

Rooted in Rhetoric

Masterfully Articulated Prose

Writing by Students in the Rhetoric, Writing, and Communications Program



Cover Art

Delaney Mitchell

Journal Title Credit

Chelsey Young

Editors

Allison Friesen

Dylan Jones

Sarah Vaage

Chelsey Young

Design and Production

Sarah Vaage

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Introduction

Masterfully Articulated Prose is the first volume of *Rooted in Rhetoric*, a collection of student writing from the 2015-16 school year in the Rhetoric, Writing, and Communications Program at the University of Winnipeg. The assignments come from a range of 1000 to 3000-level courses and include a variety of essay types, such as sensory descriptions, personal narratives, personal responses, linguistic landscape analyses, texts written under specific restraints, argumentative essays, and rhetorical photographic analyses.

These papers range from a variety of classes, a variety of students, and a variety of life experiences. By compiling them in this journal, the connections between the pieces emerge and the words intertwine to create a map, a map of all the paths we took in our lives that have led us to the University of Winnipeg.

Thank you to all the students who submitted their pieces to this journal. Thank you to Jaqueline McLeod-Rogers, Helen Lepp Friesen, Sheila Page, Joanne Struch, Mary Ann Loewen, and Tracy Whalen who sought out student submissions and who created the thought-provoking assignments that allowed students to express themselves through words. And last but not least, thank you to the Department of Rhetoric, Writing, and Communications for covering the publishing costs of this journal and for giving these students the opportunity to share their writing with the world.

Foreword

The pieces you are about to read come from students a variety of classes from the Department of Rhetoric, Writing, and Communications at the University of Winnipeg and range from 1000 to 3000 level. While these pieces come from a variety of classes, they are all connected by the deep-rooted love for writing and the ability of expressing oneself through words.

Writing means something different to every person. It evokes a variety of emotions and gives a chance for students to voice their opinions with every new assignment. It gives students a platform to share important information on a wide range of issues, such as societal and political issues, that affect their lives and the lives of others. Writing allows students to insightfully impart their innermost thoughts, ideas, dreams, and sometimes fears, in creative ways.

But most importantly, writing connects students. It connects students at a communal level, both academically and personally. By sharing their pieces in this journal, students are able to reach out to their peers in an intellectual way and are given the chance to influence one another's opinions in a profound way.

- Chelsey Young

A Black-Out in my Apartment

By Huiqi Deng

Last Monday night, I experienced a power outage in my room. It happened when I was drying my hair. I was holding the hairdryer with my right hand, brushing the wet hair with my left hand, and watching a comedy all at the same time. The hair dryer delivered hot wind, and the squealing sound it made, covered the human voice that came out of the computer and turned it into murmuring.

All of a sudden, the whole world turned quiet. I looked around for three seconds, and then realized it was a power outage. I opened the door, and heard girls screaming and boys cheering from upstairs. It seemed like I was the only victim.

After the security guards let me know that there was nothing they could do, I went back to my room, disappointed. Without the light, the room was not as quiet as I thought. My fridge buzzed constantly and squeaked weirdly every other second, which sounded like twitter so much that I thought there was a living bird stuck somewhere in my room. The fan in the computer droned; then the tone went up, showing that it started working hard.

I went to the bathroom to brush my teeth. Somehow, the “wooning” sound the heat made when it blew the wind from the ventilation was much clearer in here. I stood in front of the mirror between the basin and the shower. The shower was a narrow human-sized rectangle; I could not stretch my arms horizontally,

but, instead, vertically. At that moment, the shower resembled an empty standing coffin to me. I was scared of it, so I closed my eyes and moved the toothbrush mechanically.

Too bad I was using an electric toothbrush because it was making a high-pitched noise “whirrrr---”, just like an electric saw. Suddenly, it reminded me of the movie *Saw*, when, unexpectedly, the guy living next door burst into a vigorous, low and deep, laughter.

“He just made the laugh that bad guys make when they were about to kill people in some movies.

I need to stop imagining things,” I thought.

I rushed through the routine, ran out of the bathroom, kicked the flip-flops off, jumped into the bed, and covered every part of my body with the comforter. Then, all I could hear was the boing from the spring of the bed and the pounding from my heart.

Huiqi Deng is studying Statistics at The University of Winnipeg and is learning to be street-smart.

The Realities of an Unplanned University Adventure

By Bernard Alcantara

Post-secondary education can be intimidating and stressful to a high-school student that has only just graduated, and not knowing what to do further down the road also adds to it. The experience is like going out into a blizzard without the appropriate clothing. I was a victim of this mishap. I relied on my school counsellors to help me decide my future, and we hastily made a plan with no extensive research.

Majoring in Education and English ended up being a disaster for me. While I was taking courses that required me to write essays on topics such as multiculturalism which is my strongest topic, I was not keen on writing essays at the time. I ended up disliking what I was studying, my motivation waned, my marks suffered, and I wound up getting academically suspended because of my low grade-point average.

During my suspension, I began thinking about what fields of study I could succeed in. I talked with my family about what they thought, and they said that I should be pursuing a career that revolves around computers which didn't really come as a surprise. However, although I am proficient in technology and computing, I wanted to keep it as a hobby. I decided to ask career advisors for help. For months, I volunteered for careers that piqued my interest and researched their job opportunities locally, nationally, and internationally. One particular career that caught my attention was teaching English in Japan, and

tutoring a friend of mine from Japan using conversational English exposed me to the challenges I might encounter while teaching English to newcomers.

I talked to my friend David about this idea, and he helped solidify this new-found passion for teaching English in Japan. David is an English teacher himself living in Japan, and he shares my same passion for Japanese culture. One day, I was interviewing him about his experience attaining his career.

“You just need to graduate with a degree in university,” he said.

“Any degree?” I asked.

“Yes,” David said promptly. “They'll consider you instantly if you have a university degree and are fluent in English. You do not even have to be proficient in Japanese.”

Because of my pleasant experience in tutoring and David's support, I have decided to pursue a career teaching English in Japan by majoring in East Asian studies. I know that getting a career like this is not a guarantee, but I could take my studies and apply them locally. For example, I could teach new Canadians casual English without having an Education degree.

“I cannot throw this opportunity away,” I told myself, afraid of failing, a feeling that I had never had. Nowadays, my career plan no longer feels like a blizzard. Armed with the desire to succeed, I changed my methods and attitude towards university studies, and this past January, I returned to university and found satisfaction in pursuing my goal.

Bernard Alcantara is studying East Asian Languages and Culture at The University of Winnipeg. He has a keen interest in technology, sports, and Japanese culture.

My Most Memorable and Educational Experience

By Hayley Burton

Educational experiences are paramount in our lives. Either a positive or a negative experience can have extremely memorable effects on us. We learn through experience, we learn by observing others, and we learn from making mistakes and trying new things. If you are lucky, you may have a few special experiences that help shape and influence your life and steer you in the direction you need to travel. One such experience has provided me with my chosen career path and enabled me to pursue my career and education goals. My experience coaching has helped lead me to my career choice of an educator and has given me more self-confidence by highlighting my strengths.

While growing up, I was always chosen by my teachers to lead a group project and help other students along. I did not often end up working with my friends, in fact. It was just the opposite. There was always a student in my group who seemed to need a little extra help and encouragement. I have since come to realize why this was so important. I may not have called myself a natural born leader but my teachers saw something different in me. At first, I always thought of this experience negatively, almost like a punishment. I wondered why my teachers would never let me work with my friends. I was a good student, I always listened to instruction, and I took pride in my work. As I got older, I eventually realized that I was chosen to help those particular students along and to provide them with the support they might need. All of a sudden, I started to

take pride in that fact and I felt really good when I was able to help a fellow classmate. I learned that my teachers felt confident in me and my abilities as a student and a leader to help others. This gave me more confidence in myself as well. I felt as though I was making a difference by helping others to succeed. I began to enjoy helping and encouraging students along which then led me to pursue coaching and tutoring. Both of these activities have helped to develop me into the student, instructor and tutor that I am today.

