

find  
freedom

in the  
context  
you  
inherit





*Hum*



# INTRODUCTION

---

Over the years, it's been said that people involved with the Humanities 101 Community Programme—fondly known as ‘Hum’—open doors and possibilities. I wonder if, this year, in this context, we opened windows together?

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Fresh air rushes in to our classrooms at the Vancouver campus of the University of British Columbia (UBC), on the traditional, unceded, ancestral territory of the *hən̓q̓əmin̓əm̓* speaking *xʷməθkʷəy̓əm* (Musqueam) people who have been here, continuously, since time immemorial (from *Musqueam: A Living Culture*, Musqueam Indian Band, 2006, a course reading\*). For all of its short 17 years, Hum has been a guest here, part of Musqueam's thousands-of-years-long history on their land, and we are deeply grateful to our host Nation.

## HUM PROGRAMME, COURSES AND PUBLIC PROGRAMMES

The Programme's free, dedicated, university-level courses are run with residents of the Downtown Eastside, Downtown South and nearby areas (Tsleil-Waututh, Musqueam and Squamish Nations), and with scores of people who are associated with each other through UBC and elsewhere. Writing101 and the new course Writing201 are one-term courses held on Tuesday evenings with different participants in the fall and the spring terms, with 12 genres of writing practised in class each term, assignments written and read aloud, and encouragement and thoughtful feedback shared. There is also an opportunity for participants to sign up for twenty-minute sessions and meet with tutors before class for feedback on their writing. Hum101 and Hum201 are two-term courses that run on Tuesday and Thursday evenings with largely the same students for both terms, though it's possible to take the two terms in different years. Course content is complemented by documentary film screenings, study groups, and regular meetings of Hum's Steering Committee to which students and alumni are invited, all of which are held at Downtown Eastside and Downtown South (DTES/South) community centres.

## CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS BOOK

Contributors to this book are Hum course participants who live, love, work, organize and volunteer in their valued neighbourhoods of the DTES/South and nearby, where so much is done differently, often money-free, to help one another stay in their neighbourhoods if they want to. For people make and find freedoms in this context, as you'll see in their many poems, essays, reflections, images and well wishes for each other. Regarding the burden of negative, stereotyping (“The Spectacle of the Other,” Stuart Hall, 1997\*) and mainstream representations of the DTES and its residents (“Hero of ‘Heroines,’” Margot Leigh Butler, 2004\*), we feel free to analyze and critique them and make new practices and representations that we prefer (*Practices of Looking*, Marita Sturken et al, 2001\*).

## HUM101 AND HUM201

In Hum101 and Hum201, each class and every week we study a different genre, subject and academic discipline with a different teacher, all focused on relevant, interdisciplinary critical and creative practices. Most of the readings included in brackets are from Hum101/201\* (they are marked with a \* and listed in full detail in the course outline, below). With courses spanning 8 months (a full academic

year), we tame the wild profusion of content by having touchstones that ground us over and over again: place, time, people, power and knowledge. And every year we have a theme that guides us. This year, our course theme is from an essay that we read for class, written by Stó:lō feminist writer Lee Maracle: *Find freedom in the context you inherit* (“Goodbye, Snauc,” Lee Maracle, 2010\*).

### **HUM101/201 THEME 2015-16**

*Find freedom in the context you inherit.* Just having the words ‘freedom’ and ‘free’ in the eddy of your mind and body can release a self-awareness, a mindfulness, of what it is to be a living breathing sensing conscious organism, so breaths can grow deeper and slower, and we can notice where breath becomes the shared air around us. Where finding freedom can be written with your fingertip on steamy windows and mirrors, the words disappearing as they’re absorbed into their context, and re-emerging with any close breath or future mist, a secret message that you can write for others and for your later-self to find, again.

### **THE EMBODIED WORLD OF HUM CLASSES AND STUDENTS**

The light touch of such fingertip writing lets the world’s light through so I can see it. I can see the world of the writer, their situated knowledge, and infer a hand and body: hands holding pens, taking notes, fiddling with stir sticks or lighting smokes during the tea break; holding dictionaries or flipping the pages of photocopies of any of the hundreds of pages of academic essays we read this year to prepare for classes (many cited in this introduction); discussing these essays in small groups at the start of each class; catching up with ourselves later in class by ‘free writing,’ or quietly free thinking, for a quick five minutes; taking home four course assignments, doing them, handing them in and getting them back with comments attached (on the largest socially-acceptable size of post-it note); then choosing which one to put into this book and working with staff to draft it into the students’ desired shape; and for Hum201s, doing 11 extra writing sessions in the fall term and then, in spring, working on their academic essays. Now we have a better view into the world of the writers, and we will soon read about some of places from which they come: Oromia, Somaliland, Uganda, Fiji Islands, El Salvador, Venezuela, Colombia, Ukraine and China, from across North America and with many First Nations and Métis people. (“Crafting the Story,” Patti Miller, 2001.\*)

Such are the (seemingly) light, embodied practices of people involved with Hum101/201.

### **MATERIAL PRACTICES IN HUM101/201**

And then there’s the weightier material practices: hefting and shimmying classroom tables into pods for the small group discussions that start each class, then out of pods and into one of many unlikely, impromptu, configurations tailored to that evening’s teacher/content/class, and still later back into neat and tidy institutional rows. (As if we’d never been there? Not a chance.) Over the years, I’ve come to believe that doing this physical labour—all the arranging and re-arranging, transforming, making and remaking our classroom every class, to suit our own wants and needs, somewhat chaotically and entirely without top-down directions—is one of the ways that we make ‘agency’ (our power to act and to make meaning) together, both in Hum and in Writing. *Find freedom in the context you inherit.*

### **THE WORDS ‘CONTEXT,’ ‘FREEDOM,’ AND ‘FREE’**

The word ‘context,’ while broad, needs to be sharpened to point to the specific in low context languages like English which are more about accomplishing ‘tasks,’ like empire, and are less about relationships than high context languages, like Thangmi (“Language Endangerment and Linguistic Rights in the Himalayas: A Case Study from Nepal,” Mark Turin, 2005\*). But the words ‘freedom’ and ‘free’ are moveable feasts: they are loaded with diverse meanings, applications, connotations, synonyms (and antonyms), interpretations, and even contradictions. Yet they seem to follow two main beats: liberation, and with-

out monetary cost or worth. (*Ten Characters*, Ilya Kabakov, 1989.)

### **OUR WORK WITH THE WORDS ‘CONTEXT,’ ‘FREEDOM,’ AND ‘FREE’**

In the 25 academic disciplines we studied in Hum101/201 this year, we’ve pondered, analyzed, detoured, re-worked and enacted ‘context,’ ‘free’ and ‘freedom’ as concepts, words, representations, actions, and figures into which worlds are packed (*When Species Meet*, Donna Haraway, 2008). For instance, in term one, the class titles are based in the first paragraph of Lee Maracle’s essay and in term two, the titles are all permutations of the phrase *Find freedom in the context you inherit*. And the words *find in the you* and *inherit* have not been missed. As active players in our cultures (“Culture is Ordinary,” Raymond Williams, 1958\*), we are the experts at unpacking all of them and remaking them for ourselves—the experts at making meaning and movement possible. (By now you know that we don’t mind heavy lifting!) After all, it’s possible that freedom, like agency, isn’t something that YOU HAVE but something that WE MAKE together, a

ME

WE

which is always contingent, entangled, enmeshed, part of and implicated in specific times and places, in relation to people, power, and knowledge, for starters.

### **FREEDOM AS A PRACTICE**

So, what if freedom is a practice, a disposition of oneself toward oneself, over and over and over again throughout one’s life, a self-determination, a joy, a respect for others and a self-respect? What if it’s about our advocacy and activism and direct action? (“The Ordination of a Tree: The Buddhist Ecology Movement in Thailand,” Susan M. Darlington, 1998.\*) About being conscious and alive, and making considered decisions in the contexts in which you live? Do you agree with the Stoics who thought that “The things that are up to us are by nature free, unhindered, and unimpeded; things that are not up to us are weak, enslaved, hindered, not our own”? (*Enchiridion*, Epictetus, 130 C.E.\*). But along with intentional decisions, there’s also the yaws and the yells of consciousness’ leaky companion, the unconscious...

### **FREEDOM AS CONSCIOUS, ONLY?**

When we look for and hope to find freedom, what do we consider counts as freedom, and what is it we really want? Some say that we can know what we want consciously, rationally and that we can decide deliberately using ‘free will.’ Others say that we’re motivated by our unconscious, by things that we’re not consciously aware of, by what each of us represses...and that through the practice of ‘free association’ or ‘free talking’—“...nothing more than talking about what is on the mind, moving from one topic to another in a free-moving sequence that does not follow an agenda” (*Free Association*, Christopher Bollas, 1998\*)—we can bring these thoughts to consciousness and better understand ourselves and what we want.

### **FREEDOM AS UNCONSCIOUS, TOO?**

‘Free association’ is a Freudian method for releasing ‘unconscious motivations’ from ‘repressed’ everyday and extraordinary traumas, desires and difficulties (“Here Comes the Neighbourhood,” David Gaertner et al, 2012\*). Just the kind that are preyed upon through advertisements, for example, that promote ideas of freedom sheltered in sexism, racism, homophobia, colonialism and capitalism (absolutely free, plus \$8 postage). You might remember the bold MasterCard “Priceless” campaign, “There are some things money can’t buy. For everything else, there’s MasterCard” (*No Logo*, Naomi Klein, 2000\*).

To air some of the many baffling applications of ‘free’ and ‘freedom,’ we even made and played a game in class called ‘Free Association’ that ran on trains of thought (freedom trains?) that were happily hijacked by Hum train robbers on their way to stations named Place + Time, Knowledge, Power and People. Whereas Joni Mitchell lamented “I’m always running behind the time / just like this train,”

earlier on, Jimi Hendrix said to a *Times* reporter “If I’m free, it’s because I’m always running.”

### **FREEDOM AS EVERYDAY CULTURAL PRACTICES**

Still, there are songs and dances and places and protests that make us feel free, that release the freedom we inhabit—if freedom is a state inside us. They release stories that nourish us, stories that we value (“Unveiling the Revolutionaries: Cyberactivism and the Role of Women in the Arab Uprisings,” Courtney C. Radsch, 2012\*). Just say ‘free’ or ‘freedom’ and conversations with others, and within ourselves, happen because we all have something to say, whether it’s about safe and affordable housing, car free days, free range eggs, tuition free education or liberation. Perhaps liberation can be won or taken away, but freedom never given? What games or roles do institutions play in this? Can something be ‘at’ but not ‘of’ an institution? Is Hum ‘university set free’?

### **FREEDOM AND ACADEMIC INSTITUTIONS**

Ah, we’ve arrived at another cluster of concerns. These ones point to how I, myself, along with all university faculty, am implicated with, in and by ‘free’ and ‘freedom.’ These words are manifest professionally as curiosity, hypotheses, truth-seeking and research; and when compiled, they turn into an entitlement to ‘exploration’ (academic freedom) which is at the heart of virtually all inherited western academics’ practices when making the new knowledge necessary to fuel universities (“Statement on Ethical Conduct for Research Involving Humans,” Tri-Council Policy, 2014\*). Are they embedded as the very cultural values that can produce our own and others’ unfreedom, and also in much university research conducted upon Downtown Eastside residents? How are these research practices informed by rights, responsibilities, reciprocities, responses, regrets, revision, reconciliation (TRC’s\* “Calls to Action,” 2015), resurgence, revolution? (“Ethics in First Nations Research,” Assembly of First Nations, 2009.\*) And there is always the option of refusal, the “I would prefer not to” (“Bartleby, the Scrivener: A Story of Wall Street,” Herman Melville, 1853).

### **MODERNISM: A LOVE AFFAIR WITH FREEDOM?**

Writing101, Writing201, Hum101 and Hum201 classes are located in a modernist building: Buchanan D204 and D201, right across the hallway from each other (“The Architecture of Confinement: Design for Human Rights,” Arthur Allen, 2013\*). Classic white modernist cubes, our classrooms have all the mod cons, and can carry a tune. Inherited strains from smart white modernist lads —preoccupied with visions and inherited versions of ‘freedom’—resound, even if we don’t formally *invite* them into the room: “Man is born free, but he is everywhere in chains” (*The Social Contract*, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, 1762, not in attendance); “Men make their own history, but not of their own free will; not under circumstances they themselves have chosen but under the given and inherited circumstances with which they are directly confronted” (*The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte*, Karl Marx, 1852, invited into the room\*); nation-based charters, such as the “Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms” (1982, invited\*) pledge for freedoms that, we all know, nations uphold for some people, and not others; and that goes double for international ones (“Rank: A Double Signal,” Arnold Mindell, 1995\*). George Orwell wrote, “freedom is slavery” in 1984 (1949, should’ve invited him, drat). And didn’t Bertolt Brecht bridle at the way that euphemisms—like ‘money-free’—hide oppressive, class-based, lived material facts and conditions (*Writing the Truth: 5 Difficulties*, 1936, always welcome\*).

After the First World War and before the Second, Hemingway wrote, “All our words from loose using have lost their edge” (*Death in the Afternoon*, 1932, invited\*). Globalization assails us with the words ‘free’ and ‘freedom’—used so loosely, so frequently, deadeningly, coercively—are we harangued by them? They are being sold to some of us, who are being sold and asked to buy back certain versions of ourselves—such is transnational capitalism: think ‘free trade,’ ‘free choice’ (where you get to decide WHICH to buy/get/be and not WHETHER to, at all, without reprisals?) and ‘there’s no such thing as



a free lunch' (World Bank and World Trade Organization officials in the film *Life and Debt*, Stephanie Black, 2001, watched tenderly, with alarm\*).

### **FREEDOM, EXHAUSTED?**

Is there a chance that the words 'free' and 'freedom' are invoked to mean so many things that they actually mean nothing? Perhaps they're a place to pin hopes in a certain dream or nightmare? To burst the bubbles of 'free trade zones'? Is our focus on proclaiming our right to freedom in fact a practice of unfreedom for ourselves and for 'Others'? ("Pheneticizing Versus Passing," Wayne Compton, 2010.\*) Some think they can bank their freedom offshore, while others are living compromised. By now, do we want something that is 'otherwise' to this western version of freedom's domain: "dispossession + 400 years of gendered colonial violence + catastrophic canadian indifference = 1186 missing and murdered Indigenous women and girls in 30 years" (#MMIW Leanne Simpson@betasamosake, 16 May 2014, Twitter)?

### **FREEDOM, REVIVED?**

However, just because 'free' and 'freedom' are problematic, contaminated by certain ideologies and ethics, does that mean they should be thrown away or abandoned? Can we be more attentive to what 'freedom' and 'free' could mean to each of us; can we be self-determining, sovereign, cooperative and decide for ourselves how to influence our contexts to make and inhabit those freedoms that we value? ("Mindful Learning," Ellen J. Langer, 2000\*; "Eurydice," Sarah Ruhl, 2005.\*) So rather than thinking, how about *feeling* free writing, free spirited, free fall, and get out of jail free? In class, through the work of queer philosopher Michel Foucault (*The Order of Things*, Michel Foucault, 1966, delighted\*) we conceived of freedom not as some 'final emancipation,' but rather as 'endless revolt.' He also incited us to question—and free up—the culturally established 'order of things' and what's motivating our belief in this order....

### **DANCING WITH 'FREE' AND 'FREEDOM'**

Kindled by Lee Maracle's exhortation to *Find freedom in the context you inherit* and fanned by twice-weekly interdisciplinary flames, we thought about and enacted our theme with our many teachers and supporters, took it home and brought it back with new creases. We took it to heart. We chased 'free' and 'freedom' around the block for a year; but then again, was it the very act of chasing and struggling and entertaining and dancing with what 'free' and 'freedom' might mean that was, that is, our freedom? (*Small Acts of Resistance*, Steve Crawshaw et al, 2010.\*) Were we inhabiting valued figures of freedom that we made up, together? When Lee, in her recent book *Memory Serves: Oratories* (2015\*), asked us to consider altering our contexts to find freedom, we found that we already had.

You might be wondering, how many people does it take to open a window? That depends. It depends upon the remarkable students, the steadfast volunteer teachers and connective volunteer facilitators from UBC and elsewhere, the returning students who volunteer as class Mentors—all of you are personally thanked in the acknowledgements section of this book. And then there's the construction crew who build the windows and what supports them: Paul Woodhouse, Programme Coordinator; Maureen Phillips, Writing Coordinator; Wil Steele, Writing Assistant and Public Programmes Coordinator; Reuben Jentink, Volunteer Coordinator and Research Assistant; and Margot Mabanta, our newest, stellar WorkLearn staff member. Terence Lui collaborated with me to make this book's cover images, and our graphic artist KathyLea made the whole book look so good.

All of those people are part of Hum's campus life. Then there's the Hum alumni and volunteers who run weekly free study groups in the DTES/South: Shala Masoumnejad, Steve Wexler and Fred Jolly; and Terence Lui who, with Wil, curated this year's bi-monthly documentary film series at Carnegie Centre to correlate with Hum101/201 course topics, extending our classroom and making free with DTES communities.

Hum hinges communities at UBC, in the DTES/South and further afield, communities that are both inherited and made fresh. So many people at UBC support and enliven Hum, and from what we can read in their ‘well wishes,’ the feeling is mutual. The good people at the Dean of Arts Office have Hum under their wing, and our ever-kind and caring donors, Gerald Ma and other UBC alumni, help the Programme to fly as do our friends at the Institute of Critical Indigenous Studies.

Hum is grateful to Downtown Eastside and South community centres—the Carnegie Centre, the Gathering Place, the Downtown Eastside Women’s Centre, Crabtree Corner Family Resource Centre/SheWay, Vancouver Recovery Club and the Dr. Peter AIDS Centre—where we meet with people who want to join in for a term, a year, a decade, it’s up to them.

The Programme is a member of the Downtown Eastside Literacy Roundtable, a large group of educators who meet monthly and share resources. The Roundtable was pleased to meet with the new MLA for Vancouver-East, Melanie Mark, and appreciates the work of long-time supporter MP Libby Davies, one of Hum’s past teachers. Further afield, the Programme is very close with three Canadian sister programmes at the University 101 at University of Victoria, Halifax Humanities 101 and Humanities 101 at University of Alberta, and is building strong connections between newer programmes across the country.

Dusk, now (my favourite time of all), and it’s time to close this introduction and give my warmest regards and congratulations to everyone who participated in Hum this year, and my deep blue thanks for your contributions, your own ‘fingertip’ writing. I wish you well, and hope that you know you’re welcome to stay involved with Hum for many years to come. Now in my tenth year as Academic Director, with five years before that as one of Hum’s many volunteer teachers, I can say truly that I’ve *found freedom in this context* that we make together.

I’ll leave you with one last question: what message (a future inheritance for yourself and for others) would you like to put onto the window on the back cover of this book—or would you prefer quite a different window, or perhaps a door, an arch, a trellis, a filament, a wave?

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

---



HUM101/201 COURSE OUTLINE	13
HUM101/201 COMPOSITIONS	32
Alvin J Komperdo	90
Assumpta Kwan	66
Ayube Ulo	70
Buffalo Star Woman (Sandra Delorme)	86
Cindy^_^QT	46
Don Clancy aka Thatcher McGee	58
Fred Shantz	74
James Gillis	52
Joel Rakesh Kumar	54
Jose A. De La Torre	64
Kurt Gonsalves	62
Kimberley Hurrell	42
Lorna Johnson	82
Luis Velasquez	48
Masan Kahin	36
Monica Alas	38
Stergios Vlioras	40
Terence Lui	92
PHOTOGRAPHS	95
WRITING COURSE OUTLINE	103

# CONTENTS

WRITING COMPOSITIONS	107
Avril Schafer	111
Carlo di Giovanni	107 + 119
Clarence D. Fremont	111
Corey Ouellet	118
Denise Linnay	108 + 116
Fred Joly	118
Harris Pearson	121
Heather Bronwyn Reynolds	114
Isaac White	119
John Roberts	107
Johnny Jaworski	116
Kathleen Gowman	122
Keith Long	120
Kerry Elizabeth Hopkins	116
Larry Berger	113
Lixuan Zeng	113
Madeline Holt	124
Misty Rafferty	124
Robert Lozowchuk	112
Robin Thomas	121
Sandi Rooke	114
Shannon O’Leary	118
Terry Lawrence	110
Tia Maria Perrault	109
Violet Bittern	119
Wilson Liang	123
WELL-WISHES	128
PUBLIC PROGRAMMES	143
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS	144
GRADUATING PARTICIPANTS	146



---

# HUM 101/201 COURSE OUTLINE

Course theme: *Find freedom in the context you inherit*

Faculty: Dr. Margot Leigh Butler

Mentor: Don Clancy

Classroom: Buchanan D, Room 201

Term 1: September 15 - December 8, 2015

Term 2: January 5 - April 7, 2016

Tuesdays + Thursdays 6:30 to 9:00 pm

Field trips are marked with \*

*Extra events are marked with \*\* and put in italics*

Class readings will always be available a week in advance, both as photocopies and online at [connect.ubc.ca](http://connect.ubc.ca)

## **COURSE DESCRIPTION:**

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

The first 30-minutes of class involves facilitated small group discussions based on assigned readings that are available in class and on the UBC Connect website. Written work includes: regular five minute in-class ‘free writing’ sessions, four essay assignments which correspond to different disciplines and the links between them, and reflection writing—you choose which of them you’d like included in the yearbook.

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

Our course theme this year comes from “Goodbye, Snauq” (2004) by Stó:lō Squamish writer Lee Maracle, which we’ll read for our second class. Weekly themes (in italics) are also drawn from this essay. Here are the opening paragraphs:

*Raven has never left this place, but sometimes it feels like she has been negligent, maybe even a little dense. Raven shaped us; we are built for transformation. Our stories prepare us for it. Find freedom in the context you inherit — every context is different: discover consequences and change from within, that is the challenge. Still there is horror in having change foisted upon you from outside. Raven did not prepare us for the past 150 years. She must have fallen asleep some time around the first smallpox epidemic, when the Tsleil-Waututh Nation nearly perished, and I am not sure she ever woke up.*

*The halls of this [academic] institution are empty. The bright white fluorescent bulbs that dot the ceiling are hidden behind great long light fixtures dimming its length....I trudge down the dim hallway; my small hands clutch a bright white envelope.*



## TERM 1

---

### SEPTEMBER

#### PART 1: *EVERY CONTEXT IS DIFFERENT.*

**Tuesday, September 15**

##### **Orientation:**

*Every context is different...so, in whose and which context do we all meet together to create these courses? Meet and greet upon Musqueam First Nations traditional, unceded, ancestral territory, inhabited continually for 4,000+ years, at the Point Grey campus of the University of British Columbia, now 100-years-old.*

Today, people came from all over the world, through the Downtown Eastside and Downtown South, upon B-Lines and trolley buses, towards UBC to meet for the first time as the Hum class of 2015-2016. Together with Hum staff and volunteers, we tucked into some food at the SUB, and followed up with an icebreaker that saw us making shapes all over the Meekison Lounge floor. After this traditional initiation, the term had truly begun.

**Thursday, September 17**

##### **First Nations and Indigenous Studies & English Studies:**

*Today I am entitled to dream. Khahtsahlano dreamed of being buried at Snauq. I dream of living there: Why Indigenous Literatures Matter, with Daniel Heath Justice (Cherokee), First Nations and Indigenous Studies, and English, UBC.*

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

##### **Reading:**

Grace, Patricia. 1987. "Butterflies." *Electric City and Other Stories*. Auckland, N.Z.: Penguin Books.

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

Maracle, Lee. 2010. "Goodbye, Snauq." *First Wives Club: Coast Salish Style*. Penticton: Theytus Books. 13-28.

**Tuesday, September 22**

##### **First Nations Studies:**

*Finding freedom in the [academic] context you inherit: Academic Activism, with Daniel Heath Justice.*

For the longest time, Indigenous peoples have been told they have no claims to knowledge. This settler-centric perspective positioned Indigenous peoples as objects to be studied, often using dehumanizing strategies that negated Indigenous ways of knowing and being. The 1970s saw a shift away from an anthropological perspective that objectified Indigenous peoples to one that focused on the Indigenous perspectives. Making space for stories to be told from an authentic perspective creates an informed subjectivity, where individual stories are related to the collective stories, and patterns emerge.

##### **Reading:**

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

**Thursday, September 24**

##### **First Nations Studies & Art:**

*Finding freedom in the [cultural] context you inherit: How my ancestors acquired a sense of humour, with Beau Dick, Kwakwaka'wakw Hereditary Chief and Artist-in-Residence, Art History and Visual Art, UBC.*

**\* Friday, September 25**

Free Talk by curator Kwiahwaah Jones at Bill Reid Gallery of Northwest Coast Art about the exhibition, "The Box of Treasures: Gifts from the Supernatural," which reveals masterworks created for Kwakwaka'wakw potlatches by master artist and Hereditary Chief, Beau Dick, as well as Gigame Wallis Giyam (Gray Whale) and other Kwakwaka'wakw

master carvers. Featured objects include ceremonial masks depicting the magnificent beings from the forest, the sea, and from the supernatural realm. Bill Reid Gallery of Northwest Coast Art, 639 Hornby Street, between Dunsmuir and Georgia.

### \* Sunday, September 27

Free Talk by Beau Dick on the exhibition “The Box of Treasures: Gifts from the Supernatural” at the Bill Reid Gallery of Northwest Coast Art. Please show your UBC card at the door to get in free. Complementary access to the gallery is one time only for this particular event.

### Tuesday, September 29

#### First Nations Studies and Art:

*Still there is horror in having change foisted upon you from outside:* On Potlatching and Indian residential schools, with Beau Dick.

Beau Dick, Kwakwaka'wakw hereditary chief and master carver, joined us for two classes. Class, with Beau, is like storytime. Out of many tales told over the two days, however, the story of *Aṭlakima* (the dance of the forest spirits) was certainly the highlight. It recounts the journey of *Kwakwabalas* and is a tale that—at one time—was told with forty unique masks. Today, new carvings of these masks (including many carved by Beau) are featured in the exhibit, “The Box of Treasures: Gifts from the Supernatural.” He emphasized that these stories are meant to teach, but that self-interpretation is critical to understanding. In other words, these stories hold wisdom but it is our responsibility—to the stories, to their tellers, and to ourselves—to do the work of interpretation: meaning and importance is unique to each one of us. Beau emphasized the importance of humour in Indigenous art and culture, especially as a means of dealing with the ongoing legacies of colonialism. For example, we looked at a piece of art, *Coke-Salish* (2006), by Lig-wilda'xw Kwakwaka'wakw artist, Sonny Assu. Sonny's piece détournes Coca-Cola's logo to read “Enjoy Coast-Salish Territory,” and challenges conceptions of “place” and “belonging.” Finally, we watched a preview to the documentary bio-pic of Beau, *Maker of Monsters* (2012), in which he reminded us that “material wealth can be easily acquired; knowledge takes a long time.” These teachings and

Beau's account of the masks demonstrated to us that there are many sites of learning; the university is just one. Traditions of knowledge exist outside of the classroom—they might be found in carvings, storytelling, ceremonies, or experiences—and educate in a multiplicity of ways.

#### Reading:

Bill Reid Gallery of Northwest Coast Art. 2015. “*Aṭlakima: Dance of the Forest Spirits.*” Vancouver.

Bill Reid Gallery of Northwest Coast Art. 2015. “*Siwidi.*” Vancouver.

Laurence, Robin. “The Box of Treasures: Gifts from the Supernatural.” *Georgia Straight* 10 March, 2015. <http://www.straight.com/arts/407286/box-treasures-gifts-supernatural-celebrates-cultural-legacy>.

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

## OCTOBER

### Thursday, October 1

#### First Nations Studies & Anthropology:

*Raven has never left this place.* Tour of MOA (Museum of Anthropology) with Sue Rowley, Curator of Public Archaeology/Circumpolar/Pacific Northwest and Director of the Laboratory of Archaeology, MOA and Anthropology, UBC.

At MOA we were immediately greeted by—as our teacher Susan Rowley pointed out—the Musqueam mosaic called “Salish footprint,” by Susan Point. After taking a tour of the vast amounts of First Nations art, we got to experience the main exhibit of the night, *c'əsnaʔəm: the city before the city*. This was a very interactive experience, where we watched videos, experienced “belongings” and witnessed narratives about *c'əsnaʔəm*. The night ended with Bill Reid's “Raven and the First Men,” which was very fitting since the Raven was a topic of conversation in our previous classes with Daniel Justice and Beau Dick.

#### Reading:

Muntean, Reese, et al. 2015. “*ʔeləwkʷ*—Belongings: A Tangible Interface for Intangible Cultural

Heritage.” *Electronic Visualisation and the Arts*. London, UK. 360-366.

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

## Tuesday, October 6

### First Nations and Endangered Languages:

*Raven shaped us; we are built for transformation. Our stories prepare us for it:* Language Diversity at Risk, with Jorge Emilio Rosés Labrada, First Nations and Endangered Languages, and Anthropology, UBC.

At the beginning of class, Jorge distributed large UNESCO endangered languages world maps, and in small groups people were asked to locate a specific language group, identify how many speakers (full and semi speakers) were living, and research why the language is endangered. Due to economic and political troubles, rebellions, attitudes, disease, and conquest, one third of the world’s approximate 7000 languages are endangered. Jorge talked at length about language revitalization projects, from nests (places where only that language is spoken), to master-apprentice programs that team up a native speaker with a learner. Promisingly, for First Nations languages in British Columbia, we are seeing broad implementation of revitalization projects, and many of the learners (70-80%) are under the age of 35.

### Reading:

Krauss, Michael. 1992. “The world’s languages in crisis.” *Language* 68.1: 4-10.

Ladefoged, Peter. 1992. “Another view of endangered languages.” *Language* 68.4: 809-811.

Dorian, Nancy. 1993. “A Response to Ladefoged’s Other View of Endangered Languages.” *Language* 69.3: 575-679.

**PART 2: EVERY CONTEXT IS DIFFERENT: DISCOVER CONSEQUENCES AND CHANGE FROM WITHIN, THAT IS THE CHALLENGE.**

## Thursday, October 8

### Philosophy:

*Discovering consequences:* “S/he has the most who is most content with the least,” said Diogenes, a

4th Century BCE philosopher, with Sylvia Berryman, Philosophy, UBC.

Diogenes the Cynic is a natural philosopher who believes freedom can be found by living the natural way. Cynic derives from a Greek word meaning “dog,” and refers to being doggy-like, which is why Diogenes is often depicted with a dog by his side. He was famous for his insightful criticisms of conventions—wealth, honour, and obedience. When Alexander the Great stood before him, Diogenes told him to “Stand out of my light.”

### Reading:

Laertius, Diogenes. 2015 (3rd Century CE). “Life of Diogenes” (excerpts). *The Lives and Opinions of Eminent Philosophers*. Translated by C.D. Young. <http://www.classicpersuasion.org/pw/diogenes/dldiogenes.htm>.

### \* Saturday night documentary series

*The Invisible Nation* (2007): A discussion on the history of the Algonquin people and the racism and oppression they have faced by local settlers and government.

*Canadian History and the Indian Residential School System* (2014): A 20-minute history of Canada’s Indian residential school system.

## Tuesday, October 13

### Philosophy:

*Finding freedom in the context you inherit:* Ancient Greek Philosophers, with Sylvia Berryman.

The *Encheiridion* is a stoic handbook that offers guidance in everyday living. Epictetus developed the handbook and his student (Arrian) wrote down his interpretations. The term Stoic comes from the Greek, meaning “porch.” It was published in 135 AD. In life, what is up to us is very little. So much is out of our individual control; and as humans, it is up to us to acknowledge this and judge things in accord with nature. What is up to us is what we aim for in life—what we try to achieve. Stoics aim for happiness, goodness and wisdom.

### Reading:

Epictetus. 1983 (135 CE). *The Handbook (The*

*Encheiridion*). Translated by Nicholas P. White. Indianapolis: Hackett Publishing Company.

## Thursday October 15

### Philosophy:

*Discover...from within*: What are our philosophical perspectives? with Ana Harland, Philosophy and Continuing Education, UBC.

In class Ana introduced the four philosophical realms: metaphysics, the study of what exists; epistemology, what is knowledge; axiology, the study of values and logic, the study of reason. Participants located which realm of philosophy they were most interested in, and then began to ask philosophical questions like, “What is the purpose of philosophy?” and “Why do we need an answer to everything?” Ana made the interesting point that philosophical questions have no definite answer!

### Reading:

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

### \* Saturday night documentary series

*Philosophy: A guide to happiness*: This series of short films explores what different philosophers have had to say about happiness: Montaigne (on Self-Esteem); Seneca (on Anger); Nietzsche (on Hardship) and Schopenhauer (on Love).

## Tuesday, October 20

### Education:

*Light fixtures*: Assignment writing workshop, with Margot Leigh Butler and Wil Steele, Hum, UBC.

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

### Readings:

Butler, Margot Leigh. 2015. “Essay Writing Workshop.” Custom handout.

**PART 3: THE BRIGHT WHITE FLUORESCENT BULBS THAT DOT THE CEILING ARE HIDDEN BEHIND GREAT LONG LIGHT FIXTURES DIMMING ITS LENGTH.**

## Thursday, October 22

### Cultural Studies:

*Finding freedom in the [everyday] context you inherit*: Culture is Ordinary, with Margot Leigh Butler.

Back in the olden days, “culture” was considered a highbrow affair. Not so in Cultural Studies—where Hum’s heart is, where our own, situated, ordinary Downtown Eastside/South/worldly knowledge matters, and we focus on relevant, creative and critical practices in the many academic disciplines we work between, with an awareness of how each conceptualizes PEOPLE, POWER, KNOWLEDGE, PLACE+TIME, to ground us. Cultural Studies loves “agency”—the power to act and make meaning.

### Readings:

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

Williams, Raymond. 1976. *Keywords, A Vocabulary of Culture and Society* (selections). London: Fontana Press.

## Tuesday, October 27

### Cultural Studies and History:

*Hidden behind great long light fixtures, dimming*: From the Enlightenment to Globalization, with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.

This class offered a sketch of some of the overarching contexts for the content of the rest of this course. The contexts are part of time periods, or periodizations and are based in western cultures from the 1600s to today (the Enlightenment, Modernism, Post-Modernism and Globalization), and include the scientific, industrial, republican and technological revolutions. Using key images and the concepts of ideology, narrative, progress, culture, vision, meaning, dualisms and agency we asked:

“What are the implications of the West’s practices on the world, and on itself?”

**Readings:**

“Age of Enlightenment.” Wikipedia. [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Age\\_of\\_Enlightenment](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Age_of_Enlightenment).

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

**Thursday, October 29**

**Globalization:**

*For the past 150+ years:* Films about globalization, with Paul Woodhouse, Hum, UBC.

The film, *Life and Debt*, by Stephanie Black, tells the story of what happens when “developing” countries like Jamaica experience economic globalization. What are the consequences on residents who are farmers and workers? The filmmakers talk to many Jamaicans, including farmers, workers, and the former Prime Minister Michael Manly, about their experiences of neo-liberal globalization in their fields and homes, working in banana plantations and in “free trade zone” factories.

**Readings:**

Biddle, Tony. 2004. “Globalization: Who’s Winning and Who’s Losing.” Canadian Labour Conference.

Black, Stephanie. 2003. *Life and Debt*. New York Films.

**NOVEMBER**

**\* Sunday November 1**

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

**Tuesday, November 3**

**Architecture: *Dot the ceiling*, with Arthur Allen, architect.**

Arthur opened by showing a slideshow of different Vancouver landmarks and the ornaments that adorn them—many of which we had seen on the walking tour. We were told of meanings behind these ornaments—usually popular mythological figures—and the superstitious beliefs attached to them. For the

second part of class, Arthur discussed the ethical and moral situations architects face when asked to design confinement facilities—are they partly responsible for the prisoners confined in these buildings and for the way they are treated?

**Reading:**

Allen, Arthur. 2013. “The Architecture of Confinement Design for Human Rights.” Unpublished.

**Thursday, November 5**

**Education:**

*Bright envelopes:* Who inspires you, and how are we inspired together? with Ryanne James, Musqueam Youth Program and First Nations House of Learning, UBC.

Ryanne guided our class through two large self-reflective turns. First, she asked each of us to consider what privileges—economic, gendered, racial—we have. This practice, she contended, helped to “even the table.” After we had noted our privileges, and after some of us had shared those with the class, Ryanne asked us to assess those privileges, to rank them, and then to celebrate them. While it might have seemed counterintuitive to “celebrate” our privileges—as in, to boast about ourselves—in actuality, this exercise taught us to see the wealth of gifts that we each brought into the classroom to share with one another: maybe we had lots of friends, a hearty laugh, or maybe we were a really good listener. Ryanne showed us that when we recognize and celebrate these privileges together, instead of constantly criticizing one another, it’s much easier to support and work alongside one another.

**Reading:**

Kritek, Phyllis Beck. “Recognizing an Uneven Table.” *Negotiating at an Uneven Table: Developing Moral Courage in Resolving Our Conflicts*. San Francisco: Jossey-Bass. 34-44.

Mindell, Arnold. 1995. “Rank: A Double Signal.” *Sitting in the Fire: Large Group Transformation Using Conflict and Diversity*. Portland, OR.: Lao Tse. 49-60.

Mindell, Arnold. 1995. “Power & Prejudice In Relationship.” *Sitting in the Fire: Large Group*

*Transformation Using Conflict and Diversity*. Portland, OR.: Lao Tse. 61-73.

## Tuesday, November 10

### Critical Race Theory:

*Sometimes it feels like* [the way “race” has been conceptualized] *has been negligent, maybe even a little dense*, with Sadira Rodrigues, Emily Carr University of Art and Design.

Sadira offered us some tools for entering images and unpacking what counts as “race” in visual representations. Images can be used as mechanisms to portray certain ideas and meanings, such as those that represent the Native North American population as being part of nature, and separate from the land, giving justification for colonial subjects to freely occupy their traditional territories. The class began by analyzing a photograph of the newly inaugurated Trudeau cabinet, which was established on the premise of being the first, truly multi-cultural cabinet in Canadian government history. We then looked at historical paintings and images to show how the scientific revolution produced “scientific racism,” through the construction and classification of people based on skin colour.

