

September 28, 2010

Issue 1

UBUNTU: the student newspaper

Editorial

Hello Pearsonites! Welcome to the first edition of the year of UBUNTU the student newspaper. After almost one month everything seems to be taking shape on Campus, it is interesting to compare between now and the orientation week when many students looked lost among the several activities and new things to learn, when learning names was harder than getting a 7 in Math HL.

Even more important, the sense of community starts to be felt among the students and faculty members who seem to know each other more. It is with this sense of community we want to continue until the end of this year in Pearson College. It is true that through this year many events will happen on campus, project weeks, regional days, exams, university applications, one world, etc. For some people this may sound like a difficult challenge, however, probably the biggest challenge will be how to keep this sense of community and, furthermore, the sense of idealism that this place requires to keep on breathing.

Probably, one of the best weapons we all have against the rupture of relations inside a community is communication and freedom of speech. Under the coversheet of the previous idea is how this students newspaper wants to work this year, as an space to provide students, faculty members, etc, with the opportunity to communicate ideas, thoughts through the writing of critical or informative articles, the publication of pictures, drawings and even creative and moving pieces of poetry. In this way, UBUNTU the student newspaper also wants to spread the meaning of UBUNTU, a word from the Bantus languages of South Africa, which conveys a sense of relation of individuals and caring for the others.

Finally, the editorial group would like to wish every member of this community a wonderful and successful year by keeping the sense of community and idealism up. We would also like you to enjoy each of our editions this year and not to hesitate to ask or to give suggestions so as to create with every edition a better newspaper.



Pearson College student during orientation week last year.

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BE SUSTAINABLE

REDUCE

REUSE

RECYCLE

PEARSONITES TO THE RESCUE!

By Emma Leary



Most people doing humanitarian work step off the plane ready to strap on their boots, put on their gloves, and change the world. The notion of “saving the world” is one which, in North American society especially, seems to be widespread. We as North Americans like to affect change in the world however we can, be it fancy fundraisers to getting on that plane. In any case, I will admit to being one such enthusiast when I stepped off the plane in Kenya this summer to join the Kenya KULE project, a project founded by Geoffrey Tindyebwa, Dean of Students at Pearson College. I thought quite simply of where I was going as a place that needed to be saved. What I found instead shocked and inspired me.

Nairobi, the capital city in Kenya, is admittedly different from Vancouver or Toronto. For one, they drive on the opposite side of the road, which resulted in a few minutes of panic on my part until I made that discovery. There seem to be no rules of the road at all, and people have an uncanny ability to charge through that insane traffic without being killed. That fact alone was enough to start my trip to Kenya on an inspired note; I am well aware that when I try to cross even a small road, I am at serious risk of hurting myself.

In any case, Nairobi is a truly vibrant city, which the KULE group, consisting of students from Pearson College as well as the International School of Geneva and College of the Adriatic, quickly discovered when we took a tour of the city on our first day there. There are people selling just about everything; beautiful houses and malls, and billboards plaster every spare space. Nairobi is nothing short of exciting.

We saw an entirely different side of the city when we visited the Kibera slums, located just five minutes from our downtown hotel. It was as though we had passed through some kind of invisible barrier, similar to what Harry Potter experienced on platform 9 ¾. All of a sudden the air was filled with every scent imaginable, and people seemed to appear from everywhere. The slums are comprised of a series of small buildings that can only be described as shacks, complete with tin roofs. We happened to get a view of the slums whilst driving elsewhere, and were in awe of the fact that the sea of tin roofs stretches for miles.

I had no idea what to expect from the slums. On our first walk from the vans to the small schoolhouse where our work was to be based, I saw a different world. The lack of a proper garbage disposal system has led to small mounds of garbage which cover the paths and roads, and animals and children roam freely over the mess. There are vegetables, meat and various other products for sale at every corner. The number of people is incredible; just walking through the streets there is almost equivalent to driving in Nairobi! My favorite stall to pass was the one at which there was always loud hip-hop music blasting. I have yet to figure out what they sell, but the music added such a cool vibe to the street. That music was only the beginning of the shock that was Kibera. As we rounded the corner on our first day to the schoolhouse, we were greeted with children’s voices chanting “how are you?” in a sing-song. After the children changed rooms, we sat down as a group with the organizers of the project with whom we were partnering. One by one, they stood up and introduced themselves and the roles that they played in the project. The volunteers ran everything from a theatre program to a women’s support group; they had conceived and now dedicate themselves to what is called the Kibera Hamlet project, and what inspired me the most was that most of them were around the same age as the members of the KULE group. From then on, we discovered a different side of Kibera. Amongst the poverty and despair, within the Kibera Hamlet project, were an energy, passion and joy of which I personally had never seen the like. Over the next few days, we learned the stories and dreams of the residents of Kibera, from the children to the adults. They inspired us, and taught us indescribable lessons. We were all very sad to leave Kibera,

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but it came time for the group to change locations and go about two hours outside Nairobi to a town called Mukang'u.

