



DIVERGENT/CONVERGENT
ДИВЕРГЕНТ\СОНЛЕВГЕНТ

Journal of the University 102 Students - Spring 2014

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University 102 is a course in the Social Sciences. It is part of the University 101 program that offers free, non-credit, academic courses to students who have faced barriers to post-secondary education. Respect and value for the students' knowledge, experiences, and differences are the foundations of the program. The program strives to be inclusive and to foster collaborative learning.

thoughtful
intentional
expressive



University
of Victoria

University 102

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**Life can teach
us so many
beautiful gifts.
Ask yourself...
are you ready?**
- Janine Pearce

A Note From The Dean:

Dr. Peter Keller, Dean, Faculty of Social Sciences

Well done Uni 102 graduates. Congratulations for successfully completing this exciting journey through the diversity of the Social Sciences. I hope the experience has been rewarding and challenging as well as fun.

Whether you are a student, an instructor or a volunteer, it takes courage to sign up for courses like Uni 101 and Uni 102 not knowing what to expect. I am always deeply impressed by the honesty and dedication everybody brings to this learning environment, and how people can come together to share knowledge, life experiences and insights in a safe environment. I always cherish the smiles, reflections and expressions of “Wow – that was great” during the graduation ceremony. I wish all of the graduating students well and hope you will find a way to build on what you have learned and where the path of Uni 102 has taken you.

Uni 102 would not happen without the extraordinary efforts and commitments given by the instructors, the teaching assistants and all the volunteers. You are busy people. The fact that you go the extra mile means a lot. It shows you care about the world we live in. Thank you. And well done and thank you to Becky for leading the charge and always knowing how to navigate this course to such great success.

It is a genuine privilege to be in some way associated with this great initiative.

Advantages of Living in a Democratic Society

by Henry Tak Pui Au

Most people, including myself, are very happy living in a democratic society. We live in peace, harmony and full of security.

The advantages are the following:

1. Freedom of speech is supported, with negative and positive criticism from the people and the media about government policy.
2. There are many modes of expression by the people: through discussion or by protesting peacefully to request that the government provides the services for the people. It is a two way communication between the people and the government.
3. The government staff arrange meetings periodically with different groups of people in different locations in the community. They discuss with the workers' union members whether their minimum wage is able to maintain their basic needs; whether the public transportation system provides convenience to the elderly at a reasonable fare; whether there are enough schools provided for most of the areas; whether there are enough hospitals and health care professional people to care for the sick; whether the landlords can maintain reasonable rents for working class people; whether the merchant union members maintain reasonable prices for the customers, etc.

If the government listens and cares about people's requests, the people have more co-operation with the government, free from anxiety. People have their basic needs and job security. The elderly are able to travel more. As a result, people are in good health mentally and physically, saving a lot of health care expenses.

Zen of the Bike

by Giovanni Borella

Getting back on the bike...it's always a challenge.

After 38 years of countless hours commuting, working as a bike messenger, close calls, crashes and being hit by distracted drivers...most people would assume that riding a bike is dangerous, foolish, or not the wisest choice for transportation.

I am not one of that mindset.

When I get ready for a ride, a transformation occurs. I prepare myself for battle. The road becomes a war zone, traffic the enemy. My mantra... "I am the road, I am the traffic... remain calm; we are one." Freedom occurs when the mind and body mesh with the elements, a heightened sense of awareness is projected outward as the ripples in a pond...

and yet I am invisible.

Real Democracy

by Jeff Ross

I think the democracy we have today, which is Representative Democracy, is not a real democracy. We elect these politicians in hopes that they will represent us in the Federal parliament. When they lie, cheat or don't keep their campaign promises, there isn't much we can do about it.

These same people seem to get back into power all the time. People forget about their lies after five years. In the last election there was supposed to be a coalition government between the Liberals and NDP, supported by the Bloc Quebecois. Harper used his power to get the Governor General to help him in proroguing the government to keep his job for another five years. Coalitions are a legal part of our parliamentary system.

True democracy is direct democracy. The ancient Athenians invented direct democracy (which we learned about in Uni 101). It is much better than what we have today which is Representative Democracy.

“Let's define Direct Democracy as the right of citizens to hold referendums on any issue — and to veto legislation.” (CDD, Canadians for Direct Democracy)

“Switzerland is a rare example of a country with instruments of Direct Democracy. Citizens have more power than in a Representative Democracy.” (Wikipedia.)

**In order to escape
this illusionary
environment we
must first see
it, then we can
start the work of
dismantling it.**

- Terry MacDonald

Raised on the Reserve

by Chad Dickie

Idealized memories:

summer always long, sunny days
 dusty roads or walking in the muskeg
 Darryl stepping on a beehive, getting stung all over!
 playing “Auntie I Over” on the high-
 pitched roofs of the houses:
 ... pick the best throwers first, then the best runners
 ... I’m small, get picked near the end
 long, long evenings always spent
 outdoors, no tv, no walkman
 ... just FUN!
 playing Cowboys and Indians
 ... everyone wants to be the Indians
 Oh no!!! I’m shot! Rolling down the
 hill, into stinger brushes: OUCH!

Reality:

no running water
 ... slop pail inside during winter
 ... outhouse, Sears and the Army
 & Navy catalogues for t.p.
 hanging and taking down clothes from the clothesline
 ... clothes in winter stiff, frozen, like an extra
 family member until the wood stove turns them
 back into my shirt, my pants, my socks
 scared of the wringer washer, dancing and jumping
 around, the scary rollers that threaten to grab
 my arm and squeeze it flat as a pancake

hauling water from the rain or water barrel

... rain water so soft on your skin; or water delivered by truck
 ... the dipper floating on top of the water, or visible at the bottom
 ... scraping the last of the water from the barrel: dirty, silty
 I don’t want to drink *that!*, but I do

the water barrel brought into the house with the first frost,
 and sitting there by the front door until Spring
 ... daily life goes on around the silent sentinel (if that
 barrel could talk what stories it could tell!)

hauling wood, chopping wood - I’m scared of the axe!

... I hate cutting kindling: imagine the axe slipping,
 sinking deep into my foot, red blood on the snow and
 wood chips, or mixing with the dark brown mud
 ... cleaning out the stove (ashes and ashes and ashes everywhere)

Jello for breakfast: yum on hot toast, love it!

Lemon Cheese sandwiches (yuck!)

Mom cooking huge pot of porridge, all gone by
 the time they leave for school

my big brother standing by the coveted spot right next to the
 woodstove, by the kitchen wall in the cold, cold mornings

no toothbrushes in the house, learn about brushing
 my teeth when started school in town

... remember Red Coat tablets, with the little soldier in livery on
 the box? Swished it around in my mouth (tastes pink and kinda
 medicine-y) then using a toothbrush to brush all the red off

Good job!

... but I can’t get the red out from between my teeth

bathing 2-3 times a year, whether we needed it or not!
... metal tub in middle of kitchen floor, towels and
blankets hung over chairs for a bit of privacy
... It's A Sin to be naked, show skin
... peeking - overwhelming guilt and shame
I'll have to say 100 *Sorry Gods* for my
transgression, I tell myself

frost on the inside walls around all the nail heads
in winter; 30, 40, 45, 50 below zero
... Mom makes us all sleep in the front, puts blankets-
extra clothes-anything, up against the walls, makes us a
little curtained room in the centre of the living room
all of us sleeping together like a litter of
puppies on the coldest winter night

my Dad is gone, on the trapline, won't be home until just before Christmas

I had a pretty happy childhood.

Then I started school, 5 miles away,
across the river...

New Perspectives, Quashed Misconceptions

by Meliya Gill

I'd like to Thank the Uni 101 and 102 staff and
volunteers for their hard work, assistance and
dedication to the program.

This program has given a fresh new outlook to many of those
attending. Most of us have not been near a school in over
twenty years. It was rather intimidating and overwhelming
for most people, but with the help of staff and volunteers
the adjustment was relatively painless.

I personally found all of the topics very interesting.
I've gained some new perspectives and quashed some
misconceptions, learned a bunch of new things which is all
very exciting.

I thoroughly enjoyed this program and would recommend
it to anyone and everyone.

Thank you.

Modern Disconnect of the Social Masses

How do we reconnect?

by Meliya Gill

Under feudalism, there were feudal lords. Under slavery there were slave owners. In the modern day there is the Capitalist Elite. You only have to examine history to see the modern day synchronicity. Since the dawn of trade and currency someone has been in “control” and individuals are easier to control than groups. Social constructions like Race, Gender and Class, have been created to segregate and separate people because together the will of the herd is stronger than the will of the Shepherd.

We continue to further isolate ourselves, in what we're told is a socially acceptable sort of way, with modern technology. MP3 players, cell phones, texting, computers, and video games effectively assist us in disconnecting from those around us. Couple this with record lows in civil engagement including the right/responsibility to vote, attend town halls etc, and we see a grim picture of the state of our slave-ciety and our general unhappiness.

It does seem like the path of least resistance [is to] go about our business looking out for number one.

I think most everyone has heard the old phrase “it takes a village to raise a child”. However, more often people don't know their neighbours. But hey, when living in a society that bases success on how cheap, how many, how much... regardless of who or what gets hurt; when bullying of people and racism in all age groups is a common phenomenon and acts of violence and/or self harm aren't far behind; combined with so much self-centred thinking; when distrust, fear, frustration and anger are commonly expressed emotions, it does seem like the path of least resistance to just keep to ourselves and go about our business looking out for number one. That being said, humans are social mammals by nature and we're much happier when we're involved in our community. So how do we make the change?

What we need to decide is, are we going to get on board and make some waves? Are we going to shift some modern paradigms regarding social wellness and the benefit of the many rather than the few? Because we simply cannot sustain our current societal model of the 'need for greed'. Or shall we just sit back and watch it all go to hell on the evening news?

That being said, humans are social mammals by nature and we're much happier when we're involved in our community.

It's time to stop measuring well-being based on the GDP and look to the Canadian Index of Well Being as an indicator of how we are going downhill. We need to start thinking in terms of healthy, happy, sustainable communities. Catherine O'Brien, PhD, explores the concept of 'sustainable happiness'¹ and the overall health affects on the community. It's brilliant stuff.

If it's to be accepted that “people act upon their preferences and respond to incentives”, then now is the time to promote healthy incentives. We need to take back our health by taking back our food. Encourage community gardens and co-operative kitchens. We also need to take back control of our environment by ending the use of fossil fuel transportation. There are more efficient methods of transportation we just need to make a change. We've made changes before and we have to make some more. You know what We say “an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure”.

¹ www.buildinghealthycommunities.ca

Sailing, Learning and Zen

by Ron Gisin



The science behind sailing is much easier than the uninitiated would think. The tough part is discovering through trial and error, ways of getting from point A to B more quickly. Doing this depends on endless different variables, such as the type of sail and the tuning of that individual sail, wind, weather, currents, wave size, your navigational skills, but very importantly knowing your limitations and respecting the forces of mother nature, which must always be treated with caution and great awareness.

Nature and its forces must never be underestimated or taken for granted out of ignorance or the need to feed one's ego and its desires. Ego has no place in sailing. Remaining mindful and humble of your surroundings does and will increase your odds of making your journey safe and rewarding. I've always thought of sailing as being a very Zen experience. It forces one to live in the moment, which is a key element in Buddhist thought; it promotes finding peace and comfort of mind, in this often turbulent Sea of Life.

These are extremely valuable tools especially when facing life's unrelenting waves of obstacles presented to us in our everyday lives. Buddhist teaching and the kindness of others has helped me immensely in making this clear.

In the end were all in this boat Together.



A Part of Something Turning:

One Small Cog in the Classroom Cosmic Consciousness

by Donna Salmon

After thoughtfully reflecting on the very positive and constant changes that have taken place within me during the Uni 102 course, I consulted my personal journal entries to summarize my experiences. Please allow me to share the following:

Better Health Benefits

- I quit smoking!!
- I have adopted more mindful and healthy eating habits
- I am not as critical and hard on myself
- I ground and breathe more often
- I am more relaxed, and recognize when I start to feel anxious
- I feel worthy
- I make connecting with nature part of my day

Friends

- I have met and hope to keep good friends; remaining open for more
- I have witnessed the positive side effects of supportive friends
- I feel a real sense of connectedness with instructors as engaged pedagogy is practiced
- Through friends met, I have been given such useful knowledge of resources available
- I do not feel alone; I feel united with many in “fighting the good fight” on many issues

Knowledge. Some very powerful messages have been bestowed onto me. Some of them are:

- “The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men/ women to do nothing” (Edmund Burke)
- "It is only when people, through their struggles, push up against structures of oppression that the structures become visible" (Bill Carroll)
- I will strive to become the change I want to see
- just as a small drop of water creates a ripple effect, so can small nudges change peoples’ attitudes and force them to re-think
- it is such a disgrace to me that aboriginals, who were the first peoples, and indigenous to Canada have been dealt the worst hand
- it does not make me feel good that I, along with many, contribute to inequality

In addition to expanding on, and sharing, my journal entries with my classmates, instructors, teaching assistants, and student liaisons, I also want to share something that I am looking forward to being a part of, and that is Meditation.