### Reading:

Hall, Stuart. 1997. “The spectacle of the other.” *Representation: Cultural Representatives and Signifying Practices*. 225-234.

## Thursday, November 12

### Critical Race Theory:

*Between: living in the hyphen*, directed and written by Anne Marie Nakagawa, 2005 (National Film Board of Canada), with Margot Leigh Butler.

“I’m quite interested in thinking about that notion of the hyphen...Let’s say, “Chinese-Canadian,” or “Japanese-Canadian.” I like to challenge those two poles, those two hegemonous poles who want to claim a part of me. Because I feel like I’ve lived in-between and I like the in-between. It’s a place that I would like to spruce-up a bit.” -Fred Wah (aka Mr. In-between) in Anne Marie Nakagawa’s, *Between: Living in the Hyphen* (NFB): Time Code 00:0:28-00:00:59.

### Reading:

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

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

### Film:

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

### \* Saturday night documentary series

*Life and Debt* (2001): Investigates the effects of the WTO, IMF and World Bank’s neo-liberal globalization policies on Jamaica.

*Between: Living in the Hyphen* (2005): Explores first hand accounts of mixed raced peoples’ experiences of racialization.

### PART 4: OUR STORIES PREPARE US FOR... ...FOR TRANSFORMATION.

## Tuesday, November 17

### Poetry:

*My small hands clutch a bright white envelope*: Words that seek to convey, and to evoke musicality, with Ted Byrne, poet and translator, Kootenay School of Writing, Vancouver.

## Thursday, November 19

### Poetry:

*She woke up*: Poetry and meaning, with Ted Byrne.

In our classes with Ted Byrne, we considered how to read and interpret the poetry of other cultural traditions and poetry that has been translated from another language into English. For example, Ted read to us a poem, “Gopher Song,” from the Pima people of South-central Arizona. He asked us to remember that meaning might be lost by taking this poem out of its context—removed from its people, land, from their particular voices, and from the ceremonies in which it might have been recited. Ted also works as a translator and so he was able to carefully lead us through some of the different questions one might consider when working between languages. Should one translate for rhythm,

alliteration, or sound? Or, should one translate for concepts, images, and meaning?

**Reading:**

Byrne, Ted. 2015. Poetry Compilation. Unpublished.

**\* Saturday night documentary series**

*The Source* (1999): Explores the lives and ideas of beat generation writers Jack Kerouac, Alan Ginsberg, William Burroughs, and Neal Cassady.

*Political Theory of Karl Marx*: Uses animation from Alain De Botton to explain Marx's ideas about capitalism.

**Tuesday, November 24**

**Sociology:**

*Raven did not prepare us for the past 150 years: Marx and Engels' The Communist Manifesto* (1848), with Tom Kemple, Sociology, UBC.

"A spectre is haunting Europe—the spectre of communism." This class focused on Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels and their famous work, *The Communist Manifesto*. We learned about the socio-historic context of the rise of communist thought and Marxist philosophy from the struggles of a past era; and Marx and Engels' ideas about "permanent revolution" and the transition toward a classless society.

**Reading:**

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

**Thursday, November 26**

**Sociology:**

*Finding freedom in the [social] context you inherit*, with Tom Kemple.

Marxist Economics 101: M-C-M'. Marx wanted the exploited proletariat to understand and appreciate the basic logic of capitalism, to get a foothold in it, and make change. Capitalism turns everything into commodities, so that it can be bought and sold, for profit. This includes labour, which is never bought for its true price. Marx's goal: "Workers of the world, Unite!"

**Reading:**

Klein, Naomi. 2000. "New Branded World." *No Logo*. London: Flamingo. 25-45.

**DECEMBER**

**Tuesday, December 1**

**Art and Cultural Studies:**

*Finding Freedom* [through changing, creatively and unexpectedly] *in the context you inherit*, with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum.

The context of this class was "fun," by playing the magnificent Hum201 board games inherited from the grads of 2013 and 2015. "Where there's walls there's holes" (2013) and "No carrots, no sticks" (2015) brought out the local, situated, and other worldly knowledge's that are shared between our collective wisdom.

**Reading:**

Kabakov, Ilya. 1989. *Ten Characters*. New York: ICA.

Hum. 2013. *Where There's Walls There's Holes*. Vancouver: Humanities 101 Community Programme.

Hum. 2015. *No Carrots No Sticks*. Vancouver: Humanities 101 Community Programme.

**Thursday, December 3**

**Philosophy:**

*Finding Freedom in* Foucault, with Christina Hendricks, Philosophy, UBC.

Christina introduced us to some of the French philosopher Michel Foucault's key concepts. Staying close to our course theme, we considered Foucault's ideas about "power," and how those might inform ideas about "freedom." For Foucault, power is not a thing, but a relationship. Finally, we conceived freedom not as some "final emancipation," but rather as "endless revolt." "Everything is dangerous," says Foucault, "which is not exactly the same as bad. If everything is dangerous, then we always have something to do."

**Reading:**

Foucault, Michel. 2015. "Michel Foucault, quotes about power." Ed. Christina Hendricks.

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

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

## Tuesday, December 8

### End of term Party!

End of term party for the Hum 101/201 and Writing students.

We shared food, sang songs, played games, and shared the holiday spirit!

### \* Saturday night documentary series

*Christmas Unwrapped* (1997): A film tracing the history and social significance of Christmas.

*Christmas Confidential*: A light-hearted look at the insanity that has become Christmas activities.

## TERM 2

---

## FINDING FREEDOM IN THE CONTEXT YOU INHERIT

### JANUARY

## Tuesday, January 5

### Cultural Studies:

“Whadda YOU mean? Semiotics Workshop” with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.

In this class, we were introduced to semiotics, the study of systems of signs. We first learned about signs, signifiers, denotation (noticing and describing signs) and connotation (the culturally shared meaning of signs), and then proceeded to practise it on different objects in order to really familiarize ourselves with the semiotic method. We then applied the semiotic method to artists such as Banksy, and different public art.

### Reading:

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

Crawshaw, Steve, and John Jackson. 2010. *Small*

*Acts of Resistance: How Courage, Tenacity, and Ingenuity Can Change the World*. New York: Union Square.

## Thursday, January 7

### Music:

“Humming for FREEDOM,” with Gage Averill, Dean of Arts, UBC.

How can a shy man be remade into a leader, finding freedom on his way? Gage’s route was through music, especially Irish music. As a young man, he became fascinated by the idea that he could do art AND politics, dancing revolution into people’s hearts and minds through playing anti-imperialist and anarcho-leftist songs in many contexts. Inspired by him, later in the term we devoted a class to memoir writing.

### \* Saturday night documentary series

*Whoa Canada* (2015): A scathing but humorous look at the controversial policies and practices of Canadian Prime Minister Stephen Harper.

*The Biggest Prison System in History* (2015): Examines how profiting from the prison system leads to increased incarceration of citizens.

*The Empire’s Ship is Sinking* (2015): Interviews Colonel Lawrence Wilkerson on how greed is leading to the end of “the American Empire.”

## Tuesday, January 12

### Cultural Studies:

“Here’s looking at YOU: Semiotic analysis of photographs of Downtown Eastside women figured as heroin addicts,” with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.

We delved deeper into semiotics, and we used the semiotic method to explore and analyze Lincoln Clarkes’ *Heroines*. We looked at different photographs of women of the Downtown Eastside, opening with the cover image of the book, and discussed the photography concept of “the returned gaze,” which allows you to have a more personal connection with the image subject. We also talked about the history of photography, how it contributes to stereotypes, the four tones of engaging with a



photograph, and brought it back to a discussion of how the Downtown Eastside is represented.

**Reading:**

Butler, Margot Leigh. 2004. "The Hero of 'Heroines': Photographs by Lincoln Clarkes." *Mosaic: a Journal for the Interdisciplinary Study of Literature* 37.4 (December): 275-296.

**Thursday, January 14**

**Forestry:**

"FoREst bathing: Exploring the links between well-being and nature through the Happiness Index and Community Forestry," with D'Arcy Davis-Case, Forestry, UBC.

How do we define happiness? Tougher yet, how do we measure it? There exists a connection between the way we live our lives with (or without) nature and how happy and healthy we are both as individuals and as a society. Through an exploration of cultural situations both in Bhutan and here in Canada, D'Arcy used stories from her own life and work to demonstrate the link between humans and the natural world within which we reside.

**Reading:**

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

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

**\* Saturday night documentary series**

*Exit Through The Gift Shop* (2010): Documentary following the UK artist Banksy and other street artists.

*Free the Network: Hackers Take Back the Web* (2012): Investigates the role and power of information communication technology and cyber-activism in the Occupy movement.

**Tuesday, January 19**

**Theatre:**

"INHERITed mythologies on the stage: Orpheus and Eurydice," with Florian Gassner, Department of Central, Eastern and Northern European Studies, UBC.

In preparation for our field trip to see the production of "Eurydice," we read the play and learned about the legend of Orpheus, and the myths associated with his divine relation to the cosmos. According to the myth, divine Gods created the world (macrocosm), and every natural living thing is a model of this world (microcosm). Music was understood to be the cosmological language that resonated through the macro and microcosms, with Orpheus endowed with celestial musical talents that could replicate the sound of the divine gods; well enough to "tame animals" and make "stones weep."

**Reading:**

Ruhl, Sarah. 2005. "Eurydice." *Divine Fire: Eight Contemporary Plays Inspired by the Greeks*. Ed. Caridad Svich. New York: Back Stage. 280-328.

**\* Thursday, January 21**

**Theatre:**

Eurydice, at Fredrick Wood Theatre

It was the opening night and a sell out show, with Hum folks sitting centre stage to enjoy the UBC theatre department's performance of "Eurydice." The play retells the myth of Orpheus from the perspective of Eurydice, his new wife. On the day of their wedding, Eurydice dies and enters the underworld where she is reunited with her father. Upon entering the underworld she is dipped in the river of Lethe and her memory erased, but to the despair of the underworld's troublesome subjects, her father sets out to re-teach her the language of living. Faced with the choice of returning to the land of the living and a reunion with her new husband, or face a life in the underworld with her father, Eurydice is torn.

**\* Saturday, January 23**

**Field Trip:**

The Orpheum Theatre, with Arthur Allen.

We toured the Orpheum theatre with Arthur Allen and—as a nice coincidence—we were there along with the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra. Arthur took us around, starting from the basement, telling us about the history of the Orpheum and what kind of venue it was and its many global art inspirations.

Toward the latter part of our tour, we entered the main theatre itself and analyzed the mural on the ceiling. Arthur told us the stories behind each section of the painting, including the now familiar Orpheus.

## **Tuesday, January 26**

### **Hum:**

“YOUr Hum year IN CONTEXT,” with Paul Woodhouse, Hum, UBC.

This is a milestone 10<sup>th</sup> edition of the Hum yearbook. Each edition is unique to the theme, content, and participants of the year in which the book was produced. Our task in this workshop was to find freedom in the context of this 10-year edition. Ideas about form, style and aesthetics were discussed. Each participant began organizing their individual contributions—well-wish, reflective essay, and academic essay.

### **Reading:**

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

## **Thursday, January 28**

### **Anthropology:**

“Cyber Anthropology and Communications: BloggINg,” with Wil Steele, Hum, UBC.

In our world of dependence on Information and Communication Technology (ICT) people can feel left behind or excluded from many aspects of daily life. However, the ICT’s founding fathers’ idea of a free Internet envisions these technologies as forces to enable expressive freedom, free access to information, and an increased ability to experience life. Through participation in new media, people can not only explore new worlds but also create and share those worlds with large audiences. They can give voice to those left out of traditional forms of media and mass communication.

### **Reading:**

Leaning, M. 2011. “Understanding Blogs: Just another Medium?” *The End of Journalism?* Eds. A. Charles and G. Stewart. London: Peter Lang. 87-98

Radsch, Courtney C. 2012. “Unveiling the Revolutionaries: Cyberactivism and the Role of Women

in the Arab Uprisings.” Houston, TX.: Rice University James A. Baker III Institute for Public Policy Research Paper.

The Mentor. 1986. “The Conscience of a Hacker.” *Phrack Inc.*

## **FEBRUARY**

## **Tuesday February 2**

### **First Nations and Indigenous Studies:**

“FINDing our way with the help of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada’s 2015 Calls to Action.” Screening of *FINDING Our Way*, a film by Leonie Sandercock and Giovanni Attili, 2010, School for Community and Regional Planning, UBC.

The Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada (TRC) released its final report in July, 2015. Of the report’s ninety-four recommendations, a number specifically address the need to develop age-appropriate, historically accurate, and culturally sensitive educational materials for non-Native Canadians to engage with and learn about the ongoing legacies of Indian residential schools. In class, we made a start at acting upon these recommendations. The legacy of Indian residential schools is complex, difficult, and emotional so we worked from a number of different perspectives and scopes: we considered some broad differences between Western and Indigenous worldviews; we read and considered the introduction to the TRC’s final report as well as the ninety four recommendations; we looked at a timeline of Indian residential schools in Canada; and we watched a documentary film about two interior British Columbian communities (Native and non-Native) who are actively working toward repairing relations, including industrial economic collaboration, and—perhaps—reconciliation.

### **Reading:**

Fletcher, Wendy. 2011. “What Were We Thinking: Ten Windows on the Past.”

The Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada. 2015. Introduction. *Honoring the Truth, Reconciling for the Future: Summary of the Final Report of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada*. 2015. 1-22.

The Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada. 2015. “Calls to Action.” *Honoring the Truth,*

*Reconciling for the Future: Summary of the Final Report of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada*. 2015. 319-337.

“What is the Royal Proclamation?” *Indigenous Foundations*. <http://indigenousfoundations.arts.ubc.ca/home/government-policy/royal-proclamation-1763.html>.

#### Thursday, February 4

##### Indigenous Feminisms and Literature:

##### FIND FREEDOM IN THE CONTEXT YOU INHERIT

with Lee Maracle, member of the Stó:lō nation, Aboriginal Studies, University of Toronto.

This evening we were privileged to experience Lee’s powerful oratory and wisdom in our own classroom. We’re so grateful to her for inspiring the year’s theme and for coming all the way from Toronto to meet us.

##### Reading:

Maracle, Lee. 2010. “Goodbye, Snauq.” *First Wives Club: Coast Salish Style*. Penticton: Theytus Books. 13-28.

Maracle, Lee. 2015. *Memory Serves and Other Essays*. Edmonton: NeWest Press. 1-33.

#### Tuesday, February 9

##### Field trip:

“The word CON means “together or with,” so what TEXTs hinge us together and turn our ME into WE here at UBC?” Tour of the university libraries with Sarah Dupont, Aboriginal Engagement Librarian, X̱wi7̱x̱wa library.

Tonight we visited the X̱wi7̱x̱wa library at the First Nations House of Learning. Pronounced whei-whea, this library is the only Aboriginal branch of a university library system in Canada. Before teaching us about the four house posts in Sty-Wet-Tan Great Hall in the Longhouse, Sarah shared some of the complexities of cataloguing a library collection that doesn’t quite fit into the Library of Congress classification system. We also learnt about some of the joint record-keeping programs that X̱wi7̱x̱wa undertakes with B.C. First Nations, including the digitization of older audio recordings, and the library’s work in language documentation and revitalization.

##### Reading:

Borges, Jorge Luis. 2000. “The Library of Babel.” *Ficciones*. Trans. J.E.I. New York: Grove Press.

#### Thursday, February 11

##### First Nations and Endangered Languages:

“The Honesty of childreN: the value of moTHEr tongues and local languages for communitIes,” with Mark Turin, First Nations and Endangered Languages, UBC.

A positive correlation exists between areas of the world that are diverse and rich in ecology (flora and fauna) and those rich in language and diversity. The Himalayas is one of these areas, where one-sixth of the world’s languages are spoken. With the dominant Nepalese language being transmitted through the education system and media, and a lack of recognition for peripheral languages, children are no longer learning their native tongue—to the point where totally different languages are spoken across three generations of family members living in the same home. In valuing the relationship between language, identity and cultural prosperity, our teacher Mark Turin spent six years developing the first and official dictionary of one of the unique Himalayan languages, called Thangmi.

##### Reading:

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

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

##### \* Saturday night documentary series

*We will be free—Aboriginal Peoples in Canada (2011)*: Exploring the oppression of Aboriginal peoples through their own stories of suffering.

*Schooling the World: The White Man’s Last Burden (2010)*: A look at the effects of indoctrination through education systems of residential schools.

*Valentine’s day: History*: A short film on the history of Valentine’s Day

**Life Is Good (2015):** A look at the types and benefits of sustainable living as practiced by individuals.

**Outside The Box:** An exploration of alternative home ideas with a focus on sustainable living.

**\*Sunday, February 14**

Annual Women’s Memorial March, honouring the memory of DTES women missing and murdered.

**Tuesday, February 23**

**Art:**

“The **FREEDOM** to MashUp as a creative and critical practice, technique and tactic, for starters,” with M. Simon Levin, Emily Carr University of Art and Design.

Simon prepared us for our upcoming field trip to the Vancouver Art Gallery’s “MashUp” exhibition. A mashup is a method for bringing different bodies together to produce something new, and for changing “sacred” cultural forms to make new meanings—for example, composite photographs, spliced LPs, collaged materials, and even cities all the way across the world (i.e., Vancouver and Dubai) can get mashed up!

**Reading:**

Kabakov, Ilya. 1989. *Ten Characters*. New York: ICA.

Laurence, Robin. “Barbara Kruger Transforms Vancouver Art Gallery’s Rotunda for Bold MashUp Show.” *The Georgia Straight* 10 February 2016. N.p. Web.

Laurence, Robin. “MashUp charts modern culture’s mad mixing: The Vancouver Art Gallery’s monumental new show links everyone from Picasso to Basquiat and Tarantino.” *The Georgia Straight* 10 February 2016. N.p. Web.

**Thursday, February 25**

**Psychology:**

“What is your relationship with yourself? **FINDing FREEDOM** through mindfulness, self-compassion, and self-kindness,” with Caer Weber, facilitator at the Mood Disorders Association of British Columbia.

What is mindfulness? What does it mean to be mindful? With Caer we discussed how being mindful

of the situations we find ourselves in and of those who share those situations can contribute to a better social and mental well-being. Maintaining a state of mindfulness—mindful of yourself, your surroundings, and those who inhabit that space and the world as a whole—can lead to new understandings and reduce conflict. Mindfulness leads to compassion through understanding, and broadening this understanding has the potential to help us navigate our world more aptly and better deal with the social, emotional, and mental intricacies of our human and natural worlds.

**Reading:**

Langer, Ellen J. 2000. “Mindful Learning.” *Current Directions in Psychological Science* 9.6: 220-223.

Cornell, Ann Weiser. 1996. “The Power of Focusing.” *The Power of Focusing*. Oakland, CA.: New Harbinger Publications.

Cornell, Ann Weiser. 1996. “Being a good listener to your self.” *The Power of Focusing*. Oakland, CA.: New Harbinger Publications.

**MARCH**

**\*Tuesday, March 1**

**Art:**

Field Trip: Tour of the exhibition “MashUp: The Birth of Modern Culture.”

The VAG’s current exhibition, “MashUp: The Birth of Modern Culture” spans a century’s worth of artistic production. On our tour, we moved from the Early 20th Century—the age of Pablo Picasso and Marcel Duchamp; through to the Post-War era, and the age of mass media, including such artists as Andy Warhol; later, we moved through the late 20th Century, from Keith Haring to Barbara Kruger; and finally, into the present day: the Digital Age. Not only did the exhibition mash up eras, but the curators mashed up forms and genres, too: film, sound, architecture, and visual. Throughout the whole exhibition we traced influences—and thefts, as said Oscar Wilde—between artists and across decades.

**Thursday, March 3**

**English:**

“**CONTEXT** confusion *In Our Time* (Ernest Heming-

way, 1925): Making sense of the lost generation of World War 1,” with Michael Zeitlin, English, UBC.

With Michael Zeitlin, we worked our way through Ernest Hemingway’s, *In Our Time*. Hemingway, we learned, is a modernist, along with such other authors as Virginia Woolf, T.S. Eliot, and James Joyce. These artists worked through, and interpreted the many cultural and social changes happening around them, including the Industrial Revolution and World War I. In particular, Michael directed our attention to Hemingway’s writing style, his simple, clear sentences, and those elements that may have been influenced by his work as a journalist.

#### Reading:

Hemingway, Ernest. 1925. *In Our Time*. University of Virginia: AS Hypertext. <http://xroads.virginia.edu/~huper/HEMXXINGXxWAY/contentsX.html>.

#### \* Friday March 4 from 7:00-9:00 pm:

“Oral History as a Practice of Freedom: T’Silqot’in Title Case in Context” which resulted in the first declaration of Aboriginal title in Canada, with Lorraine Weir, English, UBC. This talk was held at SFU Harbour Centre (at the north east corner of Granville and Hastings Streets), Room 7000. Free and open to the public.

#### \* Friday and Saturday, March 4 and 5:

Conference on “Indigenous Resurgent Practice” at the Belkin Gallery, UBC. Michi Saagijig Nishnaabeg and Leanne Betasamosake Simpson describe resurgence as “the rebuilding of Indigenous nations according to our own political, intellectual and cultural traditions.” This free conference is put on by the Belkin Gallery.

#### \* Tuesday, March 8, 4:00 pm:

Tour of “LALAKENIS/ALL DIRECTIONS: A JOURNEY OF TRUTH AND UNITY” with work by Hum teacher Beau Dick.

### Tuesday, March 8

#### International Women’s Day Law:

“INHERITed legal rights, responsibilities and FREEDOMS: Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms, Universal Declaration of Human Rights, and Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Discrimination against Women” with Margot Young, Law School, UBC.

For International Women’s Day, we examined a series of national and international legal documents, including the “Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Discrimination against Women.” We discussed the various levels of the Canadian legal system and the ability for international agreements to hold power over sovereign states. We also discussed why some groups of people might need more protections than others—why women, for example, might have specific protections—and discussed different legal theories such as distributive justice, which concerns, very broadly, the just allocation of goods in a society.

Reading:  
Canada. 1982. *Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms*, s 2, Part I of the *Constitution Act, 1982*, being Schedule B to the *Canada Act 1982* (UK), c 11.  
United Nations General Assembly. 1948. *Universal Declaration of Human Rights*, 10 December 1948, 217 A (III).  
Vallquet, Dominique, and Katharine Simonds. 2011. *Legislative Summary*, Bill C-51: Investigative Powers for the 21st Century Act. Pub. No. 40-3-C51-E. Ottawa: Library of Parliament.

#### Reading:

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

United Nations General Assembly. 1948. *Universal Declaration of Human Rights*, 10 December 1948, 217 A (III).

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

### Thursday, March 10

#### Law:

“United Nations Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous People (UNDRIP). Article 1: Indigenous peoples have the right to the full enjoyment, as a collective or as individuals, of all human rights and fundamental FREEDOMS as recognized in the Charter of the United Nations, the Universal Declaration of Human Rights,” with Margot Young.

On Margot’s second day with us, we looked at two documents together: Section 35 of the Canadian Constitution which recognizes and affirms Aboriginal rights, and the UNDRIP. Building on our conversations from the previous class, Margot told us that while international declarations, such as the UNDRIP, have little legal teeth, their main bite is political. Canada, she told us, is generally thought to be a protector of human rights. For the international community to learn that Canada is

failing in its obligations to Indigenous peoples is a political embarrassment. Shame, then, acts as another kind of motivator.

**Reading:**

United Nations General Assembly. 2007. *United Nations Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous Peoples: Resolution*, 2 October 2007, A/RES/61/295

**\* Saturday night documentary series**

*Human Rights: an endless battle (2009)*: A swift but in-depth look at the politics behind human rights in the United Nations.

*Room to breathe (2013)*: This film makes an argument for the power of teaching mindfulness through showing its successes in classrooms.

**Tuesday, March 15**

**Rhetoric:**

**FREE** Speech? Making **FREEDOM** by altering **CONTEXTs**! This is what **ME**

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

Today, we joined together with the Writing 101 and 201 classes for one grand workshop on manifestos and manifesto writing. We worked through a series of questions, provoking our thinking about what it is that we want! As a collective, we had many demands, including free transit-for-all; more affordable housing; an end to all forms of discrimination and violence against Indigenous peoples; and the overthrow of capitalism. Finally, working in small groups, we began writing and speaking some of our collective demands!

**Reading:**

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

Ebert, Teresa. 2003. "Manifesto as Theory and Theory as Material Force: Toward a Red Polemic." *JAC* 23.3: 553-562.

Marinetti, F. T. 1973 (1909). "The Founding Manifesto of Futurism." *Documents of 20th Century Art*. Trans. R. W. Flint, et al. New York: Viking Press. 19-24.

**Thursday, March 17**

**Writing and Publishing:**

"Representing ourselves: showing our **FREEDOM**." We are the Hum101/201 Class of 2015-16, graduating in Hum's 17th year, and joining about 760 other Hum alumni. How do we represent ourselves, in actions and words and images—in photographs? Usually, class photos follow a standard format. In this class we took time to find a way to represent ourselves that took up our theme "**FIND FREEDOM IN THE CONTEXT YOU INHERIT**," our year's particular character and worked on final drafts of writing for our yearbook.

We've spent nearly every Tuesday and Thursday over the last academic year learning; now it's time to showcase what we've learnt. Tonight, we made time to take a class photo and to work together on our writing submissions for the yearbook. Some of us made collages and we all helped to cut out the forms and shapes that we would use next week in a game of "Free Association" (March 22). This workshop gave us the chance to work with one another—with staff, volunteers, and participants—crafting and fine-tuning our work. This was a class to show off, to finesse!

**\* Saturday night documentary series**

*Rip!: A Remix Manifesto (2008)*: This film makes the argument that free access to rights to use artistic work is necessary for continued creativity.

*Big Thinkers—Alvin Toffler [Futurist] (2010)*: A look at what the future can be if we embrace technology without losing the human dimension to society.

**Tuesday March 22**

**Art and Cultural Studies:**

"Using **FRE**udian '**FREE** association' to follow our thoughts on **FREEDOM**"...such as...**FREE** to, from, and every other direction; as liberation; as without monetary cost or worth; freedom as felt or not felt in myriad **CONTEXTs**; western-based universities are an **INHERITance** from Enlightenment 'freedom, justice and knowledge projects', so is Hum 'university set free'?" with Margot Leigh Butler and Reuben Jentink, Hum, UBC.

In class we literally played with “free” and “freedom.” In a group game, we free associated with the many ways we apprehend these concepts in daily life, including things like free public swim and free speech; and quotations like Maya Angelou’s “now I know why the caged bird sings.” The game progressed in rounds, with every person taking on a character from the “freedom train”: station master, conductor, engineer, and hijacker.

**Reading:**

Bollas, Christopher. 2002. *Free Association*. New York: Totem Books. 3-20.

Foucault, Michel. 1994 (1966). Preface. *The Order of Things: An Archeology of the Human Sciences*. New York: Vintage. xvi-xxvi.

**\* Thursday, March 24 from 12:00-1:00 pm**

*Indigenous Feminisms and Literature: “Celia’s Song” with Lee Maracle, member of the Stó:lō Nation, Aboriginal Studies, University of Toronto. This lunchtime talk was held at the Liu Institute in the Multipurpose Room, 6476 NW Marine Drive, UBC.*

**Thursday, March 24**

**Life Writing:**

“Born Free?: Born naked and bawling, captured by life’s happenings, and set FREE in memoir writing,” with Maureen Phillips, Hum Writing Coordinator and Continuing Studies, UBC.

In this course we will consider whether or not we are “born free”—remember Elsa the lion? If yes, what happens such that we become “unfree” and what can we do about it? Writing memoir is a way for us to tell our personal stories by looking back in time, recalling our experiences, and understanding the choices we made to get where we are today. Maureen discussed the different approaches to memoir—how to figure out where to start, how much to include, and what to leave out.

**Reading:**

Cullen, Yvonne. 2016. “Writing Training.” [www.yvonnecullen.wordpress.com](http://www.yvonnecullen.wordpress.com).

Miller, Patti. 2001. “Crafting the Story.” *Writing your life, a journey of discovery*. St. Leonards, Aus.: Allen & Urwin. 151-167.

**Tuesday, March 29**

**Research:**

“How to maintain your FREEDOM and self-determination when you’re someone’s research subject, or, altering university-based research practices and CONTEXTs to protect Downtown Eastside/South residents’ and Hum’s FREEDOMs,” with Margot Leigh Butler, Hum, UBC.

Who owns the so-called “immortal” cells of Henrietta Lacks? Should UBC students require permits to conduct research with members of the Musqueam Nation, upon whose lands UBC is situated? Are the subjects of photographs entitled to some reimbursement, recognition, or the right to rescind permission for their use? These are some of the questions that we considered in our conversations about research ethics. Canadian university’s follow the guidelines set out by the Tri-Council Policy for ethical conduct of research involving humans (2014); the policy notes three main principles: “Respect for persons,” “Concern for welfare,” and “Justice.” As a class, we asked, what additional principles would we like to see on that list?

**Reading:**

Assembly of First Nations. 2009. *Ethics in First Nations Research*.

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

Smith, Linda Tuhiwai. 1999. “Research Through Imperial Eyes.” *Decolonizing Methodologies: Research and Indigenous Peoples*. London: Zed Books. 42-57.

**Thursday, March 31**

**English and First Nations and Indigenous Studies:**

“Here goes the neighbourhood: changing spatial CONTEXT and FINDing oneself in the processes of gentrification,” with David Gaertner, First Nations and Indigenous Studies, UBC.

We all have neighbours: good ones, bad ones, plays-loud-bass-late-at-night ones. Through a series of personal stories—his, and our own—David reintroduced us to our neighbours (though, we might not have wanted to be!). There is a “distant intimacy”

between neighbours; we sleep so closely (on opposite sides of a wall sometimes), and yet we are sure to maintain some anonymity—we don't really want to know our neighbours. According to Sigmund Freud, the Christian maxim to "love thy neighbour" is, while admirable, not possible; rather, Freud sees a great violence generated between neighbours. To prove this point, we watched and interpreted Norman McLaren's 1952 film, *Neighbours*.

#### Reading:

Deering, Kathleen. 2012. "Not in My Neighbourhood: Sex Work and the Problem of Displacement." *West Coast Line* 73.46: 18-26.

Starnes, Jason and David Gaertner. 2012. "Here Comes the Neighbourhood: Encountering the Problem of the Neighbour in Space Introduction." *West Coast Line* 73.46: 4-9.

## APRIL

### Tuesday April 5

#### Anthropology:

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

This evening we made our own self-guided tour of MOA. We each took turns guiding a part of a collective tour, leading the group to the artifact that stood out the most to us. Then we spoke about what we knew about it and what it meant to us, and how freedom can be found. There was an incredible range of artifacts highlighted, plenty of enthusiastic, passionate interest by speakers and listeners, and it was fascinating to learn from each other in this way.

### Thursday April 7

#### Music:

"One thing I can tell you is you got to be **FREE** / come together, right now, over me," with Carol Sawyer, vocalist, visual artist, and Writing teacher.

The term ended with a boom! What better way to find freedom than through music. Everyone chose a song and shared their feelings about where freedom is found in their song. Singing, dancing, laughing and crying. What a year. Until next time!

#### \* Saturday night documentary series

***Quiet Rage: The Stanford Prison Experiment (1992)***: Explores the question, "What happens when you put good people in an evil place?"

***Human Experimentation: The Good, The Bad, & The Ugly (2010)***: YouTube's SciShow gives a brief history and exploration of human experimentation.

***A Student's Guide to Gentrification (2014)***: Shows first hand testimonials of people affected by gentrification, in Brooklyn NY.

***Japanofiles Spotlight: Azby Brown, architect (2013)***: This film is one of a series that explores the country of Japan, detailing its culture, its people, and its rich history.

### Thursday April 28

Graduation Ceremony for all of this year's Hum participants at the Museum of Anthropology (MOA), 6:00-9:00 pm. There was supper beforehand at the Haida House at MOA. You're most welcome to bring guests.





# HUM 101/201 COMPOSITIONS

---

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

This year’s Hum201 project focused on one aspect of the Hum201 experience: doing academic writing. In Hum101, students read about 60 academic essays, so they were already experts! Working in groups and with Hum faculty and staff one-to-one, we got into into academic essay writing throughout the year. In term one, there was a total of 11 sessions on Tuesdays and Thursdays before classes which dealt with the planning phase of putting together an academic work; students also did two regular course assignments. In term two, we produced academic essays, finally choosing one of them for this book. The project design was constructed so that students might feel free and confident with this inherited genre of writing commonly used in academic contexts so that their own thoughts, ideas, theories, arguments, experiences and commitments can shine through.

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

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

During term two, Hum201 students had a dedicated workroom for writing their essays, right next to the Hum office, on Thursdays from 4:00 to 6:15. Each Hum201 student had their own personal staff editor to work with throughout the term. Hum WorkLearn staff Reuben Jentink was the facilitator of the Thursday sessions.

## ASSIGNMENT #1

Due on Tuesday October 13

This year, our course theme is *Find freedom in the context you inherit*. Throughout the year, we'll be building conversations based in what we share in class.

For the first assignment, based in the content from our Hum101/201 course, please write about two instances where *freedom* was found for Native and non-Native people, together. This is a short assignment—just 500-600 words.

What are some of the contexts we've experienced together, already? You might see our classroom as a place where freedom can be found, here on traditional, ancestral, unceded Musqueam territory; consider Hum as free access to academic learning in a context that is not exclusionary; envision First Nations and Indigenous Studies/Endangered Languages as academic disciplines where freedom can be found by Native and non-Native students, teachers and communities alike; visit art galleries and museums (for instance, the Bill Reid Gallery of Northwest Coast Art and the MOA (Museum of Anthropology)) as places where Native and non-Native people can learn about cultures and practices; understand languages as part of contexts for understanding cultures; and let's not forget about the kind of freedom that can come through making and sharing literature, stories, songs and laughter.

If you want to draw, make a map or photo or collage, please use just one page; if you want to write or sing, please use 500-600 words, which is also one page. It's fine if it's written or made by hand or done on a computer, and you're welcome to send it to the Hum email account [h.u.m@ubc.ca](mailto:h.u.m@ubc.ca) and we'll print it for you. This goes for all the assignments this year.

## ASSIGNMENT #2

Due on Thursday November 26

Our course theme, *Find freedom in the context you inherit*, readings and ongoing class conversations are guiding us; now let's dip our hands into what we already know to create imagined freedoms.

Your first assignment focused on freedom. For this second Assignment, we'll focus on *contexts*, which are the surroundings, circumstances, environment, background or settings that influence the meanings of an event or other occurrence (Wiktionary). The root of the word context is the Latin *contextus*, which means something that is woven, joined or hinged together. In this part of the course, the contexts we've studied are culture, western history, racialization and ethnicity, colonization and neo-liberal globalization.

In Assignment #2, please follow the method used in the film *Between: Living in the Hyphen* which we watched in class. (If you want to watch it again, it's available through the NFB website. Nakagawa, Anne Marie. 2006. *Between: Living in the Hyphen*. Dir. Anne Marie Nakagawa. National Film Board of Canada, DVD.)

This assignment involves doing three things:

- 1) writing a story
- 2) theorizing it in terms of its *contexts*
- 3) then changing the story to find freedom.

In more detail:

- 1) Recall and describe a situation in which you've seen someone being "eye-balled" (pheneticized) or have yourself been racialized. Racialization is the word that's used to describe the concepts and processes through which people become raced. "The essential problem with the term [passing] is that it illogically implies that what a viewer sees is the responsibility of the person being seen." (Compton, Wade. 2010. "Pheneticizing versus Passing." *After Canaan: Essays on Race, Writing and Region*. Arsenal Pulp Press. Vancouver, B.C. Pp 21-22.).

2) Theorize this situation through the *contexts* we've inherited, which we've studied in this part of the course: culture, western history, racialization and ethnicity, colonization and neo-liberal globalization.

3) Now rewrite the story with a twist, a different ending or outcome so that the person who's been 'eye-balled' (pheneticized) creates the opportunity for the eye-baller to be aware of, and even take responsibility for, doing it.

For example, remember in the documentary "Between: Living in the hyphen" when Karina Vernon was pressed to 'confess' her parentage at a border crossing? From the perspective of a mixed-race person living in the context of Canadian nationality, Karina said "I only hold citizenship in one country, but I'll never be 100% Canadian." What if she'd said that to the border guard, or stood up and sang "O Canada" (perhaps altering the words) rather than replying to his questions? Don't worry if your story causes trouble—the best ones usually do!

### ASSIGNMENT #3

Due on Tuesday January 19

---

*Finding freedom in the context you inherit* can happen when we see what's familiar with fresh eyes.

Your first assignment focused on *freedom*. For the second assignment, we focused on *context*, which are the surroundings, circumstances, environment, background or settings that influence the meanings of an event or other occurrence. We will also focus on *context* for this third assignment.

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

For this assignment, please choose or make a photograph of the Downtown Eastside or Downtown South (where most of you live) to practise semiotics on. Use the semiotic method to write about the literal definitions of the signs in the image (DENOTATION) as well as their culturally shared meanings (CONNOTATION); you can also include PERSONAL MEANINGS along with your CONNOTATION.

Please do all of these steps:

1. Select or make a photograph of the Downtown Eastside or Downtown South.
2. Describe what you see, as if you have never seen it before. This is the process of DENOTATION (literal description).
3. Describe the shared cultural meanings of the sign. This is the process of CONNOTATION. What cultural meanings can you gather from the image that you have chosen or made?

4. Reflect on what you already know about the picture. Do you know someone who is pictured? That location? Events in that place? Etc.

5. Now that you have done DENOTATION, CONNOTATION and REFLECTION, please CREATE and DO something new with this image to change its meaning (i.e. what details would change its CONNOTATION?). This is similar to the "reworking" of the story we did in assignment #2. Examples are images from the DTES used in the small group discussions, and artworks by the UK artist Banksy which we have discussed in class....

