigrated to Canada, we lived on a farm in the agricultural lands of South Burnaby. There, I had a small hobby nursery. I mostly planted and sold marigolds because I had access to cheap seeds and because marigolds are an easy plant for a novice. While I grew plants, my husband raised animals. He loved his animals. He raised guinea pigs, rabbits, and cats for pets, and dogs for guarding the property. Officially, he was a mechanic and worked in the tool business. But, raising animals was his real passion. He told me that even though he was a mechanic, he felt more pleasure with his hands dug in the soil than whenever he held cold metal in his hands.

We lived alright there together for almost twenty years. Then my husband passed away and shortly afterwards I moved to East Vancouver. It was a painful loss for me.

In the early days in Vancouver, I missed my little flower nursery. So, I often went to Queen Elizabeth Park to see the daffodils, tulips and other spring flowers. In summer, I also wandered around Stanley Park. I photographed the roses in the Rose Garden and other spectacular landscapes, anywhere that they attracted me. I fell in love with the area surrounding Lost Lagoon. I took great pleasure being with the animals there, swans, ducklings, geese, and goslings. I even wrote a poem about the animals of Lost Lagoon.

Stopping at the Lost Lagoon on a summer day:

Ducks, ducklings, geese, goslings running, jumping on the banks.

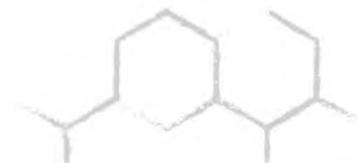
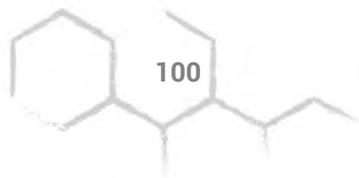
On the water, a number of geese, goslings swimming, digging, chasing each other.

A heron perches on the deck waiting for fish.

Oh! The Nature is in the heart of Vancouver,

I feel pleasant when I am standing here.

All in all, I am so fond of my memories of my childhood. I've carried them with me through my life; I adore and embrace them.



# My son and me

SHANG WU, HUM101

My son was born in 1989 when I was 35 years old. This was the first time that I would become a father. My son was born in Newfoundland and some people called him "Small NF."

We were so happy that we had a first baby who was a boy. Chinese families almost like boys more than girls. They believe that only a boy can reproduce the family, but I do not care about this. I care that my child should be healthy, intelligent and kind-hearted.

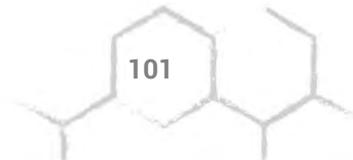
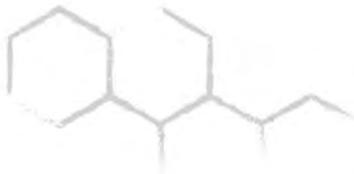
Small NF made me so happy and so nervous. So happy...this is my first baby. So nervous...this is my first time caring for a new baby. In China, when a family has a new baby, the grandpa and grandma will help to take care of the baby. I am an immigrant to Canada, but my parents still live in China, so there's no other choice than taking care of my son by myself. I needed to learn how to take care the new baby!

How to feed the new baby? When Small NF was one month old, my wife and I fed him 50-60 ml milk 7-8 times each day. We couldn't sleep through whole night because we needed to be feeding Small NF every three hours. After that I changed my sleep habits. I never slept through whole night again, and still I usually wake up in the middle of the night.

When Small NF was two or three years old, we felt that he was quiet and a little bit shy. Different from some other children, my son liked reading. When my family went shopping on the weekend, his mother was going to some dress and shoes places, while my son went with me to the bookstore. There he picked some children's books which he kept reading until we got back home.

When Small NF was seven to eight years old, we felt that he had a good memory. When he studied in elementary school, one day they visited the Science Centre. The next day, the school teacher asked some questions and she was so surprised at the story Small NF told about sun, earth and moon.... His teacher was so surprised! She couldn't believe that my son was so young but remembered so many things. Then I began to understand my son just like I understand myself, so after that, I never worried about my son's studies. He finished grade 3 at a public elementary school and then jumped up to grade 7 in a private school.

When Small NF was fifteen years old, he went to the University of Toronto. He didn't like to see or touch things that were bloody, so did not choose to go to medical school. I respect him and always support him to do anything that makes him feel happy. After four years, he decided that he wanted to be doctor, and then he



went to a medical school in the USA to study medicine. He now works In Omaha, Nebraska, as a family medicine resident.

I was a medical doctor in China. But there was no chance for me to work as a doctor in Canada. Now my son is doing the same thing in the USA. And so I think...is this to “reproduce”?

## What if everything depends on everything else?

STAN VLIORAS, WRITING 201

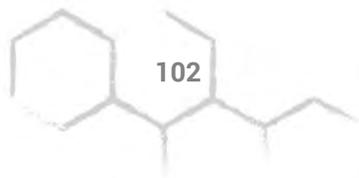
“What if Everything Depends on Everything Else?” This is the theme for this year’s Writing 201 course, which is also my final course to complete the Humanities 101 Community Program. The statement culminates the roughly twenty years of my being aware of and a part of the UBC Hum community: from attempting to apply for and attend, from attending the information sessions, all the way to the last five years of intermittently attending the four courses of the Hum Program. These are the themes of each of these various years

- “No Carrots, No Sticks” (Writing 101, 2014 – 2015)
- “Find freedom in the context you inherit” (Hum 101, 2015 – 2016)
- “What are you in the perfect position to know and do know + do now?” (Hum 201, 2016 – 2017).

Now I cannot remember what the themes were for the years I attended only the information sessions or knew people who attended the Hum courses and kept in touch with them during their studies. But each of these years, each of the people I came into contact with, met, interacted, exchanged ideas and hoped for future enrollment created “peripheral” contexts. People who I know or got to know that “advertised” the program back in the day, attended the information sessions over the years, applied or even studied in the Hum courses, all contributed to creating subsequent contexts that lead to today’s (my own) understanding of Hum and this year’s theme.

But although the human element is the most important part, it exists within the context of land, building, environment, and their histories so it is not only what I can see, sense, comprehend and feel, but also what I need to imagine, picture, and allow to interact in my mind to establish a “living picture” of what

- Does not exist
- May have existed
- Did exist
- Or to picture a whole new reality I/we might not even be aware of.



The land as I/we see it today, is complemented by the buildings, parks, roads, open spaces, and water, and creates a comprehension of the context as it is created by all. Unfortunately, add history and a different picture emerges. The land and water boundaries change depending on the tectonic movement, how cold or how hot it was (basically because of the creation of compact snow or melting of glacier ice). The elevation and contours of land were different; view any archaeological dig and you will see that things have been covered up and exist at a good depth.

Mother Nature is not limited to the above. Earthquakes, storms, meteors, etc., all change the landscape, and subsequently alter our behaviours and comprehension. It would be great to see models of the UBC outcrop as it existed through Musqueam history, but I have not seen such a thing at UBC.

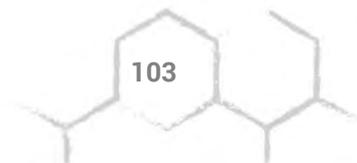
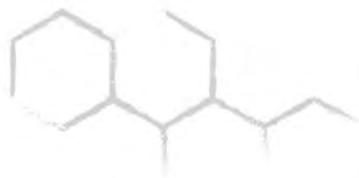
Finally, there is the spirit world, as it existed in the minds of the First Nations Peoples. How their comprehension of such was influenced by the environment of their times, and how that knowledge has been passed down over the centuries—intact, skewed, or otherwise. A comprehension of the knowledge achieved through observations of flora and fauna throughout their existence, as well as the consumption of such. The efforts, trials and errors, traits, routines, etc., required both by the prey and predator. The fluidity of those roles, their interdependency, and their belonging to Mother Nature's ultimate decision for them.

It is impossible to apply all this knowledge in black and white. They all have limitations, and those limitations allow "mental space" to take hold, allow the evolution of thoughts, while the overlaps are not complete or overwhelming. To put it simply, it allows things to slow down, remove the stressors that normally take control and hinder us from thinking straight.

It also requires an understanding of change, one that has always been at play, even though oral history has "summarized" the time element from a multitude of parameters to one parameter.

Fast forward to today, and you see a disconnect in the DTES, one where the various histories are melded all too well and do not have any flexibility, or are in conflict with each other. Take a stroll in the DTES, allow your mind to float freely, and these conditions will appear time and time again.

The Hum Program allows just that: the consumption of personal time, a slowing down of pace, a disconnect from a reality that you may exist in but is not your own, and allows you to catch up with who you once were, or who you may have wanted to be, or who you have discovered you now can be. It reinforces your own personal will, one which may have been taken from you or faded away, disappeared, or one you never really knew to be there in the first place. It permits you to sit or stand, to look out and observe the surroundings as



you might not have done before. It allows you to respect another human being, all the while being on guard without the costs associated with those perceptions and conditions; normally, being tossed into the sea of the DTES, stress is the utmost element that consumes everything in your physical and mental health, and with time leads to the opposite end of wasting away. The Hum courses, the knowledge, interactions, relationships, time spent going to/from class, in class, eating, writing, thinking, and listening all contribute to a better self.

I hope that future generations of Hum students will have an easier transition in their realities of their surrounds, to the realities put forth through the Hum Program from the students, instructors, mentors, guests, speakers, hosts, and all other UBC faculty, staff, students, and in general the DTES.

## Vulnerabilities

RENEE TABATA, WRITING 101

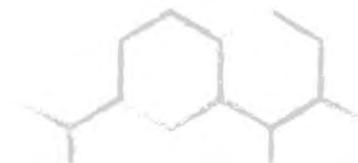
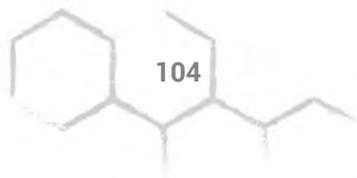
I could only think about the old-lady underwear that I was wearing, its elastic broken, feeling like it was falling to my knees underneath my skin-tight yoga pants during class. Tomorrow was laundry day. I held my head high—who knew if anyone would notice.

Could this be what they wanted in the homework? The exercise was to describe a time when I realized the way others saw me was different from the way I saw myself. I knew this subject would be hard. During my childhood, in a room full of other people I could often see their vulnerabilities. I knew I wasn't the only vulnerable one. What was life? Wasn't life only a black comedy?

Did the changes in how I felt about the way people viewed me happen because of my foul-mouthed, not-a-morning-person teenage daughter who I had to wake up and get to school? Was it perhaps too many years of signs on the door that said, "Keep Out," or, "Don't Come In I Hate You." Those comments molded me into a person with a psychological barrier, or did I just stop listening?

To find that time others saw me differently, if I really thought hard about it, I would have to go further back into my childhood. I remembered my aunt's house on MacDonald Street. It was like a hotel for relatives coming from across the country and America. They were successful academics and businessmen.

I remember being young with a brain injury and feeling very much alone. I was the only child in my dad's close-knit family of 46 who had been damaged—at least that we knew of. I didn't know what problems others



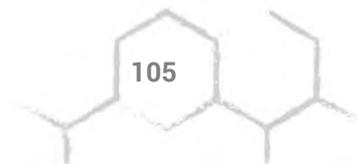
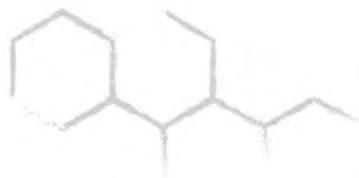
were dealing with but I felt that they all knew what mine were. I certainly felt that my family saw me differently, broken. I hid in my aunt's basement during family visits, running from the suffocation of opinionated adults, embarrassed by who I was. I felt my intellect was high enough to contribute to society and I wanted what everyone else was given: a direction. I was a child just like any other; I just needed to re-learn how to crawl before I could run. It's funny now, when I think about it; I was never alone, there were others with vulnerabilities, although only a handful hiding in my aunt's basement. Could they have felt the same criticism as I did?