From the bottom of my heart, I am humbled, and thank you so much for giving me this opportunity.

Sincerely,
Donna

Saddleman's 'Monster'

shared by susan

The following poem was written by Dennis Saddleman in October 2000. He has very graciously permitted me to print it for you here. His moving recitation of this poem at the Truth and Reconciliation Commission in May may be heard at the website listed at the end.

MONSTER, A RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL EXPERIENCE

By Dennis Saddleman

I HATE YOU RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL
 I HATE YOU
 YOU'RE A MONSTER
 A HUGE HUNGRY MONSTER
 BUILT WITH STEEL BONES
 BUILT WITH CEMENT FLESH
 YOU'RE A MONSTER
 BUILT TO DEVOUR
 INNOCENT NATIVE CHILDREN
 YOU'RE A COLD-HEARTED MONSTER
 COLD AS THE CEMENT FLOORS
 YOU HAVE NO LOVE
 NO GENTLE ATMOSPHERE
 YOUR UGLY FACE GROOVED WITH RED BRICKS
 YOUR MONSTER EYES GLARE
 FROM GRIMY WINDOWS
 MONSTER EYES SO EVIL
 MONSTER EYES WATCHING

TERRIFIED CHILDREN
 COWER WITH SHAME
 I HATE YOU RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL I HATE YOU
 YOU'RE A SLIMY MONSTER
 OOZING IN THE SHADOWS OF MY PAST
 GO AWAY LEAVE ME ALONE
 YOU'RE FOLLOWING ME FOLLOWING ME WHEREVER I GO
 YOU'RE IN MY DREAMS IN MY MEMORIES
 GO AWAY MONSTER GO AWAY
 I HATE YOU YOU'RE FOLLOWING ME
 I HATE YOU RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL I HATE YOU
 YOU'RE A MONSTER WITH HUGE WATERY MOUTH
 MOUTH OF DOUBLE DOORS
 YOUR WIDE MOUTH TOOK ME
 YOUR YELLOW STAINED TEETH CHEWED
 THE INDIAN OUT OF ME
 YOUR TEETH CRUNCHED MY LANGUAGE
 GRINDED MY RITUALS AND MY TRADITIONS
 YOUR TASTE BUDS BECAME BITTER
 WHEN YOU TASTED MY RED SKIN
 YOU SWALLOWED ME WITH DISGUST
 YOUR FACE WRINKLED WHEN YOU
 TASTED MY STRONG PRIDE
 I HATE YOU RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL I HATE YOU
 YOU'RE A MONSTER
 YOUR THROAT MUSCLES FORCED ME
 DOWN TO YOUR STOMACH
 YOUR THROAT MUSCLES SQUEEZED MY HAPPINESS
 SQUEEZED MY DREAMS
 SQUEEZED MY NATIVE VOICE
 YOUR THROAT BECAME CLOGGED WITH MY SACRED SPIRIT
 YOU COUGHED AND YOU CHOKED
 FOR YOU CANNOT WITH STAND MY

SPIRITUAL SONGS AND DANCES

I HATE YOU RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL I HATE YOU
YOU'RE A MONSTER

YOUR STOMACH UPSET EVERY TIME I WET MY BED
YOUR STOMACH RUMBLED WITH ANGER
EVERY TIME I FELL ASLEEP IN CHURCH

Your stomach growled at me every time I broke the school rules
Your stomach was full You burped
You felt satisfied You rubbed your belly and you didn't care
You didn't care how you ate up my native Culture
You didn't care if you were messy

if you were piggy

You didn't care as long as you ate up my Indianness

I hate you Residential School I hate you

You're a monster

Your veins clotted with cruelty and torture

Your blood poisoned with loneliness and despair

Your heart was cold it pumped fear into me

I hate you Residential School I hate you

You're a monster

Your intestines turned me into foul entrails

Your anal squeezed me

squeezed my confidence

squeezed my self respect

Your anal squeezed

then you dumped me

Dumped me without parental skills

without life skills

Dumped me without any form of character

without individual talents

without a hope for success

I hate you Residential School I hate you

You're a monster

You dumped me in the toilet then

You flushed out my good nature

my personalities

I hate you Residential School I hate you

You're a monster.....I hate hate hate you

Thirty three years later

I rode my chevy pony to Kamloops

From the highway I saw the monster

My Gawd! The monster is still alive

I hesitated I wanted to drive on

but something told me to stop

I parked in front of the Residential School

in front of the monster

The monster saw me and it stared at me

The monster saw me and I stared back

We both never said anything for a long time

Finally with a lump in my throat

I said, "Monster I forgive you."

The monster broke into tears

The monster cried and cried

His huge shoulders shook

He motioned for me to come forward

He asked me to sit on his lappy stairs

The monster spoke

You know I didn't like my Government Father

I didn't like my Catholic Church Mother

I'm glad the Native People adopted me

They took me as one of their own

They fixed me up Repaired my mouth of double doors

Washed my window eyes with cedar and fir boughs

They cleansed me with sage and sweetgrass

Now my good spirit lives

The Native People let me stay on their land
They could of burnt me you know instead they let me live
so People can come here to school restore or learn about their culture
The monster said, "I'm glad the Native People gave me another chance
I'm glad Dennis you gave me another chance
The monster smiled
I stood up I told the monster I must go
Ahead of me is my life. My people are waiting for me
I was at the door of my chevy pony
The monster spoke, "Hey you forgot something
I turned around I saw a ghost child running down the cement steps
It ran towards me and it entered my body
I looked over to the monster I was surprised
I wasn't looking at a monster anymore
I was looking at an old school In my heart I thought
This is where I earned my diploma of survival
I was looking at an old Residential School who
became my elder of my memories
I was looking at a tall building with four stories
stories of hope
stories of dreams
stories of renewal
and stories of tomorrow¹

¹ www.soundcloud.com/cbc-radio-one/i-hate-you-residential-school

**She asks if there is a
place in your hearts
...that will listen and
hear her truths—
and in asking this—
that you may feel
free and safe to
speak your truths.**
- Jacquie Ogaard

Food For Thought

by Melanie King

In this essay, I plan to discuss my thoughts in reaction to the documentary film *China Blue*. The film is about the plight of the Chinese migrant workers who are born into the rural hukou (the household registration system), and how that positions them on the economic ladder. I will provide an example of a Chinese migrant worker from the film named Jasmine to demonstrate the circumstance in which she was born and forced to live. In addition to this, I will also elaborate on how it made me feel about her situation, and how I feel the corporations are partially responsible for the way that Jasmine must live her life. My final thoughts will be on how we can change this on a global scale.

China, a country known to be the second wealthiest in the world, and the leading manufacturer of goods and electronics, has some of the poorest paid workers in the world. How is it, with an economy that strong, that we have the plight of the Chinese migrant? Chinese migrants from the country are born under one hukou, a person registered in his or her place of origin (a household registration system). No matter where you go, your hukou goes with you. Those born in rural China have no rights such as jobs and welfare, benefits, or citizenship when they are in urban areas. They only have access to rights and services in the hukou they were born into. Migrants are treated as second class citizens or non persons in their own country. Therefore, they are at the bottom of the economic ladder.

Take the story of Jasmine, a sixteen year old migrant. Her family was too poor to keep her and educate her. This meant she had to go to the city to find a job in one of the many factories, in order to send money home to support her family. In the city she is hired as a thread cutter in a jean factory. She lives in a dirty overcrowded factory dorm where she must share a small room with twelve other girls. She must work from eight am to midnight seven days a week, as well as working overtime, from seventeen to twenty two hours a day. It can be two to three months before she is paid. Sometimes there is an uprising of the employees demanding their pay. She receives one half yuan per pair of jeans or around one hundred yuan a month. Sometimes she receives less depending on how much of her pay was docked for being late, falling asleep on the job (because of being up all night working), or sneaking off to the market to get an energy drink (in order to try and stay awake on the job). From the remainder Jasmine must pay room and board, she must pay for her scanty bowls of rice and veggies, her water, and her personal care items. She then sends the rest of the money home. This is Jasmine's life, this is her future, along with the other seven hundred girls she works with, most of them underage. This is the plight of the migrant worker in China.

We take for granted what we buy and wear. We don't think about where our clothes are made and under what circumstances they were made.

After watching this film, I was sickened and disgusted and saddened by what I had just witnessed. I felt guilty, because here I was sitting in a pair of jeans made in China, by someone just like Jasmine. We take for granted what we buy and wear. We don't think about where our clothes are made and under

what circumstances they were made. It's morally reprehensible. Why has this not been brought to our attention before now? As a consumer what is our responsibility in all of this and should the consumer be held accountable for the plight of the migrant workers, not just in China but other parts of the world as well? Would boycotting the various clothing companies like Levi's for example be effective, would it change anything in Jasmine's circumstance? What if we were to educate people about the plight of the migrant worker, and lobby the government to stop purchasing goods from China, that were made in factories like the one in the film? What effect would this have on Jasmine's life? If we stopped purchasing the jeans from her factory and others like hers, there would be no work, so she would be out of a job and forced to live on the street, without assistance. Remember, she is born under the hukou system, which makes her a non-citizen in areas outside of the region where she was born. What then is the answer to this dilemma?

We have to ask, who is profiting from this arrangement?

To answer that, we have to ask, who is profiting from this arrangement? The corporations of course! Why do some modern capitalist economies have high levels of poverty while other modern capitalist economies do not? One answer to this dilemma is in the political forces that can challenge those who benefit from poverty. Class exploitation is where it begins and we will have to defeat the powerful forces that benefit from poverty, like Walmart and Disney. Another strategy would be to hit the corporations where they hurt, in the pocketbook. Their profit margin is huge, they are making their money off the backs of the impoverished. They accomplish this by the use of the middle man known as the "buyer". He is the one who does the purchasing for the companies, such as Walmart, say for jeans. They tell him what their bottom dollar is and the buyer goes in and negotiates a price with the factory owner. The buyer goes for the lowest price possible. The factory owner wants

to profit himself so he must decide what his profit margin is, just like the big corporations, and must then pay his employees accordingly. But, because the negotiated price is so low due to the diligent work of the middleman the factory owner cannot afford to pay his employees, so you have situations like those in China. If the factory owner does not accept the price the buyer is offering there is no work and the already impoverished migrant is in worse shape.

We must explore our options and globally acknowledge that we need to make a change for the greater good of this world.

Perhaps cutting out the middle man and forcing these conglomerates to deal with the factories directly, will have an impact on someone like Jasmine. We won't know the answer to this unless we try. It is time to make these situations our business around the world, and to speak out about these atrocities. This is just a little food for thought.

In conclusion I would like to say, this film impacted me in a very profound way. It helped open my eyes to what is going on in this world and how we have become complacent in our own lives. It is as though we all live in separate worlds, unaware of what is happening next door. We are lulled into a false sense of security, thinking that things outside of our door do not affect us directly. But we are wrong. Where do products come from? Where were they made? How much do they cost you? Who's making a profit? These are the questions we need to ask ourselves in order to change this exploitative consumerism. Think backwards from the employee making the products to the factory owner, to the buyer, to the exporters, to the truckers to the delivery people, to the store. Who stands to profit the most, the huge corporations. We must explore our options and globally acknowledge that we need to make a change for the greater good of this world. Hopefully, the lives of young migrants like Jasmine will be changed in the process.

Blessings in Disguise

by Janine Pearce

Life can teach us so many beautiful gifts.
Ask yourself...are you ready?
Excruciating pain, a gift... are you out
of your freaking mind?

The angel was stunning, no words could describe,
Peace and serenity like never felt before.
They say I should have died, but it just wasn't my time.
The sickness that almost took me, was
a blessing in disguise!
For the words I heard that night, have
saved me many times.
From a dark deep terrifying abyss,
An abyss I call...my life.