When I began coaching, it became necessary for me to speak in front of the athletes to give instruction. Although I was normally slightly nervous when speaking in front of a class, I found I was not nervous in front of the athletes. This then further encouraged me to become more comfortable when speaking in front of a group and to apply those skills in university and to tutoring as well. Coaching also gave me an idea of what my instruction style was and I was able to attempt certain styles of instruction and change things if needed, which I have also used when tutoring students. I learned skills applicable to tutoring, public speaking, and group or classroom management. I began feeling like I had found a niche that I felt passionate about. I was excited to apply my new strengths to all aspects of my life.

I felt so happy while I was coaching or tutoring. I loved seeing the athletes learn, try new skills, succeed, and I would get so excited when students finally grasped a concept or solved a problem. I really took pride in my work as a coach, and felt confident in myself as a tutor. The happiness and excitement that

I felt when coaching or tutoring, gives me the drive to continue to pursue my passions. I have realized that the skills and experiences that I have gained from both coaching and tutoring directly apply to a career as an educator. This has led me to pursue my education degree which has become my greatest passion.

Although I have moved on from coaching and tutoring, I am now a volunteer in an elementary class. I often use many skills I have transferred from coaching or tutoring in the classroom. When I was coaching, I frequently had to change drills or practice plans on the fly if the activities were not working. While tutoring, sometimes a new approach to a problem was necessary to help a student. In the classroom, these are useful skills to have because each classroom has different ability ranges and each student learns differently. I now have the self-confidence needed to be an effective educator because I have many useful skills that I have transferred over from my experiences as a coach and as a tutor. These experiences have given me my passion for education and the determination to follow my career dreams.

Hayley Burton recently completed an undergraduate degree in Kinesiology. She loves working with children and hopes to become a teacher.

Life Lessons Learned through Basketball

By Andrew Cabral

The specific learning experiences that have shaped me to be the person I am today, occurred when I played basketball with my close friends. Looking back on these experiences, I am so grateful to this sport for teaching me so much about myself and proving that when you have a goal, hard work is necessary to achieve it. This sport allowed me to get into good physical shape, create bonds with friends that I could never imagine happening under any other circumstance, and gave me the power to create an ideology that I truly can believe in. I picked up the sport rather late, at around ten years old, meanwhile all of my friends had been playing since they could walk so the skill level was vast between us. At times this was very disheartening to deal with, but through perseverance and a strong passion, I found that anything can be done regardless of the size of the goal. This mentality not only helped me to catch up to their skill level but also I was also able to apply these lessons to other dimensions of my life.

A specific lesson that I learned was that you always need to believe in yourself regardless of your skill level. You cannot develop skill by only putting effort into an activity once, skill is developed over time. There were many occasions where I would feel uncomfortable playing basketball with my friends because I felt like I was a hindrance to my teammates when we would play competitively. This was due to the fact that I had no confidence in my skill. Negative thoughts would play in my mind telling me that I shouldn't practice

because it wouldn't do me any good. All my friends would just keep getting better and I'd always be chasing their tails. This mentality dissipated when my best friend Jared pulled me aside in the gym one time and explained to me that, "People don't care about you enough to believe in you so you have to believe in yourself and practice as much as possible in order to succeed." As harsh as that statement was, inevitably it was the truth. Ever since that conversation I've always believed in myself regardless of the feat I am trying to accomplish.

Another learning experience that had a positive impact on me came at a point in time when I was unmotivated to participate in sports. Basketball was a huge part of my life and my friends' lives, but it didn't come without negative times. At one practice, I remember feeling out of it and had no passion or motivation to really give it my all. I could tell that I wasn't playing the sport for myself anymore, I was doing it as an opportunity to hang out with friends. I was in a slump for a couple of weeks and had been feeling depressed over the fact that all my friends had so much passion when they played and I had none. There was no change in my mentality until one time at practice when our coach told us to take a five minute water break. I saw the starting five players on my team continue to practice even harder although everyone else took a break. At first I didn't understand why they continued to train and practice and for the whole break I stood there, watching them. I realized that their show of commitment was because the sport provided them with discipline and obtainable goals that they can reach. This resonated with me and reignited my passion for the sport. The

next time we had a break I was on the court with them, going as hard as I possibly could. With this renewed passion flowing through me, I created goals just like everyone else and ended up becoming really proud of myself for accomplishing them.

While thinking about which experiences I wanted to talk about in this essay I learned something about myself. I learned that I could transfer these experiences in basketball into other aspects of my life which will help me excel in whatever it is that I want to do. I think, in part, this is one of the reasons why I want to become a teacher, so that I can provide my students with similar environments in which experiences like this can be learned. My experiences with basketball also taught me that everyone learns in different ways and that there is no right way to learn. With both positive and negative experiences something can be learned and that type of mentality is what I think made me the person I am today. To some, basketball is just a sport where they throw the ball in the hoop, but to others, it is a way to build self-confidence and to push yourself to points where you never thought you could go. To me these experiences sparked a competitive drive to not only become a better athlete, but to become a better person.

Andrew Cabral is a first-year education student at The University of Winnipeg, majoring in Kinesiology. With this degree, he hopes to become a physical educator.

Masters of Misfortune

By Jeremy Hope

Throughout a lifetime, a person learns many important lessons that can be used continuously. When looking back, one can see that there are instances in which a moment in time had changed their entire outlook on life. These are the instances that stick with a person and influence their everyday life. Many of my life lessons were learned while at an airport. My life revolved around airshows from a young age and into adolescence. Airshows are a time for astonishing aerobatics that provide joy for the audience, but on July 10, 2005 during the Masters of Disaster airshow performance, it was anything but joyful. Two pilots were killed after a stunt went wrong and through the accident it became very apparent to me how precious life is and how nothing can be taken for granted. I was reminded that, “Every year you pass your birthday and you know you were born that day, but every year you pass your death day and have no clue” (Source unknown).

It was an ordinary day in Moose Jaw on July 10, 2005. Airplanes were flying over head, and my father was preparing to fly in the air show as part of the Canadian Forces Snowbirds. My mom, brother, and I were sporting flight suits and sunglasses as we organized ourselves for the airshow festivities. Our family walked over to the airfield and were greeted by many of the performers, including Jimmy Franklin. We said goodbye to my father and walked around the festivities before the show started. It was a beautiful day, 30 degrees with few

clouds, perfect for an airshow on the prairies. We had passes to sit in the VIP tent at show centre with food and refreshments. Just outside of the tent I was interviewed by a man from Global News, explaining to him what it was like to have a father flying for the Snowbirds. I was so excited when I got back to my family, I was going to be on TV for the first time ever! For the rest of the day I could not stop talking about how cool that was going to be... until the accident occurred.

The F-18 had just flown and it was time for one of my favourite shows of the day, it was time for the Masters of Disaster. This team was made up of three pilots and a jet engine propelled semi-truck. There was smoke, pyrotechnics, and flames from the Jet Truck, when suddenly the three planes came flying from all different directions, crossing in front of each other through the smoke. They dipped in and out of the smoke in an improvisation demonstration that we had seen many times before. Halfway through the show one of the pilots flew across the front of the smoke with the other two pilots behind the scene. Suddenly, Jimmy Franklin and Bobby Younkin (the other pilot) popped out from behind the smoke and collided right at show centre. The fireball that was created is something that I will remember forever. The heat wave was strong enough to flip my hair back and the light created was blinding. The crowd was silent, not a single sound was made. The announcers were speechless. What everyone had witnessed was not part of the show and we were all aware of this. Fire trucks

stormed the scene as the crowd looked on. We waited in the tent for over an hour, looking out on what had been a horrible day in the airshow world.

Being only nine years old at the time, I was not really aware of what had happened. I understood that it was tragic by the way that everyone had reacted and knew to keep my mouth shut because of this, but I was still excited about being on TV later that night. On the way home everyone was in tears except me. My father was hugging my mother and my brother was holding back tears. Following that night, I had explained to my father about the interview and how excited I was about, but he had no words, he was not excited for me. The news was on all night and had coverage from the accident, but nothing from my interview. I went to bed disappointed and still unsure why everyone was so deeply upset over what had happened that afternoon. It took a week before it truly sunk in. What had occurred ended two lives in an instant, one of which I had talked to merely hours before. It did not take long to connect that, after 10 years of flying airshows, one of those deaths could have easily been my father. I may have never gotten to see my father again after any one of his airshow performances. Then it clicked that there was another boy somewhere who had just lost his father and he will never be able to see or say, "I love you" to his father again. That was the first time I broke down into tears after the event. A catastrophe for one in the airshow world is a catastrophe to all.