My aunt Emi always offered me insults like, "you're fat." It's funny, as a kid you start to think people like that are off their rockers. Sure, maybe I wasn't twiggy thin. But this was before giving birth, and I was young. I considered myself to be in shape, strong and healthy. I exercised quite a bit at the time. Maybe that kind of abuse makes a person strong.

As an adult, I was one of the relatives who lived close to her house so I frequently dropped in on her. We started to build a somewhat strange friendship. My agoraphobic aunt would always be at her kitchen table with the panoramic view of the mountains, cigarettes in her hand. During the short time we had together, I like to think I got to know her better, and I came to think she was smarter than people gave her credit for. Were there parallels between the two of us? When she grew up, did she hear the same insults she later gave? I think she was insecure. My dad's family had eleven children and the pickings were either the self-righteous crème-de-la-crème or the self-doubting scant crumbs.

I am lucky I had this time with her. The house has now been torn down in her posh neighborhood. She is gone, as well as many other uncles and aunts. We have filled their spaces. Maybe our generation is more open—my cousins have told me about their own suffering. Or have I been getting it wrong all along? Were the conversations of my elders exactly the same—intimate and at times competitive? Their words were spoken upstairs, but I never heard them since I avoided them as a child.

The proverbs, "all that glitters is not gold," and "never judge a book by its cover," come to mind. I'm not the only one who has been terrorized by insecurities. I am like an old weathered leaf in my fifties that has fallen from the autumn sky and blown into a heap amongst others. I am not alone.



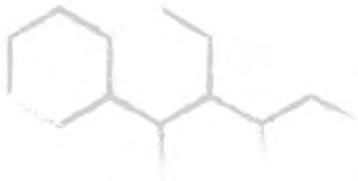


# WatchWoman

SANDI ROOKE (SAULTEAUX-CREE), HUM201

I am seeing the world struggle  
Our world has an infection right now  
It takes everyone to keep the antibodies going  
Until the infection is gone  
Staying indoors  
I will do my part and social distance  
When outside  
I will be the Masked Avenger!  
Armoured-up with sleek gloves and my secret weapon  
Hand sanitizer  
I will go forth as the Queen of Hygiene!  
Then return to my sanctuary  
And count to 20 joyfully completing my daily task  
To refresh myself and release the deadly  
Contagion with the warm elixir of life  
Soapy water  
I will then retire to a great action movie and  
End the day in prayer

*A shout out to all first responders and medics  
And all those helping in this time of COVID-19/2020 pandemic  
The 7:00 o'clock horn blows in honour.*



# How deeply interconnected we all are

CHRISTINA MAE TAYLOR, HUM101

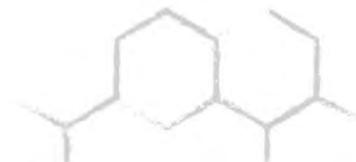
During the COVID-19 pandemic, besides graduating from the UBC Humanities Programme, I have worked full-time as a security supervisor. Before the pandemic, the site I work at was a community space with a public piano, a basketball court, a public eating and sitting area with a display fountain for everyone to enjoy. Now the fountain is drained the piano is put away and there is caution tape everywhere. People are angry. A place that has served the community for ten years has turned into long store lineups that separate people with markers mandating they be two meters apart. Honestly, the whole thing has been a nightmare. Angry frustrated citizens have been spitting on us, yelling at us, one male attacked one of us with a stick and some people have been spawning verbal racial hate towards some of us. After being a gathering place for the community for ten years, we have had to tell thousands of people to go home.



No one likes the situation, it has seemed to go on forever. Despite our kind efforts, people are routinely breaking our glass. The bank's glass has been broken in several places. We have a new tenant on-site, a friendly Irish pub. They were slated to have their grand opening on this past St. Patrick's Day. Now several weeks later their door has remained closed. Now people are needlessly breaking their windows. It is heartbreaking to watch them struggle.

I absolutely hate wearing a mask. A resident of a condo building at my workplace has seen me working without a mask and came to me to deliver five medical masks. I was so appreciative of that condo owner. However, besides the heat and uncomfortable nature of a mask...the masks I have noted lower my ability to gain compliance from individuals not following our site policies. There is something related to my face that helps me to convince people to do what I want. The mask hides that gift. It is not conducive to me performing my security duties in a timely fashion. I have tried for weeks to wear those masks...but I find myself lowering them again and again to gain compliance from people.

At home, I have witnessed real sadness. Several people in the apartment building where I live have died. One kind man who had previously baby-sat my small dog Howard died suddenly and was dead inside his unit for three days with his two small dogs at his side. He seemed really healthy prior to his sudden death. My mother

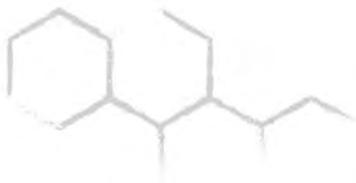


is a foster parent of five children. She is cooped up with them. She is 67 years old and reports she now wants to quit fostering as she is so stressed due to the quarantine. She has fostered for over 20 years. One of my adult former foster sisters drove all night from Calgary, crying, to get to my mother's because of domestic issues between her and her boyfriend.

Each day I hope not to get ill. Each day I pray for the restrictions to lift. Sometimes I feel overwhelmed by the restrictions. I am hopeful things will get better soon. I miss restaurants, I miss dates, I miss seeing friends. I am scared to hang out with friends so I stay at home. I have spent over \$3000.00 on Skip the Dishes food delivery service during the COVID-19 pandemic. I have gained weight.

Despite all of the bad, I have seen lots of good come out of the pandemic. I have seen less fortunate people be able to open bank accounts with the ID restrictions being lifted. I personally know the struggle and pain of not having ID. Frankly this should have happened a long time ago. Additionally, I have seen efforts to house people go into hyperdrive. This global pandemic has helped us all recognize we are all interconnected. We can no longer ignore one person's plight without knowing it will have the ability to affect the entire community. We can no longer turn a blind eye to the situations of the less fortunate because their situations directly affect us all.

The COVID-19 pandemic has separated us but also strengthened us by helping us realize how deeply interconnected we all are.



# Today my everyday life has been impacted by coronavirus

JANIS BEDNARSKA, WRITING 101

I acknowledge that I live and work on the traditional unceded homelands of the xʷməθkʷəy̓əm (Musqueam), Skwxwú7mesh (Squamish), and Səlilwətaʔ/Selilwitulh (Tseil-Waututh) Nations.

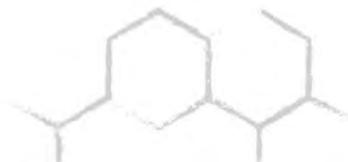
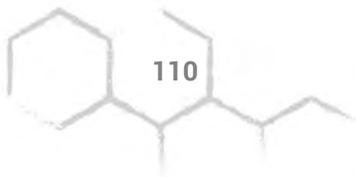
I'm a mother of a teenage son, 15. I try to be the "fun mom." I usually see him every Saturday. Last weekend my son, Alexander, did not want to see me because he is scared of coronavirus.

The elevator smells, STRONG like alcohol! It's actually hand sanitizer! I arrive at work and immediately wash my hands, then change my clothes, put on gloves along with a face mask. All these new procedures...we take temperatures, clients are on lockdown and have been for over a month! This is a vulnerable community. I work at a treatment centre for substance use. We are bringing food and drinks to the people in quarantine. We have so few people at our facility—approximately five as opposed to 20!

The virus also sheds light on and poses questions to myself. Should I be seeing my mom? Should I go shopping for her? Did I just get a raise because my work ethic is good!!! Or is that danger pay? What other activities can I participate in now that everything is closed?

I have to admit amongst all the isolation and fear some good things have come from coronavirus for me! I have improved my life skills at home by buying more groceries and preparing food for myself at home as opposed to always grabbing fast food on the go. Because of this new healthy behaviour I have begun saving more money than I've ever had in my life. This has inspired me to research and consider things I can do to improve my credit score, etc.

I have created new habits such as walking to work. My favourite thing to do these days is to walk around Lost Lagoon at Stanley Park. I go with a physically distant friend to "be safe." I have made new friends...however I know it's because I have bird seed. I am making the best out of a challenging situation. I am also grateful for this opportunity to write about my thoughts and feelings regarding these strange times. My thoughts and prayers are with those struggling and I hope that we are all doing our part to be safe and help flatten the curve.

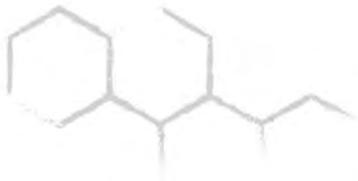


# COVID-19 on the DTES

BRONWYN ELKO, WRITING 201

As I watch the growing impact of COVID-19, I'm struck by the power of the invisible to make visible the strengths and weaknesses of our society. The courage of doctors and nurses, low-paid janitors, street cleaners and grocery clerks who continue to provide essential services, is awe-inspiring. While shaking my tambourine every night at 7 p.m. to show my support, tears flow and my heart swells with gratitude. As a former front desk clerk at an Atira-run SRO (an SRO hotel front desk clerk is in fact a low paid frontline responder), I know first hand the difficulties of working in a dangerous environment *sans* protective equipment or support from management. For less than a living wage, I was exposed to sexual harassment, death threats, raw sewage and countless other WorkSafeBC and fire violations. Now I suffer PTSD and find that I can barely speak, let alone write, about the horrors and criminal negligence that I witnessed during my six years of employment with a company that can only be described as a poverty pimp. And so, while I shake my tambourine in support of frontline workers, the faces of my former co-workers and tenants rise like ghosts before my mind's eye. I weep for them, knowing that the virus has made their jobs more deadly than ever.

If there's one silver lining to COVID-19, it's that it's made the invisible flaws of our socio-political system starkly visible: inequality, privatization, price-gouging, racism, environmentalism and homelessness can no longer be ignored. When everything depends on everything else, if the world is inextricably connected by the invisible ties that bind, then everyone and every thing matters. The virus has spawned a crisis *and* the opportunity to finally set things right. Tonight I'll shake my tambourine with the hope that a new and better world will emerge.



# Where my mind rambles now, since COVID-19 (a speech)

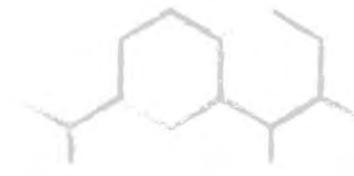
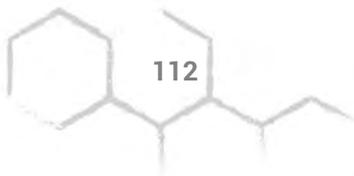
VICTOR DIDIER, WRITING 101

This pandemic, it has changed my perspective & has me rambling.... It has me scared. In many ways, it has changed my perspective on what we once called “plague.” Society has been called the plague. How we use technology, how we treat people, all that & then the insidious nature of the technology we put in place. I think of how the things we have (phones, cars, hell anything, really) that were once a luxury, once things you didn't have, are now things you cannot live without. We're practically slaves to them. People called that feeling being “plagued by technology”: we're controlled by our objects & are also closely led by greed. We destroy the planet.... You can't really have a job if you don't have things. Some jobs require cell phones so I can't live without a cell phone—even if doing so helped the environment. Some jobs require computers in many places to be used. Solar panels and wind only provide some with power, so it's better to burn coal in some factories. & biomass factories are satiated by burning trees. This causes me to worry too.