\*HUM 201s only: In addition to steps 1-5 described above, please choose a method of analysis from one of the readings we've done for our semiotics classes, and use it in your essay.

## ASSIGNMENT #4 IS HUM 'UNIVERSITY SET FREE'?

---

Due on Thursday March 3

Our course theme, *Finding freedom in the context you inherit*, has, by now, led us to wonder, and be alert to, how we can **alter contexts** so that we can experience the *freedom* we seek, desire and need.

For this assignment, please write about whether you consider Hum 'university set *free*.' Draw on course content and on your own critical and creative thinking practices, and write about 600 words or the equivalent in other media.

Some jumping off points to consider:

- The word 'free' has many meanings, connotations, synonyms and even contradictions. These seem to follow two main drum beats: 'liberation,' and without monetary cost or value. Freedom is felt or not felt in myriad *contexts*. Feel free to play with this!
- Is freedom just another word for nothing left to lose, Janis?
- What does 'set free' mean to you?
- Do you and/or Hum set anything else free?
- Hum alumni have described the programme as a "unique group finding its way in a conformist institution"—is this about freedom?
- Keep in mind your own perspective as UBC students who attend a university which is made up of inherited—and some new, altered—contexts. As UBC students, you are the experts.
- Hum courses are 'tuition free' and 'credit free,' while being intensive and challenging academic-level interdisciplinary courses. You might not know that if Hum101 and Hum201 were credit courses, they'd count as 12 credits (two 2 ½ hour classes per week for a full academic year).
- What does it mean to you that Hum courses are tuition free, barrier-free, supported, and that there are ways to stay involved for many years, if you want to? How could Hum be more 'free' or freeing?
- Can you see ways that Hum could set university even more free?
- Is Hum 'at' but not 'of' the university? Is this about freedom?

# MASAN KAHIN (EIDAGALE)

## A place to call home

---

Even though I am not from this country I still feel like this is my home. When I look in the mirror I see an African but I am a proud Canadian. The xenophobia in South Africa made me think of my past which was at times both tumultuous and also joyful. Unfortunately, the tumultuous moments were the ones that forced me to move away from my home in Somaliland. After civil war broke out I fled to South Africa, which was one of the worst parts of my life. I arrived in Pretoria, the capital city of South Africa. It was the year 1995, just one year after apartheid rules ended. There were no refugee camps and no agencies to help refugees in the country.

Due to the overwhelming lack of assistance I was struggling to find a way to survive. After a period of patience, I was lucky to find a job upon successfully completing a week of training as a petrol attendant. Then I started to give service to customers. The gas station which I worked at is situated in the center of the capital city of South Africa. This gas station is the busiest one in the city and most of our customers are black people who drive a minibus taxi, which is a popular form of public transportation in the country. They travel from city to townships or locations which were established for non-white people during the apartheid era.

Among the native black taxi drivers are some who are extremely xenophobic and they don't like foreigners from other African countries, and I was the only foreign person employed to work as petrol attendant in the gas station. So they asked me where I come from, and I replied that I was from Somaliland. Unfortunately, most black south Africans don't know where Somaliland is on the map because the apartheid rules did not allow the black segregation school systems to learn African geography and history. As well, while I was living in South Africa I had to experience extreme racism against

my own kind, to the point I where I had to face life and death situations. Circumstances that have left me scarred for life, included a life threatening head injury which induced a coma for 5 days plus. Among other injuries, a broken knee in my left leg, which I'm still nursing. It pains me badly to this day. This doesn't take into consideration the medical, physical and mental hardship I have had to live with due to this excruciating experience. I endured being called a *Kwerekwere*, a derogatory word used for a foreigner with no belonging and or a vagabond.

In coming to Canada though I was embraced by a country that gave me a feeling of belonging and it was with great happiness that I came to Canada. I was able to work to become stable and for once I felt safe. I started my first job in the Swissport Company as a baggage handler and controlled the movements of baggage at Vancouver Airport. After I was working for six months I become a permanent employee of Swissport and I joined the union and I expected my job to be secure. Unfortunately, due to my lack of clearance brought on by my background I lost my job. This was caused by the minister of Transport putting restrictions on non-Canadians (i.e. black Muslims) working in the transportation sector at the airport, YVR. This seems to discriminate as other races and non-Muslims were allowed to continue working.

My hopes were dashed by this situation, as I had to start all over again. Moving to Canada has given me some of the same difficulties I faced in South Africa, including racism, even though it was not to the same degree. However, there are many hurdles, which I had to cross. The language barrier was one I dealt with on my own but I still had to deal with the issues of my skin color as well as the fact I am Somali.

In time, though, I was able to adjust and move on in a positive manner. Now I am able to see all the positive things in my life and accept what my life

has to offer. I have a stable life and issues like those I faced within Africa are no longer a problem. Issues like people shooting at you and lack of security are no longer a problem now that I live in Canada. As well, being able to have proper medical care and security helps to make this place feel like home to me. I feel very fortunate for being able to live here with a positive future. Every day I wake up feeling thankful.

## A hope against hope

---

I live near a place called the Gathering Place and always passed by there with no idea what was going on inside the building. All along I thought only homeless people met there because whenever I was passing by I always saw many people lining up. Some of them were carrying bags and others were pushing carts full of stuff, including their own sleeping bags and such.

One day I was talking with my neighbor and I told him that I didn't want to cook food from my house because I was tired of being in the kitchen every day. My friend then said to me, "Oh, Masan, you don't know that our neighbors at the Gathering Place have a cafeteria on the second floor which sells some of the cheapest food in Vancouver." After that I decided to see what kind of food is being sold there and I went into the building. First, I saw many notice papers on the walls and I was curious to get more information about this place. When I went inside I started to look around and found and read the papers on the wall and I read a notice, which said that a free education program called Humanities 101 offered by the UBC was available. This course is available to people with a low income.

I got very interested in this course as it is at a university level and I knew I met the requirements for the course because I was in the position of poverty.

2015 was a bad year for me. I did not work and could

not find a job because of surgery on my kneecap, which I had to go through for the third time. My surgeon recommended that I should not work and it was my first time since I came to Canada that I had to seek social assistance from the government and other charitable organizations. However, I have been applying for other lighter jobs, but have not been successful. I am still trying. I am eager and anxious to get a job in order for me to support myself.

I started my first class at UBC and I took the lesson about the history of Indigenous First Nations. The teacher's name was Daniel Justice. That day changed a lot of things for me. I learned how the colonial masters degraded the people who are the original owners of this land. They tried to eliminate their languages and traditions. This has encouraged me and has opened my mind to a deeper understanding of the colonizers toward a country upon taking control. The strategy and method was to destroy the language customs of the people they colonized.

Every week we got new papers to read. So it has improved my understanding. Whenever I come to class my interest and eagerness to learn new cultures and new things from my fellow students, teachers, and administrators with different backgrounds are increased during discussion in the class.

# MONICA ALAS

## Is it optional being in the Hyphen?

---

I never called myself a “*Hyphen*,” even though I have always been asked questions like: **Where are you from? You are not Canadian, right? Are you Asian? And others.** Sometimes it seems like it is kind of game to guess my nationality. I have never felt offended at all, because I think the person who asks is just curious or maybe I have just got used to having people asking me those kinds of questions. I have never been asked **what are you?** And I think that specific question is offensive because the word **WHAT** makes the question seem as if you are asking about an object or an animal.

I understand that everybody on this planet called “Earth” is a human being, for that I think that each one of us is the same; all of us have skin, bones, muscles and a brain, but different colors and sizes. Race, ethnicity, culture, and others are things that it is not up to you to change, it is the way it is. It is how we are the same, but different somehow.

The word “*passing*” means that it illogically implies that what a viewer sees is the responsibility of the person being seen. Personally I believe this is the way many people feel. In my country people usually say: “That it is up to you how you want people to interact with you, because it is all about how you want to be seen.” We don’t like the word “judge” but the reality is that we are judging all of the time; in the street, on the bus, at work, in a few words everywhere and all the time. Even if we don’t want to pheneticize we are being pheneticized and we are pheneticizing all the time. It is not that we really want to judge but we do it automatically because it is what we learn from society and media, most of these are caused by globalization and cultural norms; I mean the norms of ideas about how we have to look, what we have to wear, how we have to behave, **to be ACCEPTED** in a society. Canada doesn’t escape this context.

I think Canadian society has learned to live with different races, ethnicities, accents, or in a word, multiculturalism; even though all this context exists in Canada as a country. Even though we have seen moral progress over time, we can still see racism. I was in shock when I watched the documentary “Between: Living in the hyphen” because I never before thought about what Karina said: “...I only hold citizenship in one country, but I will never be 100% Canadian.” She said this because she is a mixed-race person; she looks “different.” This makes me think that being a mixed-race person should be something more meaningful; that you have the opportunity to know about two different cultures. Some people say it is like having two lives; the life you used to have and the one you are trying to build. Not something to feel bad, sad or embarrassed about it. But first of all we need to stop pheneticizing. The first step is to explain that pheneticizing is not right. This is not an easy thing to do, but we have to do it. There is going to have to be moral progress to make a true understanding of how hard it is being pointed out as a “hyphen”. We have to work on it.

In conclusion, if you think that you are a “hyphen,” “stranger,” and “alien,” that you automatically convert to being that, it is better if we try to **EDUCATE** people in a *good way*. I was thinking what I should say to make people aware. So I thought of the answer to the question, **what are you?** Could be, “Well I am not a thing, I am not an alien, *I am a human being just like you...*” We have to give people a shot. It is not going to be easy to make people understand. It’s going to be hard, but someone has to start. I definitely will start doing it.

## Finding the real freedom

---

Before starting this course I never expected to study as we have, and it was a lot of fun because we had the task of finding freedom. We explored many ways of finding it. Like arts, politics, law, languages, an-



thropology and others. It is also interesting because I don't think anybody before has studied all these ways of finding freedom. Usually, because of the fast-paced life we have, we are more focused on work, school and other things. Before I had a typical idea of how to find happiness which I was taught from childhood. But now I question myself on how we are going to find happiness if we are not free. Usually society tells you everything has to have a limit or boundary, but we are free and we have to be happy because we have freedom. Yes, we are in an unfree world.

Now, I just think that it is hard to find freedom if you don't even know in what context you are in. Yes, you are living this context everyday but, until you sit for a few minutes and think about it, it is really hard to realize what your context is. I think what happens is that sometimes we are scared of what we will find in our context, because we are doing the same things everyday with the same people. And that's not bad at all, but we can do better. People like to tell you: "but you are free," "you can think however you want, you can speak aloud it." But is that real freedom?

My reason for talking about an unfree world is not to make a revolution, not at all. But I really think we are able to start finding freedom in the little things of life, at home, in this reflective writing, in our social media, and little by little in this monopoly game. I think this is a simple but interesting topic to talk about.

Make sure you always appreciate what really matters for you. In summary, using your own power to make a difference in our life, sometimes we want to make a difference in society, in our culture, fashion, laws, and others. That is not bad, but sometimes you have to start with the little things of life. Because we still have to educate ourselves and others to be free, and to be honest it is not an easy task. Let's explore and maybe we can create something new out of our context or make a Mash-up of it. But

just make sure that you always find freedom in the context you inherit.

In this course, I think I developed as a human being. Because people told me: "you are free," but here I came to realize what freedom is and how to be liberated by that "freedom" that they were talking about and find the real freedom. Exploring what I like, what I want, being free to change my context because I just realized we have the power. Let's make use of it.

# STERGIOS VLIORAS

## A reflection on behavioural communication and contexts in the Downtown Eastside

---

It was a cold night. Waiting on the empty lot where the “line up” had materialized for a shelter bed, the usual antics were occurring. Some were smoking their rendition of “spices”; others, drunk out of their minds, were arguing with those not present, yet building up an “aura” such that others would challenge their “mojo” to return the peace and quiet to the area. Some were barely awake, either because they were too tired, or because they were coming down from whatever they were on. Others were too “awake,” almost as if they were there only to attend the gathering; getting a bed to sleep on was furthest from their mind and capability. All had something in common: all were too Canadian, or not Canadian enough—Canadian in the making. A perfect fit of First Nations, refugees, and past and present immigrants. All had their own problems: poverty, addiction, and society, in general.

In the midst of all this, and during one of the calming down periods, the nocturnal animals decided they were not to be outdone, and wanted to claim the spotlight for themselves, too. A rat, having found a whole piece of toast, and not being able to carry its “find” any other way, had its mouth on one side (edge) of the toast, and hopped with the toast in its mouth, to accommodate not tripping over it, and to get to its destination. The rat was visible for about forty feet in the alleyway, before it found a crack in a building wall to disappear into with its toast.

Then a racoon appeared on top of a wall, part of the back lot enclosure which included the huge sliding door for car parking in the back lot. The racoon seemed to want to follow these walls and doors facing the alleyway on the subsequent lots. But one lot had a string of razor wire laid in a continuous spiral loop over its car gate. The racoon,

not to be outdone, and to show off its acrobatic skills, started making giant steps over each loop, one leg at a time, without being cut. The racoon finished walking over this stretch of “no man’s land,” walked onto the next wall, and scurried down into the alleyway, off to wherever it was heading at almost midnight.

The above events show a perfect example of any “uninitiated” person’s perception of who is the type of person who belongs in the Downtown Eastside, as well as the type of animals that live there: garbage scroungers. What the viewer lacks, however, is the understanding of and connection to the survival instincts and willpower needed to succeed in such environments, shared both by humans and animals alike—in different contexts of course. These people, who are the glue of society, are stuck in a game of “tag” where the “it person” takes on the role of the scapegoat.

As the many saints who have been made famous for “talking” to animals by understanding their behavioural communication through the contexts of their vocalizations and proxemics, the story could be rewritten as such:

It was a cold night. Waiting on the empty lot where the “line up” had materialized for a shelter bed, the usual antics were occurring. The “downtrodden”—those blessed with the insight of other people’s behavioural communication—were putting on a show, an opening act for the night’s presentation. An ensemble of persons from here, as well as those from far and wide, was all acting out their roles with a surgeon’s precision. All building up with a sequence of crescendos and diminuendos to the presentation of the night’s act: that day’s reflection and summary of the behaviour of Vancouver’s population, through the reflective acting of the all-seeing animals, including rats and racoons. A play of humans through their daily grind, and their requirement for a “God” or Higher Power that walks the tightrope without error or fault—for

their benefit—to fulfill their need for the ideal, the provider of hope. The night’s spectators, the initiated and uninitiated “buyers” of this behavioural communication, from here, far and wide, some who control their purse strings, and others that do not, lining up for that evening’s ticket. Some were blind to the “translation” in their own behavioural communication context, and others were not. All of them, though, waiting for the next day’s daily grind, and for its interpretation—by an “it” and scapegoat, one that is a “hero.”

## Find freedom in the context you inherit

---

The Humanities program, of which Writing 101 and Humanities 101 are parts of, is a great example of a non-traditional program, offering curriculum relevant to the life experienced by the participants: addressing topics and questions that are never fully presented or answered within the confines of the Downtown Eastside.

This year’s course theme, “Find Freedom in the Context You Inherit,” offers one explanation for the situation described above. Without addressing the rights and wrongs of life, without mentally imploding from overanalyzing why each and every one of us is in the situation we are, without getting lost in an abstract world which we cannot find our place in, the theme provides a stepping stone, a pillar of wisdom, a statement where we can create our life’s anchor, and find the emotional peace and mental serenity in our life’s context for which we have no fault in its creation, and no control over its path.

The course Humanities 101 offers the opportunity to disconnect from our life’s baggage and to comprehend the topics presented — achieving some clarity in these subjects — all the while connecting the causes of our life’s frustrations to the topics presented.

Many of the topics presented (for example, the Con-

stitution of Canada, Aboriginal Law, language, semi-otics, etc.) provide insight and comprehension into who we are in the context of our country and society; how we represent ourselves through the relationship between First Nations and immigrants — old and new — as well as how that is expressed verbally, and what those expressions mean and imply.

Beyond the direct knowledge, there is the existence of the course, when it happens, why it happens on certain days and at certain times, why meals and snacks are required, and why there is an office with staff to visit for help. Although we may not be privy to all the details of the above, the availability of those parameters offer us the opportunity to research, ponder, and create ideas as to why — the reasoning behind those parameters — and while doing so, allows us to reflect on the structures that outline the course and who we are as students in these contexts.

In doing the above, these parameters allow us to comprehend a sequence of thoughts, a multilevel retention of combined thinking processes, and an abstract comprehension of “rules” to build on and apply in our life’s struggles.

There are always struggles for those of us who, as mature students, attempt to play “catch up” in our education. Those struggles may derive from our perception of ourselves, classmates, instructors, mentors, speakers, or anyone or anything else related to the program or course. But, in the end, Humanities 101 is there to give us an opportunity to find the key that will free us from those struggles.

# KIMBERLEY HURRELL

## A Celtic-Canadian family

---

Looking out the window of my mother's 2003 Toyota car, I saw the "Lions Gate bridge." My mom told me it was only a five-minute drive from 152<sup>nd</sup> Street and the number 10 highway in Surrey, to our new home in South East Vancouver. My name is Maddison Jenson and my mom and I moved because my Dad and Mom are not able to live happily ever after. I am dreading this new place of residence; why did my mom and dad continue to fight? Why did they not admit that they still love each other? I love my old house. I have many friends who I enjoy playing with. School starts this fall, and I would like to hang out with my friends, who I have known for the last two years.

Finally, we arrive at this new place, and it looks like a quiet neighbourhood. The townhouse has two bedrooms and two bathrooms. The wheels of my mom's car have stopped, and now I am able to get out of the car. "Look, it has a pink door, and a numerological number of 7 as a house number. What a good luck vibe," my mom giggled. "Have you ever seen such a place; look at the tree's tall pine," she said. I looked around, and the place looked like a small BC housing unit...just like what my uncle Arne was living in, downtown. I was not impressed, and I was lonely. Lonely for my dad and my friends. I ran upstairs to see what was in the room that my mom was bragging to me about. I decided to give it a chance, because I love my mom. I want my mom to be happy. My luggage was hard for me to carry up the staircase so I asked my mom to help me. The carpet was a cream colour with a tint of aqua. "Why is my bed frame old, like someone donated it to me?" I cried out. I told mom I want a bedroom suite, like the one in Little Mermaid. My mom cried out, "I love you so much, I have something special for you. I wish I could afford to buy you anything you need, but I need to find a job." I ran into my mom's arms, and gave her a big hug. I told her that it was okay,

I understand and that I love the aqua colour in the carpet. Mom hugged me and then asked me to unpack my suitcase. Then my mom went downstairs, to answer the door.

A few moments later, a little girl of Asian ethnicity came into my bedroom and stood there watching me. "Hi, my name is Monica," she said. I eyed her cautiously, because I had another friend who was from Hong Kong, who hurt my feelings when she told me that my family is a white trash family, and my mom is stupid cause she has no job. Monica had short black hair, and a pretty dress. She was dressed up, and looked about my age. She told me that my mother said that she could come up stairs to visit, and that she is one of our new neighbours. Monica then started to tell me about her travels. She said that her parents immigrated from China, a land that she called her home. From the bottom of the stairs my mom called out, "would you and Monica like some home made cookies." "Yes please," we replied. We ventured downstairs to the kitchen. After eating the cookies Monica and I spent the afternoon talking about her native language. My mom asked me if I would be interested in attending the Chinese kindergarten class, with Monica. Mandarin language lessons? What a good idea, I thought. My mom said that I had to think about it, because I was having trouble learning the English language. I was upset; I felt unsure. My mom hugged me and then Monica hugged me. Monica said, "I will help you, it would be fun." I agreed that I would try to learn Mandarin. Monica gave me a high five. We danced around, and played with our Barbie dolls. I felt so excited that I made a friend. We played for a few hours, and then Monica's mom came to pick her up.

Ms. Kelly Lee, my mom introduced me. "So how was the play day," she asked. I replied, "we had a lot of fun. We will be in the same Mandarin language class." "What fun," Ms. Lee commented. Then she turned towards my mom and asked her how she would be able to afford the tuition

cost? My mom hung her head down, with her face turning a shade of pink. Ms. Lee then mentioned that there was a program available, where the cost of tuition was paid if you volunteer for a few hours each month. “Thank you! Please give them my name,” my mom smiled. Ms. Lee laughed and made another comment: “You want your daughter to learn the Mandarin language, that is not normal for a white person.” You realize that the percentage of students who participate are 90 percent Asian-Canadian.” My mom looked shocked, and turned her head away for a brief moment. “How embarrassing. Why would you even bring that up?” my mom complained. “You are making me feel as though my daughter and I will not be welcome. I want my daughter to be multi-cultural. Ignorance has been one of the biggest defects our Canadian system has faced throughout history.” Ms. Lee walked over, grabbed her daughter’s coat, and said: “Monica, take your coat, you need to get ready for bed.”

*To find freedom in this context, this is how the story could play out:*

Ms. Lee smiled and walked over to my mom, “Can I give you a hug?” she said. Tears came to mom’s eyes, and she nodded. Ms. Lee hugged my mom. She then said “sorry, I am not used to a white person showing such interest. I guess you’re not interested in being labeled a white person.” My mom laughed for a few minutes. “I know I am a white person, I am in many ways proud of my heritage. The best part of being an early Canadian Celtic girl is the pride you get from a history of democracy. Democracy is felt by the opportunity to experience another culture, to learn the language and dance, and why not try some, Won Ton Soup.” Kelly laughed, and said “Won Ton Soup, with chopsticks.” My mom replied, “mistakes are often made by ignorance, but we work it out by questioning our assumptions. I realize that not all persons in this country think the way I do. I must say, my grandma loved “Wonton soup.” What a great day.

Mom said, “Life has struggles. I am unemployed and just left an abusive marriage. I am so looking forward to this chance to learn, and to build our friendship. Can I give you a hug, Kelly?” Kelly smiled, “Can you please make me some British roast dinner, with whipped potatoes?” “I will make you some Won Ton Soup,” my mom giggled. “Girls, we are going to cook some great dinners, and learn a lot from each other. We will have fun!”

## Urban agriculture, a solution...

---

Community Gardens are great, cost effective social spaces that foster mindfulness, spirituality, and environmentalism. The traditions of the Mahayana Buddhist culture value the emotional needs of each and every person, and these needs are deeply connected to nature. They believe that “human gentleness” is the source of a healthy society, and this leads to a sense of belonging. They measure the wellbeing of the nation by a “Gross National Happiness” index, and claim that this is achieved by manifested compassion (Chupein 2010).

In Canada we tap into the idea that a strong “Gross Domestic Product” (GDP) is the source of a healthy society. GDP measures economic performance and cares about monetary value, claiming that this is responsible for creating stable and happy homes. This system equates money to happiness. The idea is that high profits will lead to increased wages and lower unemployment. Growth rates increase through competition and an expansion of “business investments.” This leads to a stronger economy, and impacts social programs and health care services.

In Canada’s economy everything has a price tag: Land costs money, and so does nature. We need to keep control of inflation and make things affordable for everybody. The Mahayana’s cultural value of human gentleness is an ideal that is not always going to secure a shelf-full of food in the business focused West. We need jobs, and we need money

to live, but money cannot be our only individual life pursuit.

In Vancouver, a typical household supported by one minimum wage monthly income before deducting tax is \$1760 per month. This is based on an hourly pay of \$11.00, working eight hours per day, five days per week. After searching through rental listings on craigslist.ca (March 2016), I found one bedroom apartments were between \$1050 - \$2500 per month depending on location. The disparity in income to the cost of housing creates a bad situation for any low-income person, including the working poor. A proper safe home is essential to happiness, wellbeing and maintaining a personal level of calmness. No human should be forced to live homeless. Why should people go without a home, or food? How do we achieve happiness without money?

When the Canadian system is not able to provide, community gardens can offer a partial solution to the crisis. Eating healthier becomes affordable for low-income urban communities, regardless of social class, race, age and culture. People come together to grow a variety of organic flowers, fruits, vegetables, and herbs. The experience is a chance to produce some nutritional fresh food and engage with community members. In an interview with *Readers Digest*, Jane Goodall said that, "The next generation in the western world is living in an increasingly virtual world. They're being denied the opportunity to experience nature, when nature plays a really important role in psychological development" (Rundle 2016). Gardening with your community can overcome this. Green spaces enhance social networks and contribute to personal and community well being. By using an old traditional approach of sharing, community gardens can be a great source of fun for all ages; a way to experience a connection to nature and a great source of exercise. Community members work together, respect each other and look out for their multi-cultural neighbours. The gardening experience can be emotionally rewarding, a way to

achieve some inner joy and produce "manifested compassion."

Try growing some of your own healthy foods. Locate a Community Gardening group and or start your own garden. email: [communitygardens@vancouver.ca](mailto:communitygardens@vancouver.ca). For tips on how to garden, try [www.diyncrafts.com](http://www.diyncrafts.com).

### Works cited

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

Rundle, Lisa Byrn. 2016. "Jane Goodall: The RD Interview." *Readers Digest*.



# CINDY ^\_^ QT

## I am who I am

---

“I am who I am” is from the Bible. “I am” is power and “I am” will free you when you know who you are. You are not who others think you are. But in our real life, sometimes we might care too much about what others think about us rather than caring more about what we think about ourselves. In the film “Between: Living in the hyphen,” the stories talk about people who do not know who they are because they care too much about the other people’s definition of them. There are lots of things that are not up to us, like other people’s thoughts, opinions, and judgments. How we can feel free if we live our life relying on other people’s thoughts, opinions or judgments?

We get used to knowing objects in common and grouping them together to better understand them. So, we apply the same method to understand people even if we know that everyone is different. But once someone is labeled, it seems easier to know him or her, just like in a match game. It is all about our education system. It is our society. For example, in Canada, a well-known immigrant country, when we apply for jobs, we are asked to fill a form asking if we are part of a visible minority or have a disability. When we apply for jobs in the United States, we have to indicate if we are of a coloured race or not. In China, I have to note that I am Han and not of a minority nation. There are some protection policies for those minorities. Your label might get you better resources or it might not, depending on your situation. That is the way society works. We are all busy protecting ourselves. That is our society; there are rules to be followed. We are always labeled and put in some kind of group and belong to some kind of community. Feeling free and at home is not based on how others label you, but how you think of yourself and being who you are in your community. Living in the hyphen is your choice. You are who you are. Feel free to be yourself, not what others expect you to be. We

cannot meet everybody’s expectations. Feeling free and being ourselves is up to us, not up to others. Freedom is our choice.

“I am who I am” is about self-confidence. You have to study and know who you are before you are told who you are by others. “I am” is your center and what you experience is what you have believed to be the truth. You are who you are. Your parents and grandparents or people around you are your background, the context for others to better understand or know who you are. You are still who you are. How you define yourself is more important.

## Find freedom in the context you inherit

---

How do we find freedom? Explore widely, listen to different voices and learn something new. What kind of freedom are you thinking about? Feeling free or being free? “Use what you have, do what you can” is a kind of freedom. Freedom to know your limit; freedom to play within your limitation. Find your limit and play within it, you are always free to do that.

Finding freedom in the context you inherit? What context have you inherited? How you inherit your context matters more than what you inherit. The context is not up to you but how you inherit is up to you. So, you are always free to inherit the context, no matter what it is.

Touchstone is a nice metaphor we have used in our Hum101 class. When I first heard Dr. Margot talk about People, Power, Place, Knowledge, and Time, I thought, “What wonderful tools I can use!” Oh yes, things don’t just happen, they are always related with the questions of who, where and how. After this term, it is so amazing to see how People, Power, Place, Knowledge, and Time have helped me to understand and analyze historical events. For instance, in terms of “Power,” whoever is in power is



the voice that is heard. We learn history from books, but books are printed by people who have power. We are not going to know the truth if we only have one voice which serves certain kinds of people.

No doubt, "Power" is my touchstone in understanding First Nations Studies. I heard different voices, I know now that they are still there even if mainstream society kept ignoring them for a long long time. The past is past. After a period of time and understanding more about First Nations people, reconciliation happens. It makes more sense because we are all human creatures who live on earth, and now, we have recognized and respect each other's knowledge more.

People like to say that "knowledge is power" but I prefer to say that "knowledge is a limit." We are seeking truth but knowledge does not mean truth; knowledge means what we can understand and accept now. Sometimes, the knowledge we have limits us when it comes to pursuing the truth. Our judgment is based on our knowledge, not the truth. We have judged in the past that Chinese medicine is not science, but later we find out that this fact limited us. The same thing happened in First Nations' medicine. More and more research found out that all these traditional medicines work better than what we have now.

It is hard to tell whether it is because the human body has been practiced on for hundreds of years or thousands years, but it is quite clear that there are some limitations in modern knowledge. There are lots of things we still cannot figure out. Are you still sure our knowledge is moving on? Not me.

# LUIS VELASQUEZ

## Denotation, connotation, and reflection on two pictures

---

There are two pictures, A and B. They are of the same building, an old building with granite foundation; its walls are made of large sand stone bricks. It has an arc front door with a long column at each side and a metallic dome. It is a three storey building that has more than twenty four windows: some are stained glass, three in the dome, three atop of the front door, six on each of the second and third floors, and three at the basement.

The building on picture A and B is the Carnegie Community Centre, built in 1903. The building to the left of the Carnegie Centre in picture A is the first City Hall. You do not see it in picture B as it was demolished.

Carnegie Community Centre has, in the past, been a library, museum, and a vacant building. It is located at the southwest corner of Main and Hastings streets. There were plans to change the building—a rezoning project—but, after a massive campaign organized by the Downtown Eastside Residents' Association, Vancouver City Council agreed to save the building and to convert it to a community centre. The building opened its doors as Carnegie Community Centre on January 20, 1980.

Today the Carnegie Community Centre is considered the “living room” of the Downtown Eastside and is a testament to the diverse community of Vancouver’s Eastside. The centre is a progressive, inclusive, educational, and safety centre, free of drugs and alcohol, and open everyday of the year for the last thirty-six years.

**The Carnegie Community Centre in its mission statement establishes:**

Our mission is to nurture mind, body, and spirit in a safe, welcoming environment through the

leadership and the participation of our volunteers. We provide social, educational, cultural, and recreational activities for the benefit of low-income people of the Downtown Eastside.

To change the meaning of the building in pictures A and B (the Carnegie Community Centre) is technically impossible. We will have to distort history actually more than one hundred years of past records.

Plans to change just the use of the building or the lot in the past have had strong opposition from the whole community. In 1976 plans to lease, sell, or give away the building and change it into offices, a restaurant, rock museum, or parking lot triggered a massive protest. Now imagine trying to convert this iconic building into a private college, hotel, retail store or demolishing it to build a parking lot. Just to think about changing the meaning will be a mental aberration, a spiritual atrocity.

Just a rezoning sign at the southwest corner of Main and Hastings streets will be a spark that will produce unpredictable nightmares.



“City Hall and Carnegie Library, Vancouver, B.C.”  
Colour postcard. N.d.



Francis Chang. "Carnegie Community Centre." N.d.  
<http://francis5168.blogspot.ca/2014/09/20140802.html>.

## Inherited signs

---

We live in a world, surrounded by symbols – signs; they are everywhere. The vast majority of them have been inherited from previous generations. Without them, the planet would be chaotic. Similar to thousands of smaller spheres inside a pressurized, larger sphere in which air currents are injected at different  $\neq$  angles. The small spheres will be moving in all directions, crashing into one another and against the wall.

Many of these symbols are universal; others are regional. Some symbols limit our freedom and others give us freedom. Some confuse us, especially when we don't know their meaning and can only denote them – we cannot connote and reflect on them. But, we might switch them, giving them different meaning.

Among the universal signs we have: male ♂; female ♀; gender equality ♀♂; persons with disabilities ♿; stop ⛔; and peace ☮, or the white banner.

Among the local or regional symbols, but internationally recognized as humanitarian symbols, we have: Red Cross +; Red Crescent ☾; and Red Diamond ♦.

As I said above, some of the signs that we see every day give us freedom or license to keep going. Others, however, restrict our freedom. Some might confuse us when we see them: we don't know what to do, or where to go – because we do not know the connotation.

A welcome sign – the smile of a host and the offering of an open hand to shake ours, or the open arms of a person at a reception door – give us the freedom to come in. The green traffic light gives us the freedom to step on the gas! But the speed limit sign restricts our desire to go faster; the stop sign and the red traffic light restrict our freedom, and our desire to keep going.

At the railway truck crossing, when the gate is down, bells ringing, lights flashing, and when you see the train coming, hear the roaring of the engine and the loud whistle of the coming train, you notice (or denote) that nothing moves. You might be in a hurry – desperate to keep going – but you connote all the above signs correctly: the train is coming. Our freedom of movement has been restricted. Our desire to keep going, to step on the gas has been limited. But we find freedom in the context of the inherited symbols – signs – and we stop freely, without remorse.

When a human does not know the meaning of a sign he/she is only able to denote the sign; he/she might be able to switch it, but has an incorrect connotation. Consider what happened to my friend Peter, a mechanical engineering student able to recognize many mathematical and physical symbols such as  $\int dx dy dz$ ;  $\Delta$ ;  $\Sigma$ ; and many others. One summer day he was at the medical college library with his friends, Maria, Jennifer, Thomas, and John, preparing for an exam, Mathematics 101.

In the middle of the morning, Peter needed to answer the call of nature. He didn't say whether it was fluid or solid. Since he was a very skilled mechanical engineering student, however, he was familiar

with fluid dynamics and the method for a solid of revolution.

After receiving the call of nature Peter needed to know where the restroom was located. When he asked his friends, John answered, "It's in the middle of the hallway."

A few minutes later, Peter came back. "I cannot find them," he said.

Thomas responded, "They're by the elevator." But said nothing about the doors' markings. The washrooms were marked with the universal symbols, ♂ and ♀, and not "male" and "female." These are symbols quite familiar to a medical student but unknown to a mechanical engineering student.

Peter left the room but came back again. "Are the washrooms those doors with the weird signs on the door? – The circle with a cross at 180°, and the circle with an arrow in the second quadrant at 45°. Which one is mine?"

Maria, Jenny, Thomas, and John all smiled and Maria, the dentistry student, answered, "The door with the circle with the arrow is the men's; the door with the circle with the cross is the women's."

That day, Peter got a lesson in semiotics; now he is able to denote, connote, reflect, and probably switch the male and female symbols: a lesson in semiotics without knowing that it was a semiotic lesson. Semiotics gives us freedom through the knowledge we inherit from previous generations.



# JAMES GILLIS

## Man with Bandage

---



*Fred Herzog, Man with Bandage, 1968.*

Fred Herzog is a well-known Vancouver photographer who photographed the city from the 1950s onward. He immigrated to Canada from Germany in the '50s. He photographed buildings, stores, parking lots and ships, but mostly city streetscapes (Hastings, Granville, Robson) of everyday people going about their everyday lives. His photos are in colour, which was rare in the '50s and '60s.

I have chosen a 1968 photograph entitled *Man with Bandage*. It was taken at a bus stop at Main and Hasting across from the Carnegie Centre. There is an elderly woman wearing a long, black coat. She is also wearing a hat and holding gloves and a cane. A middle-aged man is standing in front of her. He is wearing a white T-shirt. He has a bandaged hand and a cut chin with tissue over the wound. Both are looking east, most likely at an approaching bus. The man has his unbandaged hand above his own face, I would surmise to block out the sun. I would think the photo was taken in the morning if the sun was in the east. It is probably spring or fall, for the lady to be dressed in a long, heavy coat. She would have a lighter one on if it was summer. The man wouldn't wear a T-shirt in the winter.

The background is Hastings Street and the businesses on both sides of the Street. Most are gone now. However the Balmoral and the Regent hotels are still there and both still have the same signs.

I don't know what Herzog's intended meaning of the photograph was, if any. It's nothing unusual for him—a city streetscape. I see a neighbourhood in transition. The lady appears to be middle-class by her dress. She is a long-term resident of the area or has gone there to shop. The man seems to have had a night of misadventure. A fight? Quite possibly by the bandage and tissue—he hit and got hit. Though the cut chin may be a shaving accident. At any rate, he gives the impression of being oblivious about his appearance. Most men would not go out in public with tissue stuck to their face. The T-shirt seems weather inappropriate.

Main and Hastings used to be Vancouver's city centre. The building neighbouring the Regent used to be the Pantages Theatre. That was the IN place to be in the 1920s. Charlie Chaplin even performed there. The city centre slowly crept west over the decades. The area went into a gradual decline. It ceased to be relevant in the '70s when the streetcar terminus was abandoned.

Urban decay then set in. Stable working residents left for the suburbs. Businesses and services followed to either the suburbs or west to the new downtown core at Robson and Granville. Marginalized residents moved in. Landlords had no financial incentive to maintain rental stock if they could not charge high commercial rents. The city was not too motivated to keep up the neighbourhood for people without financial or political power. The photo documents this transition. The lady at the bus stop represents what the neighbourhood was, and the man is what the neighbourhood would become.

My own meaning of the photo would be different if I did not know the photo's location and date. I would just see an odd juxtaposition of people at a bus stop any time between the 1950s and the 1980s.

## Reflections

---

Some time ago, my life took a serious dip. I developed some serious health problems. I had some incredibly bad luck and, in hindsight, made some poor decisions. The result was that I became homeless for the first time in my life and lived in shelters for about six months. I eventually got stabilized by going on disability and getting into subsidized housing.

I was not happy about my situation. What kind of life could I have now? Certainly not a good one. The middle class lifestyle is gone for the foreseeable future. No vacations, no entertainment budget, thrift-store clothing, no educational opportunities for sure.

I heard about the HUM Programme through a friend. I didn't really know what to expect but it seemed interesting and I needed some structure, so I applied. I was accepted into Writing101. I followed that with Science 101 and am now in Hum101.

It's been wonderful. The love of learning has been rekindled. I've met diverse and interesting people and made friends. I've had the pleasure of going on field trips to museums, galleries, the UBC theatre, the UBC farm, the Orpheum theatre, research facilities and labs. HUM students are also issued UBC cards, which enables us to partake in university activities. However, the most rewarding aspect of HUM for me is its First Nations component. I've learned so much about Native art, culture, history, languages and contemporary issues. Furthermore, this learning

has taken place with Native classmates and lecturers. I have gained not only a better sense of who the First Nations are but also a more refined, enlightened view of what Canada is. Kudos to UBC for providing such an enriching, barrier-free experience.