Since that day, I have thought about the accident both consciously and subconsciously in hard times. Remembering the experience of Jimmy Franklin it

became very apparent very quickly that it does not take much for something to go wrong and a life to be over. Pilots respect other pilots and know the potential dangers associated with flying these intense shows. Jimmy Franklin was an airshow veteran, he had been flying for 38 years and had the most experience out of anyone flying that day. Although he was a professional in the industry, one of the best of the best, with only a slight lapse of judgement and everything can be over in the blink of an eye. Nothing in this lifetime is permanent, everything changes and can change faster than you may like. When I am struggling or dreading a task or event, this tragic occurrence comes to mind and I remind myself that this may be the last opportunity to do or see whatever is front of me. It reminds me that things could be a lot worse and you cannot take things for granted in this lifetime as we never know how long we truly have left in this precious lifetime.

Jeremy Hope is currently in his second year at The University of Winnipeg focusing on business administration. Growing up around aviation and air shows has initiated his desire to learn to fly before graduating from university.

To Him-Who-I-Will-Never-Meet

By Si Nguyen

Today is November 9th, the birthday of someone who has had a significant impact on my life. Today is my biggest hero's, the late Dr. Carl Sagan's, birthday. He would have been 81.

A few years ago, when I was still young and naive, I thought going to school was a waste of time. I always picked the easiest classes with the least amount of studying, and I tried to pass with the least amount of effort and the lowest grades possible just so I could get out of school as fast as I possible. But once I graduated from college, this led to me being unhappy with how I was living. For years I had studied things that I had no interest in, worked a job which I despised, and I had lost my direction in life. I did not know what to do and was plunging deeper and deeper into depression. But then I found Carl Sagan.

To be precise, I found his book *Cosmos*. I found it by accident while getting lost in the science section of a book store. Let me tell you, I had not been too keen on Science back in the day, and even the word 'science' alone had meant little to me, but for some reason the title of the book had caught my attention. That one word, 'cosmos', felt so powerful, and was almost irresistible. Perhaps it was because I am curious by nature, or perhaps my intuition was doing its own "voo-doo" to make me do something which I considered very out of character, but, nevertheless, picking up that book was one of the few decisions

of which I'm glad I made. I still clearly remember the moment I picked up *Cosmos* and flipped through the first few pages of what would become my favourite book of all time.

“The Cosmos is all that is or ever was or ever will be,” Sagan says in the opening lines.

“Well that is very interesting,” I thought to myself. That was my way of saying, “I don't know what this is about, but I may (or may not) look more into it.”

I decided I would give the book a try, and I purchased it. I told myself that I could always return it the next day if I did not like it. That night, my whole life was turned upside-down. Not only was *Cosmos* the first science book I had ever read, but it also got me hooked on the subject, and during the next few days I read it whenever I had the chance.

“We are made of stellar ash. Our origin and evolution have been tied to distant cosmic events. The exploration of the cosmos is a voyage of self-discovery,” says Sagan. Those powerful words opened a whole new world to me, the world of Science.

Through *Cosmos*, Carl Sagan inspired me. He lit a torch in me and guided me to a new purpose. I had never felt so passionate about anything before, and for the first time ever, I knew exactly what I wanted to do with my life. I wanted to be an astrophysicist.

“When you're in love, you want to tell the world. My lifelong love affair with science,” Carl Sagan says in his book *The Demon-Haunted World: Science as a Candle in the Dark*.

And he was right; it was indeed true love. My love for science has never ceased, and it is only growing stronger. I finally went back to university, and this time it will be different because I am studying something that I am passionate about. Every day is a new opportunity for me to learn, and I cherish every piece of knowledge I receive. Through that knowledge, I will help change the world and bring Dr. Sagan’s vision of a better “us” closer. I never will be able to meet him, but for me, and for many others, he is a great inspiration. So from the bottom of my heart I wish you a happy birthday, Dr. Carl Sagan, and I thank you.

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Si Nguyen has just finished his first year at the University of Winnipeg; he is majoring in Physics. He loves astronomy and spends most of his free time learning as much as he can about planets, stars, and the universe.

Sikirrar: A Community of Chances and Change

By Jade Solvason

As I was boarding the plane that was about to take me to Australia for eight months, I started to wonder what had made me come to such a crazy decision. Why had I decided to take a year off, and why was I taking a leap of faith into the world of solo travel? Everyone questioned my decision, saying that I was too young and that it was too dangerous, but I could not be deterred. I believe that the reason I was so sure that I wanted to go on this trip, and that I wanted to do it alone, was because of a trip I had taken the year before.

When the opportunity to go on a Free the Children Mission came along, I jumped at the chance to see another part of the world and to help people in need. I never could have guessed the impact that this eleven-day trip to Kenya would have on me and my future. I had the adventure of a lifetime in the Maasai Mara. While there, I learnt about the culture, learnt some of the language, saw the land, the animals, and saw how the people there live, but the best experience of all was how the community embraced us with open arms.

The one event that I will always remember, and is what inspired me to travel more, took place on our final day when we were visiting Sikirrar Primary School. The smiling and singing students lined up at the gates to greet us. The beautiful colours of the Maasai garb overwhelmed me, and the bright reds, oranges, and yellows, as well as the intricate hand-crafted jewelry draped across their bodies, stood out brilliantly against their skin tone.

I had no idea what sort of treat was in store for me, but I was about to witness something that would change my life. The students began to perform dances and sing traditional Maasai songs for us. The older boys performed the Adumu which is also known as the jumping dance. They stood in a circle, singing and tapping long wooden sticks on the ground to create a beat, a low humming began as different boys stepped into the middle of the circle and started jumping incredibly high, and then the boys grabbed our hands and got us to join in and dance with them. Later, the women of the community sang and danced with us, and while we danced with the women, they gave all of us hand-beaded necklaces which is a great honour and does not happen often.

The community had given us a glimpse of the Maasai culture and their traditions, and I was so happy that they had allowed me to share this with them, and as I got up to say goodbye to this amazing community and its amazing people, I decided that I wanted to see all the other amazing things the world has to offer. Some people may think I am just a reckless teenager flying to the other side of the world to party with the Aussies, but I know that I am chasing the happiness and sense of fulfillment I found in Kenya, a sense of fulfillment that comes from knowing that I am going to try and see as much of the world as I can, that I am going to meet as many people as I can, and, most importantly, that I am going to learn and grow as much as I can.

Jade Solvason is currently attending university in her hometown of Winnipeg. She is majoring in Criminal Justice.

Hanging Out With Strangers

By Galey Tungwar

This happened a long time ago, back in Pinyudo Refugee Camp, which is located in the West of Gambella region in Ethiopia. I can still remember the crowded camp, which was a safe haven for thousands of war affected South Sudanese refugees. I was only nine years old, living in minor group number eleven with other hundreds of adolescent boys from different tribes.

On one beautiful sunny day, I decided to take a long walk to the River Nile which was about 10 kilometres away; the narrow trail was almost buried by tall grasses and giant trees. Even though I was alone on that thin pathway and I felt a bit scared, I managed to make it safely to the Nile. Relief and excitement filled me to see the Nile so packed with people of various ages. I was amazed by the commotion on the shore. Some of the people were appreciating and enjoying the warm sand. Others were swimming and spraying water at each other for fun.

After wandering along the shore for a while, I decided to join two other strangers (boys), who I later learned spoke the same dialect (Nuer) as I did. I would have guessed that perhaps they were in the same age range as I was. We all agreed to swim across the Nile and go steal some mangoes from some people's farms. Together we jumped into thirty-six feet deep water and swam across the three-hundred-meters wide Nile successfully.