Even more like the plague is the apathy that we have for one another. With our eyes only looking forward, we see only our own selves. The legs of ethics and morality have been cut out from under us; things are labeled opinion, not fact. People now quickly dismiss arguments as merely opinionated. But, if everything is a subjective problem, then hypothetically speaking, could one say it is wrong to grab the nearest child and to beat them in front of a witnessing crowd? Some would testify that it never happened, or say that someone was lying. Another might contradict your account with other “facts.” This is a horror!

Now we are in the midst of a real plague, COVID-19, a real sickness that kills people indiscriminately & even though it's only reached 3% mortality at this time in the world at large, it has come to dominate our lives. Not just medically, but socially as well. Here it is, the middle of May and we're not getting any closer to understanding the virus. The investigation is stalled, caught in opinions, in accusations of racism, and is causing political & economic turmoil. I'm left scared & afraid—not about the virus but of the social plague that paralyzes us all. I am also somewhat amazed because the environment is recovering. More than ever, we've stopped much of the pollution & so now we see clear water running in Venetian canals. Killer whales have returned to our coasts. The ozone layer in the Arctic has returned. Plants have flourished. Nature has returned in only a few months.

I have heard people call this plague a good thing because it is just getting rid of unneeded people. Having suffered a great sickness early on in my childhood, I can't ever see it that way. When you've nearly died by disease, you'll never think that other diseases are good. I'm scared. I am worried because wrapped up in all this “good” (like the return of nature) is something so horrible. The pandemic forced the world the stop. The



economy's going to die & go into a depression, a freefall. & if it doesn't do that, we'll have a cold war. On news and social media, I hear it come up. There's already 15 American states wanting retaliation against China and the world wants retribution too. Everyone except Canada, who is still trying to defend China. The government tells us nothing, so we have this fear. I am afraid of the war that is coming—assuming it might. People are saying things are getting racist. Some push against racist slurs in defense of China. But some state policies aren't easily defensible. A slur like "beaner" (hurled at me) would never be heard as racist. And recent Aboriginal protests saw media and government officials berate First Nations openly with little push back from Trudeau...& now he is trying to take our rifles when illegal pistols are what are used in most shootings—as if to disarm us ahead of this imminent cold war.... I am rambling again, going on & on. But this is what I think about these days.

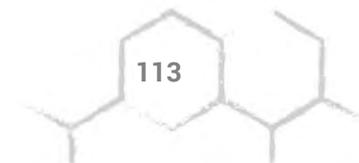
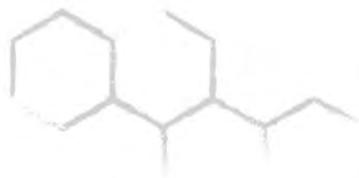
Thoughts stick inside my head while I have nothing to do. So, I write, if only to get a change in perspective on myself.

I still wish to write and I will never stop but now I want to be someone who fixes other people's problems, a counselor. I want to give back, to actually do things. But here, right now, I will write what I feel, going where my mind goes.

Now, when COVID-19 dominates all, I say again that I'm scared, for I do not know what will come, only what has come before. & if a cold war does indeed happen because of this crisis—because China didn't handle it well, because the United States didn't handle it well—well, then lines will be drawn and it will be a war of technological spyware. Of technological veering from a lack of security to being constantly watched in an Orwellian fashion. And I wonder what we will be? Why will this happen? How are we going to be that way? We will want to escape it but like I already said, once we didn't need technology (it was only a luxury) and now it is necessary for our jobs, for our living, for our survival. We have no choice but to surrender to technology. For if we don't, we are cut off from society in too many ways.

I think about this since we have been trapped inside. Since we have been unable to walk, to meet, to be with each other in person without worry. Even with the lifting of restrictions, with new opportunities to see each other, I feel cut off & now I can see why so many choose to be bound to their devices. Being alone, that's its own fear, cabin fever. If you thought you could live without technology before, tell me how little you used it through this plague? Could you go back, willingly, into your home cut off even more from the world?

I'm scared. I can barely focus these days. If I have, it's by some miracle that I have written something of worth. It has only been to express my worry, my bouncing, rambling of ideas; COVID-19 has given my fears a new perspective.



# Life in the time of COVID-19

C. JAMIESON, WRITING 101

My life has not changed much since the lock down. The dog still needs to be walked. Laundry washed, dried, folded and put away.

Meals made and consumed, repeated twice a day. I didn't spend my time in the malls, or hanging out with friends in

restaurants much, so no loss there. I miss the library, though McLeod's Books is open a few hours a day and on my last visit I found a

first edition of Alan Moore's *Jerusalem*. 1366 pages of delicious writing. Like the densest, carefully prepared chocolate ganache,

I consume a few paragraphs—maybe a page or two, then a small rest to savour the taste and the complexity of the mix, before the next bite.

Work is stranger though. Laid off from my day job, my side hustle has turned into a lifeline. I work part time in a deli in a grocery store.

It is very busy. Some people I see every day, browsing the aisles as if by chance they might find the key to the meaning of life, or a cure.

Some people need contact, some connection with another human, however small, even if it means listening to me yammer on

about the merits of this cheese or that.

One time a woman approached me in so much distress—she'd seen one of our customers fall into a grand mal seizure and

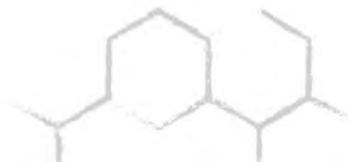
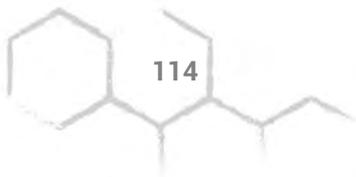
clearly needed comfort but all I could do was reassure her the customer was OK. Epileptic seizures are very dramatic.

I could tell she needed a hug and a little cry, but I couldn't give her what she needed because of the need to social distance.

I still am angry at myself for not giving her more help, damn the consequences.

My room faces the mountains and I look at them while I work at my desk, my old dog laying at my feet.

The air is clearer now. I can see the transmission towers to the west of Grouse Mountain. The gradual snow melt.



Flashes of light reflected off who-knows-what, a snow patch, a lake, or some mechanical contraption. On breezy days, I watch the birds playing in the updrafts, the leaves of the trees nodding and waving.

Outside, the people I see are bike delivery riders, Amazon delivery drivers. Ubers. Locals walking their dogs. No noon-time crowds of business people on the hunt for lunch to provide camouflage for the endless parade of the opioid-addicted. It breaks my heart to see them, especially when I see the suddenly-revealed nape of a young person, nodding in a doorway, and I mourn the loss of their potential.

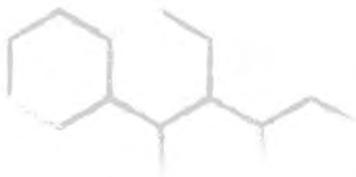
I can smell the ocean sometimes, when the wind is right. A whiff of lilac, but I haven't found the tree yet. If I am very lucky, pine. Vehicle exhaust is no longer the dominant scent of downtown. It would be swell if the city could install a few dog poo bag dispensers like the posher parts of town have, because there is a lot of dog shit on the sidewalks.

Before dawn I hear the call of a black-capped chickadee, a slight rising note followed by a sharply dropping note. Such a big sound from such a tiny bird. He's followed by the pick-and-choose coos of the pigeons who hang out on the rooftop outside my window. Soon they will be chased off by nesting seagulls and I can look forward to the feed-me-now screams of their young. I can hear conversations of people walking by.

The 7 p.m. shout-out scares my dog and he hides under my desk, or if the neighbours are particularly frisky, in the bathtub. The sirens and parking lot fire alarms are a constant counterpoint to the other sounds. I don't hear the all-night party music from the bars anymore, and I count that a blessing.

Sometimes I take my dog for a walk on the seawall, but not on sunny days, when the crowds are as thick as autumn leaf fall. I look at the people and I wonder, "Are you the asymptomatic carrier who will take my life?" Or maybe it's the other way round. It is frightening. What if I don't get the chance to hug my son again? Tell a friend I love and appreciate her?

I know as a species we will survive this. I believe our economy will eventually recover. It's just the now, for now.



# 1000 piece puzzle

RENEE TABATA, WRITING 101

I am lucky, I know. I snuck out of Vancouver after days of COVID-19 alerts, which happened just after my teenage daughter Sara's spring break. Italy was already in isolation and enforcing rules to stop people being able to go out of their homes. Their multitude of deaths and the ill being ignored scared me. I knew before spring break happened that school would probably not go back. I also knew we lived in a very cramped space, with me sleeping on the living room floor and Sara having her own room. I knew if we stayed in close quarters my mind would explode. A teenager together with her brain injured mom, my patience would wane and I would scream. I told Sara to bring her textbooks and runners home.

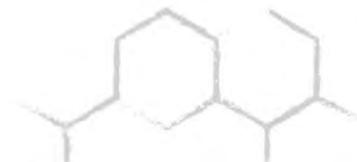
The move was planned. I had conversations with my parents, siblings and Sara's dad Doug about going to the cabin, not to mention conversations through Facebook with my American relatives whose Canadian parents owned adjoining properties. They wanted to be at their cabins, but the borders had closed.

Before I left, buying toilet paper was a crazy thing. I watched the craze as I shopped for the trip. I packed mostly pre-packaged food, flour, sugar and anything necessary to fight off starvation in case I was stuck inside for two weeks. The car held mostly food and clothes, including winter jackets and pants made of fleece, and one bathing suit each, thinking about what if? I expected that school would reopen their doors in May. I talked to one of my best friends, another mom. Her expectations were the same. Doug said his goodbyes.

We loaded onto the ferry. The rules had changed and folks could stay in their cars on the bottom decks. The main decks of the ferry were empty. I checked upstairs. There was plenty of space. We ate a late dinner and then arrived to open my dad's cabin, which he hand built over 60 years. The temperature was bitterly cold but the familiarity was warm.

My cousin and her husband who had moved here said their hellos the following day. I figure it was like the 12 stages of grief, going through dissociation as we pretty much ignored each other for what seemed like weeks. Feeling guilty, I did not want to pass the urban virus onto the rural Gulf Island's virginity. I hid for a couple weeks, although I walked every day on the beach, far from the maddening crowds. I saw few people and we kept our social distance. Sara did not budge. Angry? Depressed? Teenager? Hormones? Who knows?

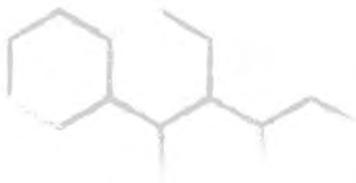
I had brought a 1000 piece puzzle and threw it on the very table my dad had built. In time Sara came out of her room, looked at the pieces, then at me and said, "You know you have to organize it in colours." It helped,



and I worked on that puzzle every day for the first little while, while listening to the CBC. I cried every day. Thinking of the loss, of perhaps never seeing my parents again, I was in despair, and not my usual self.

I finally got to see my parents on Messenger, after Mom finally figured out how to make it work—another thing that took weeks. Maybe this is a reason why I have stopped crying. I can see the faces that I love. My family isn't too far away.

My cousin and I now swap baked goodies and share flour. I can see eagles and seals in front of me while I write this very letter. I know I am privileged. I know I escaped while others stayed in place. And even if the doors are now opening we don't know what will be brought with the second wave. I am going to hold still. I am going to hope that people do not go back to their gluttonous ways and that the ozone layer grows back to what it was. And hopefully, Sara can do her homework with less arguments, or volunteer, or get a local job. I know as I look out my window at the blue sea, over the other side is Vancouver. Sara's dad is waiting and I know one day we will be back.