There are always limitations in everyone's life, but life tends to even out. Limitations can create opportunities. Being broke didn't hinder my freedom to learn.

# JOEL RAKESH KUMAR

## What Lies Beneath



*Citation: Photograph with painting by Jerry Whitehead (Peter Chapman First Nation)*

In the distance, I can see grayish mountains, gray clouds, red cranes, a brown pole, dark brown drift logs, blue, red, green containers, one shed with one dark window, ripples in the water, and a series of homes. I also see street light poles and a docking station or wharf.

This is the Eastside of Vancouver, BC, where we are surrounded by mountains. Specifically in this photo, it is Grouse and Seymour Mountain. In the background, I also see the two cranes that are in the location that is opposite to Crab Park, which is the Vancouver port site where they do import/export of containers. The water is the Pacific Ocean. Also, the series of homes are the municipal settings of North and West Vancouver. The light blue boat shed that is floating above the water is fastened to the dock.

Seeing the cloudy weather is a usual thing to witness here in Vancouver. As a matter of fact, you might need your umbrella for this day. It's also scenery where you can meditate spiritually, and forget the sorrows of your day, overcoming the good, the bad, and the ugly aspects of life. To add, people can overcome their shortcomings in a view

or setting such as this.

In the foreground, I notice the beach shoreline and brown and black gray driftwood. Close to the center is a small boulder with writings on it, surrounded by green bushes and foliage, where some are in packages: pink and yellow flowers in front of the rock.

Beside the small boulders is a brown wooden canvas stand holding up a packaged artwork. Within the artwork, there are three large faces under the same color (purple and white). Below the image of the faces are many smaller figures with bodies, roughly 18 of them.

This foreground landscape is situated in Crab Park on the east side of Downtown Vancouver. There appears to be a memorial site by the boulder with writings on it, signifying the missing Aboriginal women in Downtown Eastside. The flowers indicate that people have passed and out of respect, they have been recognized. The artwork off to the left is a large canvas painting, displaying figures of First Nations people.

For the purpose of this memorial, I feel that I could find empathy and send my condolence to the families and friends of the victims, of these beautiful women that had their lives taken away so suddenly and violently. In my Fijian culture, in the south Pacific, we also commemorate lost lives through pictures and paintings. I can relate to the sadness and grief the people feel when someone they care about dies.

In the context of death, the Aboriginal people convey their culture very spiritually. Above all, in this photo, I see the Vancouver Downtown East side's evolution. There are people recovering from addiction and finding homes. And people are still reflecting on the deaths of the missing women and thus, marking this location at Crab Park as a sacred place to contemplate life and death.



Today, what lies beneath this photo are bittersweet memories that are rekindled, where this memorial site expresses the crisis in this reality and time of Downtown Eastside. People will stop here, look, think and wonder the impact of the situation at hand. Furthermore, it carries an important message held with safety and concern for these women and the women today here and now in the world.

### Find freedom in the context you inherit

---

My name is Joel Rakesh Kumar. Although I was born in Fiji Islands, I spent most of my life in the Downtown Eastside, where I went to school and worked as an electrician. While residing in Fiji, my dad was living in Vancouver, Canada, so I had this dream to be a native of Canada. I had this dream because I was really interested in Native peoples –

I liked how the Natives spear fished and hunted for game. However, through watching cowboys and Indians movies, as well as reading the newspaper, I also found out that the Natives were treated very unfairly and that their livelihood was taken away from them. They were moved to a reservation and the new colonial settlers put kids in residential housing.

When I lived in the Downtown Eastside, I continuously experienced good, bad and ugly situations. Therefore, I had to balance my thoughts of understanding how to live and how to respect these beautiful people, and this rich land they share with the rest of the world, helping and guiding them to the goal they want in life, helping them to “Find freedom in the context you inherit.” And, I am happy to say that the First Nations Peoples are doing their best and I hope they will encourage the rest of the Aboriginals of this world to do the same.

Even though life was good to me and I had what I wanted, unfortunately, I gave everything I had and

ended up as a homeless person in DTES. I had to find freedom in the context I inherited. With the use of drugs and alcohol, and having low self-esteem, it led to depression. I found myself with no work. I lost friends, relationship and family. I developed a mood disorder, not functioning according to the society of this country, and there goes my dream of being a native of this beautiful land. However, I now see that most of the community needs some change and guidance in their life.

Nevertheless, the situation brought me to Union Gospel Mission at East Hastings Street and Princess Street where I got myself in a shelter for the night, and the next day. I enrolled in the gateway program which helps men with addiction. The next six months, I was treated with respect, awesome food service and a nice home to sleep. I got education about life skills, helping people in the community, overcoming addiction, and believing in myself. I learned to live, share and give to the community and understand what the Native people have given us: Home.

Now that I am in the second stage of my recovery with Salvation Army, have supportive housing and attending the Humanities 101 program at the University of British Columbia. I am in the Native land of the Musqueam. I now know what the natives of this world have experienced through the colonial days, and what they are doing now to overcome it. They are changing and adjusting their lifestyles and sharing their land to the world who needs help, with different contexts. The challenge is to change from within and discover consequences.

Since I was born just in that time of the colonial days, with my great grandparents born in India, working in colonial contexts in Fiji Islands, then coming to Canada with my mom, I am still finding the freedom in the context I inherited. The story about my 53 years of fun, tears, separation, trouble and simply the respect of a human being taken away is being continued.

We find many people both within our territory and around the world that are poorly informed about our culture at best, and at worst unaware of our existence altogether. Today, we hope to change that by educating and informing the world about our unique culture.

I learned a great deal from our First Nations readings, and about how Aboriginal people endured colonialism, endured residential schools, the struggle of a new culture taking over their land and their free spirit. European and Aboriginal cultures collided. Fiji and Canada were both colonized by Europeans. Education and acknowledgement of Aboriginal people is improving life for both countries. I believe a positive attitude helps everyone deal with depression and promotes healing. In conclusion, I give credit to the Union Gospel Mission, the community of Strathcona, the Aboriginal people and the Musqueam people.

The future for me is to help the Indigenous people in anyway I can and to help people of the Downtown Eastside.



# DON CLANCY

AKA THATCHER MCGEE

## Pip and Dino make a plan

---



*Koepke, M. (2003, November 6). Interview with Philip Owen about Vancouver's drug problems: Fixing the problem. Retrieved from <http://hour.ca/2003/11/06/fixing-the-problem/>.*

### Denotation:

Primarily, I see two men looking directly at me. One man has a dark jacket, a tie with a design on it, a white shirt with a collar on it, and light-coloured pants. He has glasses on, short grey hair combed to the side, and white skin. Only his entire head and his hands, just above his knuckles, are exposed. His body is turned slightly inward to me on the centre-right of the picture.

The second man has light pants. His arms are exposed to just above his elbow. The top of his body is decorated, but whether this is his skin or a t-shirt is impossible to tell. He has white skin and his body is turned slightly away from me, as he looks over his shoulder in my direction from the centre left of the picture. He has dark, curly, medium-length hair. Something white is in his right hand, something black with silver segments is on his pants. They are standing on concrete with structures on either side. The sky above them shines through something made of poles, as well as some segmented structure reaching the top of the picture. The picture has no colour, only shading. When I zoom into the picture, it breaks into squares and lines.

### Connotation:

This picture is in black and white and pixelates easily, leading me to believe it was taken with a

cheap camera or a cell phone. In fact, it almost looks like the photographer is interrupting the two men. The picture is taken in an alley not unique in Metro Vancouver, but because of the subject, I have to assume they are in the DTES. The older man, casually well-dressed, is Vancouver Mayor Philip Owen. The younger man in jeans, either in a patterned t-shirt or with ornate upper body tattoos, and with a smoke and a cell phone is Dean Wilson, the head of the Vancouver Area Network of Drug Users (VANDU). By the time of this picture, Dean had convinced the Mayor to back the idea of a safe injection site for intravenous drug users on the Downtown East Side (DTES). Philip Owen was just finishing his third and final term as Vancouver Mayor. The string of murdered woman was just finished in the DTES. Even at that time, the lackadaisical pace of the city's response was blamed for seriously impeding the process for a resolution to the crisis. It is said that Mayor Owen did not want this botched investigation to be his parting legacy. This is supposed to have encouraged him to look to the bold action of the four pillars approach to drug addiction as his legacy—he was to get his party, the provincial government, and the federal government to all accept it. One of the first manifestations of the four pillars was the safe injection site. His political help was key in getting community acceptance for the safe injection site (Insite), and the community support they both garnered was key to keeping Insite open, because the Harper government worked hard to close it.

### Personal Experience:

As part of the publicity for Insite, a movie “FIX: The Story of an Addicted City” was created and shown in Vancouver. A friend of mine and I were sitting front row centre. The movie was intense, as we expected. However, what was electric was watching the man in the \$2000 suit and the recovered junkie in jeans, at the time the most extreme polarities I could imagine in Vancouver. They were both wholeheartedly moving toward the same goal.

For myself, living in an often corrupt and divided city, I found the sight of them on stage together more than rousing, it was utterly voltaic!

Different angle:

I would create an editorial cartoon in which the picture above is only changed so as to show Dean handing the mayor a tiny little Insite with his right hand to the mayor's left, and the mayor passing Dean a whack of goodwill with his right hand to Dean's left. Imagine that anyway you like.

## Lessons from my fellow travelers on my journey through HUM

---

During my three years of classes in the Humanities 101 Community Programme (HUM), I have been exposed to many ideas about humanness from my fellow students. Some of these ideas include seeking out the opinions of reticent participants in a conversation, respecting people's personal viewpoint as being individual rather than the viewpoint of some group I have arbitrarily slotted this person into, and the value of integrating everyone's ideas in a project.

Firstly, the HUM students have taught me how to appreciate and solicit everyone's views in a conversation group. As an illustration, during my first year in HUM, I quite often sat at the same table as Lorelee, a student who realized that there was power in the diversity of opinion. In the conversation part of the class, she would wait about 15 minutes and then specifically ask those who hadn't shared anything for an opinion. Before, I didn't know how to encourage other people to contribute, but through Lorelee, I learned a great method of getting quieter people to share their thoughts which then became available to everyone at the table. By my 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> year in HUM, I was very used to encouraging opinions from reticent participants in my conversation groups. I found that bringing forth all these

additional student viewpoints was more helpful for all those listening, including myself, than only having the viewpoints of the few students who were bold enough to speak up. Seeking all ideas is a good start and accepting these ideas without bias can make them truly enlightening.

Working with the other students, I have come to respect other's ideas as their own individual creation. In HUM, I have learned that everyone's viewpoints are highly complex. For example, during one class, my table had a group discussion on racial origin. I realized that even people of the same birthplace, ethnicity, and race had highly dissimilar life experiences. This discussion resulted in personal perspectives so complex and fascinating that they had to be considered unique in the world. My tendency in the past was to believe that no viewpoint is unique, but rather borrowed from some group that I arbitrarily assigned to a person. In the past, I have tried to categorize students by race, ethnicity, place of birth and many other made-up labels only to hear them speak of values that were not merely opposite from other students with that label, but were completely different ways of thinking. Getting to know students over the past 3 years, their backgrounds have been filled out with more than a simple label; consequently, it has become clear that many ideas influence each person. I keep in mind it is best to treat everyone's viewpoint as unique and personal.

Finally, the students in my HUM 201 project (in 2014-15) taught me the value of incorporating everyone's ideas in collaborative tasks. For example, in my group's project, in which we created a game to illustrate the class theme "no carrots, no sticks," one group colleague had the idea of having playing pieces. Our group then transformed that idea into a bag of picture pieces, which were assembled into pictures that were then subjected to semiotics processes of denotation and connotation. Looking back at my notes, it is almost hard for me to believe we developed such a simple idea so richly. Before, when I used to brainstorm in a group, I preferred to

# DON CLANCY

AKA THATCHER MCGEE

# HUM MENTOR

discard ideas that appeared too abstract or simple. Now, when examining ideas in a group, I don't try to evaluate their potential immediately, but rather, I now accept that, given the chance within a group, seemingly simple or abstract concepts can lead to very rewarding results.

In conclusion, I will always be grateful for my lessons such as striving hard to include all participants opinions, including those those who are soft-spoken, in a discussion; understanding other's frames of reference as personal and not automatically prejudiced by their background; and creating projects that include as many ideas from as many participants as possible.



# KURT GONSALVES

## Is Hum university set free?

---

Hum is free of bureaucracy, competition, academia, politics, and much more.

Hum is free to enjoy without limitations; Hum is a free exploration of education without financial obligation, which makes it debt-free. The experience, however, is worth more than any financial number that can be charged.

From the professors, to the volunteer students, to the students ourselves, we are all involved for the love of learning.

Our task was to free ourselves, to widen our circle of new friends, and to embrace education—all for free.

Hum proves that free, quality university education is necessary and possible.

Hum allows us to take a break and to open and free our minds. Nelson Mandela once said,

"It is better to lead from behind and to put others in front, especially when you celebrate victory when nice things occur. You take the front line when there is danger. Then people will appreciate your leadership."

As a student of Hum, I applaud the faculty of Hum for taking the time to lead us.

There is no easy walk to freedom anywhere, and many of us will have to pass through the valley of the shadow of death again and again before we reach the mountaintop of our desires. Because of Hum, we are now much more properly prepared.

After climbing a great hill, one only finds that there are many more hills to climb and because of Hum our minds are much more fit to attack the next

hill. If you talk to a Human in a language that he or she understands, that goes to the head; if you talk to a human in his or her own language, that goes to the heart. The professors at Hum lead with their hearts and their love of the subject.

To be free is not merely to cast off one's chains, but to live in a way that respects and enhances the freedom of others. Hum demonstrated this practice all year long. As good leaders, Hum's faculty engaged in debates frankly and thoroughly, and in the end we (as students, faculty, and staff) became closer, and emerged stronger. You don't have such an idea when you are arrogant, superficial, and uninformed, which are qualities Hum is set free from.

If globalization means—as it so often does—that the rich and powerful are given the means to further enrich and empower themselves at the expense of the poorer and weaker, then Hum has taken on the responsibility to protest in the name of universal educational freedom.

Nelson Mandela has said many things; but, when he said, "no country can really develop unless its citizens are educated," someone at Hum was listening and has brought light to his legacy.

Tell me and I'll forget. Show me, and I may not remember. Involve me, and I'll understand.

Thank you Hum for keeping me involved every step of the way. What we learn with pleasure we never forget, and I will never forget the experience of freeing my mind at Hum. Education is the key to unlock the golden door of freedom.

## Why Humanities?

---

Why Humanities? Because I learned to think analytically.



Why Humanities? Because I can now be a more successful student, employee, and human being.

Why Humanities? Because I have sharpened my oral and written communication skills.

Why Humanities? Because I now see the interconnectedness of all areas of knowledge, and how the connections fit together, seamlessly.

Why Humanities? Because I now have developed a global perspective by studying cultures throughout the world, deepening my understanding and appreciation of others' cultures and others' points of view.

Why Humanities? To strengthen my knowledge of the local arts community by learning to appreciate the importance of creativity.

Why Humanities? To clarify my values by comparing and contrasting them to what others have thought.

Why Humanities? To deepen my sources of wisdom by learning how others have dealt with failures, successes, adversities, and triumphs.

Why Humanities? To appreciate what is enduring, and to understand the differences between the meaningless and the meaningful.

Why Humanities? To be inspired by some of the greatest minds and thoughts of the ages.

Why Humanities? The humanities helped me understand others through their languages, histories, and cultures.

Why Humanities? To understand social justice and equality.

Why Humanities? They revealed to me how people have tried to make moral, spiritual, and intellectual sense of the world.

Why Humanities? They teach empathy.

Why Humanities? They teach us to deal critically and logically with subjective, complex, and imperfect information.

Why Humanities? They teach us to weigh evidence skeptically and to consider more than one side of every question.

Why Humanities? Humanities helped me develop skills in writing and critical reading.

Why Humanities? They encouraged me to think creatively.

Why Humanities? They teach us to reason about being human and to ask questions about our world.

Why Humanities? They develop informed and critical citizens; without the humanities, democracy could not flourish.

Why Humanities? The Humanities prepare you to fulfill your civic and cultural responsibilities.

Why Humanities? Studying the Humanities allowed me to become familiar with and use the creative ideas from great minds outside of science.

# JOSÉ A. DE LA TORRE

## Freely, I say thanks

---

Since ancient times, access to knowledge has been the aspiration of human beings, as well as understanding knowledge as a useful and necessary tool in the quest for freedom. Knowledge has been the inspirational force and engine of the development of humankind, and the academy is the home where knowledge is harboured. It is there, where we place the HUM Programme. A place where marginalized people with economical and social struggles from the city of Vancouver come to learn, people who see the need and desire to expand knowledge from a human and dignified perspective, where respect and cordiality prevails in a frame of academic excellence.

If knowledge is an inspiring source of freedom, and its lack is ignorance, the lack of knowledge makes us slaves of ignorance. For the Greeks, and particularly Socrates, freedom is the most precious asset. Humans are really free when they act as a cause and not as an effect of the environment that surrounds them. The need for freedom makes us look for knowledge, to search for enough wisdom to achieve it. The economic and social system of the west, although it has strong philosophical and scientific bases, has fallen in a capitalist system, where, from a human welfare perspective which sees welfare as a common goal of humanity, selfishness and ruthless lust for money and power have marginalized a big portion of society, and under economic globalization, the world.

I see HUM as a window through which we can access knowledge necessary to appreciate freedom. Freedom is difficult, expensive and full of avatars, but at the end it will fill us with joy and satisfaction. This knowledge will give us the ability to understand the meaning and purpose of our lives, and of our society in which we participate. HUM has the best approach at UBC for people that society has distanced itself from, which have been

marginalized and stigmatized by an arrogant and selfish elite. In this Programme, I can see how the academy moves in a friendly and kind manner with a heterogeneous group who have a sharp desire to learn something new, where the new is addressed and discussed by instructors of the first order and quality.

I want, in these short words, to express my greatest thanks to UBC for hosting this generous and useful Programme, which has been carried out for 17 years. This Programme has allowed access by an abandoned and marginalized part of society to this wonderful cloister. Thanks to the sponsors for their generous aid which has subsidized this unique Programme. My special thanks to our patient and kind Director, Dr. Margot Leigh Butler, and her assistants Paul Woodhouse, Reuben Jentink, Wil Steele and Margot Mabanta. Thanks for making me feel young again. Freely I say thanks.

## Understanding freedom

---

Since the origins of humankind, our lives have been always linked to the permanent search and consolidation of freedom, understanding freedom as the absence of oppressive chains in any of the contexts in which we live – religious, political, economic, social, etc. - in which we can express or exercise our will within an ethical and respectful framework. This concept of freedom makes our past and our culture part of the assets of our society.

Human beings have found and consolidated freedom through many vicissitudes and struggles that have left deep scars of pain, desolation and death, but that in the end have filled us with happiness and satisfaction. Understanding freedom as a preamble to happiness and well being is one of the common goals of humanity. Personally, I would argue that humans are free beings at birth, but as we move forward in our lives, we tend to lose freedom, as tremendous oppressive forces are always on the

lookout to take it away, in other words, to steal our freedom. Entire nations have experienced slavery, the loss of their cultures, languages, religions and rights for the benefit of others, who have abrogated the right to dispose at their will, the will of others. Sartre, the great French thinker of the 20th century wrote, "Man is condemned to be free; because, once thrown into the world, he is responsible for everything he does." (Sartre, Jean-Paul. 1957. *Existentialism and Human Emotions*. New Jersey: Citadel Press, Inc. p. 23.)

The concept of freedom has deep historical roots that manifest themselves in the greatest diversity of cultures, languages, traditions, religions and political systems, but above all, in the right to express the individuality of the self as part of a society. The context of freedom depends on the will of the individual, the place and epoch, and the means whereby it is expressed, but it must always be a steadfast right which cannot be traded, which will not totter, which is inherited by human law and is the supreme good of human beings. The quest for freedom requires dexterity and skill which emanate from knowledge which is the inspiring force of freedom and the engine of the individuality of the human being.

Through the HUM Programme's academic framework, we have received the 'critical and creative' bases that have allowed us to explore the diversity of expressions of humankind such as art, music, schools of thought, literature, politics and more — all geared to understanding freedom. As part of this Programme, today more than ever, I am free to find the reason and purpose of my existence. Social forces — such as poverty, addiction and prostitution — may have prevented us from appreciating the treasure of freedom in its full magnitude; yet the HUM Programme transfers inherited knowledge to us to "find freedom in the context you inherit."

Ms. Lee Maracle, in a painful but touching story titled *Goodbye, Snauq* (2008), shows us how the lack of freedom almost decimated the aboriginal peoples

of Canada and how physical and cultural so-called 'cleansing' has been a common practice. We have to be aware of and change these practices, and by learning about them, HUM has opened doors to finding freedom.

## Works cited

(Maracle, Lee. 2008. *Goodbye, Snauq*. Vancouver: West Coast Line, Vol. 42 Issue 2.)

# ASSUMPTA KWAN

## Plights in Indian residential schools

---

“Mama, they got me!” Indigenous children wailed. Lamentations resounded, day and night, in this part of the world. Why were these Indigenous children crying? What had been done to these children? The Canadian Federal Government propagated the idea of “killing the Indian in the child.” To achieve this end, the Federal Government established the Indian residential school system. My paper will be about the Indian residential school students, their plights, and what they learned (or did not learn) at school. To be forcefully separated from one’s parents, I contend, is the most terrible thing on earth because from a very early age, children are bonded with their parents, and are the continuation of their communities.

European settlers believed that their civilization was the highest of human achievements. They saw that the Indigenous peoples were so different from them and conceived such “difference” as “inferiority.” For example, Europeans emphasized the phenotypical differences of Indigenous peoples and regarded Canada’s Indigenous peoples as ignorant, savage, and childlike. Early settlers felt that they had to civilize the Indigenous peoples; and, to “kill the Indian in the child,” was a later extension of “civilizing.” The French and British peoples assumed an inherent superiority of their own ways; they wanted the Indians to become French or English-speakers, Christians, and farmers.

Indigenous peoples were, however, resistant to the Canadian Government’s implementation of the Indian residential school system. From experience, parents and grandparents knew that they would not be able to see their children. Indigenous children were secluded in residential schools and could not go home on holidays. Their hair was forcibly cut short. The children were attired in worn out uniforms, and their days were strictly regimented by timetables. In addition to these forced modes

of dress, boys and girls were kept separate from one another. Even siblings rarely interacted, thus further weakening family ties. When these children saw one of their siblings, or when they recognized a friend, they would not dare to talk to each other in their native tongue for fear of reprisal (Fletcher, 2011).

Chief Bobby Joseph of the Indian Residential School Survivors Society recalled that he had no idea how to interact with girls and never even got to know his own sister “beyond a mere wave in the dining room” (Indigenousfoundations, 2009).

The Indigenous children were not allowed to speak their native language. English or French were the only civilized languages. The children were severely punished when heard speaking in their mother tongue; and, in one case, a needle was shoved in the tongue of a child as punishment for speaking in his native language (Indigenousfoundations, 2009).

“Sister Marie Baptiste had a supply of sticks as long and thick as pool cues,” recalled George Guerin, former Chief of the Musqueam Nation. “When she heard me speak my language, she’d lift up her hands and bring the stick on me. I’ve still got bumps and scars on my hands” (Indigenousfoundations, 2009). There are innumerable cases of children being beaten for speaking their mother tongue.

Physical trauma might drive one to seek revenge; and, while children do not necessarily think about revenge, adults do. One of the mandates of the Truth & Reconciliation Commission of Canada is to heal and forgive. But some of these wrongs were so terrifying that they can never be forgotten (Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada, 2015).

In residential schools, children were not taught the maxims of life: love, gentleness, and relationships. The schools divided labour and lessons according to Western notions of gender: male and female. In addition to being separated from one’s siblings,

boys and girls were separated. Boys were taught lessons of manual labour in agriculture, and light industrial work, such as woodworking and tinsmithing. Meanwhile, girls were taught domestic work, such as laundry work or sewing. This division of work had more to do with running the schools inexpensively than with providing students with any legitimate education or vocational training (Fletcher, 2011).

Residential school students did not receive the same level of education, as did the students in the public school systems. The education level was very poor at residential schools and the schools were chronically unfunded—especially when compared with white or European schools (Fletcher, 2011).

Since the Indigenous students were underfed in their daily rations, many children suffered from malnourishment. In fact, the children were so hungry that they were forced to steal eggs that they cooked before they ate while hiding in the bush (Fryer, 2014).

One of the most astounding facts was that Indigenous children across Canada were dying in residential schools. They were abused—physically and sexually—and they died in the schools in numbers that would not have been tolerated in any school system anywhere else in the country, or in the world. According to the Truth and Reconciliation Commission, at least four thousand Indigenous children died in the overcrowded school (Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada, 2015).

But more than a century before the Truth and Reconciliation Commission produced its final report, the terrible conditions of Indian residential schools was already being documented. In 1907, Dr. Peter Bryce submitted a report to the Department of Indian Affairs, “raising the alarm about the epidemic of tuberculosis which was rampaging through the schools” (Fletcher, 2011). Bryce’s methods followed careful scientific investigation. He counted the

total admissions of children in schools and then categorized them into one of three categories: good, sick, or dead. In the 72 schools then running, Bryce found that seven percent of the children were sick or in poor health, while twenty four percent had died. “The highest death rate was found at File Hills School (Saskatchewan), which had a death rate of sixty nine percent” (Fletcher, 2011). In Alberta, the death rate was as high as fifty percent of all male children. Duncan Campbell Scott, who was the Department of Indian Affairs (DIA) Deputy Superintendent, from 1913 to 1932 “stopped all attempts to improve the schools” (Fletcher, 2011).

Scott wanted to extinguish the Indigenous people and is notoriously remembered as saying, “Education is the answer to the Indian problem . . . I want to get rid of the Indian problem” (qtd. in Fletcher, 2011). When Native children were torn from their parents, they were removed from their families and communities and so they did not inherit the cultural heritage of their peoples.

Before, I was so ignorant about the Indian residential schools. In fact, I had the understanding that the schools were a wholesome place. Now I have a very different understanding. After completing my research, I learned that the children suffered incredible hardships; and many even lost their lives while studying at these residential schools. The policy of “killing the Indian in the child” is no longer held explicitly by the Canadian State; however, I believe that this policy is still happening undercover. This is information on the history of Canada that all Canadians should learn. Canadians, new and old, think of their country as heaven; when they learn of this history, however, they will know that heaven is not on earth.

#### Works Cited

Fletcher, Wendy. “What were we thinking: Ten Windows of the Past.” 20 June 2011.

Fryer, Sara. “Learning to Listen.” *Reconciliation & the Way Forward*. Ed. Shelagh Rogers, Mike DeGag-

né, Glen Lowry, and Sara Fryer. Ottawa: Aboriginal Healing Foundation, 2014. 5-14.

Hanson, Erin. "The Residential School System." Indigenousfoundations. First Nations and Indigenous Studies, University of British Columbia, 2009. Web. 1 March 2016.

The Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada. Introduction. Honoring the Truth, Reconciling for the Future: Summary of the Final Report of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada. 2015. 1-22.

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

### Reflections on a marvelous play

---

I was so happy to follow the class walking to the Frederic Wood Theatre to see "Orpheus and Eurydice." We arrived at 6:45 p.m. but the play was scheduled for 7:30. I enjoyed the time while I was waiting for the play to start.

The actors were all young students. The actress playing Eurydice was so young and gentle; her presence moved me a lot. Orpheus was young and handsome. His musical instrument, a lyre, was, however, not so enticing to me. The movement of the play was slow, but it suited me perfectly; I could listen to every syllable uttered by the actors. The actor who played the man should not force Eurydice to marry him. The scene was about male superiority in history.

Later, the man grew in age and in height; he became ten feet tall. He stood on two stilts to show his tallness, but he still could walk or run as if he were on the ground. The Father played his role very well and succeeded in helping Eurydice remember her husband on earth was Orpheus. The Father seemed to remember every detail concerning his own life. Women played the role of stones and

wore puffed skirts. However, they were too noisy in their chatting.

The child promised Orpheus that Eurydice would be brought back to earth on one condition: Orpheus could not look at Eurydice. Tragically, in the play, Eurydice called to Orpheus causing him to look back, and so the promise of the child was broken. Because of this episode, Eurydice returned to the netherworld where she found the dwelling built for her by her father had been demolished. Eurydice also found that her father had dipped himself into the river. He had missed Eurydice so much that he risked a second death. So Eurydice also dipped herself into the river and died a second death. Tears streamed down my face when I watched this ending scene.

Orpheus and Eurydice were finding freedom in the context of the play. For example, Orpheus was searching frantically for Eurydice after her death; he even went to the netherworld to seek for her. Orpheus, in fact, loved Eurydice so much that she became a kind of freedom for him. On the other hand, Eurydice was finding freedom on her own terms. She wanted to be with her father and found freedom in remembering her childhood days. Therefore, Eurydice just dipped into the river without a second thought in pursuit of her freedom: as long as she was with her father, then she was free.



# AYUBE ULO

## In the context of you inherit

---

The Oromo nation (Oromia) is the largest Indigenous group of central and southern Ethiopia. The population is over 40 million and they share a single common language—Afaan Oromo. Afaan Oromo belongs to the eastern Cushitic group of languages. Oromia was a free nation that was led for a long period of time by a well-developed democratic and egalitarian political system. That was until Abyssinian colonialism began to take over and gradually had complete control by the end of the 19<sup>th</sup> century.

Oromia was colonized by a group of Abyssinian people from the north. The Abyssinian people refer to themselves as Habasha, Abyssinian, and Ethiopian, and they all speak semantic language. Habasha (a combination of Amara and Tigre people) have been on a conquest to strip the southern Indigenous people of their land, using force and war, with the help of the western world. They have been governing the whole country with guns and practicing all kinds of brutal and cruel violence against all Indigenous peoples (non-Abyssinian) in the south. Gnamo (2014) claims that during the colonial period (1880- 1900) the Oromo people were reduced from a population of ten million people to five million due to war, slavery and famine.

History indicates that the Abyssinian are not of African origin and that they came from Yemen around the 14<sup>th</sup> century (Melbaa 1988). That could be why they are butchering the country and slaughtering innocent human beings who are in their own country and on their own land. They are not human beings, they are pigs that are cruel, savage and lie about their true nature and identities.

Since November 12, 2015, in response to resistance from the Oromo people, the Habasha have been brutally cracking down on innocent Oromo students, peaceful protesters, journalists, opposition party leaders, farmers, workers, doctors, and civil

organizations. According to Amnesty, they have arrested over 40 thousand people, killed over 400, and wounded over 10,000, and these numbers are still growing (Amnesty 2016). Oromia and the Oromo people fell under a federal police command and military rule. Special Ethiopian forces known as Agazy (a majority of which are Tigray) are terrorizing the Oromo people. Rumors say that American forces trained the Agazy and that the Agazy are sharing student campus dormitories with regular students. Besides killing Oromo citizens who range in age from 5 to 80 years old, there are also reports of rape taking place.

In short, today the Oromo's peaceful struggle is facing massive human rights violations from the Tigrean minority group. In addition, the Tigrean "Master Plan"—which was planned without Oromo presence or consultation—was aimed to evacuate Oromo people from their land and to dispossess them. This was done deliberately by the Tigrean elite and their interest groups. The master plan was kept underground and secret for ten years. Addis Ababa is located in the heart of Oromia and it is the capital city of Oromia and Ethiopia. The Oromo called it Finffinee, while the Habasha call Addis Ababa; it is Oromo land, however there is no sign of Oromo culture or language. There is not a single school using the Oromo language.

The Oromo people have been marginalized socially, politically, and economically. On top of that, Tigrey want to cut Oromia into two pieces—similar to Westbank and Gaza in Palestine—and destroy the unity of the Oromo people by dividing Oromia and its tribes. Oromo means land, and land means Oromo. Land is a backbone to the Oromo people. The scale of one society is their land and their own population. If there is no land there is no Oromo people, or Oromia.

### LANGUAGE

Language is a tool that is essential for one's so-



ciety. It is a fundamental and powerful means of communication that is used all around the world. Without this communication system it is impossible to do anything. Language is an essential way of life: knowledge, education, culture, identity, ability and power all come from language. The development of one's country depends on its language and the language depends on its speakers; if there are no speakers, the language will die, and so will its identity and culture. The Oromo language is the Oromo's identity and it explains their values, beliefs, attitudes, and the fundamental notions of what is true. The Oromo people have fought hard for the past 130 years to keep their language around.

The hegemony of Tigre and their efforts to destroy the Oromo language have been unspeakable. If you are heard speaking the native language, officials will arrest you, kill you, insult and humiliate you. It is very similar to what took place in Indian residential schools in Canada. Nonetheless, the Oromo language has survived and is still functioning strongly regardless of the oppression. According to Melbaa (1988), it is the third largest language spoken in Africa and the first largest language spoken in Ethiopia; is considered one of the five most widely spoken languages out of the approximately 1000 languages of Africa; and is rated second among the African Indigenous languages. The Oromo language has an extraordinarily rich heritage of proverbs, stories, songs and riddles as well as very comprehensive plant and animal names.

## CULTURE

Culture means everyday life, it describes and defines one's society and different aspects of one's life: social, political, technological, and historical. It defines one's identity, knowledge, abilities, and relationships. The invasions of Oromo land by Muslims in the east and Christians in the North have left their marks on the Oromo culture (de Salvaic 1901 (2015)). The Oromo culture and traditions

have survived 130 years of oppression. Most have been forgotten or lost, artifacts have been destroyed, and the Oromo have been discouraged from being themselves. The Oromo culture is very rich and very powerful. There are over 40 million people who practice and celebrate this culture but, nonetheless, the Oromo culture has been banned and insulted: called savage, evil, and uncivilized.

## LAND

The Oromo land (laffaa Oromo) is larger than France and if Cuba, Bulgaria and Britain were put together, they would be approximately equal to Oromia, or the Oromo land, in size (Melbaa 1988). The physical geography ranges from rugged mountain ranges, flat grasslands, and many rivers and lakes. Many of the rivers flow westwards into either the blue or white Nile and others flow eastwards into Somalia and Afar. Without these rivers, life for the people of Egypt, Sudan, and Somalia would have been extremely difficult or seemingly impossible and would place their lives in jeopardy.

Right now, Oromo land is in jeopardy because if the Tigre government succeeds with the Master Plan, they will have successfully cut Oromia into two pieces. This will help them replace Oromo identity, culture, and language with their own and displace the Oromo people, leaving them homeless. Thus the Oromo people are standing together more than ever to diminish this evil strategy and have been facing brutal punishment and ethnic cleansing every day since November 12th, 2015.

Oromo people are dying every day because they say no to the Master Plan—no to their administration and their ruling class. Tigre has no legitimacy to lead the country. They are only leading the country down a devastating path that ends in genocide, such as what happened in Rwanda, Yugoslavia, and Darfur.

Finally, please be advised of this and help the Oro-

mo people and all the other small tribes in Ethiopia who have been marginalized, robbed of their land resources, and denied their lives as human beings. They are fighting against machine guns and brutal force with empty hands.

#### Works Cited

Amnesty. 2016. "Pan African discussion movement, Amnesty and Human Right." Oromia: and Introduction.

de salvaic, Marial. 1901 (2005). "An Ancient People Great African Nation: The Oromo." Ed. Ayalew Kanno.

Gnamo, Abbas. 2014. "Conquest and Resistance in the Ethiopian Empire, 1880-1974." Brill.

Melbaa, Gadaa. 1988. "Oromia: and Introduction to the History of the Oromo People." Kirk House.

### Find freedom in the context of you inherit

---

"Find freedom in the context of you inherit" has many different meanings for many different people. It is about life as a whole—this includes the past, present, and future—but the context of life always changes. Indeed, in the context of life, it is sometimes up and sometimes down; excellent or horrendous. It will appear again one day as it was/is in the history of human kind.

Whenever I say this, I reflect on what we learned in our Indigenous studies and literature classes. The study of the Indigenous peoples of both Canada and the USA is one of the most fascinating histories. Indigenous North Americans survived 150 years of cultural genocide and assimilation, and this resilience gives us a history of value and privilege. Indigenous people and the effort of the Indigenous scholars' have been compromised in the hands of mainstream cultural authorities and academia itself. Historically, these people were pressured into trading their personal identities as Indians for a professional identity, creating tension between an

allegiance to their people and profession. The dual pressure from the Indigenous community and academia hurt those minority scholars who wanted to deliver in both aspects. Inside the academy it was difficult to share their own histories, voices were silenced. But they fought to make things different.

The widespread subjugation and assimilation of Indigenous culture and identity were done deliberately. For instance the Indian residential school system, placing Indigenous people onto reserves, and the ban of cultural celebrations are some of the unforgettable memories surrounding Indigenous people from both outside and inside their communities. All of these things are the result of a cruel and unfair system.

In fact, without any sacrifice, nobody can keep his or her own dignity. Therefore, the sacrifice and resilience of Indigenous peoples for their own cultures and histories gives us value and hope that their rich histories can now pass safely from generation to generation. Finally, the devotion and dedication of the people who help with Indigenous studies are remarkable, I would like to say thank you!



# FRED SHANTZ

(COOK'S FERRY FIRST NATION OF NLAKA'PAMUX)

## Where have all the Indians gone?

---

### *Introduction*

Each Hum101/201 class starts with a 30-minute small group discussion. During the course of one particular discussion, two of my classmates discussed their experiences and observations in regards to Aboriginal people and the prison system. They said many Native people end up with longer and tougher prison sentences than the average middle class, non-Native person. In Canada, the law is supposed to be applied equally to all citizens, as stated in the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms section 15:(1): “Every individual is equal before and under the law and has the right to equal benefit of the law without discrimination and, in particular, without discrimination based on race, national or ethnic origin, color, religion, sex, age or mental or physical disability.” My classmates’ comments raised my curiosity about how different groups are treated under the law today. This paper will show that compared to other ethnic groups, Aboriginal people are treated disproportionately by the Canadian criminal justice system. I will demonstrate that there have been steps taken to address this problem and there are success stories to take note of, but rather than the incarceration rates for Aboriginal people decreasing, the reverse is happening.