In Mukang'u we were introduced to the Mukang'u Secondary School. On the first day, the students gave us an incredible performance; then they looked at us expectantly. What a disaster! We couldn't agree on what to perform (it's hard to make something out of nothing), so we agreed that we would perform at a later date. At the school was the library which has been the cornerstone of the KULE project for many years. There we would be working on finishing up the library, which involved lots of painting and digging! In the next few days we visited Koimbi children's home, an orphanage housing around 30 children where we would be building a water tank and St. Anna's children's home, where we would be teaching. It was at Mukang'u Secondary, Koimbi and St. Anna's that we were to spend the remainder of our trip.

And so we got to work. We dug and we painted and we taught and we danced and we dug some more. This was the dirty humanitarian work which we had all come to experience. This was how we were intending to help Kenya.

It came as a bit of a shock, then, when we were asked to do simple things, like performing, washing dishes, even sifting through rice grain by grain with our fingers. I quickly discovered that the key ingredient in humanitarian work is humility. Humility, though often in short supply, means working with the people you are helping. It means realizing that sometimes you are simply an extra pair of hands to do the washing. It means not seeing the country you are helping as being incapable, but as a place where you can contribute. In humility, I began to see that my view of humanitarianism was rather arrogant. I was not going to change Kenya. Kenya is a beautiful, hopeful country, and I was a guest there. Once you take a step back, it is clear that helping and changing are not synonymous; and therein lays the conflict. Humanitarians should never confuse helping, which means working alongside what is already there, with changing what is already there. It was there long before we arrived, and will remain when we leave. What will be remembered is the day that you relieved the orphans of their chores, or when the entire school was assembled to watch the crazy KULE students perform the Soca dance. I am so grateful to have learned that lesson while in Kenya.

And so, our trip came to an end. We finished painting the library (there is still paint in my hair, despite my hairdresser's most heroic attempts), and we left Koimbi with more than a few tears in our eyes. We said goodbye to our gracious hosts, and travelled back to Nairobi to catch our flights home, where we would catch up on some lost sleep and reflect on the incredible experience we had just had. And so ended KULE 2010; if you have the means and the time, I would strongly urge you to participate in KULE 2011. I promise you will never regret it!

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Is IDEALISM dying? By Samuel Perez

"The passion of rescue reveals the highest dynamic of the human soul." K.Hahn

Spending a wonderful, "globally warm" and active summer gave me a chance to see, to think, to breath some oxygen outside this bubble of oxygen...to let my soul catch my body.

Two weeks were enough to have a glimpse of how the world is doing outside. Not very good news, though.

While the earth was crying for help due to the biggest oil spill in recent history (and environmental catastrophe) registered in the last years was taking place (14 million of barrels of oil spilled after 2 and a half months of oil spilling without control in the Gulf of Mexico); while racism and discrimination was gaining a space in a so called first world country due to a controversial law that discriminates people willing to work but crossing the border illegally to Arizona; while Pakistanis were drowning due to an unprecedented flood; while the media named another "new virus" after an Indian City with obvious economic motives; while all of that was happening, what were we, as world citizens doing? We were busy watching the soccer world cup tournament!

The question that arises then is: What are our priorities nowadays as individuals? As human beings? Is the media and the FIFA tournament (by the way, financially supported by British Petroleum) so powerful to distract us from what as global citizens also will affect us and potentially the generations to come? Is that a sign that idealism is dying? Is the joy without some pain justified?

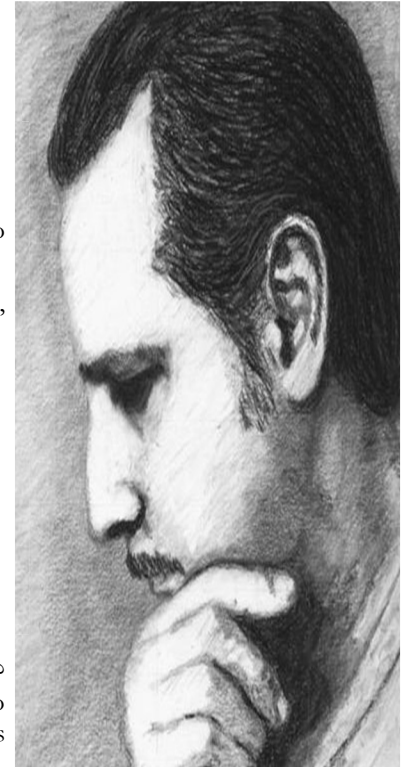
Come on, this is not our responsibility; we need to have fun! It will be said.