Luckily, the two fellows climbed the mango trees and asked me to stay behind and watch out for them. They were so fast grabbing enough mangoes. We

had to exit the scene quickly in case one of the farmers suddenly showed up, so we hurriedly gathered all the mangoes that they tossed onto the ground. We ran into the nearby bushes and stationed ourselves in a safe open location where we enjoyed our stolen mangoes. That was our only meal for the rest of that day.

In the middle of our conversations, the two boys started telling scary horror stories, which frightened me terribly. Suddenly, the boys looked at me straight in the eyes, they both quickly stood up and took off running toward the Nile River. I also got up after them and tried to catch up. We made it back to the Nile within minutes. Even though I expected them to wait for me once we had all reached safety at the shore, they both dived into the water and swam across the Nile instead and left me behind. I didn't mind and followed them, but when I tried to re-join them, unfortunately, they completely rejected and avoided me. Confused by what had just occurred, I went back to the camp in total disappointment and shock.

It wasn't until two decades later that I chanced to meet these now grown men. We connected in Phoenix, Arizona and we discussed our incident at the River Nile. Both men sincerely confessed to me that they were scared and ran away from me. When I asked why, they told me that my eyes were swelling and turning red with fear. We finally unloaded the burden off our shoulders and cleared all grudges off our chests. I was relieved, but hanging out with these strangers remained a lifetime experience and unforgettable lesson to me. Since then, the boys, now men, and I have become best friends at last.

Galey Tungwar is a husband and a father to four children. He is from the Republic of South Sudan, East Africa; he immigrated to Canada fourteen years ago. Galey is a former child soldier and is a member of the Lost Boys of Sudan.

Should have Called Him Friend

By Joseph Zukewich

As nerdy as it may sound, one of my favourite places to go in life is my university writing classroom. The old-school blackboard has a whimsical look to it since most classrooms at the university don't have a blackboard anymore. The atmosphere of 4C84 has a certain energy to it from the desks and chairs situated so close together in the small, cramped space. You can smell a variety of different things as the students come in, from the fragrant apple shampoo of a morning shower, to the fresh black-roast coffee that is crisp and fills the air with dreams of caffeinated goodness.

What makes my writing class especially interesting are the young minds and friends that I have encountered but originally genuinely scared me. When I first came into this classroom, I felt like I was entering a war zone. Every step I took echoed off the walls in this austere, narrow, long room. When I would raise my hand to answer a question, the eyes of my peers felt like red-dot sights aiming at me, like hawks staring, vigilantly, waiting to see me make a mistake.

Now I know that my peers are very kind and that my anxiety took control. What helped me eradicate this first impression was my friend Brendan. I was set at ease when we were given group discussions, and we would talk about work and also discuss the intricacies of the Star Wars movies (besides discussing class assignments of course). The once fear-gripping, anxious, nerve-wracking environment was replaced with a good memory because he helped me see it in a

different way. He didn't have to help me; he didn't know me at all, but he did, and his friendship made the room feel like I was in a bubble of support and knowledge. Suddenly, the tight, enclosed, claustrophobic space felt like a big air hug.

Now, Brendan has left us, and this room is one of the last places I saw him before he left. I will always view his chair as empty but also forever full. Even if someone was to remove the chair or sit in it, in my heart that spot will always be Brendan's. His smile in the class after telling a joke or story would make my body tremble with joy as I tried to contain myself from running out of oxygen from laughing so much. His friendship was what made the room, the teacher, and my other classmates come to life.

Wherever my university education leads me and no matter what happens to this room, I know that my life was touched by Brendan, and that seat will always be out of the ordinary. The magical, warm, and distinctive atmosphere, combined with the special, inimitable students that share their stories and experiences in this room, shall never be diminished by the decaying effects of time. My only true regret is that I never got to ask him: can I be your friend? But truthfully, I think all along he knew that he was a friend to me, and I hope that I was his friend as well.

Joe Zukewich is a first-year student at the University of Winnipeg and is still looking for a major. He loves writing and looks forward to future writing opportunities.

Personal Response Essay: Body Image

by Carlee Baigrie

When I was eight years old, my body was nothing more to me than a vehicle for all of my adventures. I only knew it as something I needed to take care of in order to keep playing with my sisters. Now, life is slightly more complex. There are thousands of public messages interacting with my ideas and trying to steer my opinions in different directions. Sometimes my own thoughts get so deluded by what society is telling me that the line where society's thoughts end and mine begin becomes blurry. Fortunately, when I feel myself getting confused, I have a specific memory that I bring to mind in order to bring everything back into focus.

One summer, in mid-July, I was at Victoria Beach. This was long before I became burdened by images of half-naked Victoria's Secret models dictating the standard of beauty. The sun was resting half-way up in the sky as it punched a hole through the electric blue. My sisters and I were making drip sand castles with our little limbs half-submerged in the lake water. My parents were soaking in the last rays of a perfect beach day a few feet away. My mother had to leave early to teach a class at the clubhouse, aerobics or something of the type, so she stood up and brushed the sand as best as she could off of her cover-up and slid her flip flops between her toes.

Although I have always admired how in love my parents are, I was still at the age of "eeewwing" at any displays of affection, so naturally when my dad

leaned in for a kiss and garnered the attention of his daughters, Brianne, my sister, declared that they were much too old to be kissing! My father released a deep-chested laugh and replied, “It doesn’t matter how old the other women on the beach are- they’re all jealous of your mother’s body.” My mother chuckled while she made her way towards us, kissing us all on the forehead and brushing strands of hair out of the way while my sisters and I erupted in giggles.

My father’s comment made little sense to me at the time. I thought my mother was beautiful, but compared to the tanned and tight bodies of the blonde teens playing volleyball beside us, my mom was simply “mom”. As I grew older, the lines on my mother’s face grew deeper, and my own body became one belonging to a woman. Her beauty only grew in my eyes, and my father’s words began to resonate with me in an unexpected but profound way. The physical form of a 53-year-old can’t compete with a 18-year-old, but I came to understand that beauty actually has little to do with physical appearances; it is merely a symptom. My mother’s arms are strong and defined from years of yoga and exercise, lifting children and laundry baskets, and giving great, giant bear hugs. I stopped calling her laugh-lines wrinkles long ago because they are evidence of her love of life. I used to feel bad about the loose skin around her mid-section my sisters and I had caused her, even though she has always carried it proudly, but now I look forward to having the opportunity to trade a flat stomach for children of my own.

I still see the actresses, the models, and the blonde teens at the beach, and I am often hit with a pang of jealousy over their flawless features, but then I remember that day on the beach, and they all pale when compared to my mother. I see the way my dad looks at my mom, worshipping her for all of the right reasons, and anything less seems superficial and insignificant. More importantly, I see the way my mom looks at herself, radiating strength, confidence, and wisdom, and I know the most important person to love is yourself.

Carlee Baigrie is a third year University of Winnipeg student with a passion for reading and writing; she is currently working toward an honours degree in English.

Body Image

Written by Danae Fender

Simply typing “body image” into Google Search results in a variety of web pages suggesting tools that can be used to create a positive body image. Having a positive body image means that an individual feels comfortable in his or her own skin and that they have a good perception of themselves. These search results show me the difficulties today’s society has with acquiring a positive image of one’s self. This is comforting to me, knowing that I am not alone in this issue.

Growing up, I struggled with not looking like the other girls my age. I was always the smallest, least developed of the group and it was made known to me in many negative ways. I tried to tell myself that one day I would grow, that my body was just taking its time. This continued until I turned eighteen, at which time I realized that I was going to be small for the rest of my life.

Being “small” is a positive thing according to the media, but being “too small” is not. Being “too small” suddenly becomes a negative thing. The media puts a lot of pressure on being “too big”, but it also provides many negative stereotypes for people who are “too small”. All of a sudden you are viewed as sickly and it brings eating and weight concerns to the table. This is very frustrating to someone like me, who wants nothing more than to look healthy and tries everything she can to do so.