The words that were whispered deep in my soul,
give me strength and hope, when I feel like I just can't go.
Go another step, when life hurts too much,
and the desperate ongoing pain, has lasted for far too long.
These are the times, that I need to call upon my strength,
To keep my head above water, ensuring that I don't drown.
My patience is also needed, as I struggle
through these times,
Patience while I wait, to discover my
next blessing in disguise.

My Infinite Gift

by Janine Pearce

I was hugged by an angel standing so close,
The love so obvious, so strong and just right.
I reached my arms out and we hugged so tight,
Her soft little cheek fit perfect in mine.
I could feel our love leap, straight through our hearts,
Swirling around us, freezing this moment in time.

I was given a gift yesterday, a gift like never before.
One I will cherish forever, implanted deep in my soul.
I believe that my hard work, is starting
to reap some rewards,
Helping to put more faith in myself, to
strive and work for more.
I feel I was being shown, it's not over yet,
That my precious little granddaughters,
Will be back in my life again.

A Mother's Prayer

by Jacquie Ogaard,

with acknowledgement to her birth name, Tutton.

March 7, 2014

She walks through each day
with the hope that she will be heard
that the Universe will embrace her words
guiding them to the hearts and souls of her children.

You may not know this or understand how this can be,
but I'll let you know, your mum's with you.

The walls that have been built up
to keep her out
serve no other purpose than to keep
you in fear and anxiety.

In facing the lies one was told
and the lies one told oneself and others
to believe seeing 'her' will bring all the 'past'
and 'present' beliefs and memories
racing towards you...
at a speed, far too great—and real...
could be a daunting task.

What if...
what if one looked at...
well,
looked beyond ones preconceived reality—
to what one would gain.

Please let it be known,
you will not be alone, and you can be assured
you are far stronger and receptive to what lies ahead...
In the representation of the unknown.

Do not assume so much. The reality of things isn't always as
unpleasant and scary as what our minds tell us.

Her children are always with her
never leaving her thoughts for long.
Grief grips this mum's soul. Grief which has not lessened with time.
Most sadly, it has grown.

Her soul, so crushed with despair
there are times, waking up and facing another day
is more than she can bear.
Her loss,
so great and so well hidden,
most would never know her pain.

Hope...it is...still alive.
Though, it may now rest gingerly,
on delicate strands.
She has looked for you,
with all the resources at her disposal.
And, very naturally,
she looks for you amongst the people she passes on the street,
in the parks,
stores
and on the buses, but to no avail.

Tears silently run down her face when she happens across a
young man who has a familiar look about him
as it is...
neither of her sons.

Alone, she sobs when her heart,
her soul, cannot hold on any more.

Hello! Where are you?
Are you alright?
Do you have a roof over your head, furniture, food in your cupboards?
Questions. So many questions.

Quietly at night she bids them goodnight.
Letting them know—I love you.
I miss you terribly.
We will be together soon.
She prays for them,
for that's all she can do. That is all she has left.

This woman, this mum,
your mum,
is a person made of more,
than others have led you to believe.
She is strong, kind and a passionate person.

Her one fear is that her strength will not be enough
to endure this journey.
Not to say she'd ever give up.
It is the toll all of this has taken
upon her heart,
her mind,

her very soul.

The damage was done and for her,
she felt and believed there was no way out.

She asks if there is a place in your hearts that will forgive her,
that will give her a voice,
that will listen and hear her truths
and in asking this
that you may feel free and safe to speak your truths.

Your mum,
she is deserving of your time
and the opportunity to be heard.

Know that this woman, this mum, your mum
loves you
and misses you with all her being.
She has always loved you
no matter what has transpired.
She will always love you.
She will never be far away.



This message is given with love. Love, to all those mums
who have and are sharing the same journey.
Thank you for taking this particular journey with this mum.
What we observe and believe we know—let it not be a closed book.
For closing this book *will* (and does) have far
reaching consequences, for...us all.

The Learning Curve

by Michael Evans



Word clouds remind us to embrace the inner child. We don't have to be so serious about learning, rather we may explore the process.

The words chosen for this word cloud are all *phraseological collocations*—a collocation is a pair of words that are habitually juxtaposed. These selected collocations largely follow the theme of learning to learn, and were chosen from the written material presented to the class at the beginning of the course, hence the title of the poetry: The Learning Curve.

This word cloud was generated through a Web-based program that forms a maniacal image from clustering words.

To form the word cloud using collocations, it was necessary to learn how to enter the words with a non-breaking space by using the non-printing character, specifically the swung dash (~). Thus the words are presented in their collocational form e.g. paradigm~shift.

Word clouds were generated and selected according to their maniacal aesthetic appeal along with the parameter of a black and white gradient image for printing in the student journal.

Words in themselves can be an effective form of poetry, and the word cloud presents these words in a maniacal form with an aesthetic appeal.

Read through the words in the word cloud and reflect on how these concepts relate to learning how to learn, apply to critical thinking skills, and more importantly, celebrate the joy of learning.

The Do Over

by Sharon Frances Fugle

When the chance came along to build a “new and improved” Sharon, I was completely puzzled as to what to do and where to begin. I sat down to take stock of myself and to see what I had to work with when designing the new version of me.

As I am a lover of words and all ways to “play” with language intrigue me, I decided to use alliteration to tell a part of my story. This verbose collection of words will, I hope, cause some smiles and encourage others to drag out a dictionary while they read! Enjoy.

THE DO OVER

“Bullshit,” my bitter body balked, blitzing and beating back brief brainstorming of brave brilliant beginnings before I borrow some brass balls and basically bounce back broadsiding that bitch. She believes this boring broke-down bumpkin is but a besmirched bystander beneath breaking out boldly branded for a better by-line. “Back off, Biatch!” I blazently behold my bountiful blessings and brace broken bits building a bridge to burst breezily beyond battered, beaten burdens bravely broadcasting beautiful beams of burgeoning, buoyant behavior.

My curious self cautiously scanned cortex collections created cruelly corrupting confidence and clearly confining certain capabilities, casting crucial cathartic caveats to

challenge cerebral content choosing caustic criteria to chase completely out of my cranium. Calm, careful questions confirm compelling comprehensive communications carrying countless coached courses consequently cleaned and clarified.

The “Drama Diva” dove to the depths of all departments deep and dark deliberately disturbing deceptive delusions diabolically deployed during dangerous, dramatic, drubbings delivered by dastardly dudes devoid of human decency, damaging a delicate dulcet disposition despairingly. Defeating demons definitely determines dynamic decisions destined to demand dignity, developed and directed for diplomatic distribution.

Finally fracturing former forged frightful follies fully flattening fraudulent footholds facilitating felicitous factors fundamental for future foundations. My frantic friendly and flitting flirty flavors face-off to find fair and fitting facets for my fresh and fabulous face.

The gamy grump gradually and grumpily gives up the grueling grinding game, glimpsing glorious gifts given by gallactically guided guys and gals gladly going against the grain to generate good will and grounding for guarded girls graciously grasping golden gestures.

Hope springs eternal hurtling head-on, headlong within my haphazard, heavy and hungry, but heroic heart. This humorous hope hanging around heartily holds heavenly heights high, but happily harvestable with hard work, honesty, humanity, hugs, honor and humor.

Joviality jumped with jumbled juvenile jargon but judiciously adjusted jolly japes jubilantly. Jolting and cajoling my jejunal jester into joining jocundity and jocularly in joyous juxtaposition for jelling at the last junction.

Kindness and Karma kick it up, keenly keeping keystone kismet continually corralled while killing crazy kamikaze klutzes capable of kidnapping my caring, kind, kindred spirit.

Love lies laconically, lamenting long ago losses and leans heavily on lust, leaving libido longing while lounging lazily, lost in latent layers of loyalty. Laughter leaps looking to loose itself on leagues of luminous, lyrical, large-hearted, liberated listeners.

Myopic madness meanders mercilessly and manically manifests moments of melancholic minutiae most magically morphed mirroring mirthful memories. Merriment makes melodic music marching majestically managing to maintain marvelous mastery.

Naivete, normally naked, nurtures numerous novel notions needed as natural nominees for notable nucleic non sequitor negotiations necessary for new nobility.

Panic pounces primarily expounding poorly put previous promises pertaining to past performance. Pride perceptively perches patiently picketing prior perverse periodical persecutions privately parlayed to prove portentous patterns. Passions presses on politely providing prudent passages pledged plenteous and pumped with personal peculiarities proudly present.

Quashing quidnuncs quite quizzically cured my queerly quaky countenance. Quiet me quickly co-ordinates quasi-querulous questions quoting quarrelsome qualities of quackery requiring quantifiable consequences, acquiescing quirky qualifications.

Rationality ruled rightly until recent radical reprehensible recordings requested resolve in rituals rigidly required to repair the ravaged rebel riding 'round my range. Recurring rapacious rememberings wrought random raw rounds of ruinous, rattled realism reaching a radical wretched rendition right before reflection resplendent and reverberating rides hard and hurriedly realizing recovery reforms repulsive ramblings rigorously.

Salacious self assuredly sent shoddy insecurities scurrying, settling stealthily, seriously scarring sensibility. Shyness sadly shuns social situations sullenly shaping short-comings assigned to sabotage systemic strategic surveys subject

to secret scrutiny. Surely, special me speaks succinctly, skillfully sketching a shrewd, shiny, serene and self-made Sharon.

My tired yet tireless tempestuous tenet truly trusts time and tempered tribal treatments to totally trample trifling troops trying to trump trickily. Truths tragically twisted telling tales terrifying and tumultuous, trespassing today are triumphantly trashed.

Vocalizing verbose vernacular valiantly proves various versions and visions invade virtually every vocabulary invisibly.

Wonderful words wield weighty willpower, washing away wistful wishing while whittling and weaving a wiser, warm-hearted, writing woman's whimsical, witty, wordy, worldly wisdom.

I've gained some
new perspectives
and quashed some
misconceptions
- Meliya Gill

The Unknown of Knowledge

by Brooke

I will be under cover of the sky,
watching the rocks, swells of the oceans
swirling pools.
huge swells of laughter of the families nearby.

A little walk along the sodden damp path
I come to the soak n pebble filled brooke
with water stilled, after babbling along
I am feeling peaceful.

A young couple arrives and sits at
the base of the Great Golden Spruce.
we chat awhile...then up they get
and away.

Stilled by the sound I face again the
days events in the parks ~ garden
very peacefully

This is where I take a moments glance
and a time to ponder
Oh! What thoughts come to mind.
I will recover myself with words.

If only I can hold on, while this pool calm water
to later pick up a pen to write my mind's activities.
But, yet, wait— I do prefer pencils
rather than using the most expensive
commodity per ounce (ink) in this world.

I have a great plan to communicate
one such thought, becomes committed
to mind, from the human kind of humanities.

I am sure of these thoughts
 here at God's natural garden.
flowers bloom n comin along
 I witness you Mother Earth
on this wondrous bright day's noon.

One love of everything, everyone
in me forever; what beauty!
the senses are working for this weekend
 I sit by, alone... intrigued

The sun soaked leaves and me -
it is an easier key, helps me unwind
then dances before me.

In the quietness...the Greatness of
God's Creation. I ask Him ~ Why oh
Why can not this beautiful silence,
articulate the smoothness of the
whispering Aar in this new season.

Standing again I observe it all
the phenomenal view of the lithic
mountains, the glenn and waterfalls,
within the ecosystems under the sky.

I start trudging along, always into
the unknown of knowledge one step
and moment at a time.

This day was wonderful knowing
the pencil comes from the trees
and the lead comes from the earth, yay!!

With all of our education, friendship
and Love we can walk and run
together..

 On this sunny spring day...

 We are free.
 2014

Gilakas'la

by Bernice Kamano

At the end of our program, Uni 101 or 102, we are asked to submit a journal writing. I pondered the concept for a long time, thinking about the history of First Nations people, how it relates to me as a First Nations person today and how to make it relevant for today. Historically, First Nations people never had a written language, our history is passed down through generations by our stories and our songs. We are prolific orators; if you have ever attended a Potlatch you will understand that statement.

How does this relate to writing a journal? In BC alone there are 38 distinct tribal groups and 38 distinct tribal languages. Our languages and our songs were never written; our history was not recorded as it is today. You are probably wondering how we remembered our history, how our people received their names, how our family histories were passed down. These are really relevant questions.