# North Vancouver sanity trip

GLORIA O'BRIEN, WRITING 201

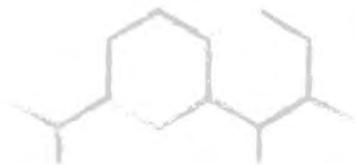
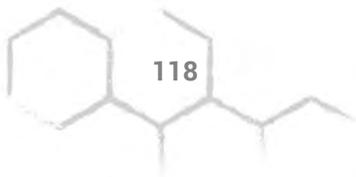
A month ago,  
I went for a walk—the odd car on the road.  
The occasional person on the street.  
Each day turned into another boredom...  
I went to North Vancouver for a sanity trip, to sit by the ocean and go grocery shopping...

Only five of us on the SeaBus.  
S.p.a.c.e.d far apart. It felt eerie, like being on another planet.  
I rode on the number 230 bus to 1st and Lonsdale, at the depot in North Vancouver.  
The bus driver seemed annoyed that we were even taking the bus and yelled at all of us.  
I felt ashamed. Here I was trying to save my own sanity by going there...

I went to the grocery store in North Vancouver and we were asked to line up six feet apart—twelve of us all the way to the end of the street.  
By the time I got in most of the bargains were gone.  
It was raining, coming down hard.  
Good thing I brought my umbrella...  
45 minutes is a long time to wait to get into a grocery store, especially with an aching back and feet.  
One in... One out...

A young woman stands at the front of the line with a baby in her arms.  
She held the baby close to her chest, to keep it warm.  
All the rain pelted down on both of them, making them soggy and wet.  
I had an umbrella.  
I offered it to her but she refused.  
Nobody invited her to come into the store early...

After fifteen minutes, someone leaves letting the mother and the baby into the store.  
I heard no complaining.  
The sound of silence was deafening to my ears.  
It cut through the air like a knife.  
All of us were clothed with masks, gloves, and hats,  
to protect us just in case a coronavirus landed on us.

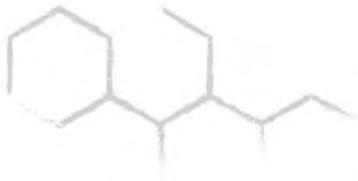


I arrived home two hours later.  
I felt useless and hopeless.  
Nowhere to go, nothing to do...  
I walked up to Fraser and 49<sup>th</sup> area, ran into five people on the street...

I go for walks to the park and take dry bread to feed the birds.  
The poor birds must be having a hard time with nobody feeding them and so few people in the streets.

My sanity trips:  
Go for walks. Feed the birds. Grocery shop in North Van or Vancouver.  
Sit on a bench in North Vancouver and look at the ocean. Nobody knows me over here.  
Take in the sunshine when it's out. Watch to see waves as they rush to the shore.  
The sounds of the ocean crashing on the shore.  
The air is cool on my nostrils as I breathe it in.  
It feels good to be out in nature.  
The SeaBuses come in regularly with very few passengers.  
Here comes one now—got to get to the port before they take off...

All in all, coping well under the circumstances.  
Will be glad when life gets back to normal.  
Till then...



# Pandemic: The social paralysis

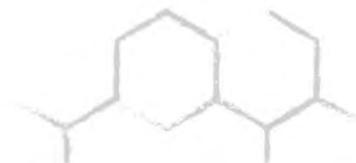
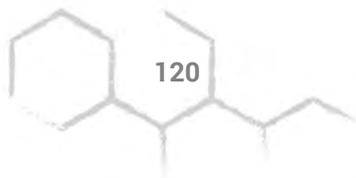
CLAUDE RANVILLE (MÉTIS NATION, CRANE RIVER MANITOBA), HUM201

The last eight weeks of the COVID-19 pandemic has really opened my eyes to the fragility of my day-to-day life! Last year at this time I was going to hockey games with thousands; I was taking in movies at theatres; I was attending classes at UBC; I was taking in theatre acting classes at the Carnegie Centre; and there were the wonderful countless dinners out with a special someone. And all of a sudden these beautiful things in my life have stopped. Someone once said “do not take life for granted” because it can change overnight.

Fortunately this pandemic is only a temporary thing and it will eventually come to an end. But, how will life from the pre-pandemic times forever be changed? The other day I was scolded by the bus driver for sharing a double seat with my partner. I was under the impression that we live in the same bubble and we did not need to socially isolate—I felt that this bus driver had another ulterior motive for making me feel irresponsible in such a public way. I have always practiced healthy social hygiene in public places—I have carried hand sanitizer for twenty plus years and always cough and sneeze into my sleeve. Plus I have always been a regular hand washer! Personally, I feel that I need not make a lot of changes to my hygiene habits in public. The changes I see happening in society are quite startling and drastic. For example, a night out for dinner will forever be changed. Breaking bread has been part of the human experience since the time of our ancestors in the caves. How are new business, personal, and family relationships going to be nurtured with pieces of plexiglass between us all? The ritual of having a cup of coffee will never be the same.

The biggest change I have witnessed in society because of the pandemic: there is a more suspicious attitude between different communities today. This is a shame; no one community is responsible for this micro event, because this is only part of the human experience. I have always thought that something from outer space would unite the human race in a common goal. Little did I know, it would be something from inner space that would unite mankind in a common goal.

I for one will continue to practice responsible social hygiene; I feel that is all I can do physically. Emotionally I will need more patience for my fellow citizens from time to time. There is a fine line between social isolation and social distancing. And in the future, I don't believe that it is irresponsible if I wish to sit beside my partner on a bus.



# Prolonged quarantine

GHIA AWEIDA, WRITING 201

Lineups outside stores,  
malls half closed with  
hallways and washrooms open  
all to conserve precious lives.

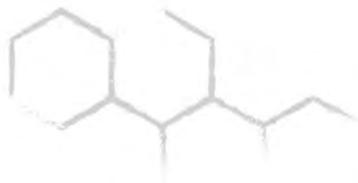
What if safety depends on  
everyone in quarantine,  
to save lives?

To conserve hospital beds  
for critically ill patients?

What if we do our parts,  
to stay home in times of illness,  
to walk with household members,  
or shop to keep our distance  
that we may be safe?

We are to walk in malls  
yet find another activity  
if crowded malls are a danger,  
only to keep our sanity about us,  
listening to upcoming statistics.

Sad are we all  
to see elders die alone,  
terrified of the unknown,  
no loved ones nearby  
to whisper a word of comfort  
to wish a journey  
into a word where no one set foot.



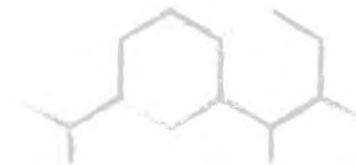
No farewell or burial,  
or even a marked grave.  
What if this pandemic  
takes us into the fear  
of the unknown?

No shoulder to cry upon,  
or a loved condolence face to face,  
when virtual memorials and funerals  
not bringing ourselves to have  
final visits or views of  
the deceased who once walked  
in our midst.  
Corona knows no boundaries,  
and yet we all do our parts  
staying close to home  
praying to resume normal life.

Still, Corona targets communities  
where the many gather in clusters,  
spreading its wings over the horizons,  
standing at our doorstep,  
preventing us from seeing loved ones,  
looking for new victims  
in which to plant its roots.



NOW? PARTICIPANT COMPOSITIONS



# Life in Vancouver's Downtown Eastside during the spring 2020 coronavirus

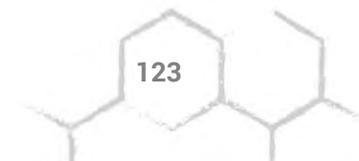
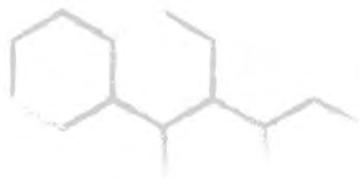
CHRIS MARQUIS, WRITING 201

I have to say that I am proud of Canada, B.C., and the City of Vancouver for their help, and for doing the right things from early on. That said, I have to add that we were also very lucky, particularly with our high volume of SRO hotels, transients and homelessness. The biggest catastrophe in the general area was a senior care home on the North Shore, which soon ran up to a double-digit death toll. But B.C. quickly learned the lesson of keeping one health care crew to one senior care home—too late for a lot of patients at Lynn Valley—but preventing a repeat in the province and giving a valuable lesson to the rest of Canada. While Ontario and Quebec's high numbers in care homes indicate the lesson was not learned quite soon enough, who can say how much worse it might have been without that lesson at all?

**So, the story in Vancouver's DTES, through March, April and May 2020, is one of anticipation, disbelief, measured fear, concern, relief, help, indifference and gratitude.** The disbelief and indifference were not mine, but many street people were already living dangerous lives and could not be bothered with something they could not see. A few got angry, confusing the trickeries of governments in the past with what was happening in the present. The December 2019 novel coronavirus, however, has been a very real danger, especially to those over 70 like me. **The crazy thing about this hidden enemy is that the better you respond to it, the more invisible it becomes!**

It takes a reasonable IQ to figure this out. Luckily, we have leaders in Canada with pretty good IQs, compassion, and fairness. Many of us have taken to listening to our PM on TV each morning, followed later by the educational Dr. Tam, and the gentle voice of B.C.'s own Dr. Bonnie Henry. Personally, I have been blown away by the different levels of government response, often in stark contrast to what goes on south of the border. While I am glad we have a minority government, to keep it on its toes and let the other parties weigh in, how glad I am to have Justin Trudeau instead of the Donald! Or to have our mixture of five parties—quite capable of debate, instead of trying to annihilate each other!

For most of us, January and February gave us the background story in China. At that time, most Canadians did not expect that this new flu virus from China would affect North America more than Ebola or SARS. But the news kept on coming, and soon Italy was in the news as we moved into March. **That Italy could now be in worse shape than China was a wake-up call!** References to the Spanish flu pandemic of 1918 became frequent. For most of us this was a forgotten worldwide catastrophe in history, overshadowed by the then-

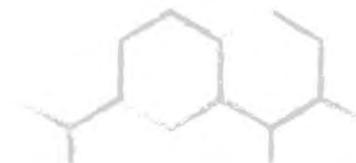


ending World War. However, at 40 million, it had a greater death toll than WWI itself. This one actually started with the military in the USA ([history.com/this-day-in-history/first-cases-reported-in-deadly-influenza-epidemic](https://www.history.com/this-day-in-history/first-cases-reported-in-deadly-influenza-epidemic)) and was taken across the Atlantic to Europe at the tail end of WWI. It is today identified as an H1N1 virus, quite similar to the 2009 H1N1, and sounding not much different in character to COVID-19, the official name given to the disease caused by the coronavirus on the 11<sup>th</sup> of March 2020 when the World Health Organization declared it a world-wide pandemic.

By this time, the libraries and swimming pools were closing in Vancouver. This happened rather suddenly as the focus moved from returning Canadians to Canada, to getting us all to physically distance from each other, 2 metres apart. **The term chosen was “social distancing” and this name has stuck with us.** Not being able to select a few good books from the library any more, I found a very worthy substitute to reading when I realized my publishers in Indiana were not going to be doing much with the book I had written, *English Maed Simpəl*, unless I led the way. So, I turned my tiny SRO sleeping room in Strathcona into a micro daytime office, with a single resin chair, light enough to lift and move, so I could actually open the door! Additionally, I acquired a tiny folding desk from an enterprising neighbour, with less than two square feet of surface, enough for a laptop or printed papers, but not both together. Thus, I could edit and re-edit my book, several hours a day from mid-March to mid-May, without need of the library, and still find my bed at night, when it ceased to be a table and the desk was folded away in a corner. For printed pages I found a UPS store on Commercial Drive, still open for three persons at a time.