Being too small is definitely not just a problem for girls like me. Boys are affected as well. For men, the ideal body image is much more muscular than it was in the past. From my experience, boys who are big and muscular are more popular than the ones who are “too small”. This is similar to what I went through; the girls who were the most developed were the most admired. Both boys and girls go through similar experiences regarding body image and get strong messages that their bodies are not conforming to the ideal cultural standards.

These days the media, and the pressures it brings, is everywhere. All of the tools and tips to have a positive body image on the web are helpful and it is reassuring to know that you are not alone. Yes, I wish there was not as much pressure in society as there is, but on the other hand, it is comforting to know that others are going through the same thing as I am. It’s nice to know that there is help out there, for both boys and girls, to outweigh the negative thoughts we have about our own bodies.

Danae Fender is currently finishing her second year of university and is loving it!

The Debate of Legalizing Euthanasia in Canada

By Taryne Shinnimin

Euthanasia is a controversial topic that has been the cause of many debates worldwide. There are two types of euthanasia: passive euthanasia which is the deliberate withdrawal of medical treatments resulting in death, and active euthanasia which is a deliberate act, such as lethal injection, on a patient to relieve pain that results in death (Perrett, 1996). In 2015, the Supreme Court of Canada legalized active euthanasia and ruled that mentally-competent adults who are suffering from incurable medical conditions are entitled to physician-assisted suicide (Dovey, 2015). However, the new law regarding euthanasia is a popular topic of debate amongst Canadians. While many people, such as patients and their families, support the new law, many others, such as physicians and religious groups, do not.

From a patient's perspective, euthanasia is accepted and encouraged for several reasons. First, it is one way to relieve the suffering of a patient whose disease is incurable and physically or psychologically intolerable. Secondly, legalizing euthanasia allows patients to pass away peacefully and at an appropriate time in their lives. Patients may choose to undergo lethal injection in order to die with dignity and in a manner that is consistent with their values and way of life (Schafer, 2013). Finally, active euthanasia reduces medical costs and hospital expenses that the patient may feel guilty about and relieves the financial burden and the constant worry for patients and their families. This is also one of

the reasons why family members of patients also support the legalization of euthanasia in Canada. By having a determined time of death, euthanasia allows families to mentally and physically prepare themselves (Sayburn, 2009), and it also gives families the closure of knowing their loved ones are at peace.

While many individuals support the legalization of euthanasia, there are also many who are against it, such as physicians and religious groups. From a physician's perspective, euthanasia is frowned upon because it violates a doctor's duty to try to cure diseases and prolong life. In other words, "if doctors were allowed to assist their dying patients to commit suicide then, it is argued, doctors would be violating their professional obligation to heal rather than to kill" (Somerville, 2001 quoted in Schafer, 2013, p. 527). Euthanasia also goes against the physician's oath, and for that reason, some physicians refuse to participate in active euthanasia.

Similar to a physician's perspective, certain religious groups are against the legalization of euthanasia. According to some religions, euthanasia should be prohibited because people do not have the right to choose when they want to end their life, a decision that is meant to be determined by a higher power. For example, in Hinduism euthanasia is believe to separate the soul and the body at an unnatural time. As a result, this disrupts the cycle of death and rebirth and therefore yields bad karma for both the patient and the physician (Nimbalkar, 2007). So, in this view, the legalization of euthanasia goes against religious

values, and, consequently, religious individuals do not support the legalization of euthanasia.

In summary, euthanasia is a very controversial topic in Canada. There are many who support the legalization of euthanasia and many who are against it. While patients who are terminally-ill support the new law because it helps eliminate suffering and can provide closure to families, certain physicians and religious sects do not support euthanasia because it conflicts with their respective beliefs and values. It is easy to analyze the different opinions regarding euthanasia, but it is difficult to say which opinion is the right one. Therefore, further research will be needed to come to a conclusion, and The Government of Canada may need to modify the euthanasia law in order to try and satisfy both sides of the debate.

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Taryne Shinnimin is a fourth-year Kinesiology student at The University of Winnipeg. She plans to apply to the Occupational Therapy program at The University of Manitoba.

Breakfasts

Simon Kozussek

Constraint: Write a piece where every sentence must have six words.

To those who like to eat:

Saturday mornings are time for breakfast. My girlfriend and I never falter. We have yet to miss one. And, honestly, I doubt we will. We decided to rank our favourites. Our list dates back months ago. We used a ten-point scale. Categories range from service to value. Everything – coffee, portion – falls in between. Chelsea, my girlfriend, planned the rubric. I always attempt to commandeer credit. This, it seems, is my confession. Anyhow, I digress; back to breakfast. We order dishes, then share them. We typically choose different food types. I usually order bacon and eggs. She then orders vegetarian eggs benedict. This way we try everything offered. We never vary from coffee – ever. We sip it black for quality. We score it, then add sugar. Our strategy has become second nature. It allows for an unbiased opinion. Almost like a scientific control method. In case we over-use the sugar. Finally, our winners are as follows. Our favourite is Pine Ridge Hollow. Somewhat far, but worth the drive. Number two is The Tallest Poppy. Finally, number three is The Oakwood. Well, enough rambling about breakfast spots. Happy marking, and mostly, happy breakfasts.

Sincerely,

A Saturday morning breakfast enthusiast.

Simon Alfred “The Only” Dunn Kozussek

Simon Kozussek works two full-time jobs to pay for his education. He hopes to one day settle down and enjoy life with Chelsea and his dog. He hopes to expand the breakfast regimen to at least two days a week.

Depression is a Bath

Morgan O’Leary

Constraint: Write a piece using a continuous metaphor.

Depression is a bath that I first dipped into when I was sixteen. Before then, I had a crippling fear of the water. I think it was the ambiguity of being in a place where I couldn’t see the bottom. But we all fear the unknown, and not knowing what to expect. For two and a half years, I soaked my skin in despair and with water so hot; I grew numb to the pain. I no longer cried because I couldn’t; all the tears I had left lived in the bottom of the drain. I stopped reaching to wash my back. I refused to get up when the water showed me the morning sun. This was the sort of bath with no bubbles, no scent, no music or candles surrounding me. It was total and complete isolation. Not even the water felt present. The dripping sound got to me; I could no longer stand the repetitive concern. I ignored that rain of friends, I ignored the puddles of parents, and eventually I stopped hearing it. I started drinking the toxins in the water through my skin. I was so drunk on the apathy of the porcelain; I’m surprised I never drowned. I fell in love with death wishes and adored everything that despised my being. Depression is a bath, overflowing; I flooded my past with regret and water-stained my ceilings with scars. Mom calls them battle scars. But was it a battle when I didn’t fight? I grew tired, fed up with just waiting to sink. I began

to resist the gravity of liquid. I became fluid and I flowed. I started to ride the waves of my emotions. I rocked back and forth until I came out standing and breathing deeper than before. I found the curtain of self-adoration to pull myself out with. I was dripping in strength and left puddles of my confidence behind whenever I felt the need to go back. Depression is a bath, but water evaporates.

Morgan O'Leary is a third-year student working on the Creative Communications Joint-Program between the University of Winnipeg and Red River College. Writing has always been the best way for her to understand the world and to get others to comprehend her unique point of view.

Once, a Long Time in the Past

By Sarah Vaage

Constraint: Write a piece using only monosyllabic words and sentences that do not exceed ten words each.

Once, a long time in the past, lived a prince. He fell in love with a fair maid. He wooed her and they were soon to wed. But one day his girl prince was not home. The prince was told that his fair maid was gone. A snake with legs and breath of fire took her. A man saw them go in the caves by town. So the prince set off to save his fair maid. He came to the caves. He saw the snake with legs and breath of fire. It was down on the ground; it slept, it did. His fair maid was not in sight. As the snake with legs slept, the prince snuck in. He killed the snake with legs and breath of fire. It died with a loud roar full of might. The girl prince ran out. But she did not rush to the prince. She went and cried o'er the dead snake with legs. "You killed my true love," she cried. The prince had not saved the girl prince at all. He had, in fact, killed the mate of her soul. Full of shame, the prince left. He lived on his own for the rest of days.