And probably yes, maybe it is not our responsibility... others will take care of those issues. The *Quixote's* will do it; the idealists will do it, the people who we rely on to carry on those big things in their shoulders. That is the impression of thoughts that I got from people outside of this bubble: Personal responsibility does no longer exist. Metaphorically, people want to enjoy the party without caring about the day after. People enjoy the benefits and try to disguise the costs behind the carpet. And generally, people want other people to do "what needs to be done".

And then another question rises: who are the *Quixotes*? Where are the idealists, if they are not extinguished yet?

Those forces that benefit from the status quo will answer with cynicism and criticize the ideals of humanity, and we will encounter many times many barriers which will make our ground tremble and reconsider if being a *Quixote* is worth. "Being idealistic does not pay back", we will hear outside this bubble. "Honesty does not pay". "Idealism is for fools". And we shamelessly accept that and carry on adjusting ourselves to the system in a way to find our own comfort and forget about the important things that are invisible for the common of the mortals. However, maybe that is just a perception.

If women have now a voice in the world forum in less than 100 years, from when they were not able even to vote in some countries, if an African American could become a President in a Country where 70 years ago African Americans were not allowed to share seats with white people in the same buses, if many forests are now protected due to environmental laws who needed a *Chico Mendes* for that to happen, we can say that there may be a chance for hope in the world. As time went by during the summer I got more and more convinced on how the world needs a place like Pearson College. I realized how much the world is thirsty about justice, about environmental awareness and actions, about living in community and respecting our differences instead of dismissing someone due to the way they look, they speak or because of their beliefs and ideals. The world needs more "eco-freaks", more Gandhis, more Mandella's and Mother Teresa's, more John Lennons, Luther Kings and Frida Khalo's. My son Diego, my daughter Sarahi and all those babies we hear laughing around the campus need Quixotes and Idealists for their future to look bright and with hope, one day they will thank people like the ones who are reading this piece of paper in the middle of nowhere; one day they will certainly believe in this place and in the ideals that we ought to share within this bubble.



**"The passion of
rescue reveals
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K.Hahn**

They will believe in us as much as many people already do outside this place. The same way each teacher, each houseparent, staff member and host family and hopefully each member of this community does.

People around the world, the ones who didn't get a piece of bread for dinner tonight as well as the ones who are watching T.V. on Saturday nights (while you are studying econ, math or working on your biology or physics E.E.) trust that somewhere, someone is still willing to fight for a better world to live and have a voice in the social justice forum. They somehow believe that there is a place, in the middle of nowhere, where someone believes that a better world can exist.

Perhaps Kurt Hahn had some of those feelings in mind when he stated: **"Education must enable young people to effect what they have recognized to be right, despite hardships, despite dangers, despite inner scepticism, despite boredom, and despite mockery from the world. . ."**

Of course, Pearson College is not a fairy tale place where everything is painted in pink... and it shouldn't be. Of course Idealism is not enough to make changes. We need clashes, discussions, different opinions, cloudy days, discomfort and challenge to test ourselves, to learn about ourselves and to grow as human beings. We need to find the *first derivative* of who we are, and know ourselves when the situations that stretch our souls arrive, and even if it is painful it will expand us to the extent that we will finally believe in ourselves, believe in our ideals and believe that things can happen if we want them to happen. Maybe Idealism is not dying. Maybe that is what Pearson College could be about.



"Education must enable young people to effect what they have recognized to be right, despite hardships, despite dangers, despite inner scepticism, despite boredom, and despite mockery from the world. . ."

Where does the Pearson College community forum idea really come from ? By Levi Westerveld

It was amazing for me to be here over the summer! During the last week of August I was lucky enough to meet some people from year 25, 26 and also year 4, 5 and 6; all of them were really interesting people. For me it was the first time to see Pearson as it really is... a big factory. Here, lost in the forest, people come willing to be changed. They have to be young, fresh and open-minded so that it is easy to shape them in the way we want them to be: change makers that follow some values. But I think the Pearson College factory has been facing some problems, it seems forgotten the values a bit. The UWC movement as well... But which movement really? Are we more than a normal IB school; is there a purpose behind me being here on full scholarship?