In lieu of my exercise/comfort habit of alternately swimming lengths and soaking in the jacuzzi, there is one particular service that stayed open all three months: Mobi Shaw Go bicycles continued to be serviced and available, and I have a very discounted DTES membership myself. Meanwhile, Vancouver’s Stanley Park closed down for cars and parking, but opened roads for walkers and cyclists, to better social distance. While COVID-unfriendly activities like playgrounds were cordoned off, and playing ball was restricted to the immediate family, bike rides to a couple of City kitchens in the DTES, for breakfast and dinner, became my daily exercise. These rides often included an extra ride along the False Creek sea walls, or on Stanley Park’s roads-into-bike-paths.

Rainy days would make the board-at-the-rear buses a better bet, while donning a construction mask most of the time. They are no fun to wear but give that extra protection to others, and also to oneself, when you consider the entry points of COVID-19 and other moisture-borne germs are the mouth, nose and eyes. I tried a pair of protective goggles too, but could not get used to them. Our buses in Vancouver were very accommodating, blocking off more than 50% of the seats to allow some distancing, and waiving the fees. The best drivers insisted that every passenger find a valid seat or else leave the bus, there being only about a dozen seats per vehicle. As time went on, the number of “refuseniks” dropped to a trickle, even on the roughest



routes. “Thank-yous” and “thank-you-drivers” became more frequent, and the vast majority understood the drill by the end of April. We also gained many more murals, as boarded-up stores invited local artists to show us their talents. Lucky as we were in Vancouver not to have mandatory stay-home orders or mandatory face coverings, mask skeptics faded out in May and voluntary masks became quite common.

**South of the border the president continued to put his foot in his mouth and their two-party fight-to-the-death system reassured Canadians they were in much better hands up here!**

## COVID-19 – a new beginning

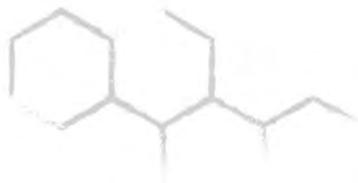
KEVIN SCOW (ḴWIḴWASUT'INUX̱W HAX̱WA'MIS FIRST NATION), WRITING 101

There is a sickness in the air.  
Some are calling this sickness by a new name.  
COVID-19.  
I say it has many names, not all so cut and dry.

There is a sickness in the air  
Stale and putrid, soul-sucking destruction  
It has been with us since time immemorial  
Yet many of us are still unaware

There is a sickness in the air  
It is cold, indifferent, it feels like apathy  
So far under the radar, many would say it doesn't exist  
Yet countless multitudes are crushed by its enormity

There is a sickness in the air  
It is pain, it is misery, it is suffering, it is loss  
It is callous, it is life sucking, it is indifferent  
Death comes quickly, this agony is eternal



There is a sickness in the air.

It is ignorance, it is a lack of action, it is fuelled by short-sightedness

Awareness is blocked out, it can not deal with the magnitude of our self-loathing

Its accomplices are short term pleasures, amusements and distractions

There is a cure

This madness does not have to win

As it has, generation after generation

We need to break open the bottle, allow the antidote to be released

The cure is complex, multifaceted, with infinite layers

It feels scary, yet it is the only way to defeat these monsters of our own creation

It involves search, it involves awareness, it involves understanding

it involves cracking open the shell of our existence and letting the light flood in

This is the cure

It is intention, it is reflection, it is the desire for knowledge

It involves daring to care, the audacity of trust, becoming connected with others

Beyond superficiality, beyond callous competition, beyond lust, longing, and jealous envy

Be at peace, meditate, the answers are clear

When we relax, our inner sanctum becomes calmer, inner vision comes into focus

Compassion, Wisdom, Thoughts, Words and Actions start to Align

We are more knowledgeable, more thoughtful, more caring, even more deliberate

It is complex, we all have a part to play

We have been doing this dance of individualism, the lowest common denominator

Obviously, what can be lower than one?

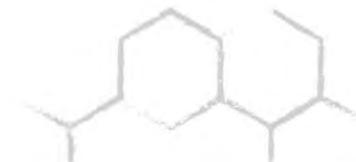
Then up through family, tribe, city, state, nation, and now, a world community

Many are still stuck at one.

It feels safer, less vulnerable, less daunting

How can you feel safe as a perpetual bridge builder?

It will hurt, it will cause pain, the lack of stability is so unnerving



Yet the pain of isolation drives us on, wanting something more  
Eventually we open up to another, success leads to more bonds  
hearts open, fears revealed, darkness within exposed  
If we are lucky, we continue, we become nurtured, and like a plant, we grow

Technology, we are its willing slaves, completely obsessed with our captors  
We work countless hours continually producing our ruthless oppressors  
We build governments to protect them, corporations to be their voice  
Education systems built to disseminate the knowledge of them

When we aren't mining resources to fuel them,  
poisoning our weak constitutions to allow them to flourish  
Our obsession takes over all of our free time, our new infatuations  
Our dedication to technology, to fashion, to mindless entertainment  
to our consumption of artery blocking, nutrient robbing, deathly addictions

Gone are the loving communities within a nurturing environment  
Gone are the embrace of the ancient forest groves, the clean, clear waterways,  
the abundant, mouth-watering goodness, of food at our fingertips  
Enriched from the inside on out, paradise on earth

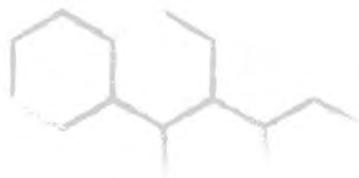
The future will be different, of course, the old, as well as the new  
I know we can become the masters of our own destiny  
not the willing slaves to a soulless, exterminating GDP  
For some, the talks haven't even started, but for others, we are only beginning to feel heard.

Trust me.

We can no longer be slaves to an existence that will ultimately destroy us and all living organisms  
that have made a home on this amazing celestial body we call our Mother Earth.

COVID-19 is not an end. It represents a new beginning.

I know that with the proper time, intention, and motivation, we can use our collective actions that we are  
now honing, to build a beautiful, loving, safe, inclusive tomorrow where all of us will thrive.



# COVID-19 blues

MIKE SISMEY (ALGONQUINS OF GOLDEN LAKE, PIKWAKANAGAN), WRITING 101

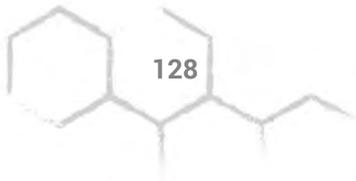
As I walked through Trillium Park  
on my way home from Main Station  
I was struck how blue the sky was and that  
I had not seen jet trails for weeks  
and it was beautiful

stay at home, stay at home, stay at home  
the government cries  
and so we do  
it's not so bad for me in tree-lined Strathcona  
CERB is even paying me to do so

it is not hard in my world under this beautiful sky  
to bask in the sun and remain six feet apart

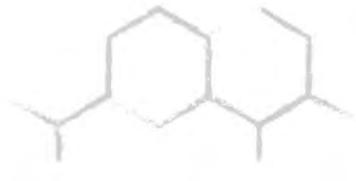
in fact it's illegal not to do so  
as can be witnessed on the streets of the DTES  
its streets crammed shoulder to shoulder  
with the CERBless  
pushed out into the street from all public buildings  
for their own safety they're told  
being fined by police for being too close together

such a clear blue sky such a beautiful change  
over a world where nothing has changed at all  
but it makes me still hope  
irrational I know  
how my heart leaps when I look up  
when looking around me  
makes me just sigh  
yes I know  
even still



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NOW? PARTICIPANT COMPOSITIONS







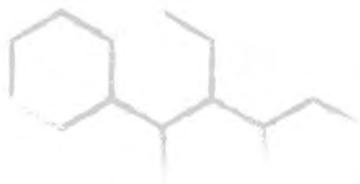


THE RED THREAD RUNNING THROUGH THE HUM 101/201 ART CLASS



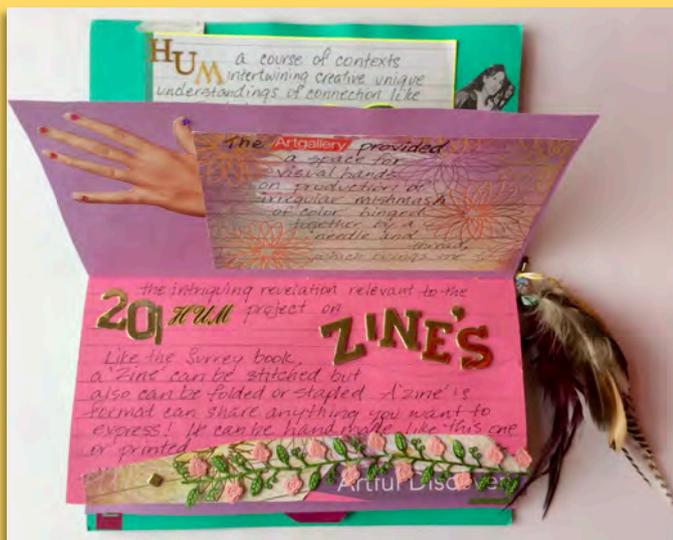


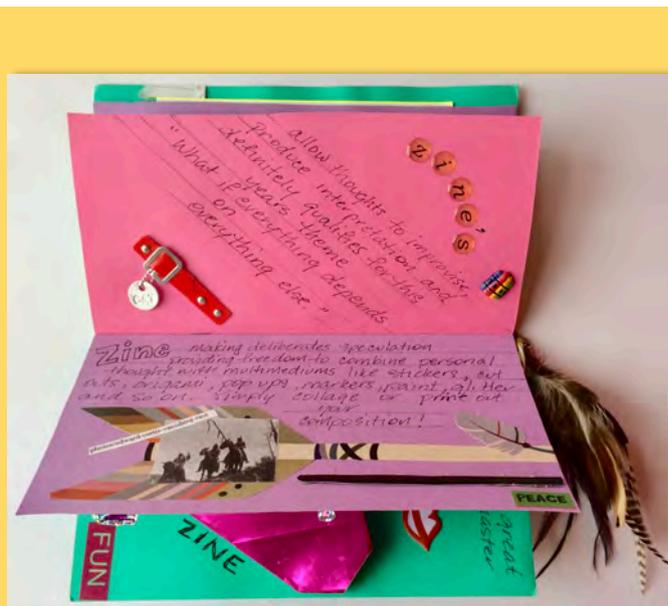
END OF TERM 1 PARTY



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## WELL WISHES

We acknowledge the sacredness of this land of the Musqueam and the interconnectedness of all things. As we walk our awareness of the writings of nature—in the grooves on the rocks, the quiet singing of paved-over rivulets, the sigh songs of the leaves, the messages of the wind, the wet whisperings of the rain, the track writing of the animals and birds, their secret scat songs.

We dedicate this passage of time to all beings who have no human voice yet tell us things that make us whole and connected. We are humbly-happy to the Musqueam for having us on this unceded, traditional, and ancestral land and will dream with the stars. May we all wake up laughing for yet another day.

To all my relations, in loving kindness, Brendalalala....

**Brenda Grealis, Writing 101**

My well wishes to all HUM graduates. I guess we now realize that everything does depend on everything else and that we are all connected regardless of ideology, culture and who our favourite singer may be. During these trying times, we must take comfort in the shelter of each other and you are all in my prayers. Thank you to Margot and her team for being the glue that binds us together and the light that directs us forward. Also a shout out to Dean Averill for providing his critical support for HUM.

With love,

**Gerald Ma**, long-time Hum supporter

Congratulations to all the Hum 101 fiction writers on your successful graduation! As we know, the world needs stories and nobody has better stories than you. Remember that your only job as writers, your sole concern, is to keep the reader turning the page. Read, read, read, and write, write, write. Give yourselves the time and care you need to make something new. Best of luck to all of you.