I am from the Kwakwaka'wakw Nation, we are speakers of the Kwakw'ala language. My lessons in history come from the Potlatch. The Potlatch ceremonies signify our governance and determine how we function as a community. We will host a Potlatch for marriages, naming ceremonies, coming of age or a death in our community. When an elder speaks at the Potlatch, they start by sharing their family history, who is related to who; this can take a long time depending how big their family is. Did I mention that patience is critical when attending a Potlatch? An Elder can speak for an hour or longer, easy. At a Potlatch, when a song is introduced,

again a family member stands and tells the history of where the song came from, or whose family passed it down. Songs are gifts, which you receive and only your family can sing. Today's songs are shared more freely, but you are not allowed to sing a song until you know the history of where it comes from. Protocol must always be followed, today as in the past. Potlatches, before contact, lasted months, and chiefs came from surrounding villages to honour the families that were hosting the ceremony. Today, a Potlatch lasts two to three days, but people still travel from all over to attend and honour the host family. Through the Potlatch, history was (and still is) shared without written language.

In the 1800s, Franz Boas, who worked with George Hunt, devised a written Kwakw'ala language based on phonetics. The problems with translating language is that it doesn't always work. In Kwakw'ala there are words that do not translate to English. The best example of this is that we do not have a word that means "hello". We do share a greeting: we say, "Gilakas'la". Gilakas'la means we are sharing the same space, or air, it is a concept rather than a word.

So, understanding that historically we were great orators rather than great writers, I did find writing this piece an interesting challenge. I hope you enjoyed this journey with me through a bit of my culture and history.

Gilakas'la

The Stigma of Leprosy

by Yvonne Murphy

Many people do not know that leprosy is a modern disease called Hansen's disease. It is still as extreme as it was in ancient times. The stigma attached to leprosy can be far worse than the disease. To highlight this point, I will explore stigmas' effect on Community, Family, and the Internalization of stigma by the individuals.

The community, in fact, greatly endorses stigma. The victims are evicted from their homes and removed from the group. Also, they are harassed and have their property damaged. People call them untouchable; this is a negative connotation for a leper. Not only is stigma seen in the community, but also in the family.

The stigma is far worse than the disease.

The family also endorses stigma. They ostracize their loved ones. Family members will not share common utensils with them for fear of contracting the disease. There is a high prevalence for spouses to divorce partners who have become susceptible to the disease. The individual also internalizes the stigma.

The people who have this disease sometimes choose to mutilate their own body. They can choose to cover the affected area with surplus bandages or expose their wounds in order to garner sympathy from the public. Often times they ask that the wounds be further excised or enlarged on their extremities; this they believe will remove the toxic blood from the wound. Women diagnosed with leprosy suffer disproportionately from the stigma. They are marginalized, have no job security, are abused and forced into unhealthy lifestyles.

Community, family and the individual are impacted by Hansen's disease. Now what can we say in general about the contempt for people with this condition? The stigma is far worse than the disease.

Uni 101 - 102 Journey

by Victoria Howley

Life is such a distraction
Uni 102 is only a major Fraction
Of the division of time, light and life.
And globalization of farms,
factories, and people's strife
(and yes there is a connection)

Staying focused
is about being curious,
And understanding personal barriers.
Persevering the obstacles and overcoming negative
belief systems, fears and perfectionism.

When reacting to the perplexing negative emotions
(manifested in one's mind, this is Maya)
the consequences undoubtedly become Anger,
Judgement, being unable to hear and listen to others
And Despair

In a world such as this, one would believe
"what you don't know won't hurt you"
or that
"Ignorance is bliss"
or that
"It must be Destiny"
This Is Maya!

A HuGe ThAnK YoU to the staff
and the Army of VoLunTeeRs
There are several ways to see and answer the
Why is it?, and How to's,
And to observe, respect and celebrate
mine and everyone's individuality.

I am the leverage point in my life,
and life as I know it begins with me,
a human being full of matter.
Hence, where I go, what I do, and what I say
Does Matter, and has a Direct Effect on me
and those around me, and my quality of life

Thinking I'm not good enough or don't have enough,
Perfection, regret of past deeds, or misdeeds
(is Maya)
a cloud over who I am and want to be

So even though I'm not a scholar, a scientist, or have a PhD
(nor do I wish to obtain these titles)
I am ready, willing and ABLE to be ME
A HuMaN BEinG

What's It All About?

Alleviating a Measure of Human Suffering

by Troii Leonard

According to our Unit 102 courses, we are suffering from a host of social, health, psychological and economic imbalances, which seem to be rooted in a lack of essential care, deeply biased humanitarian attitudes, and blatantly corrupt financial institutions and marketing systems.

Yet behind and within these troubling signs are indications of the deeper issues and causes out of which they have risen...What has caused us to lose our sense of ethnic and moral values in our unhealthy fear based behavior towards each other??? What has caused our disconnection with the natural flow of energies, both in nature as well as within our own bodies, looking for a quick fix solution of a magical pill provided by doctors and physicians deeply embedded in a market driven health system???

We cannot afford to find a Cure for Cancer...for it would cause too many people to be out of jobs, as well as stop the inflow of the multi billions invested in it's continuance. Let's not deceive ourselves, blindly believing all we are told as true, shall we??? I also do not doubt in the honorable intentions of the multitudes of Doctors and Nurses truly concerned for the welfare and well being of those in need.

What's it all about??? Where did the idea of woman belonging to an inferior sex, openly treated with contempt and abuse of all kinds, originate from??? How can we continue to justify a deeply divided standard of living lifestyle, in which

the rich get richer and the poor remain in a disenfranchised, debilitated treadmill. The wealthy continue their debt ridden drive, living off the interest of others, blinded by greed, baseless desires, and the arrogant egotism of a power and force driven economy, unable to sustain itself...suggested U-tube videos are "Thrive" and "Zeitgeist Series".

The answers lie deep within our selves, in the very "Being" that defines our reason and purpose of existence, the Soul of Humanity. It is through the intervention and actions of a Heart and Mind full care of, and for, each other, based on honesty, open mindedness and trust. It is in the spirit of Giving and Compassionate Empathy that we may Hear and Know the True Needs of a person, country, and planet crying out for honest relationships and harmonious co-creation.

Please find and make the time for Self Reflection, evaluate your true motivations, and attempt to live life joyfully, harmless in thought and action, knowing that *We Are One in Essence of Spirit*.

Free your Heart
A Place of Hope
Of Love and Dreams
Of Future Possibilities.

Take Thought
Of Mindful Insight
Pure and Bright
Of Truthful Revelation.

A World United
Humanity Enlightened
Of Values Pure
Of Peace Assured...and Children's
Laughter Endlessly.

—
Photo by Troii Leonard



Difference in Child Rearing

by Albert Tyndale

This essay is about a topic I have read about and discussed in the classroom. I enjoyed the readings and the delivery of the theory and learning experience, as well as all of the discussions so far. I am having some problems with the readings, but I understand some of the illustrations given. I disagree with quite a few of the examples and case studies, such as in child rearing. What I learned was that just because there is love it doesn't mean that there will be attachment.

Child rearing and learning:

After seeing, reading, and listening to the discussion on child rearing and attachment, I experienced strong objection with the conclusion of what the studies show.

Society portrays that there is a special way in which youth are able to be loved and treated during their early days. I do not believe that. However, the belief that giving all your love and attention to a child will make the youth attach to you as a caregiver, versus being recognized as a bystander, has got a flaw in it.

The youth at an early critical stage may have experienced certain kinds of caregiving from the caregiver which may or may not be up to standards of society. The child knows that the caregiver is not able to give more than what is given and having experienced caring for a period of time may return to show the caregiver he/she understands their position. The caregiver may have a rough daily routine, maybe at work,

maybe with the community, and therefore may not be able to give more attention to the youth. It may be the child who is rejecting the caregiver for reasons one is not able to understand. Youth acknowledge and respond to a caregiver who is tender and loving, but there are occasions where youth pay very little attention to the caregiver, whether they are present, absent, or suddenly absent. On the other hand, in the early stages, one has noticed that children or youth react very strongly when the caregiver tries to ignore them at a given time on a given day. They show a much stronger disturbance when a stranger tries to comfort them while the main caregiver attends to other business. One has noticed youth of varied ages detach or give attention.

Sometimes the youth has shown very little attention to the caregiver who went absent for a while, however, on her return shows joyous attention when the caregiver returns from being absent. One has seen a family unit, mother and early infant who has always been together and tenderness was always there and the child appear not to notice that the caregiver was not around. The child do show attachment after the caregiver makes herself apparent. The child at that moment in time show that he/she know that mom was not present for a while. It is very frequent for a child to show happiness when the caregiver who was absent for a while returns.

The lesson child rearing was of great interest to me. I do have difference of opinion on some of the examples shown. I believe nature has a built-in standard within the human race that cannot be copied. The idea of attachment between child and mother is an example where I believe that nature built in protection. In one example, the child ignores the mother. It is very difficult to say whether or not it is the mother who did not show enough love to the child or if the child detects that the mom is tired, from the number of times mom could not partake in his/her comfort. Another example is where the mother had to go

and the child misses the mom. It shows that the children do need the caregiver and that the development of young ones do need the care of the elder! This is of course only one side of the coin. It is somewhat misleading with the examples shown because there were no examples of a male in a caregiver role.

There are examples where one has seen the animals, cows, pigs, hens, and such, where the female of the group or herd could not take care of the young and a member or female members take care of the protecting. At the same time, the young ones try to get affection from the mother and at most times the mother ignores the young. However the females of the group stay patient with the young. There are always one strong example. The male of the group in most cases, stays with the group, but was never the primary caregiver, protector yes, for example hens and chicks, cows and calves. The young ones always try to stay close to the meaningful caregiver. At the same time, the males do play a role.

The democratic way in which the researcher obtains evidence as to how the child developed attachment in the early years of growing up has got flaws in it. The class has seen several examples of attachment between child and mother. It is reasonable to say nature has a unique, built-in guide to the human race and animals. Some natures may not have the same gentle sharing ability as others. I believe within this context, the receiver of natural tenderness between mother and child is unique by nature. The child learns very early what the caregiver can give. From this nurturing, the child understands the kind of attention the mother can give to him/her. Likewise, the caregiver may be not able to give very deep tender bonding. We know that experience has place on caregivers of which quite often the law would separate children from the natural caregiver. Some of the time or most of the time the law is wrong. Bonding is a very unique part of growing up. As we saw in the video where the child gives very little attention to the parent when the parent may have given all the attention that she can muster to the child. From this one may say the child did not get enough care given from the mother. One has seen the caregiver give all the care she can to the child, in return one has experienced where caregiver has very little to give to the infant and the infant begs for that caregiver's attention.

**I try to spread
my wings. To
catch myself if
all else fails.**

- Michael Young

Emancipation From Mental Slavery

by Dwayne Walters

You cannot change the system; you can only change yourself. Do not worry about what is not in your control, you must concern yourself with what you can do in your own life to bring about positive change.

Everyone has the right to live equally with each other and have access to the basics, such as a roof over our heads, nourishment, and the right to be educated. But in our modern society, there is a big difference in the dispersal of power because our social systems are inherently unequal. Some people are more privileged than others based on race and that is a by-product of the system that we live in. When you talk about power and social inequality there is always going to be personal bias against an individual and discriminatory beliefs about a group of people. When inequality is repeatedly present throughout our relationships and social experiences it can be rather impactful on people's lives. Yet this impact often feels mitigated by a resigned acceptance to these behaviours as natural, when sufficient time and anger has passed.

So why bother to worry about something that seems so normal? We are all victims of pattern development as it is just an aspect of reality; the system uses subtle influences such as media propaganda and fear to keep you calm and under control, instead of coming to your front door and beating you down. Speaking from a personal point of view, physical bondage pales in comparison to mental slavery, because when something is reoccurring in your mind that is negative, it will manifest into something rotten internally.

The mind is the most precious thing that we have, it possesses all the tools we need to be who we are as people. In order for us to maximize it to its full potential we must soothe it like a newborn infant, guide it with love and care. You have to have love for yourself and humanity, people who try to evaluate things in their own minds and search for the truth are not against humankind, but believe in their self and in other people. Imagine if people did this and were able to see that they are not alone then you would have a true change in consciousness. So, in the same way that we can be brainwashed into certain ways of living or thinking, we can in turn, cleanse our own mind for the better. This change in the consciousness does not involve violence, blood shed, or riotous government overthrow, it is more of an evolution or growth than drastic overnight change. The intent should be to protect society generally from exploitation and abuse, and remember loving action teaches better than scornful words. For me there is an option called forgiveness, it lightens all burdens.

Mental slavery does not have to be our permanent reality; we all have the ability to choose love and forgive the malice and ignorance of others.