During the summer I also got to meet some people from the other UWC through the PSYL summer program. It was a 'premiere' for me, people that went through the same factory that I did but somewhere else on the map.

My goal and hopes is to get closer to them this year, to feel like there is a bit more connection between all the UWC! To feel like if we were really part of a movement: not because we decided to paint the common room using the blue that has been selected as being part of "the colors of the UWC" but because we are all behind values in which we believe: Compassion and service, a sense of idealism, mutual responsibility and respect. Actually, I'm sorry, we're behind those values. We're doing fundraising for Pakistan, a few people are very actively trying to be more sustainable, the ideas are everywhere on the notice board, on Peernet, on the 5 e-mails I'm getting every day and soon I hope on the forum... so what's wrong ? Why do I not feel part of the UWC movement? Why does none of us feel like Pearson College is something else than an addition of 7 classes, 3 activities, 1 One World, 2 Project weeks, X international affairs, that gives you a diploma and an entrance to a nice university? Didn't I miss something in my addition? Shouldn't I add the 7 Village meetings?

Personally, they are the most important to me. The only place where we care all together about the UWC values, the only time when we're a true community.

We all spend a huge amount of time as a room and that's why I feel that my room 4 is part of Victoria house. We all spend more than an hour every week as a house and that's why I feel that my house is one of the 5 houses on campus even though we don't have a song. But I don't feel that Pearson College is part of the UWC movement because I don't spend enough time as part of the Pearson College community! It's being too idealistic thinking that such a massive diversity of people can exist as a community with only 7 Village meetings a year and such a few activities all together...

I think this also answer why we are so unknown in the outside world and why none of us has read the "United World" magazine of may 2010. I hope that the forum is one of the things we will do this year to improve the feeling of community. But there is room for improvement and I hope that at the end of the year I will not only cry because I'm leaving the land, because I'm leaving my friends but also because I'm leaving the strong community I was proud to be part of.



I think the Pearson College factory has been facing some problems, it seem like we've been forgetting about the values a bit. The UWC movement as well...

My Canadian Adventure By Anastasiya Oleksiyenko

This is my fourth week at Pearson College, Victoria, BC. The wonderful place reminds me of the hard work I pursued to deserve becoming a Pearson student. What I have already experienced is far from what I could ever imagine pursuing. From the very beginning, everything appeared to be much above my expectations.

The van stopped near the lawn. As I got off, tons of people circled me and each of them shook my hand and named themselves. Their faces were shining with happiness and interest. Immediately after greeting, I was given "Pearson equipment": a name tag, a Canada pin, a cup, a bag with the Pearson logo and a bunch of yummy sweets. Moreover, I have got my "buddy", a second-year student to help me with orientation.

Everyone has been amicable, and I have got to know my housemates and some people from other houses pretty quickly. Gradually, inside of each dorm, there has come a cozy feeling of a big family. Our house parents have been very helpful. In my house, I have got my brothers and sisters from Canada, China, the United States, Jordan, Singapore, Austria, Thailand, Japan, Denmark, Guatemala, Uganda, the Cayman Islands, Libya, Netherlands, Madagascar, Vietnam, Paraguay, Switzerland, Afghanistan, Greece, France, Italy, Nepal, Maldives, Israel, Bangladesh, Palestine, Nigeria, Brazil, all of us celebrating our difference in unity.

Even some devices, rarely met before, made me amazed. It was funny to acquaint with a drying machine, a hand sanitizer and a wood chopper (=) and even more was it exciting to see a recycling station on campus and participate in its work. Apart from academic studies, action and creative activities, we have been explained how to contribute to the college through service by cleaning the area, looking after a greenhouse and doing some other work. I have been very amazed at how much people care for the environment in Canada. And nature has awarded such care: we excitingly observe deer on campus and beautiful whales in the ocean!

Now academic classes are gaining their speed, whirling with activities in the afternoon. Outdoor activities are especially interesting to be done among the booming nature. Astonishing surroundings harmonically combine forests, mountains, plains and the ocean.

The toughening period is running to an end, and I am looking forward to first tests with ideas overwhelming, I am ready to explore further wonders of the Pearson community.

The wonderful place reminds me of the hard work I pursued to deserve becoming a Pearson student. What I have already experienced is far from what I could ever imagine perusing the manual at home.