**Pat Dobie**, Creative Writing – Fiction: “What happens when believable characters and compelling stories entwine?”

Congratulations 2020 graduates! You have now advanced your skills in writing, reading, and a quest for higher education in the Arts and Humanities—a journey that by far is not over. I wish you all well in your other endeavours in the future, maybe a poem, song, feature in a publication, screenplay, or an epic poem or novel. The sky is the limit!

I must also thank our lecturers, programmers, and volunteers. You have made Writing 101/201 an exciting subject. Above all, Paul, Reuben, Emma, Talia, and Shalon for their eloquent delivery of their skills. And Margot's talent, patience and eloquence in the delivery of her knowledge.

Graduates, you are the masters of your own domain, creative process, and originality. Do not be afraid to go forward into the unknown—but above all, be yourself. The story of you is unique: how ambitious, diversified, dramatic, or fictitious is up to you.

Live long and prosper,  
**Michael Edward Nardachioni, Writing 101/201 Mentor**

I have been involved with Humanities 101 for close to three years now and my journey has been nothing short of amazing. I have completed Writing 101 and Writing 201; Science 101 as a student and also as a Mentor; and now I have completed Hum101 and Hum201. These three years taking HUM programs have prepared me for a new lease on life. These programs have given me the confidence to take on a new career in life, and at the age of 58 I have the confidence to take a one year course at "In Focus Film School."

The best thing about HUM is it never has to end. In the past three years and going forward in the future, I can still join some of the free Public Programing. It was Terry's Saturday night "Documentaries for Thinkers" which inspired me to go into film making. Yes, the hundreds of fellow students and the Coordinators and faculty of HUM have made a profound impact on my outlook in life and I will forever be grateful to "Humanities 101."

My hope is for the person sitting on the fence wondering if HUM is for them. My advice to you is "Just Go for It." The most interesting person you will ever meet is "Yourself" and HUM is the perfect place to discover your gifts. GOOD LUCK and best wishes to the staff and HUM students for your future dreams.

**Claude Ranville, Hum201**

I'm so grateful to have been part of Hum for another year. Thank you to everyone for making me feel like part of this truly generous, spirited community. I hope we'll be writing together again soon.

Love, Mandy

**Mandy Catron**, Creative Non-Fiction – Personal Essays: “Writing the I from the eye” & “Womens Writing Workshop” Public Programme facilitator

Hum is like a mole or a cloud: a program set to inspire the DTES writer to collect their shiny trinkets or wisdom on paper, which change shape like a cloud, depending on who reads them. I would like to thank everyone who made Hum possible and who assisted me in completing the program. I wish that everyone has the same chance or a better one at completing their path through Hum. Good luck!

**Stan Vlioras, Writing 201**

This is a fantastic year to learn with the participants of Hum101. The classroom discussion and the lectures both teach me the value of reflecting upon my own relationship to the histories, land, and cultures that I am embedded within, while contemplating how I can create respectful relationships with others, whose experiences may be very different from mine. Hum is really a place where people can think of what does it mean to speak as a “we,” and what is the implication if everything depends on everything else.

**Leo Chu, Hum 101/201 volunteer facilitator**

Life is so unpredictable, so fast, so sweet. I cannot imagine that to stay alive, I have to distance from you! I am hanging from my thoughts though, thinking of the day which is not too far; the day we will come together again and will celebrate the moments of happiness, as Hummy people do. To that day!

**Shahla Masoumnejad, Hum alumna & Public Programmer Facilitator: “A taste of the Middle East”**

Having the chance to learn with you while we talked about Foucault was a highlight for me this past academic year. I learned so much from you as we discussed the ways power and resistance work in our everyday lives, how we may find ourselves continually visible in panoptic structures, and the challenges, as well as potential benefits, of such visibility. I hope that you will keep your learning in HUM, and the connections you have made with each other, with you as touchstones for the next steps in your lives!

**Christina Hendricks, Philosophy: “Does anything exist in isolation? What if everything in the universe only exists because it’s in relationship to everything else?”**

I acknowledge that UBC is on the traditional, ancestral, unceded territory of the hən̓q̓əmin̓əm-speaking Musqueam people.

We all know 2020 is going to leave a lasting imprint. “The year that school stopped.” Nonetheless we learned lots and had fun!

I want to give a special shout out to the amazing leader at Hum, Dr. Margot Butler. You always amaze me by how well-organized and run our classes are.

I cannot forget to thank all our teachers and the volunteers who help us with so much. You all are spectacular!

Finally, to my fellow classmates, it has been a pleasure to share a classroom with all of you. We can all be proud for the work we put in. So many memories to last beyond 2020.

I wish us all more classrooms in the future.

**Eric Boutin, Writing 101 & 201**

Dear Hum101/201,

I had so much fun talking about Cherie Dimaline’s “The Marrow Thieves” and Indigenous speculative fiction with your group this winter. Thank you for sharing your classroom and your insights with me. I hope you’ll keep reading, writing, and thinking towards more just and equitable futures!

Best,

**David Gaertner**, Critical Indigenous Studies: “Indigenous Futurisms’ Sticky Threads and Marrow Thieves”

What a year! From learning heaps of new genres and disciplines to reading science and technology studies essays and making zines at the néçà?mat ct library—we sure were an everything-dependable bunch: showing up when we could with deep insights, creativity, lived experiences, crafting supplies, instant coffee, homemade cheesecake, and so much more. I couldn’t be more excited to sit down with this year’s Hum publication and dig in. While our Speculative Matters: Making Worlds With Zines group was cut short by COVID-19, we’ll never run out of exciting and incisive things to read and make. So, here’s to bumping into each other again—even if we’re six feet apart!

**Mat Arthur**, New media: “The computer cord’s connected to the outlet; the outlet’s connected to the power grid; the power grid’s connected to the hydro dam...” Writing 101/201 volunteer & Public Programme facilitator: “Doing STS” & “Speculative Matters: Making Worlds With Zines.”

An opportunity to study long ago squashed by circumstance. Now, sharing, learning and belonging to a circle larger than myself. Enjoyable interactions, careful deliberation, lessons taught with care and detail. Many thoughts and feelings of untold gratitude.

Gilakas'la

**Kevin Scow, Writing 101**

**Kwikwasut'inuxw Haxwa'mis First Nation**

Write your heart out. Don't be afraid, there are no monsters under the bed, and if there are, snarling and howling into your sweet beddy-bye, take strength that you can write about them. There in pen make them your own, for everything matters and this depends on you, to do what writers do best and tell what stories depend on everything else. Thank you Hum.

**Victor Didier, Writing 101**

I'd like to express my appreciation to all the teachers, instructors, volunteers, staff, and classmates who have supported the program. Thanks for all your time, professional experience, and acknowledgement. I've benefitted a lot from your contribution not only in writing skills but especially in broadening my concept of creative thinking and imagination. Thank you all!! Of course, I also love you all!!

**(Florence) Fu Wen Hu, Writing 101**



The greatness of the Hum 101,  
The insight of discovering our abilities,  
unwrapping what we can do,  
being able to write what we think,  
oh how different we conclude a topic  
how lovely is the staff of Hum 101  
patiently the staff and volunteers of Hum 101  
awaiting us to attend class.

**Nakasi Joanita, Writing 101**

Dear Hum Class of 2019-2020, my heartiest congratulations to you all on this remarkable achievement! What a year to think, write, ponder, and especially to wonder whether or not everything depends on everything else... and that you did! –in your in-class writings, during small-group discussions, out on field trips, and during coffee breaks you dug deeply into a question that concerns each of us in personal and collective ways. You wrote carefully considered stories, poems, essays, and genre-bending pieces that challenged and were challenged by our course theme and how it mattered to each of you. And each week, we were all enriched not only by what you had to say, but by how you said it—learning together that “how” you write something affects the meaning of “what” you say; and that what you say *depends* on how you write it! Thank you for such a wonder-filled first year in my new role as Writing Coordinator—for going easy (but not too easy!) on me! What a generous, enthusiastic, keen, and insightful group of writers, thinkers, and hummers you all are! I wish you all the very best in your coming endeavours, whether those involve other Hum classes or Public Programmes or entirely new adventures, and look forward to seeing you all again soon.

Until we meet again,

**Reuben Jentink, Writing Coordinator**

Hi Reuben & everybody!!! Thank you for helping me with my play and everything else!!! As they said in class, our theme for this session is “what if everything depends on everything else?” Everything Hum people do depends on all the teachers, volunteers, and staff. We have grown tremendously.

**Bill Lim, Writing 201**

I would like to take this opportunity to say how thankful I am to have been able to take this class. I have always loved writing, and the assignment deadlines gave me a swift kick in the butt to do something with words. My voice and my walk have become lighter, even with the girl at the cash register. When they ask how’s my day, I can actually say a sincere “great” without a grumbling tone.

I’d like to thank Reuben, Paul, Margot and the volunteers. And a deep and personal thank you to Chimie, who has been a great editor and listened to some of my weird ideas. As far as my screenplay goes, I am going to pursue it until completion and transform this first draft into a book. I think I can use some of the ideas for overcoming writer’s block, like phoning a friend and getting him/her to read through. It will have to do instead of deadline Tuesday. I especially hope that whether you are a 101 or UBC student, all your endeavours are met to fulfill all your hearts and all your dreams.

**Renee Tababta, Writing 101**

Congratulations, writers—you did it! You committed to making the trek to UBC each week, and you did the work required to complete the program. You likely produced a lot of excellent writing over the term, and you should feel very proud. It was such a pleasure for me to present the class on journaling last September, to meet some of you for the first time and to see some lovely familiar faces as well.

If you keep up the practice of writing down your thoughts and reflections in your journals, you'll be amazed when you look back on some of those entries and realize how far you've come and what you've learned from your experiences. Each of you has a story to tell. Some of those journal reflections might be used as a jumping-off point to create a bigger story or threaded together to form a mosaic of your own very unique life experiences.

I wish you the very best for now and the future, in all that you do.

**Maureen Phillips**, Journaling: "What if the truth about stories is that that's all we are?" (asked Cherokee author Thomas King).

I had a wonderful time being in the Writing 101 and 201 classes. Paul, Reuben and Margot were very encouraging, kind, and they made us all feel welcome and important. We were encouraged to be ourselves and were accepted as the people that we were. I met lots of people from many different lifestyles. We studied many genres and writing and went on a very interesting trip to the Art Gallery. Very exciting and interesting. Thank you for the interesting courses.

**Gloria O'Brien, Writing 201**

To my fellow students, I want to thank all of you for giving me an opportunity to be part of a cohort of learners. I learned from you and I hope you learned from me. We know how language can be used to oppress us. Isn't it wonderful to learn how it can free us as well? Dr. Margot, Paul, Reuben—thank you. Shalon, Talia, Emma, Chimie, and Rachel—thank you. And to our mentor Michael—thank you.

**C. Jamieson, Writing 101**

Taking on challenges is quite a treat—even trying such challenges can make you think—be unafraid to write what and how you feel. Though you must carefully choose which three genres you must hand in.

**Ghia Aweida, Writing 201**

Humanities 101 is a program that introduces students to a variety of humans and topics, including philosophy, visual arts, sociology, Indigenous and cultural studies. It is a good opportunity for people who wish to upgrade their knowledge, have a better understanding of the world, live better and make life more beautiful. I would like to express a hearty Thank You to Margot, Kat Gowman and Paul; all the superb lecturers that shared their knowledge, time and passion; supportive volunteers that help me in every way, and for letting me be a part of this memorable program that has enhanced my life. Wishing for Hum101 to keep going successfully year after year.

**Stella Wong, Hum101**

How could any of us have known when we started on this educational journey together that this would be the year in which it became abundantly clear to everybody on our shared and fragile planet that *everything does in fact depend on everything else!* I look back to my time in the class with you, to our conversation over tea, to your deep questions and rich insights with such great appreciation and nostalgia for a less complicated time. I'm extremely grateful to all of you for the commitment that you bring to your relationships with knowledge, your relationships with language and relationships with one another. Please take care as you walk with language, and please do keep asking the difficult questions. You already have many of the answers.