### *Incarceration and Social History*

The following statistics were found in the Correctional Service of Canada website ([www.csc-scc.gc.ca](http://www.csc-scc.gc.ca)). Aboriginals today make up 3.7% of the Canadian population. However, men form 23.2% of the federal inmate population. Women fare even worse forming 33.6% of federal inmates. According to statistics Canada, when combining the federal, provincial, and territorial prisoners, 25% of males and 41% of females in custody are of Aboriginal descent (Correctional Service of Canada 2016).

The Supreme Court of Canada has recognized

important factors that have contributed to the over-representation of Aboriginal people in corrections. In a landmark case, *R. v. Gladue* (1999), a Métis woman was convicted of the manslaughter of her common-law husband in British Columbia, and the judge decided that since the woman was living off-reserve, that no consideration of her Aboriginal status should come into play. This case was appealed all the way to the Supreme Court of Canada, where the justice declared that courts must take into judicial notice such matters as the history of colonialism, displacement, and the Indian residential school system, and how these histories continue to translate into lower educational attainment, lower incomes, high unemployment, substance abuse and suicide, and of course higher levels of incarceration of Aboriginal peoples. Correctional decision must take into account Aboriginal history when the liberty of an Aboriginal offender is at stake (e.g., security classification, penitentiary placement, community release decisions).

The decision is asking judges to think about the history of oppression that Aboriginal peoples have faced before sentencing. Some of the histories cited by the *R. v. Gladue* (1999) ruling include: effects of the Indian residential school system; experiences in the child welfare or adoption system; effects of the dislocation and dispossession of Aboriginal peoples; family or community history of suicide, substance abuse, and/or victimization; loss of, or struggle with cultural/spiritual identity; levels of formal education; poverty and poor living conditions; and exposure to/membership in Aboriginal street gangs.

To acknowledge the struggles faced by Aboriginal peoples is an important step in reconciliation.

### *Indian Residential School system*

When children reached the age of five-years-old, they were taken away from their families—by force if needed—and sent to schools that were usually far from their home communities. In these schools,

they would only get to see their families in the summer and only then if the school was near enough to their communities so as to be convenient for the school to send them home. Many young people did not return to their homes until they were eighteen-years-old, and having been gone so long they had little, if any, connection to their community. While at school they were forbidden to speak in their Native language or practicing their religious beliefs. As boys and girls were often kept separate, brothers and sisters would lose touch with each other, even if they were at the same school.

#### *Dislocation and Dispossession*

Many Aboriginal bands were moved off their traditional lands and placed on reserves at the *pleasure* of the Crown. Most reserves are in remote areas, are on non-agricultural land, and do not have adequate access to hydro, sewage, clean drinking water, or roads.

#### *Cultural and Spiritual Identity*

From 1884 until 1951, the federal government banned the potlatch and other First Nations' ceremonies in an attempt to force Aboriginal peoples into the so-called mainstream society.

The forcing of children to speak only English or French at Indian residential schools has in many cases resulted in the loss of their traditional languages, with many bands having only a hand full of fluent speakers—usually elders. In many cases there has been a complete loss of fluent speakers.

#### *Restorative Justice*

The Correctional Service of Canada implemented several policies to address the systemic flaws in the correctional system. These include Aboriginal concepts of justice and reconciliation. The approach attempts to be holistic and spiritual. Some programs include:

1. Support from elders and Aboriginal communities. Having the elders and people from the Aboriginal

community come into the prison and talk to and stay connected to inmates while they are serving their sentences.

2. Nine healing lodges have opened up across Canada, two of which are for women. These are not a part of the general prison system, but separate facilities designed to better meet the needs of Aboriginal peoples. Most are in rural settings, with culturally appropriate programs, and based on Native spiritual beliefs, settings, and staff. These are meaningful since, for example, the traditional Native practices of smudging or the taking in of burning medicines such as sweet grass or sage, are banned in the regular prisons.

The Correctional Service of Canada is also working with Aboriginal communities throughout the country to enhance the role of Aboriginal communities in corrections and to reintegrate Aboriginal offenders back into Aboriginal communities. The “Corrections and Conditional Release Act” (1992) governs the Corrections Service of Canada. In this legislation, Section 84 of the Act states, “where an inmate who is applying for parole has expressed an interest in being released to an Aboriginal community, the service shall, with the inmate’s consent, give the Aboriginal community:

- (a) Adequate notice of the inmate’s parole review or their statutory release date, as the case may be; and
- (b) An opportunity to propose a plan for the inmate’s release and integration into that community.

The Aboriginal substance abuse program has had good success, with 80% of those completing the program not returning to the institution” (Ministry of Justice 1992).

In spite of the Supreme Court of Canada’s instruction from the *R. v. Gladue* (1999) case and the progressive initiatives mentioned, in the period

# FRED SHANTZ

(COOK'S FERRY FIRST NATION OF NLAKA'PAMUX)

from 2002 until 2012, the amount of Aboriginal men in federal jurisdiction rose 34%, from 2209 inmates to 2966 inmates. The rates for women are even worse, rising 97%, from 104 inmates to 205 inmates (csc-scc.gc.ca 2016).

Some notable exceptions are in the province of Quebec where the rate of Aboriginal inmates at the provincial level is nearly the same as their representation in the general population—3.7%. Also, in the prairie provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba, Aboriginals make up over 60% of the inmate population (www.csc-scc.gc.ca 2016).

## Conclusion

The proposals of the *R. v. Gladue* (1999) Supreme Court case are promising, but as long as accused Aboriginals continue to be sentenced at a much higher rate than non-Aboriginal people, things will only get worse. The fact that the rates of incarceration are growing in leaps and bounds since the decision was handed down, shows that it is time for the federal government to become more proactive and force some change in the way these cases are handled. As the courts have not changed their ways, the outcomes with the criminal justice system keep getting worse for Aboriginal people.

## Works Cited

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

Canadian Correctional Service of Canada. 2016. www.csc-scc.gc.ca. Web.

Ministry of Justice. 1992. *Corrections and Conditional Release Act*. <http://laws-lois.justice.gc.ca>

*R.v Gladue*. 1999. Print

## Time well spent

---

I think about the time that I have spent this year at the University of British Columbia as time well spent. Remembering how pleased I felt when Paul

Woodhouse, the Programme Coordinator, phoned me and told me that I would be able to come to the University for this year's class. Most days, I waited in the rain for the 99 B-Line express bus to arrive, hoping that there would be an empty seat for the thirty-five-minute drive to the university. Watching along the trip as the bus slowly passed from East Vancouver's older houses and stores to the posh multi-million-dollar houses of Point Grey, eventually arriving at the campus bus loop, and being unleashed into the hustle and bustle of so many people all purposely hurrying to some important destination. Then I would head to the new student "Nest" for a meal with my classmates. We would have lively talks about the news of the week, or the topic of the upcoming class. The day would always end up being interesting, since each class was taught by a different professor speaking about their particular area of expertise.

Our theme for this year was "find freedom in the context you inherit." Having the chance to go to the University of British Columbia and learn about such a broad range of subjects like Indian residential schools, globalization, gentrification, endangered languages, philosophy, architecture, and many more — this is in itself a form of freedom. It was a great chance to see the world in a broader scope than one might glean from viewing the world in the hour-long perspective of the daily news. I have learned so much about topics that would not really come up in a random conversation, but after you learn about the subject, it brings a lot of points into a clearer perspective. It's compelling to realize the construction of new places changes the whole dynamic of a neighbourhood — like the towers at the old Woodward's store in Vancouver's Downtown Eastside. Old single residential occupancy rooms that accommodate low-income people are upgraded to make the area more desirable. This lets the landlords raise the rent above the \$375 that the Ministry of Employment and Income Assistance feels is an adequate amount for housing in our city. Once social housing units are lost, the market — not

the government – controls the price of these rooms, which for many are the last viable option before living on the street.

I really feel that the time spent in class was time well spent and that the knowledge that was imparted does lead to a kind of freedom.

# JASON LAXDAL

## Is Hum “university set free?”

---

The quick answer is, yes! However, I have to back up what I got. Also, I have to be polite, as many students come to UBC, and they pay full fare to come to one of the best schools in the world.

As students they pay thousands of dollars to be part of this community, in the city of Vancouver. Students pay for tuition and to rent a room in a dorm or to live off campus; several thousand dollars a month just in living expenses. In the context of the Hum and the Science 101 programs, the educational element is available for free. Imagine if these programs were credited or available in all the different departments at UBC: in business, or music, or law. Take a law program like Hum. Imagine that! I can then see that the student who actually pays would not get ahead. Travel. That's it. All that did was move.

For current students, the burden of a student loan hasn't hit them yet. Big banks got in on issuing low-interest student loans. Many countries are looking at eliminating the ugly cost of the long and painful interest linked to student loans. For many, the schooling that was supposed to help students ultimately becomes a headache and stressful burden.

We have great schools. We have spaces for education. We have the resources and we have the means and ability to remove the costs of education. So, if there is any reason a free program can't go forward, it's because of politics. Unfortunately, someone will always try to stop something that is seen to be given away.

There are free universities and opportunities to get an academic education in many countries. In Brazil, the ministry of education offers free education. The ministry offers scholarships for undergraduates, masters, doctoral and postdoctoral for Brazilians. In European countries such as France and Malta,

tuition is usually free for European students. Tuition is usually free to all European and international students in Scotland. In Sri Lanka, free education is provided by the government.

The Internet has also opened the door to online credit and non-credit courses; so, if you have a computer and an interest in any courses, you could find what you want online. So, when a politician speaks to free education for colleges and university levels, I don't listen to the rhetoric about how it can't happen. It just takes the action of putting the programs in place. The system does not fall apart or come to a stop. The lights still work, teachers still get paid, and the maintenance people still mop and clean up the cafeteria. People make misjudgments about ideas of free schooling, or they don't want someone else to get that advantage and will stop it at any cost.

Being set free is when you realize that you're taking steps towards independence. You're free! Being able to stand up and take on an idea, confident, focused, and able to take on the task and follow through. It means I'm participating in the system that works, by means of the positive actions within it, peer supported, and with cooperative motivations to keep the discussions going.

Compulsory education is typically funded through taxes. Countries have seen the advantages of having an educated society, so options become available to make it easier to get involved with the system and keep the cost of it down. Of course education helps us to be a part of the changes that occur in society. Keeping up with fresh ideas is keeping involved with the conversation. Homeschooling, correspondence courses, or private schooling provide alternatives, but can be costly and profit-based.

I will end by using a fictional character in the fantasy *The Once and Future King*, by T.H White:

“The best thing for being sad,” replied Merlyn,



beginning to puff and blow, “is to learn something. That is the only thing that never fails. You may grow old and trembling in your anatomies, you may lie awake at night listening to the disorder of your veins, you may miss your only love, you may see the world about devastated by evil lunatics or know your honour trampled in the sewers of baser minds. There is only one thing for it then—to learn. Learn why the world wags and what wags it. That is the only thing which a mind can never exhaust, never alienate, never be tortured by, never fear or distrust, and never dream of regretting. Learning is the only thing for you. Look what a lot of things there are to learn.”

### **Finding freedom in the context we inherit**

---

I have to believe in my yield to others who went before me. I yield through humility, acceptance, and the knowledge that nature has its place in society and in our culture.

Does settler-colonial culture acknowledge and answer for being intrusive people who have suppressed the families, fathers and mothers, children, and the many souls, in the selling of illegally occupied lands?

A lot of non-Native people just went about our day, using land that was under someone else’s title. We just took it for granted, and put down rules and difficult guidelines for them to follow. I feel emotions passing through me as I consider the end of the old days of colonialism, and the opening to new times where we acknowledge where things actually went wrong, and how we got to here and now. To balance the spirit, we are just now stepping back so that the original host peoples are given true respect and personal recognition, the resources and rewards, of being equal on these lands.

Canadian governments control the money for pub-

lic programs that are essential for funding public benefits. Pulling funds from education, community programs and family assistance creates vulnerabilities and biases, making it harder for people to get basic needs like groceries, and compromising their ability to take care of themselves. Furthermore, the systematic moving of offices, introducing irregular hours, changing the names of offices, closing of offices, and the cutting of programs all become barriers to a person’s moral standing and participation in the community.

I never understood the pulling funds from education, the closing of halfway houses, or the shutting down of outreach programs; I think it’s better to keep them running, just like a fire station, just ‘in case.’

My view of how the government works comes both from my father, who had an office in the Manitoba Legislative Building and worked on urban development, and from my own service in the military, where I saw some of the government’s inside mechanisms. I was in the 1st Battalion, Princess Patricia’s Canadian Light Infantry during the Cold War Reagan years when we were peacekeepers. As far as I’m concerned, there should be no secret military budget, and the Navy should have to ask for money just like everybody else.

Our taxes are for us. I learned that we pay a tax to keep things running. Every time the till rings in a store, a tax goes toward the running of our country. Taxes are to keep the entire population of a country educated, fed and healthy, with a health care system to take care of you in emergencies, with power and shelter to live comfortably. I would hope that this is for every Canadian in all the communities in Canada. If I look at what I have learned through the Hum 201 course, it seems that most of it goes to the cities, and almost nothing goes to the northern communities and to First Nations communities.

I must ask, where do I fit in? We know that the world is round, and that North America was built upon the

movement of people from all over the world. My grandparents are from Iceland and Ukraine; both countries had mass emigration to North America in the later 1800s.

Growing up in the farm community of Binscarth, Manitoba, the railway ran by one side of town, and there was the Indian Reserve where Cree, Blackfoot and many Métis lived in the small group of government houses. I remember the houses were built quickly, and only a few years later the siding was peeling, roof tiles coming loose.

Even to us kids, it was pretty obvious and we really were not happy about it, but it wasn't something we could talk about. I made a lot of friends there, and we played together. They would teach me a lot of the natural skills they still carry, like tracking and how to set up a snare. In our class about First Nations and Indigenous languages, I was reminded about learning a few swear words in Cree.

Over in the Native side of town, I could see that what became known as "The Corner" was the Reserve. Prairie winters are pretty cold. During those cold winters, I would visit my friends, not really taking it in then, but seeing that it was OK to keep your coat and shoes on, because those the government houses were so poorly insulated.

Now, I'm sitting here in this place, knowing I have a sense of belonging in a global society, in a community that is open. Maybe a drum can be at the heart of it all. The young are involved. They are out there, and as generations will continue to grow with a close eye from the Elders, from the Elders who keep the young involved.

There is nothing wrong inside the village; it's those outside with vested interests pulling funds from community programs, education and support. This reinforces a biased perspective of history where those who have the power to decide on where money goes do so with no conscience. This creates a

divide, an artificial wall, putting vested interests in front of a community, which affects the community as a whole – the global community. The impact of ignoring a northern community has now shown that the people are suffering. The water crises and the recent shooting at the school are examples of our system's failing.

Of course, this is will bring some new light, but I am hoping for a new chapter, and maybe our new Prime Minister has seen the same things and decides to return the funding so that communities can build themselves up again.



# LORNA JOHNSON

## Transformations

---

The Creation sculpture *Raven and the First Men* by Bill Reid in the Museum of Anthropology at the University of British Columbia (UBC) represents transformation. Originally, the land where the museum is located belonged to the Musqueam First Nations peoples. New immigrants from Europe took over the land from the Musqueam. During the time of World War II, Point Grey Fort occupied a large part of the land,<sup>1</sup> including where the Museum of Anthropology is located now. The museum commissioned a sculpture from Bill Reid. This sculpture was placed on the old gun turret site, which was within the building of the museum.<sup>2</sup> It is a story or re-creation, of First Nations peoples returning to Musqueam territory within the museum.

Musqueam were the First peoples to live on this land. The territory includes the areas we call Vancouver, West Vancouver, North Vancouver, Burrard Inlet, New Westminister, Burnaby, Delta, Surrey, and Richmond.<sup>3</sup> They had longhouses and lived in villages. The land had many different kinds of animals that the Musqueam peoples hunted and trapped. There were deer, bear, elk, duck, and rodents.<sup>4</sup> Much of the food came from the waters. Salmon was the staple fish eaten by the Musqueam people.<sup>5</sup> Other foods were oysters, from the oyster beds on the sandbar, small fish called ooligans, and an interesting plant named sea asparagus, that looks like long greenish-blue beans came from the shore.<sup>5</sup> Land itself had abundant food, with wild cabbage, mushroom, and berries.<sup>6</sup> The Musqueam were completely self-sufficient.

The arrival of Europeans in the 1800s<sup>3</sup> saw the first transformation of the lands. They took over the area from the Musqueam with no compensation offered to these First Nations peoples. European diseases like smallpox killed many Musqueam and other First Nations people. Settlers burned down Musqueam longhouses. The new immigrants

built sawmills on areas of Musqueam land and used the lumber to construct their homes. Hudson Bay company products were used and traded to First Nations peoples. These Canadians left toxic waste and garbage in their new communities. The waters were polluted. Sea asparagus no longer grows along the shore.<sup>5</sup> A railway line constructed in 1913 severely damaged salmon runs.<sup>3</sup> European population increased, and there were more mills, houses and shantytowns. Part of the former Musqueam land on the southwest coast of B.C. became home to a new university called the University of British Columbia. UBC's Point Grey campus, on Musqueam land, was opened in 1925.<sup>6</sup>

During World War II, some of the land in Point Grey was occupied by a military installation. Point Grey Fort occupied a large area, including where the Museum of Anthropology is located now. There were soldiers, barracks, and gun turrets. Three gun turrets, with guns facing the coastal waters, protected the land from invaders. When the war ended, the military pulled out from the site. The guns were removed from the turrets in late 1948 or early 1949. The government gave the land to UBC.<sup>1</sup> There was no acknowledgement by the government or UBC that this was the traditional land of Musqueam peoples.

In the early 1970's, UBC constructed the Museum of Anthropology on part of the former military site. Items, which had been housed in the basement of the Main Library in 1947, were moved into the museum.<sup>7</sup> Of the three remaining gun turrets, one of these turrets was within the new museum, and something needed to be done with this turret. This brought about another transformation. Haida artist Bill Reid told them he could help with the turret problem.<sup>2</sup> The museum commissioned Bill Reid to create a sculpture from a small carving he had made ten years earlier.<sup>8</sup> The piece was recreated in a much larger size, becoming a Creation story.

The sculpture is called *Raven and the First Men*.

It is placed upon the gun turret. This big, round concrete structure is the base. Sand from coastal waters is inside the base.<sup>2</sup>The sculpture is a Raven carrying a clamshell, which the Raven discovered; and Raven is releasing six figures from the shell. Some of the creatures seem to be excited to enter the world, and others are reluctant to join. It is ironic to see a piece of death, which the gun turret represents, providing the base for Raven and a creation of mankind story. In a sense, the Europeans arrival, and also the World War between white men, was the death of the Musqueam reign on the land. Raven and Clamshell represent a reclaiming of First Nations territory on B.C.'s southwest coast. It is a re-creation story.

The coast of southwest BC has seen many transformations. Musqueam were the first inhabitants. Immigrants from Europe arrived and pushed out many Musqueam people, which was a transformation from First Nations peoples to white Europeans. During World War II, a coastal defense force arrived on these shores, and was a second transformation. After the war ended, the Museum of Anthropology was built upon the land where the fort had stood, representing a third transformation. An abandoned gun turret within the Museum came to support a First Nations sculpture by Bill Reid, called *Raven and the First Men*. This represents a re-creation story and was the final transformation.

### Works cited

1. Moogk, Peter N. 1978. *Vancouver Defended: History of the Men and Guns of the Lower Mainland Defences, 1859-1949*. Surrey, B.C.: Antonson Pub..
2. Rowley, Susan. 2015. "Raven has never left this place." UBC Museum of Anthropology, Vancouver. 1 October 2015. Museum Tour.
3. Musqueam Indian Band. *Musqueam: A Living Culture*. Victoria: Copperwood Communications, 2006.
4. Hull, Raymond, and Olga Huskin. "Memories of Growing Up in Vancouver." *Gassy Jack*. Web.
5. Maracle, Lee. 2010. "Goodbye Snauq." *First*

*Wives Club: Coast Salish Style*. Penticton, BC: Theytus.

6. UBC. "A Brief History of the University of British Columbia." *University of British Columbia Library*.

7. "Museum of Anthropology at UBC." *Wikipedia*.

8. Tippet, Maria. 2003. *Bill Reid: The Making of an Indian*. Toronto: Random House.

## Reflective Writing: Learning about St Eugene Residential School

---

I found the classes in Hum201 on residential schools to be a view-changer. During my youth, I had a white person's gaze. My interactions with local First Nations peoples was limited to casually knowing two people from the Creston Band. One person was a girl in my English class at the high school in Creston. The other person was a middle-aged woman named Mary who lived in the same community as my family and myself. I grew up in the East Kootenay area of British Columbia and attended high school in Creston. During my school years, I read many Western novels. All of the stories had white male heroes protecting white ranchers and their cattle from white male outlaws or marauding bands of Indians. Apparently, all the villages and towns were built by white folk. My classmate was bussed into town from the reserve. In the small community where I lived, twenty-five miles east of Creston, a middle-aged woman named Mary from the Creston Reserve had a home with her white common-law husband.

As a child, Mary had attended a residential school 60 miles east of our community near Cranbrook at the St. Eugene Mission on the St. Mary Reserve. I once asked Mary what she had learned at the school, and she said "sewing." Mary was a very quiet and polite woman. Sometimes, our family would receive a phone call from a neighbour of Mary's because her husband had locked her out of their home. My Dad and I would drive over to her house and bring her to our home. Mary lived all of her adult life in the

community and died in her 50's from heart failure. Many of her relatives still live on the Creston Band Reserve land, and one of her brothers was Chief of the Band when I was in high school. He had escaped going to the residential school.

In February 2016, our Hum class saw a film about residential schools in Canada. I learned a great deal about what life must have been like for Mary during her years at the St. Eugene Mission School. It was a revelation to see how much those schools were entrenched in Canadian law. Students were compelled to attend. The churches ran schools on behalf of the government. The school must have given Mary's name to her. Sewing was taught, as well as other home-making skills. That school caused children to be isolated from their families, lose their names, and lose their language; their self-esteem was badly damaged and other horrible abuses sometimes occurred. On the night of March 23, 2016, I saw a story about the St Eugene Mission School, as told by former student, Dr. Sophie Pierre. She talked about the nuns at the school taking her clothes when she arrived and giving her other clothes to wear. The nuns said the children's culture was the work of the devil. Sophie was always lonesome at the school. Children cried during the night and none of the children felt important.<sup>1</sup> It was shocking to hear her story. I am sure the experience for Mary was the same as Sophie's experience, or perhaps worse. Sophie concluded by saying that you were left feeling that you didn't fit in anywhere.<sup>1</sup>

In 1970, the St Eugene Mission School closed down. Dr. Sophie Pierre was Chief of the St. Mary's Band of the Ktunaxa Nation for twenty-six years. The three-storey school building sat closed for a long time. Eventually, it was turned into a 125-room hotel with a casino and golf course, and was called the St. Eugene Resort. "The Golf Course opened in May 2000, the Casino opened in September 2002, and the hotel opened in January 2003."<sup>2</sup> There are 250 people working at this resort, and 17% are First Nations.<sup>2</sup> The Christie Clark Liberal government

is promoting this gambling complex as a recipient of BCLC grants. One of the former students has a job at the resort and is in the television commercial talking about having gone to the residential school. He appears to have a maintenance job at the hotel/casino. I have visited this casino a number of times and know local people who often gamble at the casino. People who live on the reserve and also people from the nearby city of Cranbrook often go to this casino. The casino/hotel has two crosses on the top of the building above the entrance, symbolizing the Christian residential school history.

I have seen my view of residential schools change since taking the Hum course. Now, I know that residential schools didn't treat students respectfully or teach them a proper school curriculum. A few years ago, I recall listening to someone discuss the differences in numbers of generations taken between Chinese Canadians, Japanese Canadians, and First Nations Peoples of Canada to see children go on to university. The question was posed, why was it taking more generations for the First Nations children to reach university? I know the answer now. In some cases, two generations of First Nations Peoples attended residential schools. The academic education at these schools was very poor. There was also the loss of land and communities treating local First Nations Peoples like second-class citizens. As a consequence of all this newfound knowledge, I traded my white person's gaze for a multicultural gaze.

## Works cited

*Dreamers and Dissidents*. Dir. Amy Bohigian. Watershed Productions, 2015.

"About Us." *St. Eugene Golf Resort & Casino*. Web.



# BUFFALO STAR WOMAN

(SANDRA DELORME), NISICHAWAYASIIHK CREE NATION

## My legacy

---

“It was cheaper to educate an Indian than to kill one”—Davin report 1879.

### Introduction

The Canadian government had to fight nine different Indian wars in Canada between 1858-1877. Aboriginal people were not giving up their rights to the Canadian Crown. To fight these wars was expensive, so in order to control the “Indian problem,” the Canadian government changed tactics; from killing Indians to educating them. The first Indian residential school was instituted in 1890-1 (Fletcher 2011). They were used as a way for the Canadian government to assimilate and control Indigenous peoples, such as myself, by taking children from their families and putting them into these schools. Aboriginal people were forced to attend Indian residential schools and this has had devastating effects. The trauma of these schools is in my DNA, like many other survivors, and those who experience the intergenerational effects. In this paper I will reflect on the legacy of the Indian residential school system in the context of myself and my loved ones, and how I have found freedom in the context that I inherited.

### Indian Residential School System

I am a fourth generation survivor of the Indian residential school system. I went to an Indian day school, which was crazy, but I was allowed home to my father at night. Between 1884-1996 the Canadian Government placed 150,000 Indigenous children into church run residential schools. This was how the Canadian government was controlling the “Indian problem,” by separating families and attempting to assimilate Indians into mainstream society. Children were not allowed to speak their Native languages or practice their traditional ways.

The Indian residential school system was supposed to educate Indigenous students, but no such luck. Students received an inferior education that focused on training for manual labour and agricultural work (Indigenousfoundationsarts.ubc.ca). They wanted to assimilate Aboriginal people into the lower working classes. Educated Aboriginal people would have meant trouble for the Canadian government. An educated Indigenous person, like a judge or a lawyer, would be able to challenge the Canadian government’s gruesome treatment in the Indian residential school system. Students faced “horrendous abuse by the staff: physical, sexual, emotional, and psychological” (Indigenousfoundationarts.ubc.ca). In June 2008, the Truth and Reconciliation Commission (TRC) was formed, and since then many brave people have come out and talked about their experiences of sexual, physical, emotional and psychology abuse. Survivors recall being beaten and strapped, some students were shackled to their beds, some had needles shoved in their tongues for speaking their Native languages (Indigenousfoundationsarts.ubc.ca). The conditions inside the schools were terrible. In 1922, Dr. F. A. Corbett was commissioned to do a medical inspection, and he reported that “the buildings are dilapidated; ventilation is poor, children are far below health standards in appearance; 70% are infected with tuberculosis, many have scrofulous sores requiring prompt medical attention” (Corbett in Fletcher 2011).

In an attempt to help people with healing, the Canadian government offered residential school survivors and their children 22 free visits with therapists and psychologists in order to help them deal with our trauma—they should have offered more. The TRC is educating Canada and the rest of the world about the Indian residential school system. The healing has begun. I have no clue how long it will take for my country to listen and learn about this brutal system and stop being so racist towards Indigenous people. I face discrimination on a daily basis.



### Legacy of the system

On June 22, 2003, I woke up at 5:00 a.m. and turned on the BCTV news at 5.30 a.m. Details of a car accident were being reported and right away I thought, where was my son, Howie. I later found out that Howie was in that deadly car accident; killed during a pursuit by some Vancouver Police Department's traffic cops. *The Province* newspaper reported: "Howard Wayne Delorme, 17, a passenger in the Honda Civic, was killed in the crash" (O'Brian 2003).

My son's tragic death made headline news across Canada. *The Vancouver Sun* and *The Province* newspapers carried on reporting about the accident for a whole year. One report looked at the pattern of car thefts in Vancouver and blamed Aboriginal youth: "the troubling teen accidents led a corrections officer from the Burnaby Youth Secure Custody to blame government cutbacks for the wayward teens" (Austin 2003).

In a follow up to the incident in 2005, *The Vancouver Sun* interviewed VPD chief Jim Chu. He said, "Police, schools, government, the courts, and parents must work together to deal with youth vehicle theft...this is a big social problem, this is something we need to work on as a community, not just laying blame on any specific organization or any level of government or the courts" (Baron 2005). Chief Chu had wishful thinking. "First Nations children are more likely to go to jail than to graduate from school" (Therien 2011). When Howie was still alive, he was in and out of Wellington youth detention Centre. The VPD juvenile police hated him. The Vancouver school system failed him. It has failed the three living generations of my family: myself, late Howie and my grandson. The whole system—school, courts, police—has failed us, so how can "we" work as a community with all that has happened?

One newspaper report did acknowledge Aboriginal

history: "At the root of many Aboriginal youth problems is a lack of parental guidance." The author said this was to do with "residential schools, which removed Aboriginal children from their families, communities and cultures and failed to prepare them adequately as parents themselves" (Read and O'Brian 2003). If I were born in a perfect world, without the legacy of Indian residential school system, I believe my son would not have died in that stolen car. If I were given a proper education, I would not have been hanging out on Hastings Street. Many Aboriginal people live with similar tragedies like mine.

### Finding freedom

In 2014, after the hell I went through, I finally got on the right path by writing an essay for the Vancouver School Board. They sent me to the Carnegie Centre to meet Dr. Butler and Paul Woodhouse. I was accepted into the Writing101 course. I completed Writing101, and Hum101 the following year. I've now done Hum201. This program was where I found the confidence to write my stories: 'My Boy,' 'Broken Culture,' 'Resilience,' and many other stories which set me free in the context that I inherited. My education is very important because it has given me the confidence to write my stories. 22 years ago I was told that I had a writing talent. I never believed my upgrading instructor at King Edward Campus until I enrolled at UBC. It was like my soul woke up when I wrote stories about my painful past. Writing gave me my freedom. My younger children saw me go through the steps to be a better writer. And they have learnt never to give up on their dreams. It took a lot of hard work, but helping to rebuild my confidence was worth it.

### Work Cited

Austin, Ian. 2003. "Death Car Driver only 14, but had a long History with the Police" *The Province*. June 24.

Ethan Baron with a file Elaine O'Connor. 2005. "New charge against driver, now 16" *The Province*.

May 6.

Fletcher, Wendy. 2011. "What were we thinking: Ten Windows on the Past." Prepared for Exploration in Indigenous Spirituality and Reconciliation.

indigenousfoundationstarts.ubc.ca

O'Brian, Amy. 2003. "14-year-old driver in fatal crash." *The Vancouver Sun*. Feb 11.

Read, Nicholas, and Amy O'Brian. 2003. "Police skeptical of boy's claim he was in death car." *The Vancouver Sun*. June 24.

Therien, Emile. 2011. "The national shame of Aboriginal incarceration." *The Globe and Mail*. July 20.

### **Finding Freedom in Hum201**

---

I went to a traditional Yuwipi healing ceremony while I was in Hum201, and it was there that I received my new name; Buffalo Star Woman. Hum201 woke up my soul by setting me free in the context that I've inherited. In one of my favourite classes, we discussed the Indian residential school system. As you can see from my essay, I wrote about the legacy of this system. When writing, I broke down and cried three times, because I was writing about my son's death. I went through *The Province* and *The Vancouver Sun* archives to find quotes about my boy's fatal car accident. It was one of the hardest things I had to do, but I did it.

Another favourite class was when master carver Beau Dick was our teacher, who I have been friends with since I was 18-years-old. He used to live near me, off Commercial Drive. I have always loved the way that he told stories of the Kwakwa\_ka\_wa'kw people. Throughout my years of knowing and being around him – at his carving places, art galleries or at potlatch – I found him to be such an awesome storyteller.

I was so grateful to hear one of his stories, Atłakima, because I attended many potlatches where Beau danced with his family. In both classes that Beau

taught, I listened carefully to every word, especially when he was telling us about the young boy, Kwakwalas and the story is about freedom, fulfillment, and tragedy. Throughout the years I saw Beau carve masks that are a part of this precious story.

Tragedy and trauma are what First Nations people have known since settler contact: Colonization, Indian residential schools, the big scoop and the missing and murdered aboriginal women. These topics were discussed in Hum201. For non-Native students to learn about these things was important, in order to show them what kind of history Native people have experienced.

Beau Dick will always be one of my heroes. He supported his family through his traditional carvings, during very racist times. Beau Dick was such a blessing to native and non-native people. Knowing this remarkable man has helped me find freedom in the context that I inherited.



**From all my relations to all of your relations, may we keep together on the path to peace.**

---

"Long ago, before the dark years, the people of Turtle Island were once a great people who got along with other tribes so they could trade among each other to survive the cold winters. I will not see that... but you will little one."

Albertine Low Horn

Those are the words my grandmother said to me as a child so many years ago, you know that she was right.

I've witnessed the idea of peaceful coexistence in the world we live in today, and I've seen the opposite.

The Oka crisis is an example of non-peaceful co-existence. Here on one side is a tribe that has been moved around by greedy corporations and have never once lifted a finger against them. On the other side is a group of upper class men and women who don't have any regard for life itself.

The Oka crisis was a doorway for Canada and the world to look at itself and ask ourselves 'What do we as human beings truly value?'

The value of a human being or the value of a piece of land that a Nation of people have been taking care of since the beginning of civilization?

We have come a long way since then, such as the closing of all the Indian residential schools in Canada and the inquiry into the way the Canadian government and the Vatican treated the whole Aboriginal population as the outsiders we have become.

Yet not all is lost. Aboriginal students are going to more universities and graduating with PhDs than ever before, and even here in the Humanities 101 Programme, Native and non-Natives are working together to help one another to get an education that either one would not be able to afford.

My Grandma Albertine Low Horn said I would see this happen and she was a wise woman to say so. The lessons that our professor Dr. Margot Leigh Butler teaches are relevant to our life outside of campus life.

When we go on field trips we learn about the things that we can and are able to do as normal people with a limited income. I don't know about you but I'm taking everything that the university and the faculty have to offer me and I'm going to change the world so future generations have the same opportunities that you and I have.

What we do with what we learned here will change the world for the better and who knows, maybe we will one day be a great people once again...all of us on this rock we call Mother Earth.

I would like to acknowledge the Hum helpers for their contribution in making this a better world to learn, live, and love. Without them we would not be able to make this a world to respect and honor. Thank you.

From all my relations to all of your relations may we keep together on the path to peace.



# TERENCE LUI

## A means to freedom

---

Learning requires mental and emotional permeability. This openness is equally conducive to honest exchange in dialogue between people and communities. In the context of HUM, we as participants develop the power to act and make meaning in our world by way of such dialogue. In effect, we create Agency together as a means to freedom. Given the communities to which HUM belongs—Vancouver's Downtown Eastside and Downtown South, both areas with a significant Native presence—HUM may indeed be the finest opportunity in all of Vancouver to unite, or as I prefer to say, re-unite Native and non-Native people in the search for freedom.

Look no further than the opening minutes of each class to experience this phenomenon. It stands to reason that in order to find freedom for our future, we must first acknowledge our present by way of examining our past. HUM sets the course in this direction at the start of every lesson by acknowledging, aloud, that we gather on the traditional and ancestral unceded territory of the Musqueam people. This may seem a small act unworthy of attention, and one hardly unique to HUM at that. Yet upon closer inspection, it is significant in light of the present and past relationship between Native and non-Native people - one which has been marred by many things, unsaid. Together, this class practice reminds us of the context we've inherited, and encourages us to locate ourselves, presently... before going forward in learning with and about each other. All HUM participants who voluntarily lead in this vocal acknowledgment, which Dr. Butler encourages, will no doubt feel a greater sense of personal connection to each other in this relationship. For some, having shared this acknowledgment could mean greater freedom in the future to engage either as, or with, Indigenous people with courage and integrity. Thus freedom to advance from our inherited past is found, together. Before class even begins.

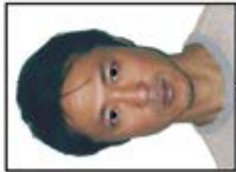
There are many cross-cultural opportunities for freedom to be found in HUM's curriculum, which contains a significant amount of First Nations and Indigenous Studies. For instance, Kwakwaka'wakw Hereditary Chief Beau Dick's beautifully crafted ceremonial masks—both presented to us in his lecture, and experienced in their physical manifestation at the Bill Reid Gallery of Northwest Coast Art - attest to Native and non-Native participants sharing the experience of art, together, with art serving as a conduit of freedom, as the case may be. Art fulfills its social obligations to provoke, reflect, inspire and confront. Under the hands of Beau Dick, the viewer is left with little room to hide... especially from themselves. Each persona carves into our psyche at a single glance, all the more incisively because we recognize every emotion - from despair and menace to joy and insouciance—as being our own at various moments in time. The masks at once inflect and reflect emotions that are universally human. Freedom, within the context of HUM, is found in the disciplines of art, performance and ritual—freedom which allows our emotions, whether deemed good or bad, to find public outlets of acceptance and release, ultimately giving us a momentary reprieve from societal and self-imposed judgments. Beau Dick's art, like all art, professes to validate our humanity in its full spectrum, and paves a path for us beyond our own emotional incarceration... pointing us toward freedom.

The shared freedom inspired by Beau Dick's art, and the infrastructure for freedom built by HUM's classroom (and off campus) practices are different, although not wholly independent. Where one addresses our humanity, the other reconciles our past with our present. They share one thing in common: they have been similarly founded on acknowledgment. I take inspiration in acknowledging these two instances, out of many such moments of freedom found by Native and non-Native people together... on a small piece of the traditional, ancestral and unceded territory of the Musqueam people, which we lovingly call our HUM classroom.