Sarah Vaage is a third year student at The University of Winnipeg completing a double major in English; and Rhetoric, Writing, and Communications. This degree will help her build a career in writing and editing.

An Excerpt of “My Winnipeg”

Alexandra Echavarria

In chapter one of *Place: a Short Introduction*, Tim Cresswell states that “[all] over the world people are engaged in place-making activities” (5), and these place-making activities involve taking a meaningless space and turning it into something meaningful and personal. I was born in Santa Cruz, California, and I moved to Winnipeg when I was seventeen. Having lived most of my life in a beachside town off the coast, I had only seen snow about three times on short vacations, so living in a frigidly cold place like Winnipeg didn’t just feel like a new space, it felt like living on a new planet. Eventually, I grew accustomed to experiencing all four seasons rather than just a sunny season and a rainy season, I learned how to layer clothing to prevent extreme discomfort or death, and somewhere along the way Winnipeg became my “now” place, and my hometown was left in the past. However, Winnipeg has always felt temporary, hence the reason I called in my “now” place versus just “my place” because I’ve always felt like I didn’t want to settle in for good. I think because of that feeling, I never really allowed myself to think of Winnipeg as “home”, and although it feels like Winnipeg has become part of my identity, I have yet to feel completely settled, even after nine years.

However, that is not to say that Winnipeg has no meaning for me or no point of personal identification. Cresswell discusses people’s attachment to different places (7), and what attaches me to Winnipeg is family. My mother

grew up here and nearly her entire family lives within about a 10 block radius which is both very cool and very odd in my opinion. Looking at John Agnew's criteria for place, location, locale, and sense of place, this small area of Winnipeg that contains my family members has physical shape which I experience through the streets and designated pathways between our locations. The physical houses and apartments themselves also carry weight as a place of social significance as my family is a connected social network of sorts (the network is not always functional I'll admit, but it's there), and the relationship between me and my family members gives this place symbolic meaning and emotional attachment.

Cresswell brings up naming as "one of the ways space can be given meaning and become place", and naming affects my view of this area. In addition to the general moniker, Wolseley, used by most people to describe the area, monikers like "my aunt's house" and the like are place-holding names that carry individual meaning for me. In particular, "my grandparent's house" is the most significant of them all and is definitely at the head of the familial hierarchy. You could describe it as the hub of family activity as most of our family gatherings are held there, and it is also the building that has been in our family the longest. I have heard repeatedly about how my grandmother managed to buy that house on her own, and that house has outlasted marriages and seen quite a few births. To give an idea of just how stable I find this location, I will briefly tell you about an assignment I had to do in high school. We were told to make a "time capsule" and were instructed to include a letter, add personal artifacts of

our choosing, and to address it to our future selves. Our teacher then said she would hold onto the capsules for five years and then send them back to us. The only address I could depend on was my grandparents, even though at the time I had no idea that in five years I would be living in the same city. I just knew, that no matter what, they would be there. And after forgetting about the assignment for years, I one day received a bubble-wrapped package, from myself, that included a dreadful mixed cd of all my favourite songs at the time.

“Places have space between them,” writes Cresswell (8). The streets, back lanes, and other non-descript buildings serve to separate all of the places on my map, but at the same time they connect them, and they also show how place incorporates motion as we move from, and through, one to another. Also, as I pointed out earlier, the lack of space between my family’s homes is what makes the area so significant. While there is space between them, it is so minimal that you could run by each place in about 20 minutes (this is a general estimate as I am out of shape and don’t run). The space between these places is important because the physical closeness signifies how easily available my family is to me. Even though I don’t consider Winnipeg to be my home, it will always evoke a sense of belonging and an emotional attachment because of how much time I have been able to spend with my family, and similarly, my relationships and connections with my family have made Winnipeg change from a space to a place.

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Alexandra Echavarria is a fourth-year student at The University of Winnipeg. She is majoring in Rhetoric, Writing, and Communications.

A Brief Essay: Living in the Big City of Winnipeg

By Allison Friesen

I was born in Winnipeg, but I do not have any childhood memories there. My earliest memories are of being in the back of a van, stuffed with me and my four squabbling sisters, my parents inserting a firm “Girls!” now and then, as we all anxiously awaited our arrival in the big city of Winnipeg. There was little more exciting than a Saturday afternoon trip to Winnipeg when you grew up in a small city. As a child, I went where my parents went, I adopted their routines, and their perspectives of the places I visited. Back then, all Winnipeg was to me was a retail hub, but now that I live in Winnipeg, I see it as communities of people rather than as networks of shopping places.

In his book *Place: A Short Introduction*, Tim Cresswell describes places as space made meaningful through human interaction (7). I think it’s important to note that human interaction is not static but is constantly changing through people and time. When I visit St. Vital Mall now, I am not the same person I was when I was a 10-year-old shopping with my mom. Nor is the shopping place the same as when I visited in 1999. In fact, the shopping mall did not make it onto my map of Winnipeg at all. Instead, my map began with an old Winnipeg cycling map. I used it to trace the roads in order to have a geographical representation of where I live in Wolseley. Once I had the roads and neighbourhoods sorted out, I began marking places worth noting: the necessities, the local haunts, and the cycling routes.

The places I marked on my map barely extend beyond an imaginary boundary made up of the University of Winnipeg, the grocery stores I frequent in my neighbourhood, and the pub on Stafford St. At first, this concerned me, but then I realized that I have a seasonal relationship with Winnipeg. In the fall and winter, my routine is to attend school, buy groceries, and maybe attend a social event or two, but mostly I'm at home studying and writing assignments, and this is reflected on the map that I drew. I marked essential locations like my home, the Food Fare on Westminster Ave., the University of Winnipeg, and the Royal Bank on Portage Ave. However, in the spring and summer, my routine extends far beyond the Perimeter because I like to spend time cycling, travelling west to Beaudry Park and north to Birds Hill Provincial Park. This is not reflected on my map because I drew it during the winter phase of my life, which is why my map only shows the neighbourhood of Wolseley and the places near my home.

Thinking about seasons and the changes in life that they inevitably bring, brought to mind David Seamon's "place ballet", a metaphor he uses to explain how people create and experience place (Cresswell 34). Seamon suggests that "places are performed on a daily basis through people living their everyday life", and by participating in these daily performances, "we get to know a place and feel part of it" (Cresswell 34). It is easy to mark when I stumbled into the place-ballet of Wolseley but it is unclear when I became part of its movements or if the movements I am making are in-sync with the dance. Wolseley is rich with the history of people who have lived there for decades and the houses that have

stood there for over a century. It makes me wonder if I can be part of this neighbourhood if I have only lived here for three years?

Deborah Massey observed that place has variable identity, and that “[there] is the specificity of place which derives from the fact that each place is the focus of a distinct mixture of wider and more local social relations” (quoted in Cresswell 70). When I look at my connection to Wolseley through the words of Massey, I can see how by being in this place, I am contributing to its “distinct mixture” (70). With my continual presence in Wolseley, my relation to the place will change from wide to local as time produces “layer upon layer of different sets of linkages” (Massey quoted in Cresswell 70), and as time passes and Wolseley changes around me, I will also become part of its history.

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Allison Friesen is a 4-year Bachelor of Arts student from the University of Winnipeg. She will have completed her degree by August 2016 with a major in Rhetoric, Writing, and Communications and a 3-year major in Psychology. She plans to celebrate by cycling with her life partner from Vancouver to Mexico this fall.

My Winnipeg: Wolseley as a Transitional Place

By Dylan Jones

Throughout my life course, Wolseley Avenue has represented a place of continuous transition within the city of Winnipeg. However, before I begin to attribute importance to Wolseley Avenue, I must retrace significant life moments that brought me to the city of Winnipeg.

My journey began in 1985 with my birth in Brandon followed by a quick move to Vancouver. Before I barely had any time to enjoy the new city, or even turn two, my family moved back to Brandon, and in repetitive fashion we shortly relocated again. This time my family moved up north to the cold town of Thompson followed by the Pas, the first location where I can remember the names of a few streets and avenues. Then, and as I grew older, we made our way south to Selkirk and Stonewall, where I met a new batch of friends in each town while learning a new geographic environment each time. Finally, and after 12 years and seven schools, my family's journey around Manitoba ended in Winnipeg, and most importantly, within the Wolseley area.