Mental slavery does not have to be our permanent reality; we all have the ability to choose love and forgive the malice and ignorance of others. Prejudice and discrimination may make a prison of our own minds, but only if we let it be so. When we make the conscious decision to turn our gaze away from what is accepted in society, and focus it inward upon ourselves, we are given freedom in the form of choice. There will always be love and hate, embrace the former and reject the latter, and the path to fulfillment will reveal itself.

Twice a Week

by Alymanda LaVallee

twice a week I go to class
we meet at school en mass
sit in desks and learn
listen to the teacher
talk on this week's feature

twice a week we share
for these people I care
my brain starts to burn
thoughts and ideas go round
questions asked answers found

twice a week we have our meal
ask each other how we feel
around the table we talk and eat
back to class and drink some tea
to knowledge we have the key

twice a week I have a cookie
no longer a rookie
trying to keep my books neat
to our small groups we go
have a discussion not a row

twice a week we say see ya soon
my new friends are a boon
the classes are so much fun
we have our meeting
time here is fleeting

twice a week I take the bus home
it's not far that I roam
real soon we will be done
I've gained so much knowledge
maybe I should go to college

Converging and Diverging

by Oliver Fehr

Individuals and their society endeavour towards freedom or are buttressed in deception by the appearance of liberty to get on with their lives and not suffer. However, activities usually involve others who are diverted from their business, a happy coincidence for employers.

Work can be intrinsically worthwhile not for the sake of remuneration, but to afford greater leisure by providing food, shelter, water, utilities, hobbies and negotiations with neighbours. As the means of satisfying needs have grown in complexity and scale, the individual appears incapable of providing them and a mediated exchange becomes necessary.

Resources have different uses to those according to their goals and context, and many are disregarded that don't have a market value, redeemed in use if opportunity is found. The context of ownership is predominately where opportunity is recognized. We enable employers with use of our time but total use is incomprehensible.

We can discover overlapping use of our time in our own interests.

We own and rent our time, so employers may derive use of our time and skills. Yet they may also serve us in ways not extrinsically recognized. Our resources may be deployed in parallel to different ends, those met and not met within the workplace.

The exercise of rights is often inconsistent with the interests of those competing for resources, so freedom entails responsibilities. Demand is exploited for profit, often in the guise of assistance, because it is rarely satisfied with independent local means. Responding to global prices is difficult when organizing a means of supply is also difficult, so it's corporations to the rescue.

Humans are vulnerable depending on the degree of effort either to exercise agency or sustain habits. They are diverted and interfered with. To compensate they find alternate, sometimes dysfunctional expression. The employee contorts its being and consciousness to satisfy the employer. A particular effort is required for survival and pursuit of happiness, and the appropriation of these fundamental efforts as a commodity is mistaken. We may survive and be happy without it being at the ultimate expense of others—we can generate the conditions. Wasting resources, especially those that are resources to themselves, undermines our freedom and capacity to provide for those conditions of our survival and happiness.

Accumulation of wealth becomes a habit, rather than a deliberate means to a particular end.

The Best Kind of...

Inspired by Wayne

by Maggie St. Onge

To be or not to be...
 You asked the question...
 May I be so bold, and so
 Tender as to answer that...

It is enough just to be
 As I have heard said to me
 In doing so
 You are special
 You are loveable ~
 Not just so ~
 But loved.
 You say "You know it in your mind"
 Please feel it in your heart.

You,
 Yes you,
 Are worthy, like me and her, and them
 Worthy of
 Receiving the kindness, the warmth,
 The tender caress of your lovers
 Touch.

Yes, so little to ask ~
 It is not too much.
 And this is why,
 You, Yes, you ~
 Are funny (hysterical I may say)

Without even trying
 to be that way.
 And that is the best kind of funny.

You,
 Yes ~ you
 Are honest
 Sincerely from the bones
 So honest,
 the best kind of honest.

You,
 Yes, you
 Are gentle
 Not abrupt or callous
 But kitten nuzzle gentle
 The best kind of gentle.

You,
 Yes you ~
 Are smart.
 Book smart, life smart
 Wise from life ~
 The best kind of smart.

You
 Yes ~ you
 Are generous
 What you have, if I need
 You'll share.
 The best kind of generous.

You,
 Yes ~ you
 Especially, are Special
 Are loveable and wild.

How would I,
 Who has conversed with you
 For a moment or two
 Know all this
 And more to be true?

This is how
 I know.
 I heard you say
 One September day
 "Hi,
 I was where you all are
 And it is going to be okay..."

A Place of Strength

by Maggie St. Onge

I do not want your husband, thanks, I have my own. I am not out to break up your family, I take pride in raising my own. I am not a criminal and I pay my taxes, just like you. I am certainly not morally bankrupt, or a failure to my parents. I am not an embarrassment to my friends. I am not a sexual deviant or uneducated.

I am a strong, funny, kind, smart, generous, flawed, guarded woman. I have been involved in professions such as medicine, retail, business, early childhood education, and hospitality in the helping fields. I've gained knowledge through traditional and alternative school systems, as well as the 'school of life'. I live my life with an open mind, an open heart, and an open door. I'm lucky enough to have been raised by a strong woman who empowered me, loved me unconditionally, and showed me how to do the same for my daughter. The fact that I have chosen sex work for a profession makes people uncomfortable, leading to the stereotypes and stigma above. I wouldn't be so arrogant or ignorant to tell you what it's like to be a hairstylist or accountant or choreographer in today's world, but I can, with absolute confidence tell you what it is like for me to (publicly) identify as a sex worker today.

I do not live or work in shame. I am proud, confident and happy (might I say joyous on occasion) during my work.

I do not come from a place of shame, in any aspect of my life, but particularly as a sex worker. I am an adult who can vote, drink, drive, or go to war, however I cannot give blood. I am exempt from having that privilege if I check "that box" in the application process. Contrary to public opinion, sex workers do not have as high a rate of spreading STDs as the general

public does. In fact, every single sex worker I know practices safe sex. On the other hand, many women and men I know do not practice safe sex in their personal lives. Hmmmm.... just saying. Because of the stigma around sex work, in saying these things, I leave myself open to all kinds of judgments and public humiliation.

I applaud the huge strides made in the past year or two concerning the laws around prostitution in Canada (such as Bedford vs. Canada). If I were raising a child today, she wouldn't be breaking the law at dinner time. Clearly she was a criminal, by having her basic needs met and living illegally off the avails of prostitution. Yup, made no sense then, still doesn't.

I have always been good with people, in many capacities. People enjoy my company. My job isn't about sex—of course sex happens, but not always. There are lots of reasons that men and women seek out the services of a sex worker: convenience, fantasy, enjoyment... sex work takes on many forms.

I can only speak of my experiences. It is clear that not every person's experience in the trade is like mine. There are groups of women and men who have had terrible experiences, such as those working in the "survival sex trade" and those under the age of consent who have been coerced, threatened, and possibly trafficked. There is no such thing as a "teenage prostitute", it is rape, always victim and predator. We hear almost exclusively about these negative and challenging experiences in the media, while positive experiences of sex work are almost never mentioned. This creates a skewed perspective and contributes to stigma. Through mentoring, fundraising, and outreach work I do what I can to support these women and young people in their struggle to exit the trade and find purpose in their life. I suppose what I'm hoping to convey with this essay is that it is possible to be involved in the trade without being a victim.

My choice to be in the sex industry is an educated, informed and empowering one. I do not live or work in shame. I am proud, confident and happy (might I say joyous on occasion) during my work. I can be my own boss, making my own hours, setting my own wage based on my self worth and level of service. I work where, when, and with whom I choose. My job is only as good, productive, and fun as I make it. I'm sure that most of you do not go to work intoxicated or using drugs— so why would I?

Besides the benefits of working for myself, my work in the sex industry has given me a huge gift: the power to use my experiential voice to promote personal, spiritual, physical health and safety to women in the industry. We are a sisterhood and we support each other. Women such as myself who choose not to hide or live a double life are stirring the pot of public perception, encouraging dialogue and changing attitudes. What could be better than that?

**I am the leverage
point in my life,
and life as I know
it begins with me**
- Victoria Howley

Uni 102 As A Cure For "Angry Old Guy Syndrome"

by Alex Pitblado

I was an angry old guy who had stopped talking to the third of the population on the political right, with whom I fundamentally disagree. They have increasingly frustrated me over the years with their bizarre “self-made man” logic. This has made my world progressively smaller.

Uni 102 has given me a new set of skills that has allowed me to converse, understand and, most importantly, influence people that I fundamentally disagree with. The classes have cleaned the dirty goggles that I have used to see the world. I have learned that while I alone can't change the world, I can change myself and the role I choose to play in it. This program has given me three new tools that I can use to expand and enrich my life.

The first is the Critical Thinking model, which, when I use it, is helping to keep me from jumping to a conclusion before I have all the facts. Secondly, the week we spent on social constructions. It is helping me deal with people who have strong and differing preconceptions on basic subjects such as race, religion, politics, and class. One of "Our Basic Truths" was the idea that we need to treat people who are racist like they stole your wallet. This means we call people out only for their actions, not for what's in their heart! I can only challenge what they do and the impacts of their actions. The third topic that has been a great help is a beginning understanding of Leverage Points as a way to focus my efforts on positive change. Knowing that I can change things has turned my scowl into a smile.

Critical Thinking has helped stop me to from jumping to conclusions (based on my own prejudices) before having all the facts. By using this tool I hope to understand and withhold judgment of what people are saying by focusing on the main idea they are saying, and then looking at what they have taken for granted and what they have left unsaid.

I practised this model in a conversation with a well-dressed lady who was saying, “The best way to deal with the homeless was to hire a private security company”. BB¹ I would have thought that she was just a rich conservative who just wanted to solve the problem by removing the homeless from her sight. AB², while trying to use critical thinking, I found out that she was coming from the position of a small downtown retailer. Anything that keeps customers away would drive her crazy! We then had a real conversation about the problem and I found her a reasonable person. She was happy to hear about the Coalition to End Homelessness and has taped a copy of their free food in Victoria sheet in her store window. Partly to stop her customers from feeling the need to give change away but also to let people in need find a good meal. People can surprise you if you let them!

Holding people accountable for their words and actions seems to be the only approach that I think has a reasonable chance for change.

In the “How to Tell Someone They Are Racist” video, Jay Smooth says you can't call people out for what's in their heart but only for their actions. It is only their actions which can be challenged and hopefully changed. Holding people accountable for their words and actions seems to be the only

¹ Before Becky, or Before Uni 102
² After Becky, or After Uni 102

approach that I think has a reasonable chance for change. You can't control what someone thinks... but by speaking out, you can seek to influence their behaviour.

Just by saying that we are not racist, chauvinistic or a religious fundamentalist etc. means nothing. People are allowed to think whatever they want. BB I was always second-guessing peoples' motivations. Why do they believe things I think are wrong or just nuts? How to get beyond peoples' rhetoric? AB I now am trying to look at and judge people only by their actions. When people declare they are not this or that, it just proves that they missed the point. I now just ask, balance your actions to what you preach.

Starting conversations from a place of agreement allows each member of the conversation to provide input.

I have worked with religious people throughout my life and before this (BB) I never really trusted their motivations or understood them. Why they did “works of charity”? AB, I now have given up trying to judge motivations; I now just try to look at their actions and enjoy their fellowship.

As an old angry guy way past his prime, I thought that the “system had defeated me” and there was nothing I could do about it. BB I thought I just had to accept my fate and deal with it; stop caring about things that were out of my control. This removed my sense of hope for a better future for me and for society in general. The week we spent looking at Leverage Points has given me new insight on how I can be part of the change I hope is coming. AB, looking at where I could use my skills to intervene in our social and political systems has given me back hope that I can see change in real life, not just on fictional TV shows.

The leverage point I think I can use best is Information Flows. I hope to give people feedback on what is actually happening in our political theater. The

lack of people actually listening to our elected officials in this age of dying media has provided the ruling political right cover to do what is in their best interests; not what is in the best interest of society at large.

To bring change, I have started to volunteer with the provincial NDP, “translating” both provincial Liberal and federal Conservative weekly talking points. The right use these to keep their message constant and keep divergent parts of their party under control. We emailed these interpretations to members of the NDP, Provincial Liberals and the Media. Through these actions, I can honestly say that one backroom provincial liberal was “fired” from his “pork-barrel” job before he was hired and BC teachers are really upset about what Christy Clark has actually said about them. I can see change a-coming!