# VICTIM OF RACIALIZATION?

NOT Cutout  
TO BE

CON  
**FUSE**  
IT!



RE  
BEL  
AGA  
INST  
IT!

DIF  
**FUSE**  
IT!



RE  
VEL  
IN  
IT!

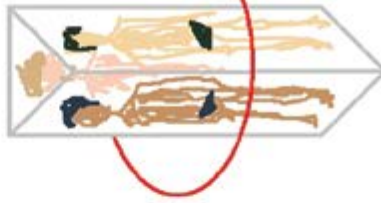
RE  
**FUSE**  
IT!



RE  
APP  
ROP  
RIA  
T E  
IT!

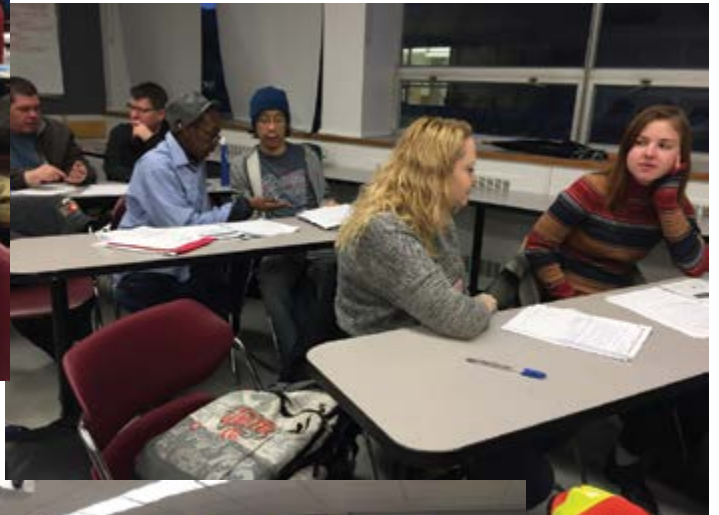
2 DIMENSIONAL?

Together,  
all 3 dolls  
stand  
up  
as 1  
3-di  
men  
sional  
mult-  
i-identify.





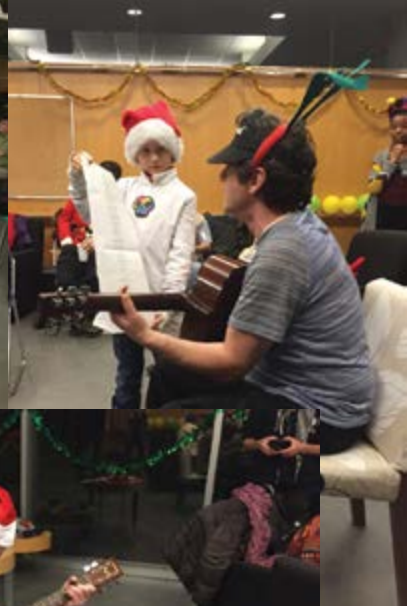




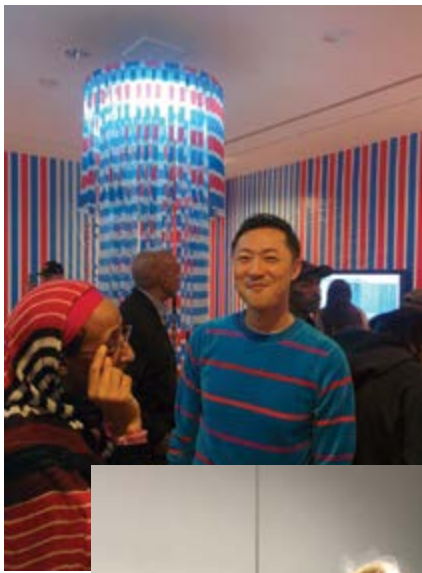


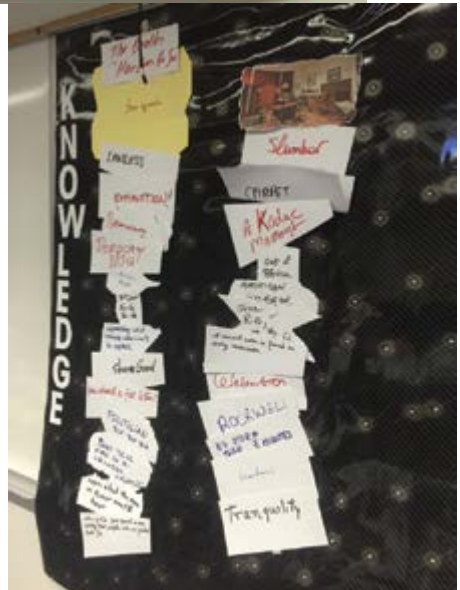










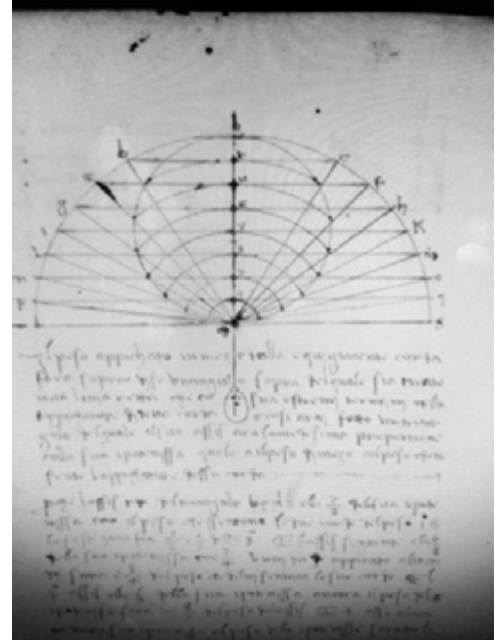




# WRITING COURSE OUTLINE

---

Writing Coordinator: Maureen Phillips  
Mentors: Johnny Jaworski and Kathleen Gowman  
Classroom: Buchanan D, Room 204  
Date: Tuesdays, 6:30 - 9:00 pm  
Term 1 Fall 2015: September 15 - December 8, 2015  
Term 2 Spring 2016: January 5 - April 5, 2016



*Renaissance figure  
Leonardo da Vinci's mirror writing*

## **COURSE DESCRIPTION:**

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

By the end of the course, you'll have learned the vocabulary and practices of writing for personal, creative, academic and professional purposes, helping you to organize, revise and shape your writing with new levels of expertise.

All of our teachers volunteer their time and expertise—we thank them!

## **FEEDBACK ON YOUR WRITING:**

During the Writing course, there are a number of ways to receive input on your writing:

- Writing One-to-One tutors, Mat Arthur and Rebecca Sheppard, are available to meet with you every Tuesday before class in room D 216 from 5:30 to 6:25 p.m.
- In class, from 6:30 to 7:00 p.m. Writing Group offers an opportunity for you to read out your assignments and receive constructive comments from your classmates.
- There will be time to share your in-class writing exercises with the class and teacher.

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

**REQUIREMENTS:**

There will be assignments most evenings. You may choose to do them all, and you must do at least three of them in order to graduate from the course. When you do the assignments, you'll turn them in for feedback, and revise one of which will be included in the Yearbook, ready for the Graduation Ceremony at the end of April. You will need to attend at least eight classes to graduate from this course.

**AUTUMN 2015 AND SPRING 2016**

---

**September 15 + January 5****Meeting, feasting, and navigating our way into Hum at UBC**

Today, people came from all over the world, through the Downtown Eastside and Downtown South, upon B-Lines and trolley buses, towards UBC to meet for the first time as the Hum class of 2015-2016. Together with Hum staff and volunteers, we tucked into some food at the SUB, and followed up with an icebreaker that saw us making shapes all over the Meekison Lounge floor. After this traditional initiation, the term had truly begun.

**September 22 + January 5****Journaling, with Maureen Phillips**

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

**September 29 + February 9****Blogging, with Wil Steele**

Advancing technologies for communications and information production and consumption have turned consumers into the producers. With YouTube and Twitch channels, the Internet has become a battleground of content producers competing with each other for audiences where corporations and private citizens alike both find equal portions of success and failure. Wil explained that writing for

new media includes any form of digitally involved writing. These forms can give a wide reaching voice to anyone who chooses to exercise it, and social media forms such as blogging are the easiest entry-level site of participation.

**October 6****Creative Writing: Poetry, with Ted Byrne**

Ted started the class with a round of exquisite corpse: passing a piece of paper around the room, each participant wrote down one line, with the catch being that people could only read the line immediately preceding theirs. Ted talked about how poetry combines two types of discourse: words that seek to convey or express, and language strategies that evoke a kind of musicality—for example, rhyme and meter.

**October 13 + January 26****Songs and Lyrics, with Carol Sawyer**

For this class, Carol invited the class to pick one of their favorite songs. We listened to a minute of each song in class, paying special attention to the lyrics, and discussing the genre of the song, the emotion conveyed by the singer, and the strategies used. For the writing exercise, participants were invited to rewrite the song lyrics they had submitted or write an essay from a song that evokes memories of person, place, or time.

**October 20 + January 12****Creative Non-Fiction, with Mandy Catron**

Mandy discussed the peculiarity of describing a genre by what it's not, then touched upon the expansiveness of creative—or literary—non-fiction: it can include life writing such as memoir, as well as personal essays, travel or food writing, and nature writing. We talked about creative non-fiction's relationship to truth and the trust that readers place in that relationship.

**October 27 + January 19****Creative Writing: Screenwriting, with Stephen Hahn**

After describing the three-act structure for screenwriting, Steve discussed the fundamentals of Act 1: exposition, the inciting incident, the dramatic question, protagonist establishment, dramatic need, and point of no return. To illustrate the shift from

exposition to the inciting incident, Steve showed us a series of classic movie clips, indicating where incident occurs in each story.

**November 3 + March 22**  
**Creative Writing: Short Fiction,**  
**with Jane Hamilton Silcott**

Stories are an essential part our lives, whether they are true, as in memoir or personal essays, or created from our imagination, like short fiction and novels. Jane presented step-by-step strategies for crafting fiction by first inviting your creative genius in and asking your inner critic to leave. She explained the importance of free writing to get you warmed up and open the flow of ideas, and then moved into the practical areas of finding structure and developing your characters.

**November 10**  
**Argument essays, with Peter Babiak**

Rhetoric is the art of using language to change the thinking of others. Peter discussed the ideas of rhetoric based on the Greek philosophers and described ways in which we can create strong and logical arguments. He helped us to identify the premise and conclusions in our thesis statements and to expand upon our argument in order to persuade our audience.

**November 17 + February 23**  
**Creative Writing: Memoir, with Marlene Schiwy**

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

**November 24 + March 15**  
**Rhetoric: The Manifesto (What We Want!),**  
**with Margot Leigh Butler**

The Writing 101/201 and Hum 101/201 classes teamed up for Margot's class on making manifestos. We read sample manifestos from the DTES community's response to gentrification and wrote our

own lists of personal desires. Then, participants partnered up to look for overlaps in their personal demands—this showed how manifestos turn “ME” into “WE.” We also discussed the value, as well as drawbacks, of emotionally charged, unapologetic writing.

**December 1 + April 5**  
**Academic Writing: Assignments and Essays,**  
**with Alison Rajah**

Alison started by leading the class through a reading of ‘Culture is Ordinary,’ by Raymond Williams. We discussed Williams's expansive definitions of culture, learning, and knowledge, which he locates in cultures of learning situated outside of historically mainstream institutions of knowledge. Alison talked about academic writing and the importance of clarity and organization, and participants wrote about their own experiences of lived culture in response to the Williams reading.

**February 2**  
**Creative Writing: Flash Fiction,**  
**with Stephanie Maricevic**

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

**March 1**  
**Memoir: with Maureen Phillips**

Writing memoir is a way for us to tell our personal stories by looking back in time, recalling our experiences, and understanding the choices we made to get where we are today. Maureen discussed the different approaches to memoir—how to figure out where to start, how much to include, and what to leave out.

**March 8**  
**Creative Writing: Bio, with Reg Johanson**

Reg explained that this particular genre of life writing is approached by asking, “Who am I?” The answer can change depending on the period in your life to which you turn your attention. He

explained the coordinates in our lives, the things that locate us, such as race, gender, class, sexuality, and age, form our identity. If we repeatedly tell our stories from different times in our life, writing in fragments, we come to a story that has continuity but is varied.

**March 29**

**Vancouver Public Library**

Taking a physical tour of VPL's sublime central branch, we weaved and navigated our way through the library book stacks and online systems. We perused a variety of print materials, with particular focus on the 808 section of call numbers, which houses an array of books about poetics, poetry, rhyming dictionaries, plus fiction and non-fiction writing.

# SHORT STORIES

JOHN ROBERTS

WRITING201

## The decision

---

We were clustered around Mom's bed, her body pale and shrinking, locked in a coma, as if she were in suspended animation. There were six of us arguing vehemently, evenly divided. Should we keep her alive or turn off life support? The doctor, reluctant to play God, said it was our decision. Joyleen, my sister, (now living in LA with her fifth husband and estranged Mom), was the loudest, leading a group pressing to let Mom go. She was wearing too much makeup, trying to paint over what her recent plastic surgery could not. Pushing sixty, she continued to wear a short skirt, low cut blouse and six-inch heels. I swear I could see Mom's lips move, trying to say something, or was she trying to smile? My other sister saw her blink. Then Joyleen yelled, "For God's sake pull the plug, I've got a plane to catch." The doctor kept silent, fearful of litigation. We were stunned but remained silent. Then a hooded figure appeared at the door and slid into the room. We fell back as it made its way to the foot of Mom's bed. The visitor started to speak in tongues. Mom opened her eyes, sat up and said, "I could hear every word." Joyleen fainted, fell to the floor, breaking her newly constructed nose. The doctor screamed at a nurse, "hurry, get a translator."

CARLO DI GIOVANNI

WRITING101

## Everyday is Christmas

---

"I wish everyday was like this!"

That's what Christopher said just as soon as he had finished unwrapping all of his Christmas presents.

And he thought about that very idea all day long until his mother tucked him into bed.

"The biggest present of all comes tomorrow," she said. "Your baby sister," and mother touched her round tummy. Would you like to say goodnight to her?"

"OK," said Christopher, and he did. And he gave her tummy a little goodnight kiss, too.

But he was too excited to go to sleep. All those presents...and the tree and the stockings and the treats!

"Christmas is the best day ever!" he thought to himself as he gazed through his bedroom window.

And then he saw it...a shooting star. At that moment, Christopher made the most excellent wish he had ever wished.

"I wish Christmas was EVERY day!"

And with that, he fell asleep.

The next morning, something strange happened... There were presents under the Christmas tree, untouched and unopened. "Merry Christmas!" exclaimed his father. And with that, the biggest, brightest smile came over Christopher's face.

And he opened every present even faster than he did the day before.

That night, he kissed his mother's tummy goodnight one more time. He was getting excited to see his little sister tomorrow! But tomorrow didn't come.

Just Christmas. Again...And again...And again.

The toys started piling up in his room. He didn't have time to play with them all. He didn't even have room to walk! There were just too many.

Every night, Christopher looked out his window searching for that same shooting star to take back his wish, but it didn't come. And neither did his baby sister. "I wish I could have just one Christmas, and share it with her," he said with a sad, heavy sigh, and his eyes drifted closed.

And just as they did, a little shooting star streaked across the sky.

The next day, there wasn't a single present under the tree. Christopher jumped for joy! The day after Christmas had finally come, and with it, a new baby sister.

And when he looked at her for the first time, she beamed.

"I'm glad it isn't Christmas anymore, Mom," he said.

His mother hugged him and said, "Me too. Remember, Son. Every day is a gift. Just like Christmas."

The End

## CREATIVE NON-FICTION

DENISE LINNAY

WRITING101

### Coil of inner strength

---

"How many times do I need to be brought to the floor like this, begging for a way out?" wailed Amanda, curled in a fetal position, clutching her swollen belly where he had kicked her again and again in his final burst of drunken rage before storming out of their apartment. She knew that he was headed to his waiting buddies at the local bar where he would have no problem finding another body to bend to his will. Would he never be satisfied with her efforts to make herself into what he demanded her to be? Hot salty tears mixed with drool and snot flooded her face, erasing all beginnings of answers to her muddled groping.

As she lay there broken yet again, she could foresee exactly how the next week would play itself out. He would return as he always did, clutching a bouquet of her favorite baby pink roses behind a sheepish grin, his eyes begging her forgiveness and understanding for the sake of their two young

daughters.

"I love you. You're the only one for me!" he would croon and reach gently to her cheek, speaking words of remorse, and recalling moments of tenderness and devotion to her and his little family.

She would refuse to hear him at first, but she knew he would persist until her rebuttal of his efforts would be whittled down to a futile nothingness that allowed him entry back into her body, demanding her complete surrender and submission to his will. She felt that there was no place within her whole being that he did not have complete access to. She felt hopeless, dirty, and used.

She could not remember the exact moment when she felt a small spark of energy coiled softly in her belly, speaking out to her in words of wise compassion as she lay on the cold floor in helpless misery.

"You don't deserve this at all, Mandy! You need to save yourself and the kids or you will all be destroyed. Run away as fast as you can. You can do it! I will help you and I promise I won't leave your side for a second. You can do it!"

And with great effort, that is what Amanda did that very night. She found the energy and will to make another choice for herself and her daughters. Instead of an ending, this became a new beginning. She found that she was a woman with a lot of talents and strengths that blossomed with encouragement and support. The road to wellness was fraught with challenges and demands that often placed her at the edge of the precipice again. But the light of courage seeded in that coiled spark brought her to a place where she gained the strength and wisdom of a warrior goddess. Never again did she allow herself to surrender completely to another.

With the creative resiliency of the greatest heroine, Amanda remained true to her own true nature and thrived.

# MEMOIR

**TIA MARIA PERRAULT**  
(GARDEN RIVER FIRST NATION RESERVE)

WRITING201

## Z I N E: Autobiography in four short chapters

---

Preface: These chapters are organized according to the Medicine Wheel of Life, divided into four quadrants representing; The Early Years—East, The Learning Years—South, The Middle Years—West and the Last Years—North.

### Chapter One: The Early Years— EAST ON THE MEDICINE WHEEL OF LIFE

My spirit came into the world as the fourth child to parents Edward and Lillian, who lived in a vertical log cabin in Northwestern Ontario that my father built by hand in the late 1940's not far from the beautiful St. Mary's River north of Sugar Island and on the shores of a little bay.

### Chapter Two: The Learning Years— SOUTH ON THE MEDICINE WHEEL OF LIFE

Between the ages of five and seventeen I attended a Catholic elementary school and a public high school. Upon graduation I went directly into the work force to make a livelihood. After being in the workforce for ten years I attended a business college in Toronto, Ontario to get a better job and became a secretary/bookkeeper. That occupation was in demand and I was able to provide a decent life for myself for many years.

### Chapter Three: The Middle Years— WEST ON THE MEDICINE WHEEL OF LIFE

Most of these middle years of my life were during the industrial era, before technology, and there were manual systems in all the administrative offices. Therefore, I was always with a job because companies, government offices, banks or agencies all had manual systems. For example, there was manual filing, manual bookkeeping, manual phone

answering, manual typing, telex machines instead of fax machines, carbon copies were used when doing correspondence instead of photocopying, so a huge workforce was needed to take care of day to day business. In the 1990s the economy changed to the era of technology and I again attend Seneca College in Toronto, Ontario to upgrade my skills to learn computers and to get a diploma in office administration and back into the workforce I went to earn a living.

### Chapters Four: The Last Years— NORTH ON THE MEDICINE WHEEL OF LIFE

In Indigenous cultures, the last years begin fairly early after the forty-fifth year of life. This is a time for me to use all the wisdom and knowledge I have gained in the early years and middle years to have a greater appreciation for everything. Life in this stage is more intentional and thought out with a greater reflection on everything day to day. For me, I try to focus on the four aspects of the human beings; the physical (body), mental (mind), spiritual (soul) and emotional (heart/feelings). I, Tia Maria try to dedicate my daily existence to living a good life with good intentions of joy, happiness, fulfillment and compassion.



## The object

---



Although I no longer own it, my old Model 33 Teletype had a major influence in my life.

My life is forever tied to a decision I made while staring blankly at the long stream of printed off information before me.

I was about 12 years old when my father took me to visit my uncle at work. The office had a musty, wooden smell. I remember the faint smell of cigarettes, coffee and paper. Yes, paper can have an aroma, especially when there are miles and miles of it. My uncle was an officer with the Ontario Provincial Police O.P.P. for short.

The tour of the station was the highlight of my summer and probably the most memorable of the many road trips we made as “Sunday Drives.” Hours in a car with the windows rolled up, all the while my parents smoking endlessly, worked well to etch an aversion to cigarettes deep in my brain. I never took up smoking.

As far as the tour went, the highlight was supposed to be where my uncle slams the cell door, trapping me inside. The expected speech about freedom and how to avoid jail time whizzed into my 12-year-old ears, past my brain, and out the other side. It was very unlikely I would ever end up in jail. When I grow up, I'm going to be a policeman!

The dinging of a bell, clicking and whirring off in the distance distracted my uncle. We made our way into a little room where all the racket was coming from. I'd seen a teletype on *Dragnet* and *Adam-12*. This time it was the real thing!

I don't remember anything about what was being typed out onto the long strip of paper that cascaded down to the floor. I knew then and there that information was being relayed, and I was fascinated by the fact that the words were coming from somewhere far away—Ottawa to be exact!

Seeing my fascination, my uncle took the opportunity to describe how all the information is kept in a big operation centre in Ottawa, and in the centre was kept all the information about criminals and other bad people. All he had to do was enter a name and some description, and in minutes he would get back any information about that person if there was a file.

I pressed him more about becoming a policeman like him. I asked if he was in the data centre too. He told me that there was a file for every police officer. In fact, when he applied to be a cop, he was thoroughly investigated by other police officers. They went to his school and talked to his teachers and looked at all his report cards. They went to his neighbors and asked about him. All he had to do was request it, and all of his personal life would be typed out by the big noisy beast in front of me.

In that very moment, my life took a major turn. I could never be a policeman. I could never do anything that would cause the police officers to investigate my life. No one could ever find out what happened in the alley behind our house that day in the summer of 1967.

I never became a police officer, but a different Model 33 Teletype was waiting for me in Thunder Bay.

She was well worn and just as noisy and temperamental as the one my uncle showed me that day. Instead, I became a hacker. I am and always will be a proud GEEK.

10 Print “Hello World”

20 End



## I spy

---

A memory and a glimpse of my mother, Olive.

Last night, as I was making a gravy from the juices of savory vegetables and beef broth, I was brought back in time. A span of 40 odd years ago, and I spied with my little eye, helping my mother in the kitchen making supper. She asked me to stir the gravy pot. Happily stirring, and watching bubbles form inside the steamy pot, and not wanting to scorch the pot.

It was a lesson in life for me that day, many years ago, and I feel my mother's gentle touch around me.

She took my hand and gently slowed me down, and guided my hand and spoon in gentle figure eights.

“Don't stir so frantically, Clarence. Go smooth and gently.”

Making figure eights in my crockpot, imagining myself back in mom's kitchen, and I am reminded, as in life: Don't go in circles, frantically. Whirl around gently. And smooth all the lumps out.

Thanks, Olive.

## Chance's eulogy

---

My rescue dog Chance is the highlight of my universe. I (heart) Chance.

Chance is a fawn Chihuahua with a fabulous white racing stripe. Technically, Chance is a Ch-Jack as he clearly has a bit of Jack Russell mixed ancestry. His blended heritage gives him fabulous unique muscles and a broad chest. He walks like a super happy mini pit-bull. Some people say “waddle,” but we prefer “swagger”! Walking him in his (hammy down) pink Adidas track suit is pure performance art. We added

his HUGE gold chain for Halloween, and he was one fabulous *gangsta* with a hairy chest. It takes a strong, confident man to pull off a pink onesie.

Chance arrived, by chance but well planned, on March 27, 2009. The Chihuahua stork delivered a bouncing baby boy, 6-ish years old and 9.6 ounces. We celebrate his adoption birthday. It drives me nuts that I don't know his sign. I think, like me, he's a strong, driven Aries.

Chance technically hails from Maple Ridge; however, he has obvious Mexican heritage. He is, as with all Chihuahuas, fluent in Spanish. Chance proudly revels in his Aztec indigenous heritage. He currently speaks a little Cree, and we were looking forward to learning some Salish. We recognize we live near the old village or site of Snauq, on unceded Salish territory.

He came as Chance, and I realized I needed extra syllables for discipline. If your mom says your whole name, you know you're in trouble. Working with “ch” alliteration, I added Piper Cherokee. A Piper Cherokee is a swanky, elegant four-seater airplane. My dad was a recreational pilot and the Piper Cherokee was the most glamorous plane we ever had. Chance pees like he's gracefully banking. For more pilot humour, Chance is also my Piper Cub, the nickname for the basic little two-seater, yellow Piper tail-draggers. He is my little tail wagger, not a tail dragger...rear prop. He is also my life co-pilot.

Chance and I have been a power couple in several BC locations. We began our life together in my long-term home base of Mount Pleasant. We briefly lived in Victoria before settling in to our fabulous chi-chi resort lifestyle in our Olympic Village micro-loft. Chance is a well beloved Salty Dog regular on the AquaBus. We have also spent a spectacular summer “glamping” on Savary Island at our Camp Chance Del Mar.

His nickname at the cottage is “Chainsaw” Chance. As a little guy who needs clothes for warmth, we needed to roughen/rugged him up to hang with the locals before summer cocktail season began. He snores, or “saws logs,” like a son of a bitch, especially when he's exhausted after

perimeter checks of the island. This is particularly impressive, as the island is six miles long by half a mile wide. He is a rugged individual.

Part of Chance's joyful nature and deep soul was a result of, as many of us have, experiencing trauma and loss. I was his third and for(fur)ever family. Who could have ever given him up?

Neighbours and community brought us, and kept us, together. Chance and I have many Fairy Dog-mothers. Also, a shout out to BC Chihuahua rescue, the Chihuahua underground railroad. From finding Chance on Craig's List, to framed pictures the moment he arrived, to warm and cozy hipster Cowichan sweaters, to Doggie nannies, and walkers. All his friends in the building made us both feel so loved and cared for. People with nothing wanted to give him everything. Special thanks to his Grandma for the cardiologist, and Pat for the filet mignons. It is possible for a Chihuahua to eat a steak at one sitting. It takes a village to raise a doggie child.

Out of 130 tenants I (truly) think there are perhaps 80 unique nicknames...Scout, Skipper, Kujo, Killer, Chief, Taco, Boss, Jose and Hose B, etc. (Chainsaw) Chance Piper Cherokee Schafer Millions made the world a better place.

Like his mom, Chance was somewhat Bhuditarian—a Buddhist Unitarian. Not all dogs are nicknamed the Doggie Lama. Perhaps he will be the next Golden Child. Maybe he'll come back as another perfectly wonderful lap dog. That seems incredibly highly evolved to me. He left the hugest paw print on my heart, and a void in his community.

Chance, I love, honour you, and I miss you.

CHANCE PIPER CHEROKEE SCHAFFER MILLIONS  
(2003 - 2016)

ROBERT LOZOWCHUK

WRITING101

## The watch

---

I have never really cared much about holding on to items as reminders of past events, but there are a couple things I've managed to hold onto that have meaning to me. One of those things is my father's old pocket watch. It's a round, silver pocket watch, with a pewter embossed railway theme. The scene is an old steam locomotive with a cloud of steam pouring out of the stack that makes it look like it is speeding down the railway track. The watch cover with the railway motif is no longer attached to the clock face, and the clock itself no longer works. It is quite old so it has the patina of an old, neglected silver spoon from a silverware set. Much of the etched markings are black, which in one way highlights the locomotive as it speeds along.

My father got the watch from my Baba's attic. Baba's attic had always been full of what I thought of as treasure. Old books and comics, clothing, and old promotional items that seemed very old to me, but were probably from the forties, and fifties. I think I was around twelve when my dad first showed me the watch, and I remember asking him a million questions about it. By that time my dad's father, who we called, Detah—which was probably a mispronunciation of the Ukrainian word for grandfather, but it was what we called him and he never corrected us—had been dead for seven or eight years. My dad had very few answers to my questions, because he was never told much about it by his dad, whom I got the feeling he had a very poor relationship with. I think my dad wished that his father had personally given it to him. My Detah worked as a grounds keeper at a huge mental hospital, and dad said that he just came home from work with it one day. When I was maybe thirty years old, my dad gave the watch to me. I have a ceramic box I bought in Peurto Vallarta, and along with a Bugs Bunny commemorative coin, I also keep the watch in it. I guess these two items are what I consider to be, my life's treasures.

I once had the watch appraised and it is not worth much. I would never sell it or get rid of it cause

it gives me a sense of family history. This is because not only does it remind me of my dad, and my Detah, but it also reminds me that my mom's dad, who we called, "Gram-pa," worked for the railway all his life.

I don't think any of my other siblings ever took much interest in the watch. I get the feeling that, although the actual watch didn't mean much to my dad, the giving of it to me, meant a lot to him. I think it was my dad's way of enacting a sentimental scene that never happened between him and his father. I don't think it mattered that I, specifically, got the watch. I think he just wanted to give it to any one of his five sons.

I take the watch out sometimes and wonder what will become of it. I also can't help but see hundreds of different histories for it, making up elaborate stories of how Detah got the watch, and of who owned it before he got it. In that way it has been like a time machine, or maybe, more like Ray Bradbury's, "Illustrated Man." Except that the watch is always the same, it's the watches origin that changes.

LARRY BERGER      WRITING101 + WRITING201

## Curse or schizophrenia

---

This story goes back thirty-five years. I was about sixteen-years-old in Art Class and it was then that I created this small sculpture. It was the face of an old man who had this perpetually gaping mouth and it was made of clay, glazed and about five inches tall. I knew when I sculpted him that I had discovered an expression of pain in his face. At the time, it had much reminded me of Edvard Munch's "Scream" and I was haunted by it from the moment of creation and wondered if Munch thought the same about his own painting.

Throughout the years I must have moved into a dozen places in Ottawa, Toronto and Vancouver. I often wondered about my little sculpture from time to time. I found it unsettling but thought it was important to keep something from my early

art career. Between 2001 and 2007 half of my belongings stayed in a friend's crawlspace and it was there that my little sculpture stayed. It was also during this time that I became homeless; first in Vancouver and then in Toronto. I went to Halifax for a few months and returned to Vancouver. I was housed at my friend's home, the same place where my belongings were in storage. I was there for nearly a year till they found out that I was not taking my medication. You see that was the deal. I was to start seeing a psychiatrist and to take the prescribed drugs. I could not agree that I had a mental illness.

After another stint of homelessness, I found myself in St Paul's Hospital and I took the medication as prescribed. I found myself getting into second stage housing. I retrieved my belongings from storage and I was reunited with my little sculpture, but now I really began to fear it. I saw that I was starting to resemble it. Was it the Paranoid Schizophrenia? I do not think we will ever know. I ended up tossing it over the Cambie Bridge and imagined it smashed into a thousand pieces, ending the hoodoo curse.

LIXUAN ZENG

WRITING101

## Birthday cake

---

If you ask me what I like, the answer will be "surprises!" Surprises make life interesting.

Because my birthday was always on the eve of the final exams, I always had to study hard on the day of each birthday. And my family was poor, so I never expected a birthday gift or a party.

It was my sweet 16th birthday. I woke up in the morning with a smile.

"Happy birthday to you, dear!" I talked to myself.

Nothing happened during the daytime. Schooling, studying, backing home routinely.

No one in this world knew it was my birthday.

I was studying hard in my room at night. I heard my brother calling me, and I came out. Surprisingly, there was a birthday cake on the table.

“Come here! Today is your birthday. Happy birthday!”

It was the first birthday cake in my life. It was white like snow, with pink cream flowers. Lovely, soft and shaped, it was a piece of art. I blew the candles out, cut it and shared it with him. It tasted as good as it looked. I was very happy. It was a really happy birthday.

Now, I understand at that time, my brother graduated from university and found a job. He showed his care and love to me. The birthday cake was love from family. I will never forget his face smiling at the birthday cake and looking at my eating it.

Many years passed by, we live in different countries. Last year, I ordered a birthday cake for him. It surprised him. I could feel how happy he was. I like surprises. Surprises make our life more interesting.

**SANDI ROOKE**  
(SAULTEUX-CREE)

WRITING 201

## Token

---

I opened the box that was a surprise gift. Laced among the snowy white background were tiny red sprinkles of red glitter and laid amongst them was a dazzling piece of glass, faceted to resemble a diamond—almost 4 inches in diameter.

It was given to me recently as a token of love and adoration and on the box was a drawing of a feather and an inscription, “To my love—for my Yum-yum.”

I keep it amongst my jewelry; kind of hidden so that it doesn't yank on my heartstrings. But I know where it is and it silently sings to me.

The feeling of the glass so shimmery could be crystal and where it came from doesn't matter. It is now not the past that matters but the future; it

will become the past along with the beautiful soul that gave it to me.

Love sweet love. The thrill of the gesture. The dazzling thrust of intimate joy. The delight and bursting capture of the soul and the heart. The secret that the ring may follow binding the meaning of forever yours. A happily ever after story that is a historical cataclysm of binding of souls. The handsome prince finally has found his princess.

Soul mates, I believe, do exist. Some bind to each other in faith and some for peace of mind. I understand that the potion of such a gift will forever remain as a sign of hope and devotion even if it is only for that moment.

## POETRY

HEATHER BRONWYN REYNOLDS      WRITING101

### God

---

Ripple me like water  
Pinpoint my centre  
And  
Send sonic pulses  
Expanding outwards.

Blooming in an ivory sea.

I'm bound for a train  
of absolute  
Fucking glory,  
I began packing my suitcases  
long ago.

I know I've been stuck  
In vortexes of stagnancy  
But please know  
(You know)  
I feel your sweet call  
And slowly I give in  
from resistance.

Like an unfolding flower,  
With gentle poetic petals,  
I open.

Painful scars reveal nothing  
But purity,  
If one dares to let them.

I promise to dive deep  
To let every inch of you ecstatically bubble  
Through my bloody  
Trinkling veins.

For you,  
I promise to go light  
to let you  
Dance around me Wildly  
In a Symphony  
of erotic colours  
Shape shifting shadows.

I,  
a thin mirror,  
Reflecting  
All your  
perfections and imperfections.

I promise to crack  
This glass,  
To shatter  
Into a million formless pieces,  
I promise to crack  
Over and over,  
Revealing yet another  
Reflection.

I'll show the world truth  
Free of illusion.

Ugly and Beautiful  
Are the same.

I promise to not be separate.  
To not let myself  
Feel that lonesome road again,  
Unless like a wolf,  
I'll take it with a good  
Humbled stride.

I promise to surrender  
To surrender  
To the rapid spawns of inkling spores  
Growing  
From the beating pulse  
Of my raging lungs.

..I promise to surrender..

Mother,  
of vast roaring seas  
And  
Great grand forests,  
Fertile Canopies  
Of Amazing,  
I promise.

I promise  
I'll let you  
Enter me  
The moment  
I feel your icy hands  
Reach their wrath  
Around the windowless  
Perfect  
Imperfection  
I am.

The moment  
I feel you tap  
The very centre  
Of my soul  
I'll let you in.

Rip me open,  
Splay me across your most barren chest,  
Roll me in the fiercest grit  
Of your grain

I will rise like smoke.  
I will Arise.

I Have Risen.

And  
May you take my words,  
Like a silent rainfall,  
Kissing Soft Gentle Earth.

~Thank You~

I promise,  
I Will  
Dive Deep  
Into your Darkest Blue.

Mother,

I promise  
To surrender.

To fully  
Surrender  
This time

**DENISE LINNAY**

**WRITING101**

## Who am I?

---

Am I this body?  
Approaching seventy;  
Enthusiastic walker and yogic;  
Creative dancer and outdoor enthusiast;  
Lover of good food and company;  
And still, am I more than this body?

Am I this mind?  
Inquisitive thinker by nature;  
Lifelong learner by ambition;  
Humble servant for all that I know and  
don't yet know;  
Seeker of my true purpose;  
Yet still, am I more than this mind?

Am I this person?  
Faulted for its intensity;  
Measured by its accumulated experiences;  
Tested with the trials of trauma;  
Prone to acts of self-sabotage and  
self-destruction;  
But still, am I more than this person?

Am I this spirit?  
Born from the Being of Inexhaustible Energy;  
Molded out of the Flame of Inspiration;  
Caressed in the Cradle of Divinity;  
Upheld in the Power of Light;  
Yes, I am all of the above and so much more!

**JOHNNY JAWORSKI**

**WRITING MENTOR**

## Chihuahua's couplets' case for efficiency

---

If the words don't fit why join them together  
And attempt to be witty and crafty and clever

Why steer your piece to some quantum  
dimension  
When a clean, concise style is the best invention

**KERRY ELIZABETH HOPKINS**

**WRITING101**

## Sleep June 27, 2013 at 5:20am

---

Sleep  
The ever elusive mistress of the night  
I long for you to take me in your arms  
Embrace me with a soothing warmth  
that eases my mind into a peaceful slumber  
Erase the worries and cares from my  
tortured soul  
heal my broken heart and wounded pride  
make promises of days to come,  
filled with love and laughter  
Only ever sweetened by the possibility that  
there is still a certain someone waiting  
Another soul as torn as mine  
Another heart ripped out,  
undeserving of such a punishment  
A mirror image of my own desire to be loved  
A perfect match made by Fate and God  
and all the combined powers of the Universe  
A companion sent to stay right by my side,  
a partner for life, a lover and a best friend  
what some might call a soul mate

A soul who struggles now with finding sleep  
Tonight, two hearts and two souls,  
    searching in the dark  
reaching out for one another  
finding nothing  
not even Sleep.

**KERRY ELIZABETH HOPKINS**

**WRITING101**

## **Two souls collided**

---

Two souls collided  
Exploded  
My heart floated  
Up to cloud 9  
And then crashed back again  
With the hurt and the pain  
You left me alone  
Isolated, devastated  
Desolated  
You desecrated me  
And then threw me away  
To a faraway land  
Well I had a plan  
And I'm sticking to it  
Screw it  
You won't ruin my life  
I'll be someone's wife  
One day  
But for now, it's all about me  
My goals, my dreams  
And pure positivity  
For now, I'll strive to achieve  
And succeed, until I get what I need  
However, eventually  
I will find another  
Who will love me for me.