The reason I mentioned my history of relocating was to demonstrate how I never really settled down anywhere until I arrived in Winnipeg. At the time of my arrival, I was 12 and halfway through grade six. I had already met more friends and attended more schools than a kid should by my age. But something was different about the Wolseley area. Maybe it was the overabundance of trees near my home at 88 Canora Street, the kids I hung out with at R.A. Steen

Community Centre, or the fact that my school, Laura Secord, resembled a castle. Today, and as I am able to reflect on my past experiences, I recognize the difference was the development of a sense of place, a change in my emotional well-being that I now lived in a location that would shape me into the person I am today.

Over the years, Wolseley has transformed into a “meaningful location” defined by political geographer John Agnew as having three fundamental aspects: location, locale, and a sense of place (Cresswell 7-8). Wolseley is located within the West End in Winnipeg with the Assiniboine River resting on the south side. The locale of Wolseley is comprised of families with mostly left leaning political ideals; signified by the overabundance of NDP or Liberal Party signs made visible every election season. Locally owned, organic, and fair-trade grocers, bars, and coffee places situated along Maryland, Sherbrook and Westminster stand in as symbolic representations of an ethical population who truly care about investing in the community.

Furthermore, a sense of place is created throughout the seasons which cause residents to bike during the warmer months and even along Wolseley Avenue when it is closed to traffic on Sundays. During the other months, residents spend their time walking their dogs down one of the many streets covered in autumn leaves, or pulling their kids in a winter sleigh to Omand’s Creek. This communal feeling and love of nature extends into the area’s many parks, such as Vimy Ridge, which hosts public events, and by the many yards

covered in trees, giving shade to those who can't stand in the sun for too long. As a meaningful location, Wolseley is a unique seasonal place, representing a community that brought significance to my life after relocating my sense of place time and time again.

Over the last 18 years I've found myself moving back to the Wolseley area or returning in some other manner, attaching meaning to each location as time passes, and reflecting Yi Fu Tuan's statement that "naming is one of the ways space can be given meaning and become place" (quoted in Cresswell 9). My longest friendships Justin and Tyson, 18 and 16 years respectively, both live in the area. Attaching a meaningful location with long lasting friendships further highlights the significance of Wolseley to my personal development as an individual. Likewise, and as I walk through Wolseley, I am reminded by all the streets I've had other friends live on, and, sadly, some I haven't seen in a while. Some friends have moved to other cities as they got older, some I simply don't speak to anymore. Other moments of my life are represented by spaces such as the Food Fare I remember having to walk to in the cold weather to buy my groceries when I first moved out, or the many other areas I lived in. As I have aged, Wolseley, as a spatial environment, has remained relatively the same, except now the space has transformed into a place through the subjective meaning I have attached to the location.

Now I find myself, as a distance runner, jogging through the winding road of Wolseley, crossing many paths, both negative and positive, that I have

experienced at various intersections of my life. Maybe it's the large cross standing tall over Misericordia Health Centre, or the bells ringing at Westminster United Church, but Wolseley has become a sanctuary for me, granting the place needed to reflect on the past while looking forward. As Yi Fu Tuan stated, "what begins as undifferentiated space becomes place as we get to know it better and endow it with value" (cited in Cresswell 9). Hence, Wolseley Avenue, and neighbouring avenues and streets, Westminster, Canora, Home, Dominion, and others have become significant life markers in my time in this city, endowed with meaning through many valuable life experiences. Every time I run through Wolseley, I am reminded of the moment I moved here and began my transition from teenager to adult within these city boundaries, and, most significantly, the place known as Wolseley Avenue.

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Dylan Jones is a 4-year Bachelor of Arts graduate from the University of Winnipeg. He completed his degree with a double major in Rhetoric, Writing, and Communications; and Sociology. He is enrolled in the Master of Arts in Cultural Studies graduate program for the fall of 2016.

An Excerpt of “Policing Public Space through Signs, A Linguistic Landscape Analysis”

Keila DePape

Winnipeg’s downtown is a rich linguistic landscape. As the city’s centre of power, it is particularly worthwhile analyzing how its linguistic objects reflect and help maintain power relations that are central to our construction of social reality (Shohamy, Ben-Rafael, and Barni 17). The chaotic blend of people, traffic, and the mixture of public and private land downtown means that signs regulating behaviour are everywhere. With so much interpersonal interaction, linguistic landscapes become “scenes of confrontation between different codes of meaning construction” (Shohamy, Ben-Rafael, and Barni 14), and urban green spaces and the signs that police them are one of these scenes. Downtown green space can evoke associations to nature, freedom, and even human rights, but many people underestimate how highly they are regulated.

Off of Main Street, the entrance to Bonnycastle Park has a sign that states the hours in which the park is legally accessible. The sign contests the meanings coded in green space, serving as a reminder that public green space is not outside of government control. The sign is a ‘top-down’ message, meaning that the hours listed and the sign itself have been designed by an authoritative body for the purpose of disseminating information to the public (Shohamy, Ben-Rafael, and Barni 17). Numerous physical details of the sign that communicate authority. The material is strong, unbendable, and the steel post cannot be easily bent or

uprooted, and it is situated between two other objects under municipal control, a garbage bin and a planter for flowers, both of which are meant to add or maintain the park's beauty. By placing the sign between these artifacts, the sign implicitly communicates that the restricted hours are part of the effort to keep the park clean and beautiful. By extension, the sign may then imply that those who come here after hours intend to do the opposite.

The sign references a city by-law which indicates that an official document exists that binds all citizens to obey this sign. But to find the explanation for the by-law, one must look beyond the physical linguistic landscape and find the by-law online where its listed purpose is to “maximize the opportunity of members of the public to enjoy a wide range of recreational and leisure activities within City parks safely, comfortably and conveniently” (City of Winnipeg, 2). Giving good reasons is essential to a rhetor's logos, and to make up for their lack of it, the by-law seems to rely on the unfounded assumption that crime only happens at night. But still, for many people, the sign may be reassuring and make them believe that precautions are being taken to reduce crime.

The online by-law states that while “Park Hours” signs are not posted in every park, the rule applies to them all, so how does the city decide which parks need signs? One explanation for why this park in particular has a sign may be because of how close it is to the Main Street Bridge, a location where homeless people often sleep or hang around. If this is the reason, then the city is implicitly

directing this message at the homeless population. The park hours reflect a middle-class life schedule since it can be visited around a typical 9-5 workday. The sign can then be seen as a way of “taming the frontier”. For Laura Reid and Neil Smith, the frontier is a “boundary where ‘savagery’ meets ‘civilization’” (Quoted in Cresswell 94). While they discuss the frontier in a gentrifying neighbourhood, I am applying it to a continuous effort to keep the ‘savagery’ of downtown crime and poverty out of municipal parks for the benefit of the middle-class. However, removing the homeless is more common in places where there are lots of people around that are inconvenienced by their presence, and this is not the case for a downtown park in the dead of night. Therefore, saying that the park’s hours are for public safety does not quite add up. Therefore, a second possibility for why they decided to hang a sign in this particular park was to restrict activities that might hurt the park’s reputation. The sign would then act as a tool for preventative policing, a catch-all for any activity that cannot be clearly defined as illegal, but is seen as suspicious. Police can order a person’s removal or issue a fine without needing a reason other than being on a patch of grass at the wrong time.

Jurgen Habermas believed that public spaces act as buffers between the state and the private sphere (Shohamy, Ben-Raphael, and Barni 14). I agree but would expand on that by saying that the state has more control over these buffer zones than is generally thought and goes unnoticed because they are regulated in the interest of the “middle-class”. Most people probably abide by the park signs,

not because it's a rule, but because they have no desire or need to transgress it, and if they do, it is unlikely they will be noticed or get caught. Therefore, there is little uproar about park regulations because the system appears to work for everyone when really it can only be said to work for those who have a voice in society.