But the best thing I have gained from this program is the idea of Finding Common Ground as place to start from. Starting conversations from a place of agreement allows each member of the conversation to provide input. Critical Thinking, I hope will play a large part in how I deal with my old habit of jumping to a conclusion before I have all the facts. The discipline of trying to understand, looking for what is taken for granted (assumptions) and then grasping at the implications of the ideas is a skill I think is worth exercising. Jay Smooth's video reminds me that to deal with people that have opinions that I don't like, I can't fault them for beliefs, only on how their actions affect others. I thank the sessions on Leverage Points for giving me back the realization that I can still effect social change (without throwing anything at my TV). By giving information to ordinary people I hope to change the decisions they make at the polls, thus bring change I can agree with.

Power & Inequality

by Sean Coleman

a.k.a. Daze and Knights

The man has the power, sitting in the tower
Counting his stock and money, hour after hour

Have the people power the machine, do the
man's dirty work on the people's time
Man the machines, and toe the line

So, I want to make the world better...write another letter
Yet compound after compound, it
seems tougher than leather

Dollars & sense...do they have any feeling?
Or is it just merely with the bottom line you're dealing?

My grocery bill takes me down deeper and deeper,
But if I don't eat, I get a fever, a fever!

Landlord says it's time to raise the rent
Meanwhile, my wallet outta shape is gettin' bent!

Sneezin' in the breeze and trynna keep healthy
While corporations spin product info and get stealthy

Grillin' and killin', Ronald is the villain
Earth's rainforests clearcut for food filler and ???

What we'd like to see is the power of equality,
But what we get instead is power and inequality

We'll see what happens when the verdict is in,
Will we see utopia, or just more sin bin...

Learning to Learn

by Grace Lemieux

Uni 101-102 courses introduced me to the humanities and the social sciences. This experience has developed my understanding of interrelated social realities. Through lectures and discussions, I have learned to use critical thinking, active listening, learning strategies and writing. I learned in a creative environment where I participated using my experiences, and I learned from other participants' experiences. I will be exploring the different ways to view and engage with the world around me. To a degree I will rid myself of historical Sociocentric Thinking. This is my time to learn how to learn, unlearn and relearn.

My first words are my deepest thanks, for the Uni 101&102 courses, and all those involved, who gave me the opportunity for deeper learning. That is why I took every opportunity to absorb all the lecturers' expertise on their subjects, and I tried to understand where in my social environment I can use them and how. With all this new information, I am now empowered to go forward and get involved in my community with confidence.

I now know how critical thinking, active listening, and the writing exercises will enhance my life. In my future, I believe I will still be reminding myself to practice what I have learned in Uni 101 & 102 by expanding my personal openness. However, I now have the tools to try harder to be more positive in my cultural environment. In a classroom area, I believe I must keep my mouth shut and save my

opinions for a more open-minded society, where it really counts and will produce a desired end result.

I believe that bell hooks got it right: "that students are the leaders in a classroom." After all, they are the ones that are doing the learning and must learn to participate and solve their own problems for their own future, as these students will be our future leaders. One example of this is Wikipedia. Is it the start of pedagogy? Does the site invite you to share your experience or knowledge? Or is it just answers from other books? Anyway they have a global audience of male dominated society. Female participants are rarely accepted because they 'give advice with examples', and that is 'not what they are looking for'. If I work and study and practice critical thinking, I will be able to share my experiences with a person willing to learn and listen. I believe in the idea that the illiterate of the twenty-first century will not be those who cannot read and write, but those who cannot learn, unlearn and relearn. No matter what economic level or what cultural society, or how privileged, we all have a common goal in our life. Even with inequality in race we assimilate and put aside our dignity to become participants in patriarchy.

Even with inequality in race we assimilate and put aside our dignity to become participants in patriarchy.

Patriarchy is an ancient government system in a family or tribe, by which the father is supreme. Before the flood, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were regarded with the highest respect and revered because of age and wisdom, dignity and character. Dignity does not consist of possessing honours, but in deserving

them. Character may be manifested in the great moments, but it is made in the small ones. Our thoughts shape our character. Our democratic society today is powered by male dominance and reinforced by unearned privileges. However, in this male dominated society, I am one of the participants in a system that is much larger than I am, and I take the path of least resistance, because I perceive this culture as normal. In order to change an oppressive society I must step outside, and point out a new and different path by asking questions that would result in more questions, and soon a new idea is formed to move in a more positive direction. We all accept our current economic gap.

The growing economic gap shows 1% of the elite are earning more than all of the working poor. They claim they work 830% times more than the working poor. Rich people collect interest: poor people pay it. The living wage in the Capital Region is \$18.73 up from \$18.07 in 2012. This increase tripled the inflation rate in Victoria (1.0%). It is largely due to housing and related costs, transportation, food, and childcare costs. The living wage is based on two adults working 35 hours a week providing for two children.

Even after forty years, there is still inequality in income and job opportunities between different genders and races.

The provincial minimum wage is \$10.25 where two adults work nearly 64 hours a week to afford an adequate quality of life. In British Columbia a high proportion of people are self-employed (13.7% or 297,775); in Victoria the numbers are similar (13.3% or 23,775), in total 2,171,470. The employee workforce in British Columbia is (86.3%) 1,873,695, in Victoria (86.7%) 154,705, in total 178,485. In 2013, nearly half of all Greater Victoria's elected officials were female: (1/3) 33% of MPs, (3/6) 50% of MLAs, (4/13) 31% of Municipal Mayors, (37/78) 47% of Municipal Councillors, and

(14/23) 61% of School Board Trustees¹. I am thinking each of these women probably work long hours with huge consequences, either way.

After decades woman are still earning less than men. Further, a mom may refuse a promotion, and better benefits, to have time for other family business. Even after forty years, there is still inequality in income and job opportunities between different genders and races. Skilled jobs for women are the same, like for nurses, service work, home care, dental assistance, and teachers. Even with our continuous effort to fit in and get ahead, other factors exist.

This Sociocentric state causes disruption with unearned power, using dishonesty and fear to cause unearned advantages over distinct societies. When I am in public, sometimes people harass me and call the police when I decide to defend myself. I am threatened just waiting for the next bus, "You been standing here a long time, why don't you move along?" I walk in the early evening to exercise. "We got a call that you're walking in their neighbourhood, what are you doing here in the first place?" Walking home late at night from the library, I am not going to stop when someone is yelling at me from a car threateningly. Next thing I knew I was slammed up against the wall by police, asking, "Why didn't you stop when I yelled out to you to stop? Why are you out this late at night? Where do you live? Where are you going?" He kept me there for about 15 minutes, but I refused to answer his questions. The next day I felt so violated by his threats, and my body and under arms were so bruised that I could not move. I am the one being threatened, and they call me "disruptive, causing trouble, being loud, she won't leave", and disrespectful because I am standing there being mindful of them giving misinformation. Each list goes on and on and the constant negative behaviour and words are mentally tiresome. This is only a sample of when walking a 1/2 block from home. Thinking critically about these experiences can be a leverage point.

Leverage points are points of power, and places within a complex system, such as in the city of Victoria, big corporations, the economy, where a small

shift in a selected paradigm will alter the pattern in a new direction. The big corporations or government can use these leverage points to inflate the economy, to control and to maintain their wealth. One leverage point is subsidized low-income housing, where the cost of housing, food and daycare has risen, and where no job creation is involved because it has costs and benefits. This shift increased unemployment, welfare costs and despair for low-wage earners.

The world leaders are constantly altering the economic growth in the wrong direction and creating a relationship of dependency with the public. In their continuous effort to hold power they keep on out-sourcing jobs and keep on deflating the economy. To empower themselves more, they use the media, food and water supplies, education programs, war, and racism to project hate and fear using false reality. This type of system generates inequality, poverty, exploitation, and social illiteracy. In a social structure, we are all interconnected to the same issues and goals. Together we can seek answers by raising forceful questions and directing critical awareness to the promotion of social justice.

Connectedness in a community and engagement makes us more productive, and creates a high level of trust and reciprocity.

Connectedness in a community and engagement makes us more productive, and creates a high level of trust and reciprocity. Connect yourself by attending civic meetings, reading clubs, writing and painting clubs, attending school affairs, community events, sporting events, energizing with a walking club, or volunteering with a smile. Soon you might want to be more productive. Your critical thinking says, save your money to purchase physical capital, like a bike or a screwdriver, to work quicker or more efficiently. Or save-up to take a course to be more productive. Social capital (our engagement in our community) is why some governments work better than others.

Our trust and appreciation has declined in our social culture, because of self-interest. We have become isolated by watching television, or surfing the Internet or the cellphones. Also, in public, there is a drop in conversation with others of shared interests. Then again, we have individual rights.

Democracy began with the underlying concept of individual rights. From Aristotle to the 18th Century, history shows that Kings and Queens were rulers, as well as the churches. They fought bloody wars for freedom or democracy. There were too many leaders and each had their own policies and rules that were enforced on the citizens of the time, which in turn caused a weak government. Therefore, there was a need for one strong effective government that could govern for individuals who have elected them as their leaders. To me freedom is just a word for 'nothing else to lose'.

Across race, class and gender, everyone could be a reasonable human being. Negative conflicts using false assumptions, prejudices, ignorance, misinformation, lack of imagination, and disrespect are individual and intentional. Systemic inequality has a focus on patterns and impact, rather than intentions.

**I made a choice
to open my
own doors.**
- Cat Sturk

The Invisible Bird Within Me and The Tree of Life

by Michael Young

You may think I am Superman
Or Captain Kirk
On days I fly out of orbit
Or return back to Earth

But I also have days of darkness, menace from within
Tarnish my joys of singing
Taking me for a spin

As stormy winds prevail
I fly grasping for life's contours
Up and down I fall

I try to spread my wings
To catch myself
If all else fails

Festering wounds hidden within my heart
Can be erased or healed through time?
Objects that were once distant shadows
Now glow an aura of shine

I'm back to reality
For a brief moment, held still by happiness

Michael Young

A Crow's Resistance

by Dale Harder

The mother crow protected the father crow's secrets. And the father crow wondered what mother crow was all about. The mother crow admired the father crow as long as he was not screwing up and they were enjoying a normal relationship. The father crow would go to the end of the world to get food for his wife and baby. He was a big shot that way. At least, he wanted to be a big shot. He got along very well with other crows. But he didn't like stupidity. The main thing he thought about was the success of his little family. In fact, that was what he worried about all the time.

When he was worried about feeding his family, he went downtown by himself. He didn't have any friends because he did not trust people in that way. He thought adolescent crows that have been through high-school should be better informed and educated, same as past generations. And this bothers him.

He lived like every other parent, trying to exist peacefully with everyone. He did not like debt and one of his goals was to pay it off. Fortunately, he did not have much debt. For most of the day, he was concerned about finding food, such as potatoes, green beans, radishes, and green onions. Crows need fresh food. Father crow was smart so he decided to buy some businesses. The first business he ran was a little gasoline powered fishing boat to fish. He also made little boxes in which little crows could play. Yet the largest goal in his mind was to avoid the big crows.

One day he was warned by a little crow about all the danger he could face. As he was working, he was trying to figure out where his adolescent crow was so that he could talk to him. He was also concerned that all his little crows were in danger. Everyone's little crows had suddenly become afraid of the big crows due to their worsening habits. The big crows were starting to catch as many little crows as they could. The little crows seemed to be waiting for the adolescent crows to help them but they never came to the rescue.

Father crow knew that many of his little crows lived in the trees near a small park where they were very hard to detect. Yet father crow had become increasingly concerned. Father crow had learned that those calling themselves "the angels" had planned to fly to Mars, where they came from originally. But they wanted to bring the big crows with them so that they could teach the big crows to wander away from their nests and capture small crows. However, not many big crows wanted to go with the angels because they were afraid of the dangers they might face when they got to Mars. So the angels captured the big crows and forced them fly to Mars, leaving all the baby crows alone on Earth.

The little crows were so scared because they didn't know what to do without the big crows. When the angels took the big crows to Mars, they tried to brainwash them so that they could control them. When they had succeeded, they sent these big crows back to capture the little crows.

When all this happened, father crow was still downtown, hiding and seeking food for his wife and baby. He had no idea about what happened back in his home. Luckily, he found a lot of food there and was ready to bring it back. He was happy and excited to go home.

When the big crows returned, they were cruel. They wanted to eat the little crows. Fortunately, mother crow, father crow, and their children were safe under their protection because they hadn't been brainwashed. However, they were no longer welcome among the big crows because they did not do their allocated chores of cruelty. So father crow began training his own troop of

little crows so that they could fight back. Mother crow also trained some little crows every day. They were preparing them to fight out on the prairie.