**KERRY ELIZABETH HOPKINS**

**WRITING101**

## **The fuck poem**

---

Fuck mood swings. Fuck depression.  
    Fuck therapy and medication.  
Fuck diagnoses. Fuck LABELS.  
    Fuck the pill bottles on the table.  
Fuck the process. Fuck the healing.  
    Fuck the crying and fuck the feelings!  
Fuck the people who talk about people  
    as if we have a disease and we're not equal.  
Fuck Bi Polar, fuck BPD. Fuck OCD and PTSD!  
Fuck not being able to keep a job.  
Fuck biting my tongue when it comes to snobs.  
Fuck people who think that they know  
    what's best.  
Fuck constantly feeling stressed.  
Fuck hospitals and fuck the Docs.  
    Fuck you trying to put me in a box.  
Fuck the loneliness and the pain.  
    Fuck my stupid, messed up brain.  
Fuck mania and fuck neurosis,  
    fuck the fear of schizophrenic psychosis.  
Fuck confusion and fuck self-doubt.  
    Fuck trying to figure this shit out.  
Fuck pharmaceuticals and their side effects.  
    Fuck the witch who put me under this hex.  
Fuck naturopaths with their herbal remedies.  
    Fuck the government and their  
    fucking policies.  
Fuck the restrictions and the regulations  
    that prohibit cannabis but promote libations.  
Fuck old white men in politics who'd rather us  
    stay sick while they get rich.  
Fuck the fact that the remedy is free,  
    but if you try to grow it, you won't be.  
Fuck the fact that you were convinced that  
    if I wasn't like you then I must be lynched.  
Fuck the fact that I was convinced that if I  
    wasn't like you then I must be amiss.  
Fuck bullying and low self-esteem.  
    Fuck taking things to the extreme.  
Fuck that I even have to write this rhyme.  
Fuck you for even taking the time.

FRED JOLY

WRITING201

## Trampled

---

They look at me but I'm not really seen.  
Judge me without knowing where I've been.  
Break my spirit and take away my dreams.  
Everybody is always against me it seems.

They step on me like I have no feelings;  
Pushing me aside to get to their dealings.  
Their phony apologies have no meaning;  
The oh sorries don't make for instant healing.

I'm trampled.  
Runned down from the sidewalks of life.  
And I stumble,  
Falling over and over's my permanent strife.

I'm trampled.  
Hopelessly shunned to the alleyways.  
I crumble;  
Tossed by the storms of my insane ways.

Swamped.  
Lying in the mud watching time go by.  
Tumbling.  
Staring cars down in the eyes.  
Smiling;  
Ghosts I see in the sky.

Trying.  
Crying with a smile on my face.  
Trailing;  
The rest of the world's lost in a daze.  
I'm trampled;  
With no way out of the wicked ways.

SHANNON O'LEARY

WRITING101

## Feast of my flesh

---

Isolation has left me desperate and alone.  
The wolves are back and stealthy approaching  
my door.

Their relentless hunt for me won't end  
until I'm dead.

I keep my back from them and stand tall as I  
struggle to load my 12 gauge.

I panic and scream out for help but no one  
hears me.

Blood-thirst has left the wolves frenzied.

They circle me now, impatient to strike.

I grip the shotgun, there are too many of them.

The alpha wolf has his eyes locked on me.

I am cornered.

I try to stand tall and keep my back from them.

I am too weak, too tired to fight.

I grip the shotgun and close my eyes,  
tears rolling.

My knees buckle and I fall to the floor.

I offer myself the sacrificial lamb.

The growling, snarling beasts attack all at once.

Their monstrous gnashing teeth tear me  
into pieces.

The alpha takes first rights to my greatest  
delicacy, my heart.

I am consumed.

A fine feast for the demon dogs in my head.

A feast of my flesh.

CORY OUELLET

WRITING201

MÉTIS

## Who am I?

---

I am an eagle, cautiously soaring to new heights.  
My sights zero'd in on goals and aspirations—  
most at this point undiscovered.

I am a titan...conquering an army of fears,  
creating a network—my kingdom—of allies with a  
curious smirk followed by a pleasant grin when I  
meet a worthy adversary!

I am drifting, in an endless sea of curiosity,  
each day sailing on the prevailing winds  
of experience and natural adaptations.

I am a romantic, a dreamer, an old soul I'm told.  
I dream in technicolor, waking each day into my-  
crafted Neverland of enchantment.



My senses travel time and space between blinks,  
the synapse inside me is a palate of mastery...  
imploding between breaths.

I am Corey! Pleased to meet you.

**CARLOS DI GIOVANNI**

**WRITING101**

## Love

---

Love is not bound  
by height, weight, age, or occupation  
colour, creed, or nation,  
political, religious, or sexual orientation.  
Such trivial limitations must be applied  
only to lust.

**VIOLET BITTERN**    **WRITING101 + WRITING201**

## I spy...

---

I spy with my little eye, I see the heavenly sky  
with my living eyes, as my mother once  
exclaimed! I spy with my little eye,  
you under Mother Nature's evergreen.

Within and upon concrete walls we all  
appeal to our own master of being, shrieking out  
presence of silence, thunder our  
knowledge to soothe our existence in this realm  
we call home.

**ISAAC WHITE**

**WRITING101**

## Melding of the minds

---

????Who am I...You may wonder????  
**I AM** someone you know very well  
every man you meet....  
every woman you meet....

Discover man (animus) inside the psyche  
of the woman....

Discover woman (anima) inside the man....

Joining of Man and Woman

Union of Souls....

**Melding of Mind....**

**True miracle of existence....**

Endured by the interpretation that removes ob-  
stacles of understanding....

**Live the Truth....**

Live the **reflective** thought....

Appropriate your **ideas** in a personal way....

So your objective truth is a **collaboration** of  
thought to the world,

will be a **correspondence of the life**  
to the thought....

Hold fast to an objective uncertainty in an ap-  
propriation process

of the most passionate **inwardness** of thought,  
with **appropriate outward thought**....

Make a complete survey of possible objections  
to your position

seek bold hypotheses and seek disconfirmations  
of your favorite positions....

By a process of elimination....

Divide each problem and theory into its smallest  
essential components,

analyze each unit carefully.

Collect and construct a coherent argument or  
theory from component parts.

Move from the simple, secure foundations

You will negatively ... indirectly ... gradually ...  
approach the Truth....

Be willing to **revise**... **reject** ... **modify** ... your  
beliefs....

**Acknowledge** your many false **beliefs**  
**be grateful** to those who correct you....

**Surrender to the moment**....

**Feast on the Contents**....

**Of mind and memory**....

**Savor every moment**....

**Every slice of eternity**....

Achieve a state of **spiritual grace**....

You are part of me

I am part of you....

At the same time  
we are separate....entirely whole....Each to  
our....own  
....destinies....

A....day....year....eternity....split-second  
Dimension as time in far places,  
time remains frozen....  
Time to separate reality from fantasy  
Reviewed by time in time....  
Phantom of :-> mind :-> Reality

Process of action .... Process of Learning....  
Knowledge, Skills, Values, Beliefs & Habits,  
Storytelling, Discussion, Teaching, Training,  
Research....  
Learning takes place under the guidance  
of educators  
Learners self-educate....self-teach ourselves....  
Life Experience has a formative effect  
on the way....  
One-Another thinks, feels, or acts....  
The process of facilitating learning  
Knowledge, Skills, Values, Beliefs, Habits....  
Our....Own

....Destinies....  
....GENIUS....  
Adaptability....  
Innovation....  
Elucidation

# POSTCARD STORIES

KEITH LONG

WRITING101

## The postman postcard

---

The messenger pushed the buff-coloured envelope through the slot in the door, while thinking that only the official government mail is to be feared or coveted. As the letter fell to the floor on the other side of the door, a young boy loudly called out:

"Dad! Here's some funny mail!"

"What do you mean, "funny?" his father asks.

"There's no pictures of food and stuff on it," the boy answers as he hands the letter to his father, who takes it, his mind rapidly flooding with expectant thoughts. He opens the envelope, hoping it contains the answer he has anxiously waited for.

A form letter begins:

*This notice is to inform you that confirmation of your travel documents has been approved. We therefore advise you to prepare for departure.*

You will depart on: 0800 hours, May 9, 2020.

*This form allows travel to: SECTOR/CAN-56°N  
98°W.*

*Signed,  
A. SMITH  
Officer, Query Response Centre of Global  
Placement and Migration*

Not quite taking in the letter's content, he reread the page, as his thoughts returned to speculations of escape and a new life, leaving behind a teeming mass of fifteen million people and away to a remote northern hamlet on the other side of the planet.

Looking down at his son, he smiled and said, "No, it doesn't have any pictures of food, it's a letter telling us we can move, to a place where the mail probably has pictures of warm clothing."

**ROBIN THOMAS**

**WRITING101**

## Post card story—my stepdad

---

My stepdad had an aneurism and suddenly there is a shift in him. He seems to not be very aware of his environment. For one thing he has a collection of 20-odd clocks in the house that he winds daily; they're not keeping time now. He does not want to go for a walk, which he loves to do. The funny thing is he does not seem to be aware that he rides a bicycle, or that he drives a motorcycle. He does not ask about these things. He sits in his easy boy, which is missing half its stuffing; he won't let my mom get a new one. He likes it. Since he has come home from the hospital, he just sits and stares out the window. I am not sure what's going on in his mind. My mom is upset and freaked out. Her husband has changed before her eyes. It seems like a miracle that he has survived; last week he could not walk, or form sentences. He was incontinent, and he would not eat. What happened originally was that he had a terrible headache, and then he fell to his knees. He was taken to Chilliwack Hospital where they diagnosed him with an immune disorder called giant cell arteritis and said that he also had polymyalgia. They sent him home from the hospital and told us in their words that there was nothing more that they could do for him, that they would find out from the biopsy what was wrong with him. And they gave us the number for home care. My sister and I thought "thank god mom did not hear that." It took a while to get service, and in the meantime my mom is cleaning the poop off him, and we would try to get him to eat. We blended up Ensure and protein powder together, as he did not like the Ensure on its own. He was so sick my mom called an ambulance and took him back to the hospital. They kept him in there for seven days, and his diagnosis is now an aneurism and a twisted bowel; no wonder he did not want to eat. So now

he has come home again. He can walk, and he is not incontinent and he is enjoying eating. I look at him now and I feel forgiveness towards him. There is something about seeing someone so vulnerable that you cannot help being compassionate. Four months ago he was so obnoxious I threatened to punch him (I would not have). I have learned something about myself, that it is okay to forgive him. I want him to recover and have a good life. I would like to make a statement about rural care: be careful out there—only half of the staff is any good. There is no funding for home care if you can dress and give yourself a birdbath. It does not matter if you're unable to cook, vacuum or clean. My Dad is now cut off from home care.

To be continued.

# ARGUMENT ESSAYS

**HARRIS PEARSON**

**WRITING201**

## Information disease?

---

What is your greatest fear? As I get older, I often worry about one day losing the power to make my own decisions.

When someone else makes your choices for you, do they really have your best interests at heart? Or are they always acting on the best available information?

Everything we do is either voluntary or involuntary. Our hearts keep beating. Our lungs expand and contract with our every breath. These actions are involuntary. They happen without our telling them to. But our every voluntary act has resulted from our having made a (more or less) deliberate decision.

Even the things we do by habit, and even the acts we obediently perform because our parents commanded us to when we were toddlers, are deeds we commit as a result of a decision we've made

at some point.

We now have access to more information than ever. But much of that data can mislead you. Every day, countless people are fooled by misinformation, manipulated by gossip, and ruined by slander.

The unprecedented volume and multimodal subtlety of this bombardment earns it the name “Information Disease.”

We’re surrounded by news, by advertising, by propaganda. Everybody wants to convince you of something. Thoroughly trained, long-experienced professionals are always trying to sell you this or that. People are trying to make up your mind for you, to influence your actions.

Acting on false information might even kill you. For example, cigarette advertisements used to state that smoking was actually healthy for you. Information Disease has destroyed more people than all the other illnesses we’ve endured since the beginning of humanity.

To make good decisions, we have to separate fact from fiction. We can develop the ability to make our decisions more deliberately, using more and better information than we have known how to recognize in the past.

If you suffer from Information Disease, your remedy is called “critical thinking.”

You can use critical thinking to discover what someone is really saying when that person is trying to fool you. You could protect yourself from buying defective merchandise. You might avoid bad investments, the wrong job, harmful habits. You can prevent yourself from making mistakes that might endanger you and your loved ones.

Decision making is a skill even more foundational than basic literacy. Part of the prejudice against various groups involves an assumption that we are not competent to make our own decisions. But now we can learn the twin skills—research and critical thinking, online, for free.

Once we learn how to use this rich array of decision-making tools, we can solve our own problems, perhaps better than we ever have before.

Like everyone else, I desire mastery—of my psyche, of my situation. I’m turning myself into the Man No One Can Lie To.

You, too, can become Nobody’s Fool.

**KATHLEEN GOWMAN**

**WRITING201  
+ WRITING MENTOR**

## **WTF Kat**

---

Abraham Maslow (1943) has a hierarchy of needs, represented as a pyramid. The first need is physiological, then safety, followed by things to do with love and safety. At the tip end of this pyramid is self-actualization. Self-actualization presupposes all of those other needs are met. The biggest sacrifice is ourselves. Not the hedonistic “id” self; for self-actualization, which is spiritual in its creative nature, weans that out of the psyche. There is nothing more fun and humbling, for instance, than doing slam poetry/open mic with a bunch of locally talented people. It kind of delimits arrogance and “ego.” Note: Freud thought of the ego as merely the mediator between the id, the super ego, and getting what the id wants in a socially sanctioned manner. Pop psychology has turned the ego into a demonic force. Anyway, that’s a different essay.

So topple the pyramid. Tip the triangle on its head. There is no reason for safety without self-actualization. To use myself as my own case study (auto ethnographic research) I did not want to stop using heroin until I had a taste of my own agency; an agency beyond basic survival. When I was a youth I was asked, while wandering home down a back alley on the East Side, whether or not I wanted to make a creative video through the “Access to Media” project. This was contingent on my staying “clean” (abstinent from heroin) for eight days. I made it seven. It was long enough for me to enjoy healthy, passionate, and creative living. I was validated as a being on this planet with something to

contribute. And, although I had a mentor, I did it. It got played at a few tiny film festivals. I made 40 bucks a show. But you know, I wasn't in it for the money, lol.

Another dead-white-guy psychologist (Glasser 1965) claimed that humans have five basic needs: fun, power, freedom, love or belonging, and survival. In the informal economy, the “pariah edge” (Davis, 2006), amongst outlandish outcasts there is a warmth and sense of belonging. When you grow up in relative poverty things like music lessons and the ghetto-ski-team (so snow-boarding) are, basically, non-existent. To get a taste of one's own agency and ability to create is an empowering act.

The “Rat Park” study (Alexander 1981), which has been suppressed by the government since the 1970s, exemplifies this. When rats are locked in a cage with a cocaine pedal it's not the cocaine that destroys them, it is the cage. Rats who were given other “creative-fun-rat-options” for the most part took them—the statistically significant part.

There my argument ends. Given the choice of a cage-like existence substantiated with illicit drugs and a slave-like existence substantiated with nothing, I would choose the first. Someone dared to topple the pyramid and show me the first steps towards self-actualization. I took those and gradually things began to change. Many steps (baby steps) forward. Many steps back. Humanities 101 was also one of these first steps. A huge part. I got to step out of the ghetto two days a week and explore ideas. To me there is no foreign land more interesting than the land of ideas. In Hum courses I discovered *The Communist Manifesto*. Karl Marx was the first man to whom I ever said (posthumously) “where have you been all my life.” We have the resources available to us to have an egalitarian society, but the Hum Programme people are taking the actual steps. This is praxis; theory without works, without action, is a bunch of useless blithering.

#### Works Cited

Alexander, B.K., Beyerstein, B.L., Hadaway, P.F., and Coombs, R.B. 1981. “Effect of early and later colony housing on oral ingestion of morphine in rats,” *Pharmacology Biochemistry and Behavior*,

Vol 15. 4: 571-576.

Davis, Mike. 2006. *Planet of Slums*. New York: Verso.

Glasser, W. 1965. *Reality Theory*. New York: Harper & Row.

Maslow, Abraham. 1943. “A Theory of Human Motivation”. *Psychological Review*. Vol 50. 370-396.

WILSON LIANG

WRITING201

## Is a housing market a free market?

---

Is a housing market a free market? First, let's look at the two questions below:

### 1. What is housing market?

A housing market is where people find their dwelling; comprising home ownership and rental markets.

### 2. What is a free market?

A free market only exists if there are choices and the market is able to balance itself between those choices through supply and demand.

### The argument

One can choose to eat rice or noodles. Or choose to eat none of them. In this case, if all food providers operate under similar and fair regulations, the market adjusts itself through supply and demand. The supply and price of these food items can either go up or down in the long run.

On the other hand, in a housing market, people buy or rent and there are no other choices. One cannot legally choose to just live in bush in the public spaces. Furthermore, because the land in a city is limited, governments regulate the use of land, and in the long run the housing market tends to go one way: up. The housing market is not only affected by demand and supply but also heavily relies on monetary policy, fiscal policy and other policies that govern the use of land, such as zoning laws.

The conclusion  
A housing market is not a true free market because of the forces that regulate it, and importantly, the lack of choices.

## BLOGGING

MISTY RAFFERTEY

WRITING101

### Meditation

---

Meditation was not simple for me.

I had been trying to meditate since I was 17 years old. Never able to settle my mind even to a light roar when I took the time to sit quietly with my eyes closed; I did not have the patience to learn to meditate correctly and my mind would flood with all the thoughts and problems that were bothering me. Not only from that day but everything that I was ignoring in my mind came forward. Concentrating so hard on just quieting my mind did not work for me. Guided meditation was my favourite type of meditation because it was visual; it was really hit or miss though.

I am now 32 years old and since last year I am able to meditate. I am able to completely shut off my thoughts, but it wasn't easy to learn. Lots of practice went into it. Lots of spiritual guidance learned, just to meditate. I struggled through the learning because no one in life had taught me the appropriate ways to quiet my mind. My family does not have any spiritual knowledge that they passed down to me so I have made my spiritual journey my very own. It's very personal, but I would like to share the secret behind the way I quiet my mind.

At first I had to meditate in a quiet, neutral little place. I had to close my eyes. I had to lie down.

Now, with practice, I can meditate anywhere and be fully alert. Meditation really helps me to concentrate and learn. It also helps my mind to be at peace with all that surrounds me. My day-to-day

problems seem to just disappear. I remember a lot more because my mind is less active, allowing me to take in more information, which is stored for reflection later. I'm a happier person now that I have mastered the skill of meditation.

I'm not saying that my way of meditating is the best or only way. It is just the way that worked for me, and if it works for you too, then GREAT! You can leave me a comment or two about that.

Ok. So, the only secret that has helped me is: Listen to the voice in your head. If you listen to the voice in your head, ego, and do not correspond with it, only listen, it will quiet and have no more to say. Simple.

So, if you listen to the voice in your head you will have pure moments of clarity. No real concentration is necessary. The voice will quiet, leaving you in a brief state of peace. This is true meditation. These moments of no mind or no thought will deepen and get longer with time. You can use this method to help in your day-to-day life. Just listen to the voice in your head without corresponding with the voice, and it will become a habit.

I have really enjoyed my process of learning this skill and I hope you find this in good health. I also hope you learn this skill before you turn 32.

Love and Peace.

## SCREENPLAY

MADELINE HOLT

WRITING101

### Ertchawa Rising

---

*Prologue*

*Amongst the Elders there is the barest whisper of a time when the Enzikhali came upon our world. A time in which the skies were eternally dark and the land covered in shadow. The Enzikhali bore down*

*upon our earth, tearing the heavens asunder—their fall tainting the terrain with ash and corruption.*

*These accursed lands, known as the Ashen Plains, are where none dare venture. An unnatural blight bleeds out this dominion where it is said an army of corruption and woe resides. Warriors bred and grown over a millennia, waiting for the next long night—the suns never leaving the eastern horizon for near a season. The world draped in shadows, they will rise, march forth, devour and lay waste to all in their path in search of an artifact that is the beating heart of their existence.*

Rise of The Ashen Army  
Origin Unknown, Ertchawan Archives

“I must be as foolish as I am wise,” Gelic Garrotson muttered under his breath, as he shuffled out of the royal courtyard. A charlatan and swindler, Gelic had been pulling the wool of deceit over the eyes of everyone and anyone in his lifetime. This day was no different. A swinish and indulgent Queen with a thirst for all things rare and exotic, planting the aphotic heathen gem in her hands, was a mere trifle. The gem now placed in the contact of her bloodline would activate a beacon to an army of old that would stop at nothing to retrieve it...

*3rd Sun 2886*

Shala exited the smokey hut with a watery sting in her eyes and stepped out into a dreary and unremarkable day. An overcast sky loomed above, adding to the humid chill that crept into the bones. Beyond the icy mist she could barely distinguish the huts of her brethren; shadowy lumps expelling plumes of greasy smoke into the vast beyond.

A small and remote village, Ertchawa was a refuge and home to a few hundred women inflicted or blessed—dependent on whom was asked—with the gift of Ertcha, the goddess of Spite and Retribution. The cabal, which had survived for centuries, was known as the Wrath of Ertcha and, of late, the Wrath of the Realm. As such, a royal decree had been declared, placing a handsome reward into the palms of any person who managed to capture and deliver a member to Queen Arailia alive.

Shala sighed deeply, shook her head and muttered. “Best get on with this.” Being summoned by Laithen One-Eye was not a great way to begin the day. Calling the old crone a hermit was putting it lightly, and though she was regarded as the clan Elder, she was seldom seen.

She trudged out upon a weather-worn path, hundreds of icy footprints frozen in time, encased in a wall of hardened mud. Beyond the boundaries of the hamlet, the path thinned into a thread that pulled slowly towards a forest wall. First the world darkened, then silenced. The smell of moss and wet rot hung heavily in the cold, damp air. Shala continued on, surrounded by ancient, green clad giants from a time long passed until she reached the largest of them all.

The ancient tree was thought to be the mother of all trees—a Goddess in her own right, the keeper of the forest and the bringer of life. Armoured in the thickest of bark, the massive monument to life could easily house three village huts within its walls. Shala studied the base of the tree until she spotted the unassuming shadow; a shallow oval shaped depression. As she approached the tree, the shadow became darker and the depression deeper until it shimmered like a pool of liquid onyx.

“Well don't just stand there child!” a voice croaked. “You are already late as it is, and we have little time! Enter at once!” A bony hand wrapped in a thin translucent skin reached out from the onyx abyss, clenching Shala's wrist and dragging her into the darkness beyond.

Inside the air was stale, warm and earthy. Shala's eyes adjusted to find a large room filled with shelves brimming with hundreds of books and baubles. The hard packed earthen floor was edged by writhing walls, a mass of movement, roots slowly slithering in all directions. Laithen was hunched quietly in the center of the room, a dim unearthly glow surrounding her. “Greetings Elder One,” Shala said softly.

“Oh stop with the cockshit, child! I am an old, ornery sac o' bones.” Laithen spat, “I have no time for useless honorifics. Laithen will do.” Laithen turned her gaze towards Shala; beneath her wiry

hair was a skeletal face, thin skin drawn tightly over sharp bones. One-Eye, they called her, and rightly so. Sitting opposite an opalescent blue eye with a pinprick for a pupil was a black orb with a seemingly endless depth into oblivion. Laithen slowly blinked, breaking Shala's awe.

"Apologies that there is no time for pleasantries but I must make haste. On this very eve the clouds will break to reveal a crimson setting of our three Suns. A crimson which will bleed upon our humble dwellings and into the earth itself. Come dawn, you will be the Lone Wolf," she coughed. "Seek out your sisters, the Sisters Three, and bring us our salvation. There is no time for questions! Take this with great care..." She reached up and removed her black orb of an eye, placing it in Shala's palm. "GO!" she screamed, pushing Shala backwards through the onyx rift.

\*\*\*

Shala awoke on her back with the unpleasant taste of copper in her mouth. Blood. She squeezed her eyes tightly shut in a grimace; her head was thrumming with pain. In a sobbing gasp she cracked open an eye and beheld the hazy scene before her. A red mist enveloped where the village once stood; everything that was had been laid to waste by some terrible force. On the horizon the last of the three suns was pulling down the curtain of night as if stating the end of some horrendous murmur show. The last act.

The sun spilled her hindmost crimson light upon the plains, her fingers slowly pulling back from the fateful scene. The mist and the fading light intertwined in an ominous dance, emitting a strange aura over the landscape. The village, her brethren, had simply vanished. And like the trickle of a small stream gaining momentum over leagues of converging waterways, her memories came flooding forth.

\*\*\*

"GO!"

Shala fell back through the rift and hit the ground outside the tree with a solid thump. Scores of questions engulfed her mind. "What in the name

of the Crone is she off about?" She muttered partly in frustration, mostly in fear. Her internal queries were cut short by shouts from the village. Rising quickly, she shoved the inky orb into the pocket of her brown woollen trousers and threaded her way swiftly through the trees back towards her home.

The shouting grew louder and increasingly panicked as she came upon the edge of the forest. An alien feeling spread through her body and her mind told her to stop. "You must witness," it whispered.

Time began to crawl. Across the plains the three suns looked as though they were being swallowed by the earth itself, placing a grim backdrop for the setting below.

Her sisters were surrounded and corralled like wild beasts by Queen Arailia's legendary Wrath Stalkers; an elite royal brigade of some two thousand men, five hundred of whom now held her sisters hostage, their black banners waving ruthlessly, and silver armour saturated a deep red in the wake of the setting suns.

"Surrender quietly, Wrath of the Realm, and you will meet your end with dignity!" A stout man upon a massive steed boomed.

"We will surrender nothing but your petty lives! If you want to send us to the Crone's Gate, we will be watching your defeated arses as we follow you through!" Helda, a surly woman of middling years, retorted.

"Helda my dear, you were ever the foul-mouthed heathen. It seems the years have treated you as well as your affinity for words." The stout man forced a chuckle. "Enough of this!" He raised an arm, "Archers! In place!"

"See you on the other side, General Renkino. I will be sure to save some spit for your unfortunate face." Helda turned towards the sisters. "It is time to rise, Wrath of Ertcha! We surrender ourselves to the Goddess in the name of retribution!"

And then there was silence. Five hundred men and three hundred women standing as if frozen in time.



At first it seemed a trick of the light, inky black tendrils of mist slithering out of Helda's mouth, opening wider and wider into an inhuman all-consuming yawn. Her mouth stretched further and further, from the top of her skull down to her abdomen, as if she were swallowing herself in blackness from the outside in. The sisters followed suit.

Terrified gasps and screams of horror rang out from the ranks of the Wrath Stalkers. "ARCHERS NOW!!" Renkino cried.

Renkino had failed. Helda and the others were no more than shimmering obsidian-like stains on the earth. When the first arrows struck, a deafening crack raced across the land followed by an outward wave of blackness, a blackness that was once three hundred of Shala's brethren, one that obliterated everything in its path and left nothing of the soldiers but a fine red mist.

"And now you have witnessed," the voice said in a whisper. A tidal wave of pain brought Shala to her knees, and all went dark...

\*\*\*

She trudged out upon a weather worn path, hundreds of red icy footprints frozen in time, encased in a wall of hardened mud. The Lone Wolf did not look back, it was time to seek out the Sisters Three.

# WELL-WISHES

## HUM101/201 PARTICIPANTS

---

I wish all my Hum peers an empowered future. I will always be grateful for the lessons I've learned from the other students:

- When a participant in a group conversation is noticeably more reserved than the rest of the group, seek out their opinion by directly asking for it. This practice can result in some astonishing ideas being brought forward, which can greatly enrich the conversation.
- Keep in mind while brainstorming a project that with enough work even simple ideas can often be transformed into towering results.
- Everyone is composed of an infinite multiplicity of factors; consequently, everyone's opinion is uniquely personal.
- In educational goals, be patient. It's the journey, not the destination that's important. Thank-you, I learned these lessons from you all.

**Don Clancy aka Thatcher McGee**      Hum Mentor

---

A thank you to all the staff and students in Hum101/201. As always, I am humbled and in awe of my many fine classmates, people who have endured many hardships in life and remain enthusiastic and optimistic. AJ studying and researching for many hours at the library, and Ayube asking for support for her people in Ethiopia—the loss of family members too soon. My classmates have strong spirits and good hearts. Margot, Paul, Wil and all the staff always bring warmth and enthusiasm to the class. Thank you.

**Lorna Johnson**      Hum201

---

Many years ago I heard my grandfather, who was a farmer, tell a tale about the ages of animals: "A chicken lives for three years, a dog lives three times longer than a chicken, a horse lives three times longer than a dog, and a human being lives three times longer than a horse." This simple tale lets us see that life is almost nothing in terms of time, therefore we must not waste our precious

time. We must continuously challenge our minds, searching truth and freedom. Hum has been an inspiration to start flying like Raven, and not like chickens.

**Jose A. De La Torre**

**Hum101**

*I am a little doe running to and fro in the surroundings of UBC just to practise my tiny legs. I looked into the classroom of D201 and saw students attentively studying. How I wanted to join them, I did! I spent months with them in Humanities 201. I went to a play and on field trips with them. The remainder of the time, we spent in the classroom of D201. How time swiftly passed!*

*Before we say farewell to each other, let us make a deal. No matter how long it has been since we've seen one another, I hope that we will still remember each other since memory never fades.*



**Assumpta Kwan**

**Hum201**

My wish for all of you—my classmates, teachers, volunteers, and donors—is that 2016 is a happy, healthy, and prosperous year. I am really glad that I was given the opportunity to be in Hum101 and 201 and I am also very happy to have gotten to know all of you. I have had a wonderful time with all of you, thank you very much.

**Ayube Ulo**

**Hum201**

I'm proud to say that Hum has been the central source of inspiration in all aspects of my life, this past school year. Whether you're aware of it or not, each one of you have been teaching me something valuable, above and beyond the Programme, that has changed my world. My gratitude and affection to all those who have shared moments of connection with me through Hum. Here's to renewing those moments in the future—cheers!

**Terence Lui**

**Hum101**



**Kimberley Hurrell**

**Hum101**

I have not been in school for 21 years. I never read or wrote anything, not even a sentence. Instead, I was up to no good, and I had kids. However, I went to write an essay for Dr. Butler and Paul Woodhouse, so I could get into Writing101. I was very nervous; I had my four children and they were fighting with each other. My anxiety was very high. I wrote something and I got accepted. I was so excited. It was free education at a university level. I have been truly blessed. I was set free with the context that I inherited with my writing because I was able to write about my traumatic life. It was a healing journey for me. I have been in and out of therapy, but it was my writing that set me free. This whole experience at UBC was the most wonderful thing in my life. It gave me confidence and independence. It was like my soul woke up.

**Buffalo Star Woman (Sandra Delorme)** Hum201  
(Nisichawayasihk Cree Nation)

“Find the freedom in the context you inherit.” Keeping this course theme in mind, we started with First Nation studies, then to ancient Greek philosophers. We got through the Enlightenment to Globalization. We talked about culture, colonialism, and capitalism with our five touchstones: People, Power, Place, Knowledge and Time. What did I get? I got to open my eyes to see widely. I got to listen to different voices. I got my mind to think historically, critically, and creatively. What a nice learning experience I had with you! Great big thanks and best wishes for all of my teachers,

HUM staff, volunteers, and my classmates. Thank you so much for sharing your time with me!

**Cindy^\_^QT**

**Hum101**

---

As this my second year with Humanities I cannot help but feel a little bittersweet knowing that there will be no next year to look forward to. I really would like to thank my fellow students for making the time I have spent in class so interesting, with so many different points of view and life experiences to share. I would also like to thank the staff, Dr. Butler, Reuben, Wil, Margot and especially Paul for always taking the time to help out with any problem that came up. I have really felt that this was a great experience and will be sure to recommend it to any that will listen.

**Fred Shantz**

**Hum201**

**(Cook's Ferry First Nation of Nlaka'pamux)**

---

On wards, up wards, and to a higher conscience wards! To each and every precious student, volunteer, and teacher of Hum's Soul, may your higher conscience lead you in every decision you make, and help you make the right decisions in life for the betterment of humanity and life itself.

Remember that you are the progress of perfection and that you had one in a trillion+ chance of being here on earth—which is, on its own, a miracle. The first nine months of your life is when you truly let go, when you let your creator create. And, you came out absolutely perfect, proving that when you let go and let the creator create, there is nothing to do other than to be of service and pass it on! Getting into the Hum program is a prime example of the creator's will for you. Many applied; few got in; even fewer stayed the course. And you are of those few left celebrating yet another victory in ceremony.

Always remember you are the change we need in this world, so be the change you want to see in this world. Change starts with one person and that

is you. So be the change. Make the change. And create positive change. Do not let your past define the gift of your present. If the present and past carry ill will, find the freedom in the context you inherit and make the change. All of our parents were perfectly created to create us, however, not all of our parents were perfectly created to be parents; so that change is now left up to us, to be the change we wanted to live. We are all now wiser and can make the change our founding fathers and mothers may have lacked; it is up to us to make that change and to not repeat the mistakes.

We have been given a gift of education in the history of humankind: we read about the past and can now redesign our present and future. The future will be what we truly want it to be and if that comes with ill will, then we have to make an honest assessment and find out what our role and responsibility is in that ill will we received. We have to make the change for the betterment of ourselves and for humanity's future. I wish you all the best and look forward to experiencing the change we all will make for the betterment of humanity and ourselves! I wish you all the breath of life; the basic principle of life is to breath, when you stop breathing, you stop living. All your present and future goals start from the inside and breath outwards; when you face struggles in the future—and you will—take time to breath and refresh your inner hard drive. When you create new goals and passions, remember to want and need what you want to achieve—as much as you want and need to breath. May all your goals be onwards, upwards, and higher conscience wards!

**Kurt Gonsalves**

**Hum101**

---

*"It's not what you achieve in life but what you overcome that counts."* - Rick Hansen

Best wishes to my fellow HUMmers!!

**James Gillis**

**Hum101**

Like the roots of a tree, we all come together from all walks of life to learn and teach one another, then we go our separate ways with the knowledge to teach others so that their lives are enriched. I've enjoyed our time together and wish you well in your journey of life. From all of my relations to all of your relations may we all walk in peace on the red road.

**Alvin J Komperdo** Hum201  
(Siksika, Ojibway, Mohawk, Cree)

---

I have now been a part of this adult education program for my third course; I've taken Hum101, Science 101 and now Hum201.

I have to believe in my yield to others who were before me: the hundreds of students who also went through the Hum program. We need programs like this to continue. Humility, acceptance, and the knowledge that First Nations peoples need support after the wrongs that occurred: a small penalty acknowledges and answers for an intrusive people. We just took it for granted, and put down rules and difficult guidelines for them to follow.

I feel a release running through me as I consider the end to the old days and the opening to new times where we acknowledge where and when things actually went wrong—and how we got to the place we're at now. The host people have been here for a very long time. It is now a part of our society to give to the village its resources and rewards. Hopefully, we might just step back for the original peoples to get true respect, personal recognition, and equal standing on these lands. It is time to balance the spirit.

It has always been encouraging coming to UBC, meeting other students, getting oriented through tours, and getting ready for class—and all that it entails.

I hope to all my other classmates and humanity that students see opportunities and strength through participating in Hum. I hope that you sense community and freedom in being a student and that you keep going, keep expanding your vision, and

keep a notebook or journal nearby.

**Jason Laxdal** Hum201

---

Sending my wishes—

This year, our theme was “find freedom in the context you inherit.” When the opportunity for me to attend school at UBC came around, the Humanities 101 program helped me to learn about other cultures and freedom in the context of the classroom. Thank you for letting me share my wisdom, knowledge and culture with Hum classmates, teacher and volunteers. I have now found my responsibility in the DTES.

I wish you all the best,

**Joel Rakesh Kumar** Hum101

---

There have been several weeks, hundreds of hours, thousands of words—signs—that we have been denoting, connoting, reflecting, and switching. Time of wisdom, shared sparks of knowledge that I wish will last a lifetime. I hope this knowledge triggers every day our curiosity for continuously analyzing the ideas of others as well as our own, until the last breath. I desire this will be true for everyone in Humanities 101 and 201: faculty, mentors, teachers, volunteers, and classmates.

Sincerely,

**Luis Velasquez** Hum101

---

This was a good course that provided me with greater insight of other cultures and experiences, which is helping to integrate seamlessly with other communities and various subjects and will remain valuable to me. I would like to wish all my classmates, teachers and staff who were there to give us all the support, valuable lessons and topics we learned during our course and wish them success in their endeavors.

**Masan Kahin** Hum101

It was a pleasure to explore this course together because I have learned many new things and that is exciting. I wish everyone to be able to develop all this knowledge to make some change in our community. This is a new stage in life for us, to make a positive difference. I wish that every one of you finds happiness, realizes dreams and always, always finds freedom in the context you inherit. Finally I wish to see you in Hum201.

**Monica Alas** **Hum101**

---

My wish for future classes is for them to be able to indulge in all the positive and productive experiences that I have been a part of. And to create more of the same experiences to pass along, so that future classes can, in turn, create and set examples for those that follow them.

**Stergios Vlioras** **Hum101**

### **WRITING PARTICIPANTS**

---

Thank you all for being a big part of my reasons to keep going. May THE FORCE bewitchyou!!

**Kathleen Gowman** **Writing201**  
+ Writing Mentor

---

To the gang of the first Writing201, Humanities staff and instructors,

I had the amazing experience of participating in the class last fall. I was treated to a diverse spectrum of pieces including a dramatic and poetic emotional plea, a soft sounding verse describing nature's beauty and still condemning man's need

to destroy her. Outwardly, I may have laughed each week, but sometimes I just stayed quiet. There were times I cried inside. It was a joy to hear a new song come into my heart and out to the world. I know I'd not be able to do that hadn't I the passion that these courses extract from me. In closing, it was an honour and a blessing to have worked with all of you and I wish only the best in your future artistic expressions.