With respect and kindness,

**Mark Turin**, Critical Indigenous Studies: "Intricate entanglements with 'high context' and 'low context' languages in Indigenous Nepali Himalayan communities"

Hum has been a definite inspiration and empowering. I have great respect. The Indigenous content is surprising and most welcome. An outstanding programme to have involved myself in. The support is like no other. Respect always.

**Sandi Rooke, Hum201**

As this was my first year with Hum, I wasn't sure what to expect. Boy, was I delighted! I've made so many friends and learned so much about my city, Vancouver, and the land I live on, the unceded, traditional and ancestral territories of the Musqueam, Tsleil-Watuth and Squamish Nations. I've also learned about what it means to depend on you, and for you to depend on me. I wish everyone from the Hum classes of 2020 the very best and want you to know you've made a big impact on me. Thank you!

**Shalon Sims, WorkLearn student/staff**

Through Hum I came to understand that we don't depend on teachers to teach or students to learn, we depend on each other to be the beautiful, whole, curious HUMAN beings that we are. I was so happy to join the Hum class in this journey that had so many twists and turns from one week to the next! Big thanks to Margot, Paul, Talia, and Shalon, and to all the Hum-folk: see you at graduation!

**Jacob Goldowitz, Hum101/201 volunteer facilitator**

It has been a great pleasure to share the classroom with you all for the past two years! The deeply empathetic and profoundly introspective discussions that we have every Thursday are always the highlight of my week. I have learned so much from each and every one of you, and I always feel so inspired by the love of learning we all share. It has been a great privilege to be able to learn from and alongside you all across so many different Humanities disciplines, and I wish you all the very, very best in your future endeavours!

**Christine Xiong, Hum101/201 volunteer facilitator**

When I first started at Hum, I never expected that it would have such an impact on my life. I have met so many amazing people and learned so much that I know will stay with me forever. A big thank you to Margot and Paul for making this program as amazing as it is, and to all the students I have had the pleasure of meeting for contributing so much to every class. I am so sorry this year had to be cut short, but am happy the time we had was so memorable.

**Talia Papa, WorkLearn student/staff**

Dear HUM-mers -

How the world has changed – and yet to me I keep thinking of Epictetus and the distinction between the things that are up to us and the things that aren't. Thanks again to all of you for one of the deepest and most powerful classes I've ever been part of. Best wishes in supporting your communities, families and friends in these trying times. Be well, be strong, keep shining!

**Sylvia Berryman, Philosophy: "Is anything really up to us?"**

Thank you everyone for the amazing experience of Hum 101. It's been an exciting process working with all of you. I never thought in my wildest dreams I would be involved with UBC. What a gift. I wish you the best on all your different paths and journeys.

Thank you,  
**Janis Bednarska, Writing 101**

With another year in at another Humanities class I am astonished at the ease I have felt at being accepted. As ever, I wish the best for the Hum community. May you all do well in your endeavours.

**Dan Wilson, Writing 201**

Writing 101 class was a very interesting class. I learned a lot of "types" of writing styles, and recommend this course for anyone who loves to write, or wants to learn to write any type or piece of writing! Thank you to the teachers, and staff of Writing 101, 2020.

**Buffy, Writing 101**

I give thanks to my teachers and classmates for helping me to be more creative, and to this great Programme that will inspire me to do more writing!

**Matthew Rusnack, Writing 101 & 201**



Congratulations, Hum! For not allowing a global pandemic to get in the way of a fine year of academic and personal growth. Nor allowing it to steal the thunder from under your glorious words and ideas published in these pages. You are an even greater force of nature, than the force of nature! I'm humbled by the devotion and creative perseverance you showed, particularly in the face of social restrictions. Ceremony or not, you have earned this celebration in mind and in spirit! Cheers! Cherish yourselves as you do others.

**Terence Lui, Hum alumnus & Public Programmer Facilitator: "Documentaries for Thinkers"**

I would like to acknowledge the people who make Hum possible by creating a safe space to share and to learn from high-level professors who make our thoughts thrive through well-written pieces of talent. To my classmates, for letting me be a part of their unique ideas and ingenious creations full of imagination, humor, and criticism.

**Victoria Regalado, Writing 101**

Thank you, staff and volunteers for opening my mind to writing. Everyone who read my stories was amazed at my sense of humour. Can't wait for Writing 201!

**Earl Sunshine, Writing 101 & 201**

I would like to give thanks and praise to the wonderful teachers we have had this year. Special thanks to all the aides and volunteers who make these classes possible. I want to thank and also to wish more creative experiences for my fellow students, and wish them the best for years to come.

**Eric Boutin, Writing 101 & 201**

Thank you so much to all the participants of Hum and Writing, for creating a lovely space of learning and acceptance. 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! Although we can't gather to celebrate right now, know that we are celebrating your accomplishments in spirit!

**Emma Ettinger, WorkLearn student/staff**

Hum has been a somewhat different learning experience than the traditional one. I enjoy and am inspired by the contribution of the others in the class. The variety of weekly topics presented by well-qualified presenters sets the stage for exciting outcomes and interaction. Hum should be a model for other groups.

**Colin Beiers, Writing 201**

I'm sending good thoughts for you and yours, in these challenging days. I am sorry we couldn't meet at the Centre this year, and I appreciate the chance to connect with you in this small way. I've been thinking about your class theme – about connections between everything, especially connections that are hard to see. I hope there will be other opportunities to talk to you about your insights – I am curious about many changes in society and people's expectations of each other. Since you have been thinking about it for your classes, maybe you see patterns that other people don't see yet. The question that we were going to look at, (looking at how important acknowledgement is for healing), is important for today. I'm glad when neighbours help each other. I see it as a way that people acknowledge and show each other that they are valued. I worry about ways that emergency funding and support isn't equitable – I worry about how that affects people who may be struggling, and I worry that it shows that there are people who aren't valued enough. I send wishes for you – that things go well during these difficult days, and get better after.

Best, **Kim Lawson**, Research and Community Engagement Librarian  
Indian Residential School History and Dialogue Centre

Warm congratulations on your wonderful accomplishment of completing the Hum program! Through your dedication, commitment, bravery and willingness to explore new ideas and challenges, you've expanded your own consciousness and made a positive difference in the world. Well done! We are so sorry that we didn't get to welcome you to the Residential School History and Dialogue Centre in March to discuss "what if healing depends on acknowledging? Understanding the practices and consequences of settler colonialism for everyone, Natives and non-Natives." Often, healing depends on acknowledging many factors, including things that have hurt us deeply and are not our fault. The Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada's Calls to Action are important for all Canadians to read, as this document discusses redressing the damaging legacy of residential schools.

We wish you all the best as you continue on your individual journey of life and learning! May you be healthy, happy, and free from pain. Be proud of the lifetime of knowledge you carry, keep believing in yourself and know that your inner light shines brightly. We are excited for all you have yet to accomplish!

Best regards,  
**Peggy Homan**, Indian Residential School History and Dialogue Centre

Thank you to the Hum staff—the most striking aspect about the Hum program is the warmth, enthusiasm and kindness of the staff. There is a genuine interest in lifting students towards a broader experience of life, to spark in each a better understanding of themselves, each other, and the beauty of the world around. I feel like there is soul work going on here. For all the ties that held us back, the Hum staff say “Welcome...we are glad you are here! Learn, Grow, and Have Fun.” For the many gifts of time, interest and ways of thinking, thank you.

I love Margot’s warm smile. I love Paul extending himself, encouragement, never a bad mood, and helping me around the Surrey Art Gallery. I love Reuben’s understanding when I was faltering about getting any assignments in.

And I got so excited about the virtual reality exhibit that I actually went out to the gallery a second time to experience it. It was fantastically amazing, and for all of you that missed that experience, GO! It was an immersion in a completely different world and the colours are even more vivid than the animation, which was pretty great in its own right.

I love all the hard work and patience that has gone into making this program happen. I love this program for the gifts we receive every week!

**Sheila Abraham, Writing 201**

Tân’si All!

Just wanted to send along my congratulations on such a wonderful accomplishment. Many thanks to all of you for being so generous with your time and comments when I came to visit. Miyo kisikaw!

**Dallas Hunt, “What if everything depends on place?”**

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, Feminist Geography: “Does gentrification “spark joy”...and for whom?”**

This is my well wish to all my fellow Humanities 101 and 201 classmates and instructors. Your guidance writing and sharing has inspired me to be more creative and put my thoughts to pen and paper.

**A. Issel, Writing 101**

Thank you for sharing your curiosity, your thirst for learning, your wisdom as story tellers. May we all continue to share stories of resilience in whatever form we can.

**Heidi Taylor, Theatre-making:** "Theatre is alive. An ever-evolving dialogue with life and with the world.' What if we dig in to the how and why of making theatre?"

Every single action, every single word is an opportunity to communicate knowledge, emotions or a message. This is the beauty of life and I learned it from Humanities 101. That is the reason I hope volunteers and coordinators keep working in this program because education is the path to freedom.

**David Rivas, Writing 101**

Best wishes from Hannah Nguyen! I want to pay tribute to Hum staff for accepting me in the Writing 101/201 class and for providing a pleasant atmosphere. I wish you all always health, happiness, and every success in your careers. More classes will be held; students will return to school to learn and have fun.

**Hannah Nguyen, Writing 201**

It is an honour to be in Writing 101 and 201. My writing improved. I enjoyed writing and swimming at the UBC pool. The jacuzzi is the best. Best wishes to all the grads. I took all the free courses, except Hum 201.

**Earl Sunshine, Writing 101 & 201**

Merci for all you brought and all you shared with Hum! I congratulate you and wish you sweet flight!! And an even-sweeter return!!!

**Margot**, Cultural Studies: “Do academic disciplines depend upon each other?”; Cultural Studies & Critical Indigenous Studies: “The spokes depend on the wheel + the wheel depends on the spokes”; Education: “Everything depends on whether I can find my glasses! Learning how I learn while relying on each other”; Visual Art: “Making things that depend on other things, by hand!” (such as hinges that connect the separated and separate the connected....); Cultural Studies: “Manifestos say ‘This is what I want!’ So...who **else** in the world wants this, who are we a bigger ME/WE with?”; Cultural Studies: “Everything, Part 1: Semiotics and practices of looking” and “Everything else, Part 2: Semiotics and ethics in representation and research”; Writing and Publishing: “The leaves depend on the spine which depends on the hands, which rests on the lap”; Critical Indigenous Studies: “What if healing depends on acknowledging? Understanding the practices and consequences of settler colonialism for everyone, Natives and non-Natives.”

# 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, volunteers, and teachers, these groups are a great way for people to continue on with their shared intellectual and creative practices.

## DOING STS

**When:** Wednesdays, 6:30 – 8:30 p.m. September – January.

**Where:** Vancouver Public Library, n̓c̓a?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. 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.

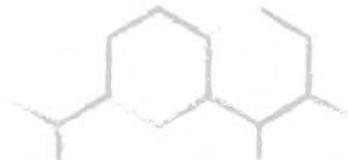
## WOMEN'S WRITING WORKSHOP

**When:** Term 1, Wednesdays, 1:30 – 3:00 p.m.; Term 2, Tuesdays, 1:30 – 3:00 p.m.

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

**Facilitator:** Mandy Catron (Hum teacher), with Emma Ettinger (WorkLearn Program Assistant)

In this series of 90-minute writing workshops, we explore some of the different genres of writing—memoir, personal essays, fiction and poetry. Each week a writing prompt helps get the ink flowing, and then we read our stories aloud. These weekly sessions help us 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.