The little crows had become better trained but were not yet self-reliant. They used to be very respectful to the big crows provided that the big crows were truthful with them. But they had now learned to be wary. At night the little crows went back to look for their mothers. The children of mother crow found her behind a fence after a few night of searching. The mother crow was absolutely thrilled to see her little crows. She carefully placed them in the old yard where they were born. The old mother crow was kind of rough, but anyone could tell that she really loved her little children. Old mother crow and the oldest child, her adolescent crow, stayed up late into the night making plans for dealing with the big crows. The situation had become very dangerous. The big crows were now eating little crows. It was specifically pointed out how the little crows and the ancient crows have been badly treated by the big crows. It was quite obvious that they were far from becoming good friends. Because the big crows had an arrogant attitude toward the little crows, it has been stuck in their brains that it is okay to eat little crows. So what the mother wisely judged to do was to hide at night, so that she could take the little crows out for meals when she finds something. She was very good at finding food—in fact, she was amazing!

When father crow was at the barber's, a nasty adolescent crow that worked there, who was part of the "new group," told the crows under her hire that father crow was not a good crow, and that he's mean because he wants to eat little crows. So father crow was worried about this because he and his wife were the only big crows left from the "old group." So he tried to think about how he could get out of his dilemma because he knew he could not rely on many of the young crows. So one of his plans was to organize a group who would do his bidding in a quiet way so that the squad could get stronger. This plan required that the little crows go to the adolescent crow barber to meet with all the other adolescent crows to join forces against the big crows.

Meanwhile the big crows brought many of the little crows down to the bog where the adolescent crows would also grab onto them. Father crow knew about this and so gathered the Elder crows to save the little crows. He was told by the Elder crows about how to raise these guys and tell the young crows what to do. All the adolescent crows noticed the care and guidance given to the little crows by the Elder crows, and so decided to turn against the big crows. Therefore, the relationship between the big crows and the adolescent crows weakened. The adolescent crows soon dropped out of the conflict because they finally understood their obligation to the little crows. But the little crows were hesitant to accept the adolescent crows back because of what the Father crow told them, that bigger crows eat little crows. Then the angels and the big crows met and made an agreement. They decided they would not settle with the little crows until they had finished them off. The little crows and the adolescent crows did nothing in return. They just met and tried to improve their strengths.

Father and mother crow did not know what to do. The Elder crows had only one plan and that was to fight the big crows. So both sides started gearing up for battle. The big crows started to become hesitant to fight, because they started worrying they may lose. The Elder grandmother and grandfather crows had all the brains, and were most trained in battle, and so the big crows lacked leadership with any brains.

The little crows and adolescent crows were thinking about how to beat the big crows on the plains of battle. However, there were still a few mad adolescent crows helping the big crows.

Both sides started outlining how the battle would ensue and what the result would be. It ended on the battlefield. The adolescent crows and the little crows beat up the big crows. The angels did not intervene. The little crows learned that you have to keep your troops trained and keep your leadership group together at all times. After the big crows were beat up, they were humiliated and flew off to the country from whence they first came—their brainwashing had been broken. Meanwhile the little crows and the adolescent crows did as

much as they could to strengthen their forces. That is to say, their small navy, small airforce, and soldiers in uniform became better readied.

They triple-checked their inventory of fluids and food. The Elder crows watched closely as the little crows rebuilt their society. They all licked their wounds and worked on what to do next. The little crows stated to the Elder crows that they would start bringing food to them again and help them, as long as the adolescent crows helped the little crows with battle strategies so that they felt safe getting food. Eventually, the little crows went to the big crows and sued for peace. The terms of the peace are unknown.

Through this process the entire crow society became whole again and discovered a lasting peace.

**The mind is the
most precious
thing that we
have, it possesses
all the tools we
need to be who
we are as people.**
- Dwayne Walters

The Dungeon Door

by Cat Sturk

The Dungeon Door
 Unlocked and opened
 Suppressed horrors
 Frozen in static states
 Unevolved, under developed
 Memories unleashed.

Exposed to acknowledge
 mature and grow
 Embarrassing beginnings
 stumbling forth
 Raw and unskilled
 Challenging growth.

With courage & self awareness
 A higher understanding emerges
 Uni 101, the back door in
 To exercise the growth potential
 In a supported progressive program
 The prerequisite to learn.

A journey unfolds
 To unravel the mold
 Stoic and unclaimed
 Transform the idle density
 Forthwith through inspiration
 Education and understanding.

The University of Victoria
 Professors all inclusive
 Community supporters
 Birthed this program
 Opened the opportunity
 To each and everyone.

A fertile environment
 An inspirational mind
 The playground to explore
 dreams of fore
 With gratitude, indeed
 A universal big thank you.

Materializing a Union

by Cat Sturk

The Code

Social survival
 Hard wired
 by our
 gene pool

Genetically programmed
 and biological
 An inter- racial language
 beyond our control

We are
 each carrying
 a piece
 of the code.

Empty Space

Trapped in infinite time
 In endless space
 On another plane
 this reality structured

Out of our minds
 This reality emerges
 of material collected
 Scenarios to be interacted

Individually & Collectively
 Through adversity
 and diversity
 We share the purpose

To educate, learn and understand
 There is a reason
 To engage
 In the dream.

We are all
 All that we are
 Together
 In the empty space

Materializing
 a union
 in this place
 of uni classmates.

The Deadline

Today is the day
Essays are due
Lost in a state
of sorrow and blues

I sit at the computer
the day of told
to follow through
a story untold

Body in pain
tear ducts full
Do not touch me
I'll explode

Contained & refrained
not knowing how
to express this
an unbearable load.

In a two state process
of a riddle three-fold
that has not yet
materialized to be told.

I rest my thoughts
put the pen to rest
Resolve to Am
The Am that I'm Am.

Participation

Reading for the understanding
Filtering assumptions
Oh my resolve
Implications ever flow

Back to the beginning
To explore and uncover
Explorations in reading
Reading for the meaning

Open discussions
Unraveled expressions
Engaging in strategies
Of participation

Dismantling points of view
Old and new
Making changes
Uncovering truth and knowing

Navigating evidence
Exposing the riddle
To embrace and express
In seminar.

Sofa & She

The door opens.
She enters.
Sofa awaits.
She, does her routines.
Sofa observes the moment.
Here She comes
With that look,
the look of..now me.
She arranges the cushions
She stretches out and sighs,
those sighs of release & relaxation.
Ah..such an appreciation of love embracing.
Sofa sighs,
as they drift off into dreamland.
Free of materials and density.
Together, an adventure,
Sofa & She.

The Chair & The Cat

Ohhh nooo
Here she comes
Her eyes intent on me
frozen, unable to move
i brace for the encounter
She stretches forward
and now the claws...
Shredding and clawing
my arm, dear arm
another one gone.

My Story

by Cat Sturk

My journey into Uni 101 & 102 has been an ongoing progress of personal healing, re-socializing amongst large groups of people and a playground to exercise, apply and participate in growth, learning and self awareness. Uni 101 program was sighted in a waiting room. An info session was scheduled at Work B.C. on Gorge Road. It was a lovely walk through Banfield Park and strolled across the refurbished wooden train trestle (the old trestle that was closed up and unsafe to use, as a kid I assumed the signs were meant for trains and maybe adults), then up the Goose Trail walkway to attend.

As I slowly came out of hibernation, since returning to Victoria after a thirty some year absence from my birthplace, childhood family and families. A culture shock to say the least. Both with the environment and families/childhood friends that I have been estranged from for such a long time. An eldest child of a few siblings, I flew the coup and set out on my own adventures. Working and travelling through our beautiful Province of B.C.. Travelling across our Country Canada a few times. For a year I worked for a Hypnotist travelling and reaching the most Eastern point in Canada. Stood on the rocks with the with the Eastern breezes and icebergs in the eyes distance. Absolutely splendid. Enjoying the opportunity to visit relatives a plenty, full of love, kindness and joyful lives in the bays of Newfoundland.

I thoroughly enjoyed sightseeing many of our Provincial Universities, Theatres, Galleries, Architecture, History, Music, (where available) Vegan and vegetarian eateries (the best ever falafel at Cedar's Eatery in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island [& family roots.]).

On route to the first class of Uni 101, my eyes wide with amazement of the incredible expansions and grounds of the University of Victoria campus. Remembering the UVic Stadium where my sneakers and I participated and spectated throughout

the years at sport events. The new Construction of the Sports Facility is literally a "Dream" come true, come true for a very dear friend S. Pelland (blessings r.i.p.). Stan was an advocate and fundraiser for the Victoria Track & Field Association. As well, he won a few medals in pole vaulting (retiring and winning in men's over seventy years old) competitions at the University of Victoria.

Tears cascading with great joy and satisfaction as I passed the construction with a enormous smile on my face.

Now here I am entering the University of Victoria and the campus life I put on hold to travel to enjoy life, and new experiences. I made a choice to open my own doors. And now that Uni 102 comes to completion, I look forward to opening the door to Uni 201 and enjoying more of Campus Life. Grateful and inspired that this is the time in my life that I can appreciate, pursue and devote with commitment my educational desires, passions and interests.

Grateful and inspired that this is the time in my life that I can appreciate, pursue and devote with commitment my educational desires, passions and interests.

I thank you for supporting, financing and believing in the Uni 101 Program. Thank you for opening the Back door into the University of Victoria, providing a leverage point towards higher education.

I wish everyone abundance and opportunity. Whether I engaged, participated or socialized with you in or out of class, I wish you all the very best. I am overwhelmed by the immensity of people. Something about time I heard. It has been an experience worth growing for. Doors closing and opening all over campus, must go and explore. Bye bye.

Metaphors

by John Kukkee

According to Wikipedia, “A metaphor is a figure of speech that describes a subject by asserting that it is, on some point of comparison, the same as another otherwise unrelated object. Metaphor is a type of analogy and is closely related to other rhetorical figures of speech that achieve their effects via association, comparison or resemblance including allegory, hyperbole, and simile. In simpler terms, a metaphor compares two objects/things without using the words "like" or "as".

One of the most prominent examples of a metaphor in English literature is the All the world's a stage monologue from As You Like It:

*All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
—William Shakespeare, As You Like It,
2/7[1].*

This quotation contains a metaphor because the world is not literally a stage. By figuratively asserting that the world is a stage, Shakespeare uses the points of comparison between the world and a stage to convey an understanding about the mechanics of the world and the lives of the people within it.” (Wikipedia)

In my opinion a metaphor is a short quotation that opens your mind to a new way of looking at the issue.

I found the neon sign, to go to university, and two years later here I am in the school of hard knocks. Then reality kicks in, stupid reality. I wanted to get more out of life, so I put more in...

If someone does something wrong to you that hurts you... Instead of being like them and doing something wrong back, the metaphor is, throw them the rope, and they will hang themselves. I've used this one all my life and it works.

I ask do you want to get more out of life? Then put more in. The answer is usually within the question. Usually!! For what comes too easy is thrown away. And what's thrown away? One man's trash is another mans treasure. It's not what you want, it's wanting what you've got. When we die, who ever has the newest and most toys doesn't win. For what is it to gain the whole world only to lose your soul? We come into the world bare ass, you leave bare ass. You can't take it with you. You either use it or lose it. You can't love someone until you love yourself first. If you truly love someone? If you truly love someone? Set them free. You can't be a winner if you don't play the game.... And it only takes one to win! Will you win? Do you want to? I already have lived 2 lifetimes, and I know people who haven't lived yet.

You've got to stand for something or you will fall for everything. I ain't got much but what I got, I got it honestly... We did some stuff on politics, and I say let's vote in the issues not the idiots. Then hire back the people to implement the issue. What do you say?

Be careful what you wish for cause you just might get it. The best and funnest part is in the chase. Only the dreamer dies, not the dream. Don't think you need money in life. Find a dream, and the money will take care of itself. Follow your dreams all the way through a moonbeam in a jar. Don't be driven by the almighty buck. Let your heart and soul guide you. Try to get someone

to tell you that you can't do that. Cause can't is the word of a fool. When they say you can't, tell them they just gave you permission.

It's hard to soar with the eagles when you hang around turkeys. I don't worry about things that I can't change. Change will do you good. I don't have to beg, steal or borrow. I just want to live before I die. Karma rules. For what goes around, comes around, and most people get what they deserve and can't figure out why. Then they never learn from their mistakes. Dumb turkeys.

If you want to see a rainbow you gotta stand in a little rain. Never believe what you hear and only believe 50% of what you see. People will make you see something they want you to believe. This is more true today than ever before with the media and toys we have today such as Photoshop.