**Fred Joly** **Writing201**

---

This has been an interesting three months of writing and listening to other's writing. I am glad I took the gamble and attended the course, which enabled me to meet some new people and have some new experiences outside of my imaginary day job.

**Keith Long** **Writing101**

---

Dearest Writing Companions,

I am so grateful to be gifted the opportunity to partake in learning and creating new things with all of you and to be non-judgmentally received. Thank you for sharing with me your own beautiful and vulnerable truths. May you continue to let burn the passionate flames of expression!

**Heather Brown Reynolds** **Writing101**

---

I have found a connection to my classmates and to the facilitators of Hum's Writing101. Thank you to Margot, Maureen, Wil, Paul, and Rebecca who sat through my stories. I have really enjoyed this class and it has opened me up to new possibilities. I look at my writing and I know I have to dive into so much more research, being incredibly detail oriented. I have learned to look at writing in a very different way and what an art it is.

Thank you to everyone that made this possible.

**Robin Thomas** **Writing101**

It's a never-ending journey.  
May your wish never end.  
As in a dream, it's a world we travel, seeking  
and exploring.  
A big step towards our future, embrace it all.  
Good luck and a huge thank you to our teachers  
and support.  
Continue on the journey and continue to learn,  
love, and laugh.

**Clarence D. Fremont** **Writing101**

---

Thank you to all of my fellow writing enthusiasts who have inspired me, challenged me, and awed me, with your creative writing gems from the heart, mind and soul. I have learned so much and would feel less capable if it weren't for the amazing teachers and staff of Hum 101 Writing. Thank you and best wishes for continuing your creative journey as writers and poets.

**Denise Linnay** **Writing101**

---

I would like to thank all my classmates from the Writing course. I was amazed by all the talented writers. It was a great opportunity for me to experience all the different writing styles. I also found encouragement from seeing that there are others who, like me, just needed the “push” of a structured forum to get them going. I hope that you all benefit from the therapeutic value that I have found in writing. Good luck to everyone.

**Robert Lozowchuk** **Writing101**

I am surprised and pleased to feel so welcomed into a group. I found that I enjoy writing and am very encouraged by the warm, welcoming acceptance I got from all of the class as I read my work aloud.

Robert's friendship and Kathleen's “brightness” always pop into my thoughts as I think of Writing101.

I highly encourage anyone who has an interest in writing, or even just wants to meet smart people from our own part of town. It is an amazingly easy place to share our work. Very inviting!

**Terry Lawrence** **Writing101**

---

To all the people who attended the Writing class: The very best of luck. You are a diverse and interesting group and a pleasure to be with. I hope that you continue to write and create in your own voices. The louder the better to ensure you are heard.

I also want to say how much I appreciated the dedicated work of the lecturers and facilitators at Writing 201. You made me a better writer. I learned a great deal, particularly about the craft of writing. I hope that some day there will be a Writing 301.

All the best,

**John Roberts** **Writing201**

---

I would like to thank all the staff. I am very happy to have had this opportunity to learn writing here.

I wish this program would keep going on!

I wish the teachers, staff, and volunteers to be happy all the time.

I wish you all good health! I wish everyone's dreams come true!

I wish more and more books would be published, including mine!

I wish you all the best!

**Lixuan Zeng** **Writing101**

I wish I was a well wisher  
I wish you all well  
All well, you wish

**Larry Berger** Writing101 + 201

---

Congrats to all past and present Hum students who participated in this programme. Special thanks to all the organizers, teachers and staff that help keep this wonderful program going each and every year.

**James Fong** Writing101

---

Another great year has passed, it has been a great pleasure to meet and be with you all!!

Thank you for sharing a great experience of learning with me.

I wish everybody all the best in your future studies and well-being.

**Violet Bittern** Writing101 + 201

---

It was so wonderful to meet and share this opportunity with all of you. A special thanks to all of the brilliant instructors and volunteers who have taken the time to create such a great program.

**Madeline Holt** Writing101

---

Another great mind-blowing/mind-expanding term! Thank you Hum.

**A grateful writing student**

---

The term went by too quickly! Best of everything, brothers and sisters! Critical thinking forever!

**Harris Pearson** Writing201

Hum is special, because we are engaged in learning. We learn through active interaction in the classroom. Hum is special, because it is not only about the classroom but also about connecting people, building a community of like-minded people. Hum is special, because it is not only another program but also opens doors to reflection and healing. I appreciate people who spend their time to listen, to lead us, to inspire and empower us. I appreciate people who learn knowledge and skills and give back wisdom. I appreciate people who show their talent in poem, in artistic expression, and in music (just to name a few). I wish Hum to lay a corner stone in your life ahead and, sooner or later, you will live your life fully!

**Wilson Liang** Writing201

## **VOLUNTEERS**

---

Big thanks to all the Hum participants, volunteers, instructors, and staff! Over the past two terms, it has been an honour to learn with participants in Writing101 and 201. I am, of course, often the one being tutored in tutorial, and I'm especially thankful for your willingness to share, your vulnerability and honesty, and above all your incredible creativity and talent.

**Mat Arthur** Writing Tutor

---

This is my first year volunteering in the Writing program; thank you all for making me feel welcome! I feel privileged to have worked with you on your various projects, ranging from the deeply hilarious to the profoundly sad. Thank you for trusting me. I appreciate all of your unique styles, voices, and perspectives. I wish you all the best and I hope to see some familiar faces in Writing201 next year. Keep writing! :)

**Rebecca Sheppard** Writing Tutor



The Hum101 class was warm, sincere, and engaging, and I am happy to have stepped foot in it. It was so good to see everyone flex their grasp of the different topics, and to have witnessed the dialogue—I feel humbled. I wish to highlight the interaction between participants and lecturers because it’s like everyone raised their right hand and waved “hi,” and in their left lay a piece of knowledge that had character. What a nice learning environment, so thank you all (participants and staff) for a good journey this year.

**Dakota Eruste** Hum101/201  
discussion facilitator

---

Thank you so much for sharing your Tuesday nights with me! I'm so grateful for your energy and exuberance, your curiosity and criticality. I was enriched by sharing ideas and exploring big questions with you this year, and hope that you will continue to share and explore in all your future endeavours. I am so privileged to have had the opportunity to learn with such intelligent and creative thinkers; this year of Hum has truly been a gift.

Ever yours,

**Alyssa Stryker** Hum101/201  
discussion facilitator

---

It was a TON of fun being able to share, learn from and with you guys in the short time I was able to volunteer with the program. I wish you all the best in the future and I hope to see some of you again in Hum 201 or as volunteers too! Lots of love. <3 kevz

**Kevonnie Whyte** Hum101/201  
discussion facilitator

---

All the best in your future adventures.

**Heather Caverhill** Hum101/201  
discussion facilitator

I wish to take this opportunity to extend my gratitude to all of the students, volunteers, and teachers that I have had the pleasure of meeting this year at Hum101. It is my sincere hope that we all continue to seek and to strive at attaining knowledge everyday. Peace and progress to everyone; may our paths cross again.

**Ahmad Kudin** Hum101/201  
discussion facilitator

---

I thank the Hum community for adopting me half-way through the school year. I also tip my hat to everyone—from the students to staff—for demonstrating that teaching and learning move in all sorts of directions in the classroom. I wish all the students a beautiful graduation; you've earned it!

**Dexter Fergie** Hum101/201  
discussion facilitator

---

It has been an honour to be included in such insightful discussions with all of the Humanities participants. I have enjoyed learning from everyone and I am blown away by the amount of time and effort all of you put in throughout the term. I hope that you all have a great summer, and wish you good luck on all future endeavours!

**Kelly Ng** Hum101/201  
discussion facilitator

## TEACHERS

---

To be able to move forward in a good way one must be aware of oneself and understand that we each have the capacity to achieve regardless of whatever we have inherited.

Best regards,

Larry Grant                      Musqueam Elder-in-Residence,  
First Nations House of Learning, UBC

---

As a staunch supporter for the HUM Programme, I congratulate all of you for completing the Programme. I hope HUM has been a rewarding experience and has energized your faith in life. I believe true freedom comes from being able to let go of fear and past nightmares and simply take on all challenges with a bit of humility, hope and humour. God bless!

With love,

Gerald Ma

---

Dear friend of the Hum Programme  
Well wishes to the Hum class of 2015-16!

You had a profound effect on me and my ideas about education. If all university classes were as real, caring, intelligent, experienced, and truth seeking as Hum101/201, there would be a wiser world. Thank you for getting there, for being there, and good luck to each of you in your continuing journey through life.

Big love and large hugs,  
D’Arcy and MacDuff

D’Arcy Davis-Case  
“FoREst bathing: Exploring the links between well-being and nature through the Happiness Index and Community Forestry”

HUM101/201 Graduating Students of the Class of 2016 Unite!!

It was a pleasure and a great challenge for me to share with you all my ideas on *The Communist Manifesto* this year, and to hear your thoughts and opinions about the realities of capitalism today. I myself learned a lot about *class struggle* in our time together, both in and outside the classroom.

Congratulations and best wishes to you all!

**Tom Kemple**

“*Raven did not prepare us for the past 150 years: Marx and Engels’ The Communist Manifesto (1848)*” and “*Finding freedom in the [social] context you inherit*”

---

To all the amazing participants in Hum101/201:

I’m always so impressed by the important work you’re all doing, and really appreciate being welcomed into your classroom conversations. The brilliant questions you ask of yourselves, your teachers, and the world are some of the best I’ve ever encountered, and I’m so grateful to have had the opportunity to learn from you. May your context continue to be one of curiosity and courage!

All my very best wishes,

**Daniel Justice**

“*Today I am entitled to dream. Khahtsahlano dreamed of being buried at Snauq. I dream of living there: Why Indigenous Literatures Matter*” and “*Finding freedom in the [academic] context you inherit: Academic Activism*”

## Congratulations Writing and Hum Graduates!

It's all gone by too quickly! Thank you for all the amazing writing you have produced this past year. It was both a pleasure and a privilege for me to get to know you by reading your pieces and listening to you read aloud in class. I watched as your confidence grew and was touched by the support and respect you showed to one another. Each of you has a story to tell, so please continue to write and feel the power of seeing not just your words but also your experiences on the page (even if you fictionalize them -- wink).

### Maureen Phillips

Journaling, Memoir writing and "Born Free? Born naked and bawling, captured by life's happenings, and set **FREE** in memoir writing."

---

It's been a fantastic year. I hope everybody enjoyed it. I also hope you keep using what you can take away from the Programme in your lives and keep on studying. Education doesn't just happen in a classroom, or in a library. In fact, the best education doesn't even happen secluded away from the world somewhere but in it. It is only the realization that you are constantly learning, the awareness of it that is required to appreciate what we all learn from our everyday lives.

I wish you all the best of luck and don't forget, Hum public programmes, public programmes, public programmes!!!

### Wil Steele

"Education: *Light fixtures*: Assignment writing workshop" and "Cyber Anthropology and Communications: BloggINg"

## MINDFULNESS and FREEDOM

May we all live with more awareness of now. May we all allow and accept all that is happening now and even come to embrace every moment that we live. Therein lies freedom and the utmost joy of living.

### Caer Weber

"What is your relationship with yourself? **FINDing FREEDOM** through mindfulness, self-compassion, and self-kindness"

---

I really enjoyed teaching Humanities 101 this year and last. I learned a great deal from those classes. I never expected to find such an intelligent, interested, engaging group of people at a university. The humanities are alive and well in your corner of the academy.

### Ted Byrne

"*My small hands clutch a bright white envelope:* Words that seek to convey, and to evoke musicality" and "*She woke up:* Poetry and meaning"

---

Enjoy the struggle for freedom!

### Lee Maracle

"**FIND FREEDOM IN THE CONTEXT YOU INHERIT**"

Giving a lecture on Foucault to Hum101/201 this year was definitely one of the highlights of my year. I have taught Foucault in undergraduate courses many times, but the comments and questions raised by you all were grounded in life experiences many of my other students don't have, and brought important perspectives to the discussion that I really valued having (and will carry over into my other teaching!). That was one of the most engaged course meetings I have ever taught, and I hope to be able to continue to participate in Hum in the future because the experience was so valuable. Congratulations on your hard work and accomplishments this year!

**Christina Hendricks**

**“Philosophy: *Finding Freedom in Foucault*”**

---

Thank you HUM staff and students for extending me the invitation to offer an evening lecture in the program this year. It was such a pleasure and an honour to connect with you, and share in the rich and diverse experiences and questions that you brought to the classroom. I was energized by *your* energy, your thirst for knowledge and understanding, and I wish each and every one of you the very best in your next steps, both personally and professionally.

With respect, gratitude and warm wishes, Mark.

**Mark Turin**

**“The honesty of chldreN: the value of moTHEr tongues and local languages for communitIes”**

---

Dear Students -

It was a great pleasure working with you! I wish you all the best in the future. Keep practicing your critical thinking skills and creating arguments!

Warm wishes,

**Ana Harland**

**“Discover...from within: What are our philosophical perspectives?”**

Thank you, Hum101/201 students, for your deep thoughtfulness during the presentation on Hemingway's *In Our Time*. I so appreciate it. Congratulations, all, on your work, your achievements, and your graduation. May your rivers be big, two-hearted, and rich with trout. My profound good wishes to you all.

**Michael Zeitlin**

**“CONTEXT confusion “In Our Time” (Ernest Hemingway, 1925): Making sense of the lost generation of World War 1”**

---

I had such a wonderful evening talking about Freud with such a bright and engaged group. Thank you for sharing your stories and your ideas and all the best in your careers and “neighbourly” exploits!

**David Gaertner**

**“Here goes the neighbourhood: changing spatial CONTEXTs and FINDing oneself in the processes of gentrification”**

---

Congratulations to a fabulous group of students.

My class time with you was rich, engaging, and fun.

Warm wishes,

**Margot Young**

**““INHERITed legal rights, responsibilities and FREEDOMs: Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms, Universal Declaration of Human Rights and Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Discrimination against Women” and “United Nations Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous People. Article 1: Indigenous peoples have the right to the full enjoyment, as a collective or as individuals, of all human rights and fundamental FREEDOMs as recognized in the Charter of the United Nations, the Universal Declaration of Human Rights.”**

Dear Class of 2016,

Congratulations on your graduation! It was a wonderful pleasure to meet you and to explore the language of music together with you. I wish you only the very best for the future, and I hope to see you back at UBC again in the years to come.

**Florian Gassner**  
“**INHERIT**ed mythologies on the stage: Orpheus and Eurydice”

---

Best wishes to all HUM participants, as you continue your journey of exploration and reflection! I hope the ideas and perspectives you encountered this year bring riches and insight into your lives, and that you continue to inspire and be inspired.

Thanks for sharing this time together,

**Sylvia Berryman**  
“*Discovering consequences*: “S/he has the most who is most content with the least,” said Diogenes, a 4th Century BCE philosopher” and “*Finding freedom in the context you inherit*: Ancient Greek Philosophers”

---

.....The Wishing Well.....With thanks for the invitation, I look forward to your Graduation, and to greeting some old and new friends from our class, Walking Tour and visit to the Orpheum.

**Arthur Allen**  
“*Dot the ceiling*”; plus walking tour of Vancouver architecture and field trip and your of the Orpheum theatre

Congratulations to each of you for all of your hard work and dedication over the last year. It was a pleasure to work with you, and I thank you for your generosity of spirit and your openness to new ideas. I wish you the very best for your future learning, and I hope that what you have heard and thought about opens up a life-long curiosity for knowledge.

**Sadira Rodrigues**  
“*Sometimes it feels like [the way ‘race’ has been conceptualized] has been negligent, maybe even a little dense*”

---

Speaking in Halifax, Nova Scotia in 1937, the great African American leader Marcus Garvey said, “We are going to emancipate ourselves from mental slavery because whilst others might free the body, none but ourselves can free the mind.” The true education involves the liberation of the mind. Congratulations to all of our HUM 101 graduates for your progress along this journey.

**Gage Averill**  
Dean, Faculty of Arts  
and Professor of Music  
“Humming for **FREEDOM**”

---

Dear students, congratulations on your significant achievement! I really valued the opportunity to meet you at the Xwi7xwa Library and was struck by the thoughtful questions and dialogue that was so indicative of your firm commitments to life-long learning. Wherever your journey leads in your pursuit of further formal or informal education, I would like you to know you are always welcome at the library.

Best wishes!

**Sarah Dupont**  
“The word **CON** means 'together or with', so what **TEXTs** hinge us together and turn our **ME** into **WE** here at UBC?” tour of the university libraries

Congratulations to all of you. May your love of music and song continue to nourish and uplift you. Keep singing and dancing! It's been a pleasure and honour to be part of your HUM journey.

**Carol Sawyer**

Songs and Lyrics and "One thing I can tell you is you got to be FREE / come together, right now, over me."

---

Dear HUM writers,

It was a pleasure to work with you, even if briefly. I hope you continue writing your bio as you live it!

**M. Simon Levin**

"The FREEDOM to MashUp as a creative and critical practice, technique and tactic, for starters"

---

Dear Writing 101/201 Students,

Congratulations on the completion of the Writing course. I hope you have had a rich journey and many wonderful experiences and encounters along the way. I enjoyed my time with you very much and wish you the very best of everything in the time to come. May your journeys continue!

Warmest wishes to you all,

**Reg Johanson**  
Bio Writing

---

Congrats Graduates. To think courageously and playfully is the fiercest freedom of all. Be proud, you've worked hard.

Best wishes,  
Simon

**Marlene Schiwy**

Autobiography and Memoir writing

Beautiful people—

I wish you well and thank you deeply for all you've done with and for Hum this year. I believe that we found and made freedoms in the university context, and also altered this context—and I know that this isn't the only place you do that! Like agency, it seems like freedom isn't something that you HAVE, but something we MAKE, together. I'll be watching for your secret messages written on windows and mirrors in our shared worlds....

With admiration,

**Margot Leigh Butler**

"*Light fixtures: Assignment writing workshop,*" "*Finding freedom in the [everyday] context you inherit: Culture is Ordinary,*" "*Hidden behind great long light fixtures, dimming: From the Enlightenment to Globalization,*" "Between: living in the hyphen," "*Finding freedom [through changing, creatively and unexpectedly] the context you inherit,*" "Whadda YOU mean? Semiotics Workshop," "Here's looking at YOU: Semiotic analysis of photographs of Downtown Eastside women figured as heroin addicts," "YOUr Hum year IN CONTEXT," "FINDing our way with the help of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada's 2015 Calls to Action," "FREE Speech? Making FREEDOM by altering CONTEXTs! This is what ME WE WANT! Manifesto writing," "Representing ourselves: showing our FREEDOM," "Using FREudian 'FREE association' to follow our thoughts on FREEDOM," "How to maintain your FREEDOM and self-determination when you're someone's research subject, or, altering university-based research practices and CONTEXTs to protect Downtown Eastside/South residents' and Hum's FREEDOMs," "FIND + show + tell: FINDing what we value at MOA and showing each other what it means to us."

## **STAFF**

---

Dear Grads of 2016,

It's been an absolute joy scurrying along the freedom trail with you this year. There were no carrots or sticks in sight, where there were walls we found holes, and where there was freedom, we played around with it.

I found freedom in your compelling stories, the wise words of our teachers and volunteers, and the bounty of ideas generated by the steadfast staff. It has been a wonderful year, one we can re-visit over and over again through the pages of our book. This is the landmark 10th anniversary edition of the Hum yearbook, and it has inherited a collective wisdom unparalleled across the university. Thank you for the fond memories.

Best of luck in your future endeavours,

Paul

**Paul Woodhouse**      Programme Coordinator

---

Congratulations to Writing 101/201 and Hum 101/201 Graduands!

It's all gone by much too quickly! Thank you for all the amazing writing you've produced over these past months. It was both a great pleasure and a privilege for me to get to know you by reading your pieces and listening to you read aloud in class. I watched as your confidence grew and was touched by the support and respect you showed to one another. Each of you has a story to tell, so please continue to write and feel the power of seeing not just your words but your experiences on the page (even if you fictionalize them a bit—wink).

And it was also a privilege to present a memoir class to the Hum people. What a lively and engaging group you were that evening, as we discussed the joy of finding freedom in the context we inherit, through writing about our experiences. I enjoyed

answering your questions and listening to your comments about the challenges we face as we navigate through the rocky landscape of our life stories, wondering what to put in and what to leave out. I trust you will know as you go along, and as long as you're honest with yourself, you will find a voice that rings true. I wish you all courage and inspiration in your writing!

I must also take this opportunity to thank Margot and Paul for their excellent creative and organizational skills in keeping the Hum programme running smoothly, to Wil for keeping us on track in the Writing classroom, to Reuben for making sure there were tutors for students during the writing tutorials, to Mat and Rebecca for being there and working with the students to help them with their writing assignments, to “little” Margot for providing us with drinks and snacks to keep us going for the evening, and to Kathleen for being a mentor in the classroom. I've never worked with such a fun and supportive group (and I've worked with a lot of people)!

**Maureen Phillips**

Writing Coordinator

---

It's been a fantastic year. I hope everybody enjoyed it. I also hope you keep using what you can take away from the programme in your lives and keep on studying. Education doesn't just happen in a classroom, or in a library. In fact, the best education doesn't even happen secluded away from the world somewhere, but in it. It is only the realization that you are constantly learning, the awareness of it, which is required to appreciate what we all learn from our everyday lives.

I wish you all the best of luck and don't forget, public programs, public programs, public programs!!!

**Wil Steele**

Programme Assistant

To the Hum graduating classes of 2015-16, my heartiest congratulations! It has been a true honour to learn alongside and from all of you this past year. I've enjoyed our many conversations—in small and large groups, in the hallways, and even those off-campus at the Carnegie—and I look forward to those we might have in the future. What a privilege it has been to spend my Tuesday and Thursday evenings with you: what a group of astute, subtle, and creative thinkers! I am grateful for the many pieces of knowledge you shared with me. All the best over the summer and in the coming year!

Until we meet again.

**Reuben Jentink**                      Programme Assistant

---

Hum has definitely made this year one of the best I have ever had. I have grown so much throughout the year because of everyone in HUM.

To our teachers, thank you for sharing your knowledge that I would not have gained otherwise.

To the staff, thank you so much for being such an amazing and supportive bunch. I have learned so much about everything, from academia to life, from all of you.

Finally, to our participants, thank you so much for teaching me so much about the world. Learning from all of you has been an honour, and I have the utmost respect for you and all that you have accomplished so far. Congratulations to all of you!

May we all continue to try and keep finding freedom in the different contexts that we have inherited.

**Margot Mabanta**                      Programme Assistant



# PUBLIC PROGRAMMES

---

Hum's Public Programmes are offered year round in the DTES/Downtown South locations where participants live, work and volunteer. These groups are a great way for people to stay involved with Hum, and to continue on with their shared intellectual and creative practices. They typically begin with ideas generated by participants of the Hum Programme and continue to be shaped largely by those who attend. Public Programmes are a way to have fun, remain involved and connected, and learn something along the way.

## **A TASTE OF THE MIDDLE EAST**

*Facilitated by alumna Shahla Masoumnejad*

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

## **VERY CLOSE READING, ALOUD!**

*Facilitated by Steve Wexler*

This group meets every Saturday to read aloud and discuss some time-honoured literature. Three classics were read aloud this year: Stefan Zweig's *The Post Office Girl*, Oscar Wilde's *De Profundis* and Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe's *Faust*. *The Post Office Girl* is based around a powerful social history, describing in moving detail the impact of the First World War, and the extreme poverty in which so many people were forced to live. *Faust* is a play about a highly esteemed yet dissatisfied scholar bearing the same name. His boredom of life as a scholar leads him to make a pact with the devil, exchanging his soul for unlimited knowledge and worldly pleasures. *De Profundis* is a letter written by Oscar Wilde during his time in prison, reflecting on his close relationship with 'Bosie' (Lord Alfred Douglas), and his spiritual growth through the physical and emotional hardships of imprisonment.

## **DOCUMENTRIES FOR THINKERS**

*Facilitated by Terence Lui and Wil Steele*

Twice monthly, on Saturday evenings, the Carnegie Auditorium is filled with eager viewers looking to catch the latest scintillating documentaries from some of the best filmmakers across the globe. The documentaries chosen by Hum101 participant Terence Lui related directly to the content of the Hum101/201 course outline. These films cover politics, nature, art, society, philosophy, science and more. Take a look at the annotated course outline for details of the movies screened. Thanks to the Carnegie kitchen for providing delicious cakes and beverages to help feed our appetites.

## **DIGITAL MEDIA—FACTS, FICTION & OPPORTUNITIES**

*Facilitated by Fred Joly and Wil Steele*

Meeting at the ARA Mental Health Action Research and Advocacy Association, this group explored the world of digital media. Participants had the opportunity to learn new forms of communication with friends, family and other support networks. Fears and misunderstandings about digital platforms were addressed, and we learned how they are useful vessels for public and private creative expression. In these capacities, both aspiring artists and those seeking additional recovery related tools were able to benefit. Help was always on hand to get newcomers started with email, social media, blogging and other networking accounts.

# ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

## 2015-16

---

All of the people who supported and contributed to the Humanities 101 Community Programme during the 2015-16 academic year are profoundly appreciated! Hum is grateful to gather on the traditional, ancestral, unceded territory of the *xʷməθkʷəy̓əm* (Musqueam) people, also known as the Point Grey campus of UBC.

### **MEMBERS OF THE HUMANITIES 101 COMMUNITY PROGRAMME STEERING COMMITTEE:**

The Steering Committee guides all aspects of the Programme. Everyone who has taken a Humanities 101 course since it started in 1998, for whom we have a current email address, is invited to each Steering Committee meeting, held twice a term in the Downtown Eastside and Downtown South. As well, alumni receive regular invitations to all Hum Public Programmes – please come!

### **HUMANITIES 101 MENTORS:**

Don Clancy, Johnny Jaworski and Kathleen Gowman were this year's returning alumni who helped welcome the new participants and gave classroom support.

### **UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA:**

Dean of Arts Gage Averill, Associate Deans Mary Lynn Young, Stefania Burke and Kathryn Harrison; Dean of Arts Staff Margaret Tom-Wing, Laura Hart, Ginger Dhamrait, Brian Lee, Fiona Wong, Ikuko Takahashi and Beth Howarth; Laura Milligan and Victoria Auston (Arts Development); Kathy Lea & Lenkyn Ostapovich (Arts Communications); Taher Hashemi, Mark Peskett, Gary Andraza and Ricardo Serrano (Arts Instructional Support and Information Technology); Gerald Vanderwoude, Tony Koelwyn, (Frederick Wood Theatre); Tessie Sy (AMS Food Services); Alia Abu-Sharife (Bookstore); Ben Jan (Recreation); Ricky Sung (Carding Office); Arts

Undergraduate Society; Alma Mater Society; Emmet Russell (Campus Security). Martha Liu (Science 101). Daniel Heath Justice and Mark Turin (Institute for Critical Indigenous Studies); Tanya Bob, Candice Yu and Alexandra Tsardidas (First Nations and Indigenous Studies Program); Kaeleigh Hiebert (First Nations and Endangered Languages); Linc Kesler, Deb Martel, Ryanne James, (First Nations House of Learning). UBC Call Centre; Frederick Wood Theatre; Gwilyn Timmers and the Grad night volunteers at MOA (Museum of Anthropology).

### **DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE, DOWNTOWN SOUTH AND VANCOUVER COMMUNITIES:**

Carnegie Centre (Margaret Massingale, Lisa Lilge, Rika Uto); PaulR Taylor (Carnegie Newsletter); Carnegie Kitchen staff; VPL Carnegie Branch; Skip Everall (Carnegie Security); Downtown Eastside Women's Centre; Sheway/Crabtree Corner Family Resource Centre; Downtown Eastside Literacy Roundtable (members are from literacy programmes held in the DTES by teachers from Capilano University, Simon Fraser University, Vancouver Community College, UBC Learning Exchange, Union Gospel Mission, Vancouver School Board at the Downtown Eastside Education Centre and more); The Gathering Place (Rennie Keates, Jo-Ann Stevens); Dr. Peter Centre; Vancouver Recovery Club; Vancouver Public Library (Helen Lightfoot); Vancouver Art Gallery; Bill Reid Gallery of Northwest Coast Art (Meredith Areskoug); The Orpheum Theatre (Arthur Allen, tour guide).

**HUMANITIES 101/201 VOLUNTEER TEACHERS:**

Daniel Heath Justice (First Nations Studies and Indigenous Studies); Beau Dick (Art History and Visual Art); Sue Rowley (MOA); Jorge Emilio Rosés Labrada (First Nations and Endangered Languages Program); Sylvia Berryman (Philosophy); Ana Harland (Philosophy); Margot Leigh Butler (Hum); Wil Steele (Hum); Paul Woodhouse (Hum); Arthur Allen (Architect); Ryanne James (First Nations House of Learning); Sadira Rodrigues (Emily Carr University); Ted Byrne (Poet and Essayist, Kootenay School of Writing); Tom Kemple (Sociology); Christina Hendricks (Philosophy); Gage Averill (Music); D’Arcy Davis-Case (Forestry); Florian Gassner (Central, Eastern & Northern European Studies); Lee Maracle (Aboriginal Studies, University of Toronto); Sarah Dupont (UBC Aboriginal Engagement Librarian); Mark Turin (First Nations and Endangered Languages Program); M. Simon Levin (Visual Art + Material Practice, Emily Carr University); Caer Weber (Mood Disorders Association of BC); Jessa Alston-O’Connor (Vancouver Art Gallery); Michael Zeitlin (English); Margot Young (Law); Maureen Phillips (Hum); David Gaertner (First Nations and Indigenous Studies); Carol Sawyer (Vocalist and Artist).

**WRITING VOLUNTEER TEACHERS:**

Maureen Phillips (Hum); Wil Steele (Hum); Ted Byrne (Poet and Essayist, Kootenay School of Writing); Carol Sawyer (Vocalist & Artist); Mandy Catron (English); Stephen Hahn (UBC Continuing Studies); Jane Hamilton Silcott (UBC Writing Centre); Peter Babiak (Langara College, and former long-time Academic Director of Hum); Marlene Schiwy (UBC Writing Centre); Margot Leigh Butler (Hum); Alison Rajah (Curator, Surrey Art Gallery and former long-time Hum staff); Stephanie Maricevic (UBC Continuing Studies); Reg Johanson (English, Capilano University).

**VOLUNTEER FACILITATORS AND TUTORS:**

Mathew Arthur; Rebecca Sheppard; Ahmad Ludin; Dakota Eruste; Kevonnie Whyte; Kelly Ng; Dexter Fergie; Heather Caverhill; Alyssa Stryker; Maryam Rezaei, Rodney Little Mustache.

**PUBLIC PROGRAMMES AND EVENTS VOLUNTEERS:**

Hum Alumna Shahla Masoumnejad “A Taste of the Middle East” held at The Gathering Place; Hum teacher Steve Wexler “Incredibly close reading, aloud!” held at Carnegie Centre. Hum101 student Terence Lui and Hum staff Wil Steele “Documentaries for Thinkers”, Carnegie Centre Saturday Night Documentaries. Hum Alumnus Fred Joly and Hum staff Wil Steele “Digital Media - Facts, Fiction and Opportunities” held at ARA Mental Health Drop in Centre. Carnegie Centre’s Arts and Education Programmer Rika Uto who collaborated with Hum on a series of monthly talks.

**FACULTY AND STAFF:**

Dr. Margot Leigh Butler (Academic Director), Paul Woodhouse (Programme Coordinator), Maureen Phillips (Writing Coordinator), Wil Steele, Reuben Jentink and Margot Mabanta (WorkLearn Programme Assistants).

**SPECIAL THANKS:**

Gerald Ma, Nancy Gallini, alumna Antonietta and Maria Gesualdi, Kelsey and Jody Croft; Kathy Lea (yearbook graphic designer); Becky Cory (University 101, University of Victoria), Mary Lu Roffey-Redden (Halifax Humanities 101), Patrick Byrne (Discovery Program, McMaster’s University, Hamilton), Ann Elliot (Discovery University, Ottawa Mission, Ottawa), Christina van Barneveld (Humanities 101, Lakehead University, Thunder Bay), Linda Rodenburg (Humanities 101, Orillia, Ontario), Lisa Prins (Humanities 101, University of Alberta), Sabrina Buzzalino (Humanities 101, St. Mary’s University, Calgary) - the cross-Canada Coordinators/ Directors of Hum’s sister programmes; Mary Lynn Young, Pat Shaw, Tom Kemple, Daniel Heath Justice (Hum’s Faculty Advisory Committee); Mark Turin; Lee Maracle, Sarah Hunt and David Gaertner; Barbara and Frank Butler, Jody Butler Walker, Zoe Walker and the Butler/ Walker/Ouziel/Downward families, Matisse Butler, D’Arcy Davis-Case, John Down, Joe Guiliano, Laura Reid, Caer Weber, Lisa Cay Miller, Lisa Harris; Sheila Giffen, Sandra Dixon and Terry Woodhouse.

**IMAGE CREDITS:**

Hum staff and participants. Cover Installation: Margo Leigh Butler and Terence Lui.

---

**HUMANITIES 101: TERMS 1 AND 2**

Cindy ^\_^ QT  
Kimberley Hurrell  
Kurt Gonsalves  
James Gillis  
Joel Rakesh Kumar  
Jose A. De La Torre  
Luis Velasquez  
Masan Kahin  
Monica Alas  
Stergios Vlioras  
Terence Lui

**HUMANITIES 101: TERM 1**

Ashifa  
Brian Gibeault  
Elena Ignatyeva  
Kassia Piotrowski  
Laurie Hallett  
Rebecca Wei  
RUN DMC  
William Alfred Molyard

**HUMANITIES 201: TERMS 1 AND 2**

Assumpta Kwan  
Ayube Ulo  
Buffalo Star Woman (Sandra Delorme)  
Fred Shantz  
Jason Laxdal  
Lorna Johnson

**HUMANITIES 201: TERM 1**

Alvin J Komperdo  
Jerimie Marion  
Muskawiyinakopê escweo  
Roberta Baptiste

**MENTOR**

Don Clancy aka Thatcher McGee

**WRITING 101 FALL 2015**

Bridgette Gottschalk  
Carol Martin  
Isaac White  
Larry Berger  
Lincoln Gibbons  
Mahogany Budmash  
Nina Chiribelea  
Ronald Woodruff  
Shannon O'Leary  
Terry Robin Wagner  
Violet Bittern

**WRITING 201 FALL 2015**

Adrian Winter  
Fred Joly  
John Roberts  
Kathleen Gowman  
Loralee Judge  
Rhiannon Reid  
Sandi Rooke  
Tia Maria Perrault  
Wilson Liang

**MENTOR**

Johnny Jaworski

# GRADUATING PARTICIPANTS

---

## **WRITING 101 SPRING 2016**

Avril Schafer  
Carlo di Giovanni  
Clarence D. Fremont  
Corey Ouellet  
Denise Linnay  
Heather Bronwyn Reynolds  
Ivy Pharness  
James Fong  
John Matous  
Keith Long  
Kerry Elizabeth Hopkins  
Lixuan Zeng  
Madeline Holt  
Misty Rafferty  
Robert Lozowchuk  
Robin Thomas  
Syed Shah  
Terry Lawrence

## **WRITING 201 SPRING 2016**

Harris Pearson  
Larry Berger  
Violet Bittern

## **MENTOR**

Kathleen Gowman

Humanities 101—Hum—is a 17-year-old Community Programme and the oldest programme of its kind in Canada. Supported by residents of Vancouver’s Downtown Eastside and Downtown South (DTES/South), it is sponsored by the University of British Columbia’s Office of the Dean of Arts and private donations, largely from UBC alumni. Participants are people with diverse backgrounds and knowledge who are geographically situated in the DTES/South and nearby areas and are working to overcome obstacles and roadblocks—financial, institutional, educational, governmental, health and social.

Hum attracts education activists who are participants, alumni, volunteer teachers, facilitators and supporters, and is committed to being responsive and situated. Along with four free university-level courses which are grounded in relevant, interdisciplinary critical and creative thinking practices (Humanities 101 (2 terms), Humanities 201 (2 terms), Writing 101 (1 term offered twice a year) and Writing 201 (1 term offered twice a year)), Hum also runs Public Programmes in the DTES/South initiated and led by participants and alumni: study groups, workshops and an alumnus-led documentary film series now in its tenth year. All past and current participants are invited to be involved in these ongoing Public Programmes as well as Hum’s Steering Committee which meets regularly and guides all aspects of the Programme.

For some people, Hum is a catalyst for self-knowledge that inspires and activates—if the moment’s right, it can help to get momentum going. The courses are a dedicated time and space for inquiry and an opportunity to meet like-minded people who love learning. This mix of people coming together, giving and taking knowledge, are in reciprocal relationships of learning based on their own expertise and also open to new visions. In class and in Public Programmes, there is a mutual flow and exchange of a variety of knowledge and responses to ideas, and this goes for everyone involved—participants, volunteer teachers and facilitators and staff. For participants, there are no pre-requisites, so you start where you are. Some have travelled through the eye of a storm in their lives, persevered and refuse to allow themselves to be restricted from education, further learning and ways of being.

There are more than 820 Hum alumni and many more people enmeshed in the handful of sister programmes across Canada and similar courses elsewhere. Along with the current focus on responsible relationships between communities and universities, and international interest in freeing education, Hum is part of several movements...



**HUMANITIES 101 COMMUNITY PROGRAMME (HUM)  
FACULTY OF ARTS**

#270 Buchanan E, 1866 Main Mall, University of British Columbia  
On the traditional, ancestral, unceded territory of the *hən̓q̓əmin̓əm̓*  
speaking *xʷməθkʷəy̓əm* (Musqueam) people  
Vancouver, B.C. Canada V6T 1Z1  
tel 604.822.0028 fax 604.822.6096  
humanities101.arts.ubc.ca