### **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, Documentaries for Thinkers welcomes Downtown Eastsiders to an intellectually stimulating and emotionally nurturing environment in order to share the provocative experience of watching documentary films. Our screenings run year-round on every second and third Saturdays of the month at the Carnegie Centre theatre.

### **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 savory inducements.

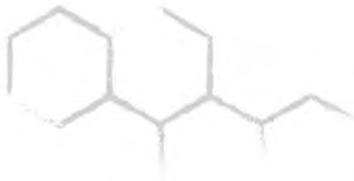
### **HOW TO FALL IN LOVE WITH ARTFUL SENTENCES**

**When:** Tuesdays, 5:00 – 6:00 p.m.

**Where:** Buchanan D, Room 216, UBC.

**Facilitator:** Gilles Cyrenne (Hum Alumnus)

In this introduction to grammar mini-series, Gilles Cyrenne guides the class through the rules and quirks of English grammar. Whether learning English as a second language, or needing a refresher, Gilles' carefully crafted sequence of lessons and exercises will help you structure your writing, and give you the confidence to try your hand at more artful sentences.



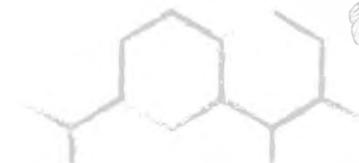
## SPECULATIVE MATTERS: MAKING WORLDS WITH ZINES

**When:** Wednesdays, 6:30 – 8:30 p.m. February – April.

**Where:** Vancouver Public Library, n̓c̓aʔmat ct Strathcona Branch, Nellie Yip Quong Room.

**Facilitator:** Mathew Arthur (Hum volunteer and teacher)

Each week we read aloud together from a STS reading, then spend an hour making and writing zines using text, collage, popups, embroidery, etc. STS is the study of science, technology, and society. It shows that what the world is depends on how we practice knowing it. A zine is a short, grassroots, independently-published document. It has roots in sci-fi, punk, feminist, and queer movements. We will weave together speculation (asking “what if?”), fabulation (making things up), and our theme to ask: “What if \_\_\_\_\_ depends on \_\_\_\_\_ in the future?”



# 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 2019-20 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, and 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**

Michael Nardachioni, Kat Gowman and Isaac White 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, Antonietta Gesualdi, Terence Lui; PaulR Taylor (Carnegie Newsletter); Carnegie kitchen staff; Vancouver Public Library Carnegie Branch and nəc̓aʔmat ct Strathcona Branch (Desiree Baron); Downtown Eastside Women's Centre (Celine Chung); Sheway/Crabtree Corner Family Resource Centre (Grace Tait); The Gathering Place; Vancouver Recovery Club; Dr. Peter Centre; Lore Krill Cooperative (Terence Lui); Downtown Eastside Literacy Roundtable (coordinated by William Booth, 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 (Jessa Alston-O'Connor).

## **UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA**

Dean of Arts Gage Averill; Associate Dean Rumea Ahmed; Dean of Arts staff Gerald Vanderwoude, Sarah McDonagh, Brian Lee, Betty Wong, Silva Kraal; Emma Novotny (Arts Communications); Marilyn Wiles and Simone Doust (Arts Development); 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, Andrew

Sharon and Regan Oey (Science 101); Dory Nason, Tanya Bob, Connie Wintels, Sarah Siska and Sally Scott (Institute for Critical Indigenous Studies); Ryanne James and Christine Wasiak (First Nations House of Learning); Rahim Rajan (The Delly); UBC Call Centre.

### **HUM 101/201 TEACHERS**

Margot Leigh Butler (Hum & Associate, Institute for Critical Indigenous Studies); Daniel Heath Justice (First Nations & Indigenous Studies, UBC); David Gaertner (First Nations & Indigenous Studies, UBC); Christina Hendricks (Philosophy and the Centre for Teaching and Learning Technologies (CTLT), UBC); Mark Turin (First Nations and Endangered Languages, UBC); Thomas Kemple (Sociology, UBC); Tiffany Muller Myrdahl (Urban Studies and Gender, Sexuality and Women's Studies, SFU); Sarah Hunt (First Nations and Indigenous Studies and Geography, UBC); Katina Giesbrecht (Surrey Art Gallery book making teacher); Sylvia Berryman (Philosophy, UBC); Coll Thrush (History & Associate, Institute for Critical Indigenous Studies, UBC); Glen Coulthard, (co-founder of Dechinta, First Nations & Indigenous Studies, and Political Science, UBC); Anthony Shelton (Director of the Museum of Anthropology); D'Arcy Davis Case (Forestry Graduate Program, UBC); Paul Woodhouse (Hum and Sociology Graduate Program, UBC); Gage Averill (Dean of Arts, UBC).

### **WRITING 101/201 TEACHERS**

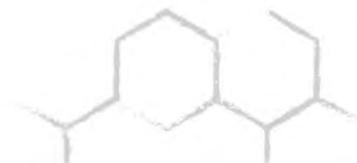
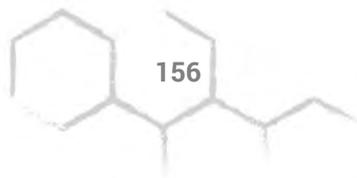
Pat Dobie (Writer, Editor, & Teacher); Reg Johanson (English, Capilano University); Margot Leigh Butler (Hum); Mandy Catron (Creative Writing, UBC); Stephen Hahn (Continuing Studies, UBC); Maureen Phillips (Editor and former Hum Writing Coordinator); Dallas Hunt (English, UBC); Alison Rajah (Curator of Education, Surrey Art Gallery and former Hum staff); Katina Giesbrecht (Surrey Art Gallery book making teacher); Cecily Nicholson (Gallery Gachet and Surrey Art Gallery); Mathew Arthur (Hum and Gender, Sexuality and Women's Studies Graduate Program, SFU); Heidi Taylor (Director of Playwrights Theatre Centre); Mary Lynn Young (UBC Graduate School of Journalism); Reuben Jentink (Hum and Education Graduate Program, SFU).

### **VOLUNTEER DISCUSSION FACILITATORS AND WRITING TUTORS**

Chimiedum Ohaegbu; Mathew Arthur; Rachel Boyd; Shai Ophelia Kehila; Christine Xiong; Leo Chu; Jakob Goldowitz; Delanie Austin.

### **PUBLIC PROGRAMME FACILITATORS**

Shahla Masoumnejad, "A taste of the Middle East" held Mondays at The Gathering Place; Gilles Cyrenne, "How to fall in love with artful sentences" held Tuesdays at UBC; Mandy Catron, "Women's Writing Workshop" held Tuesday or Wednesdays at the Downtown Eastside Women's Centre; Mathew Arthur, "Doing STS" and "Speculative Matters: Making Worlds with Zines" held Wednesdays at VPL néca?mat ct Strathcona Branch; Terence Lui, "Documentaries for Thinkers" held twice monthly on Saturdays at The Carnegie Centre.



## **FACULTY AND STAFF**

Dr. Margot Leigh Butler (Academic Director), Paul Woodhouse (Programme Coordinator), Reuben Jentink (Writing Coordinator), Emma Ettinger, Talia Papa and Shalon Sims (WorkLearn Programme Assistants).

## **SPECIAL THANKS**

Hum's kind donors Gerald Ma, Kelsey and Jody Croft, and Maria and Antonietta Gesualdi (Hum alumna); 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), Christina van Barneveld (Humanities 101, Lakehead University, Thunder Bay), Trish Van Katwyk (Humanities 101, University of Waterloo), Linda Rodenburg (Humanities 101, Orillia, Ontario), Marina Bredin (Discovery Program, McMaster's University, Hamilton), Ann Elliot (Discovery University, Ottawa Mission, Ottawa), Amber Ashton (Humanities 101, Trent University, Durham), Joanne McKay Bennett (University in the Community, Davenport Perth Neighbourhood Centre and Innis College, University of Toronto), Wendy Terry (The Workers' Educational Association of Canada (Toronto), Dawn Brandes (Halifax Humanities 101); Gilles Cyrenne, Mandy Len Catron; Surrey Art Gallery; Mat Arthur, Chimiedum Ohaegbu; Sheila Giffen, Sandra Dixon, Terry Woodhouse; Isaac White (Haida First Nation), Nicole Bird (Haida First Nation), William Booth, Terence Lui, Jody Butler Walker, Zoe/Nathan/Rob Walker, D'Arcy Davis-Case, John Down, Joe Guiliano, Lidija Martinovic Rekert, and the late yet ever-present Barbara and Frank Butler.

## **IMAGE CREDITS**

Hum staff and participants.

## **COVER PHOTOGRAPH AND INSTALLATION**

Margot Leigh Butler.



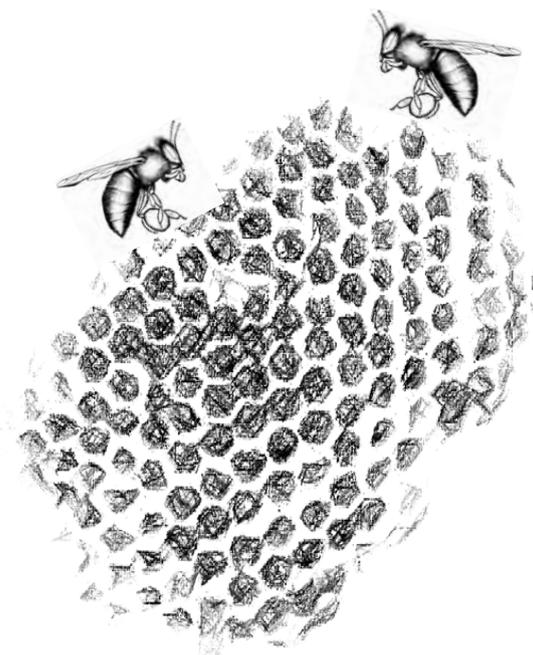
# GRADUATING PARTICIPANTS



## *Hum* 101

### TERM 1 + TERM 2

Ali Bahrami  
Joseph Begin  
Johnny Cheng  
Priscilla Daniels  
Robert Dith  
John Phillip Fraser  
Frank Frenchie  
Faustina Guan  
Norman Jonson  
Christina Taylor  
Iris Seltzer  
Anna Smith  
Miran Volarić  
Shangwu Wang  
Stella Wong



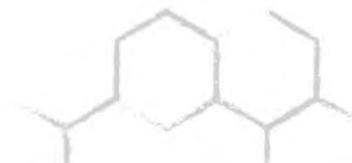
### TERM 1

Michiko Higgins  
Juana Peralta Franco



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GRADUATING PARTICIPANTS



# Hum 201

## TERM 1 + TERM 2

Vivian Bomberry (Six Nations og the Grand River, Southern Ontario)

Claude F. Ranville (Métis, Crane River Manitoba)

Sandi Rooke (Saulteaux-Cree)

## TERM 1

Nikki Fialski

Keith Long

Meighan Visser

# Hum 101/201 Mentors

Kat Gowman

Isaac White (Haida First Nation)



GRADUATING PARTICIPANTS



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## Writing 101 Fall



Colin Beiers

Eric Boutin

Jon Cain

Marvin J. Delorme (Mountain Cree, Muskeg River, Alberta)

Jessica North

Paul Nosotti

Robert Poorman-Bear

Matthew Rusnak

Mike Sismey (Algonquins of Golden Lake, Pikwakanagan)

Earl Sunshine (Sturgeon Lake Cree Nation)

Renee Tabata

## Writing 201 Fall



Sheila Abraham

Ghia Aweida

Bronwyn Elko

Bill Lim

Chris Marquis

Stan Vlioras

Daniel Wilson

## Writing 101 Spring

Aaron Airline

Janis Bednarska

Victor Didier

Will Disher





What if  
everything  
depends on  
everything else?

Humanities  
101  
community  
Programme

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