Me and my sister were caught for stealing from a store. And the judge in court asked why most of it was wrapped in Xmas paper. We said they were Xmas presents. He said I'm not giving you permission to do this but, cause it wasn't for your own personal gain, I'm giving you probation. And promise me you will never do this again. The metaphor here is from the seventies and is still true today: Giving is free, taking will cost you.

I'm a jack-of-all-trades and a master of one. Welder, fitter, blue print read out and build. Me and a buddy at work at the shipyards were walking for coffee when 8 guys came up and asked could we stop working so hard as we were making them look lazy. I said we're not making you look lazy, you are lazy. And I told him our metaphor. Well-earned money is well-spent money. And time flies faster this way. We both own our own homes. A house is built of walls and beams, but a home is built on love and dreams. Some people bring happiness by coming to our home, while others bring happiness by leaving. When fishing, a fish wouldn't get in trouble if they didn't open up their mouths. But then again they could starve to death too.

If it's over and painful, don't look back and burn the bridge so you can't go back. It doesn't matter who you sleep with. You wake up with yourself. You better put the crack away. Before the crack puts you away. We can always see

other people's mistakes and problems, but we can't seem to see our own. A closed mind is a waste! I'd go see my sister but she's home... I ain't singin' for Pepsi or Coke, I don't wear any adds on my clothes unless they pay me to. I try to do a good deed every day, and asking to help and getting told 'no thanks' is as good as doing the deed. Tell them to find a career not a job.

Laughter is the key. Laughter releases endorphins - free drugs. My mom told me: don't ever let the kid in you die, cause then it will kill you. You will surely die. She said an old song might make you cry cause of the memories. Music opens up the soul. The first thing the Beatles did when they got in their rooms in America was they threw the TV out the window. TV brainwashes you. Why? Think about it. In the old day, what was the first thing the slaves did when they were put in bondage? They sang out. Nothing worse to me than, while driving around with a girl, when she says I got to get home for my favourite show. I told her not only are we not on the same page, we're not even in the same book.

I have been driving an electric bike for 5 years now; I'm changing the world one flat tire at a time. After all, there is only one planet, there's no planet B we can go to if we get this wrong. No Plan B, so go electric and stop letting them lie to us. They have been driving electric in Ireland for years now. Tesla had a hover and an electric car way back. Stop letting them lie to us. And demand better. Just walk on faith. Trust him. Just keep putting one foot down in front of the other and walk on. Want more? Listen to Zager and Evans "The year 2525" on YouTube.

I read the article Feeling and Facing Fear, by Pat Schneider. And I ordered the book from Russell Books. I was impressed, I couldn't stop reading it, even if I had to go to the bathroom. It opened up my mind and set my soul free. Then it got to my inner child, when I found myself being, like my soul. I started remembering, when I was a kid. I read it again, and the same thing happened. I couldn't stop. I remembered what she had said, about when you first find yourself, realizing when I was first aware of myself as an individual person... And I liked it.

My garden

Only 2 weed plants are male and female, they are hops and hemp. This plant hemp has been banned for 60 years. How could you ban such a rare plant. Its biblical name is cannabis. It has 10,000 uses. Female Cannabis is the most beautiful flower on the earth, it needs the male for the seeds to form. The oil is one of the best in the world, as it has omega 3-6-9-12 in it, the oil has 8 amino acids, the body needs but can't make. I've used it for 20 years now, the Bible says Jesus was anointed in it, the rare oil was canaba, almond and olive oil, that only the high priest knew how to make, it says it's the purest in the world. After all these years of this plant being banned, I realize there must be some kind of hidden agenda, on this plant, for why would they ban it, it only makes people want it more. Free Tibet, then free the weed. Some plants have both sexes. Corn is one, the tassel is the male part. The pollen falls from the tassels on top down to the forming corn cob, it falls in the strands, this is the female, if one strand on the cob doesn't get pollen, and you follow that in to the cob, there will not be a corn seed there. Back after these messages...

Hi every one is learning now. The dog won't chase the cat? The cat won't chase the mouse? It just don't add up!!!!!!! The cure for cancer is Google "D.C.A." and watch the national news flash on there for the cure. They cured cancer in rats and mice, in Saskatchewan. Then Google "hydrogen peroxide". Put the two together and you have a cure... Ya... Pharmaceutical doesn't want or can't do anything with it 'cause it's so cheap and they can't make any money on it. There are 3-4 oxygen cells in D.C.A., the next best thing is hydrogen peroxide, it has 2 oxygen cells. This must be food grade. I put 3 drops of 35% in all my drinking water, after I boiled and cooled it, not only does it cure minor cancer, it prevents it. I've used it since the eighties. It was in a book by Dr. H. Clarke's book Cure All Diseases, 1981. Don't ask your doctor, they will deny it works, almost all of them, do your own research. I have, I read 10 books on natural healing, and when 3-8 say the same thing, I knew that was probably right. Hydrogen peroxide is just water with one extra oxygen cell, how can oxygen hurt you when you breath it. It's in rainwater,

that's why everything smells so fresh after a rainstorm. Last thing is coconut oil. The best.

Now all my life I've told the kids if you want to know how to do anything, get a book from the library. Now of course it's GOOGLE. My first self help book is Ed Brinkley's How to Become A Millionaire. He said save 10% of every cheque or money you get and put it away, call it me money. So I did. When I had enough I used it for a down payment on a house. Now I wasn't saving 10% no more, with the mortgage I was saving 60%. It works. I paid off that house, and had 10 down payments for 10 more houses. Making me a millionaire... Ya. Then I pissed it all away.

Now another book I read was The Art of Positive Thinking. It taught me that when we are born we have 9 positive and one negative thought. When we hit adolescence, 9 thoughts are negative and one positive. Now that you know this, change it back to positive and you got almost anything you want...Ya

Then the best of them and many more I've read is Og Mandino's The Greatest Salesman In The World: There is a prescription in there that takes 10 months of reading a scroll a month every day, after 10 scrolls. Anyone who has followed the prescription has become super wealthy. Don't let the title fool you. It works. I bought another house cash. Then after I read it, Og Mandino was on the national news, they said he stole a passage right out of the bible, and scholars couldn't figure out how. I still have that book today. I hope you can all find your dreams. I hope you can find your calling. If not get the book you need!@!! [8675309](https://www.amazon.com/dp/00008675309).

Under Thumb

by Terry MacDonald

A world of leisure awaits us: a world where our hopes and wants will be answered, and these will be provided to us because it will be a wonderful society that values freedom and vision. This utopian dream has been spoon fed to the masses by the same people who knowingly oppress us, yet it has never been given to us. It has been paraded before us, promised to us if we only follow along and play by the rules set by the people who think they know best. Our right to choose has been stripped from us, leaving us a hollow people, who can be filled with whatever lies the ruling class desires.

We are manipulated every day, and have been every day of our lives. The evidence of this stares at us everywhere. We have been brought up to believe that we are free, yet there's a short leash around our throats. Poverty soars to allow the rich to do what's best for us. The very land is being destroyed to fill the void in our lives, that can be filled with cheap trinkets. And yet, no matter how hard we try to blind ourselves to this reality, we all know there's something wrong. We've been brought up to believe that a small elite knows best. Our society has been indoctrinated towards greed and competition, leading us to all rush forward shoving and cheating to possess treasure that would make us the ones to be envied, but we soon find out that there's no treasure left, it has already been taken by people stronger than us. Equality, they tell us, is the goal of our shared society, yet when we drop our bucket into the well, it comes up dry.

Wealth beyond measure flows from the canals of our economic landscape. It's so easy to be had, there's billions, trillions just pooling out there. A bucket is all you need, with effort and determination you can bail out as much wealth as you could ever want, like the bankers and the corporate folk do. You know the rules of the game, but there are holes in your bucket. The rules aren't for your benefit, they weren't even created for you. A bucket is a poor tool anyway. Real wealth these days comes not from what you can sense with the mundane senses we have been gifted with. Instead real capitalists summon ghosts of fortune from the fervent imagination of their peculiar class. With these armies of incorporeal spirits they can frighten us into serving them. With real wealth having less wealth, the only option is to sign pacts with the bankers for our own ghosts, but remember the rules aren't for us. The banks now own us, you can't pay back a debt when the loaner can just make up the rules as it wants. Wealth is not something to be earned anymore, it's something to be given by powerful patrons. If the patrons wishes are not followed, all those gifts will be called back with interest.

The rules aren't for your benefit, they weren't even created for you.

The rich don't just gift us with credit, they also teach us their wisdom disguised in the cloak of stories and facts. The tales from above tell us to, buy, buy, buy some more. As long as you keep up with the latest trends we can be like our favourite stars. Stars who fight for the just causes, while taking a pay cheque from a subsidiary of a company that is likely to provide arms to one of many armed conflicts that graces our planet today. We can take up the causes of some celebrity to be just like them, plus it helps the guilt go away when those starving kids are shown on TV. The world that comes to

us through are our televisions and computers is exactly the way we want it, after it's been approved by the marketers and government agencies. We are all told the plight of the starving kids, in those misguided foreign countries, their leaders don't take care of them. And those poor kids that live in the bad side of town, are even worse, they only have themselves to blame. How could that ever happen to us? We follow an empty dream, it's guaranteed to make us like the stars paraded before us. Our mind is just one more tool to be used against us, to be manipulated with all the right answers.

Make believe is fun, make believe lets us be everything that we dream of, yet a collective make believe is robbing us of our ability to choose.

Government is supposed to provide answers to the many questions its citizens put forward, and they do provide answers, provided it's one that agrees with their ideology. We live in an open democracy, we have the right to vote for the candidates that are picked for us; we have plenty of choices to choose from, like neo-liberal or classical liberal. Because the best way to judge your representative is his thoughts on how our wealth can be given to the needful elite. They do assure us that riches will trickle down to us, too. The law will flow down to us, too; a mighty fount that you can dip yourself in, like the Jordan; a soak in there will leave you squeaky clean, absolved of all guilt. We get the water that flows filthy with the sins of those graced to protect us. That strong river is commanded by our wise wardens, who will open the locks of justice, that regularly belch forth brackish torrents, scattering both people and community. High above the flood plains, our leaders direct us on how to protect ourselves from the next flood.

Flood after flood has drenched us in the last two centuries, and yet after each desperate gasp for breath we still think it's all for the better. How can it not be? The peasants of our primitive past would have shed a limb to enjoy our bounty, right? What we have is an illusion, a Broadway production we don't even know about. Make believe is fun, make believe lets us be everything

that we dream of, yet a collective make believe is robbing us of our ability to choose. We dream of being richer than someone else, some of us even try. Try and try all you want, the best to be had is table scraps. Real wealth isn't even in food anyway, it's in ritual and deception. Ceremony and ritual are the new wealth, they not only let you possess the wealth of other people, they also make other people buy stuff from people who already possess everything they could ever possibly need. The grand pageantry of entertainment not only lines the wallets of the filthy rich, it also keeps us complacent in dreams created by men and women who can only conceive happiness as never ending competition. This dream that's created for us includes a benevolent government that will shield us from those people who would dupe us. Unfortunately we just get duped again. In order to escape this illusionary environment we must first see it, then we can start the work of dismantling it.

Second Wind

by Gregory Hoar

It's finally happened. After 90 days, several hundred dollars and a lot of sweat, I now own a 30-ft Catalina sailboat!! This is the biggest score I've ever made.

I was told about this boat back in December 2013 by my friend Mark. She was washed ashore in a storm earlier that month. We refloated the boat two days later and I started the paperwork for laying a salvage claim. I found out that if the owner wants it back he has to pay the salvage fee. If not, the Government has the option of auctioning off the boat. Minimum bid would be the \$2,250 fee I charged, the other choice is giving the boat to the salvor.

Now all I have to do is redo the interior, replace the motor, batteries and wiring, then she will be good to move onto! She has no name so I plan to call her "Second Wind".



bell hooks got it right: "students are the leaders in a classroom." ... they are the ones that are doing the learning and must learn to participate and solve their own problems for their own future.

-Grace Lemieux

DIVERGENT/ CONVERGENT
ДИВЕРГЕНЦ\ СОНВЕРГЕНЦ

Journal of the University 101 Students

University 102 is a course in the social sciences. It is part of the University 101 program that offers free, non-credit, academic courses to students who have faced barriers to post-secondary education. Respect and value for the students' knowledge, experiences, and differences are the foundations of the program. The program strives to be inclusive and to foster collaborative learning.

**thoughtful
intentional
expressive**



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