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Keila DePape is a Rhetoric, Writing, and Communications student at the University of Winnipeg. She is interested in journalism, and will be attending Red River College in the Fall for the Joint Creative Communications program.

**Excerpt of “Exclusivity of the Canadian ‘National Identity’ as shown in
John Woods’ Photograph of the Idle No More Movement”**

By Georgia DeFehr

“Have faith in your fellow citizens, my friends. They are kind and generous; they are open-minded and optimistic. And they know in their heart of hearts, that a Canadian is a Canadian is a Canadian”

-Justin Trudeau, October 19th 2015

Nationalism is a multifaceted concept. Through pride and commonality, nationalism can offer a comforting sense of connection amongst strangers. Sporting events, elections, wars, and national icons advance this bond-forging aspect of nationalism, joining citizens together in feelings of excitement, anticipation, or loss. My unease with national identity does not come from the illusion of kinship it can create (Ryan Edwardson 185). Instead, my discomfort comes from questioning who is excluded from these imagined bonds; who is not represented in the events, figures, images, and symbols that supposedly tie all those belonging to a specific nation together. Despite its potentially exclusive qualities, some academics consider nationalism to be a much needed concept for Canadians. Adam J. Green explores Canada’s portrayal in editorial cartoons as “a nonentity” and “little more than some sort of component or extension of the United States” (135). Additionally, Canadian cultural historian Daniel Francis argues that “because we lack a common religion, language or ethnicity, because

we are spread out so sparsely across such a huge piece of real estate, Canadians depend on this habit of ‘consensual hallucination’ more than any other people” (quoted in Edwardson 185). My specific concern with national identity constructs relates to the representation of Indigenous peoples in popularized markers of Canadian ‘national identity’ today.

...To answer these questions, Georgia DeFehr analyzed a photograph of Idle No More protestors huddled together, taken by John Woods in 2013, in order to understand how national identity is constructed through visual representations such as photographs. These are her conclusions...

The current Canadian national identity does not include any of the joys, symbols, or sorrows that Indigenous Canadians have experienced. Our current identity is fostered by images of maple leaves, pine-trees, and white Mounties that, through consumption, help to define us. Our identity is additionally strengthened by watching sports games and anticipating elections, by celebrating Remembrance Day and by praising Canadian icons like Terry Fox, Wayne Gretzky, and Laura Secord. This identity, the one that is sold on postcards and promoted by prime ministers, is not an Indigenous one. We have a national day to commemorate the deaths of fallen Canadian soldiers, yet there is no national day to commemorate the deaths of residential school children, or missing and murdered Aboriginal women.

I have come to wonder if Canadians could form a new, more honest national identity. If we cannot, I wonder whether we could instead simply acknowledge that “all efforts to compartmentalize are arbitrary” (Green 131). Canada is a large space of land. It is made up of a diverse group of people, species, nature, and ways of being. It is a place where people speak many different languages and have many different passions, jobs, and religions. However, Canada is also a colonized land. Its government has abused many groups of people, primarily Indigenous peoples, and the non-Indigenous people who prosper on this land contribute to their systematic oppression daily. To define one region with a select group of photographs and stories is not only debatably impossible, it is also exclusive and harmful, for every Canadian story and experience cannot easily fit into one neat package called ‘national identity’. National identity constructs too often promote what is only a fantasized, untruthful, and exclusive description.

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Georgia DeFehr will be starting the second year of her B.A at the University of Winnipeg in the Fall. She loves baking, reading, and making art. She enjoyed her first university writing class.

Excerpt of “Black Lives Matter: An Unrepresented Iconic Image”

By Tamika Reid

Racial Isolation

The photograph analyzed for this paper is one of a young black boy in the foreground of a row of white policemen at night on an urban street. The picture was taken during a Black Lives Matter movement held to mark the anniversary of the death of unarmed black teenager, Michael Brown, who was shot by police in Ferguson, Missouri. This was not an isolated incident but is synonymous with many incidents where unarmed black men were killed by police and later those same officers were cleared of any alleged criminal wrongdoing. The social movement of Black Lives Matter was created after George Zimmerman was acquitted from his actions in killing 17-year-old Trevon Martin in 2012. The organization Black Lives Matter, like other social cause groups “aim[s] to challenge and transform the hegemonic discourse of modern society” (DeLuca 45). Black Lives Matter intends to transform White American discourse surrounding the representation and perceptions of racialized black bodies.

Black Lives Matter wants to shift the ideograph of White hierarchy to the “basic human rights and dignity” for Black and White Americans across the state (Black Lives Matter). By staging and photographing the protest in Ferguson, Black Lives Matter not only called attention to particular problems surrounding racialized bodies in America but also challenged the discourse of White hierarchy” to move the meanings of fundamental ideographs” contextualizing

race in America (DeLuca 52). As well, this photographed protest is a direct response to the mass broadcasted political trials involving the killings of unarmed black men.

The theatricality of this photograph resides with iconographic elements; the sorrowful face of the young black boy with his hands put together to pray for mercy “activates available structures of feeling within the audience, keys the emotional dimension of an event, and bonds audience, performer, representational object, and social context affectively” (Hariman and Lucaites 8). The social context conveyed in the photograph shows an American child victimized by the police. Much like in the Kent State shooting photograph, a threat to American citizenship is being made which justifies the black boy’s need to pray for an end to this threat. The black boy and the white policemen are then put on a stage by viewers as the black boy performs his “typified action” (Hariman and Lucaites 9). The ‘praying’ black boy emotionally responds to the high tension protest while the policemen remain static and emotionless to the entire situation. To extend on the denotations of representative characters, the black boy represents the larger Black community and “collective[ly] respon[ds] to the appropriate class of people, rather than [having] [a] personalized response to” the specific situation (Hariman and Lucaites 17). The obvious political division in the photograph illuminates a moral crisis “which the audience must decide where it stands”; either with the praying black boy or the emotionless police (Hariman and Lucaites 10). Consequently, viewers can apply

a personal context to the photograph based on “different standpoints, experiences, personalities, and bodily dispositions” which ultimately will characterize both parties in an empathetic perspective (Hariman and Lucaites 18). For example, to some, protesters and police are human beings who defend different political agendas that both want to make America safe for the people.

Also, like other iconic photographs, viewers can recognize that the photograph depicts a typical setting of a protest, they recognize the situation by its content (Hariman and Lucaites 9). The lineup of policemen opposing a civilian during a night protest is a familiar setting in America. The esthetical feature of the photograph is abstract in giving locational cues and instead focuses on “symbols of national valor, human courage, inconceivable inhumanity, or senseless loss” which is a common feature in ‘great pictures’ (Hariman and Lucaites 9). Finally, like other iconic images, this photo has a semi-history in which the story of the protest and social movement is not over, but gives us a glimpse of a moment in the story.

Race has become a way in which non-white people have been objectified in America as different and so “racial identity remains an important component of social appraisal, and this continues to disadvantage Blacks while benefiting Whites” (Entman and Rojecki 1). Entman and Rojecki suggest that White Americans feel ambivalent towards Black people based on what they primarily learn from the media rather than personal experience. Thus, making it understandable why “most Blacks and Whites in the United States continue their

private lives apart from one another” (Entman and Rojecki 2). The media demonstrated bias representations of Black Americans while covering the Black Lives Matter Movement in Ferguson.

It is these negative and biased representations of the Black Lives Matter movement in Ferguson that overshadowed the photograph taken at the protest resulting in its omittance from mass circulation. Although the photograph accurately features dominant narratives that are apparent in other iconic photographs, such as the presence of ideographs, representations of dissent, visual form, representative form, visual ideographs, and iconography, it cannot be labelled as iconic because of systemic racial isolation in America that overshadowed these elements.

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The photograph analyzed in this paper can be found at: <http://www.theatlantic.com/politics/archive/2015/08/a-tough-weekend-for-the-black-lives-matter-movement/400862/>

Tamika Reid is a Bachelor of Arts (4-year) student from the University of Winnipeg. She will have completed her degree by December 2018 with a major in Public Relations, a minor in English, and a Joint Communications degree with Red River College. She plans on advancing her studies with a Master of Arts degree in Public Administration.