Metchosin Day: notes from an observer. By Hector Bautista

Since its beginnings, Pearson College has been involved in the annual tradition of Metchosin Day. Over thirty-six years, Pearson College community have taken part in this community festival to thank Metchosin community, with our dances and songs, for their hosting and also to maintain close links with them.

Talking from my experience last year, as a first year, I realized that Metchosin day is one of those opportunities when the Pearson Community breaks the routine to immerse in a more tangible way inside the diversity of Pearson. This is because, from the beginning of the day till the end, when the students walk to Metchosin through the leafy trails, in my opinion, they get to know more each other or at least plant the seeds of a future relation. Curiously, the thing that triggers a conversation and keeps in the centre of it is the significance of their flag's colors and their national costumes. These conversations are for me some of the most interesting ones I have had, and they are more unique when I realize of the probability that a Mexican boy has to be walking with a Slovakian or an east-Timorese person in the forest, when they are wearing their national costumes and ask them about the particularity of their clothes.

This idea of immersing in the diversity of Pearson College is stronger when one can appreciate it in real, like a multicolour and polymorphous wave sliding through the forest, just as we looked last year, walking by the Galloping goose to get to Metchosin, dressed in our national costumes of different colors and shapes. However, it was a shame for me to see this year that not all the students were wearing their national costumes or at least their flags during Metchosin day. On one hand, I blame the rain that day for causing what I mentioned before and for having shaded the day. On the other hand, some people did not even know that we had to be dressed in our national costumes or wearing our flags. It may not sound important; however, I think that having our Pearson community, during events as Metchosin day, wearing something from their countries or regions is a way to highlight the diversity and uniqueness of our community to other communities as the Metchosin one who, as I have experienced, react at the first sight wondering about where may one from and suddenly approach to one to ask about the peculiarity of one's clothes. This, in my point of view is also a way to create links with people from outside Pearson College who could be, maybe, potential donors or host families.

Finally, I would like to point out the importance of events as Metchosin day in the Pearson Community and just as a suggestion, I would like to ask students and faculty members that whenever we have events as Metchosin day, One world, etc, we can wear our national costumes, flags or whichever item that identifies each of us as part of a unique society and culture. It is not just for the fancy of looking good, but also for the significance of those symbols to recreate the diversity in Pearson College that only in specific occasions we are able to show. Furthermore, do not allow bad weather or any other thing to spoil the great moments one can experience in those events.



I realized that Metchosin day is one of those opportunities when the Pearson Community breaks the routine to immerse in a more tangible way inside the diversity of Pearson.



Pearson choir at One World 2010

The Night We Were Free

By Erickson smith

My consciousness rotates around you
orbiting you as if I was Jupiter
with an asteroid
belt
in between us.
I want to whisper in your ear words I don't yet fully understand
like *thermonuclear fusion*
or *supernova nucleosynthesis*
or *I love you*.
With your heavenly body pressed against the heavenly bodies I reach
up to stroke your cheek
but miss and touch a star as
you're burning me.
Your chest fits in the crest of the moon
I lose your eyes in the skies
your hands sifting through the sand of a stars cape.
There's a twinkle in your eye as we sigh
and we are one
inside the universe.
And when I open my eyes A Starry Night
by Van Gogh fills my eyes
and I realize
that your love is an art form.
Your tongue is a paintbrush
and I only wish to be your canvas.
Your lips smooth
the hard lines of our bodies
and plaster me in a collage of two mediums of one word:
us.
And as you push against me I lose my footing
and fall in love and almost drown
but resurface when your heart beats
through your bone, muscle, skin, skin, muscle, bone
to mine.



Send your pieces
of poetry to
ubuntu.news@gmail.com
and share your
imagination with
our Pearson
Community

Check out the
deadline every
week.

The form and meaning of happiness

By Karen Xi

Why is it so difficult to write?
a happy poem, you ask, almost exasperated,
a wilting length of grass curled
tight around your idle thumb
(in an hour,
a wasp will wander the field, disoriented;
he has steeled his tiny body for the harsh
love of the weather but this phenomenon of missing
road signs throws him)
Look around, you insist:
the deer with their familiar eyes and
disregard of our clumsy steps, the muted
conversation between the firs and their shingled
cousins in the cool arms of the night; nearby, the
faithfulness of the docks, the tide.
And you meant to say, how you dare to be un-
happy
in a place so reassuringly picturesque, living in a
postcard, and it's dreamless days, months before I
realize
underneath my ebbing guilt, that I
was right all along, though I never knew it. What
is left to say?
What words are there of happiness
when it's very marrow has already been
exhausted by the careless wind in the woods
and the blind, simple joy of the garden
snake and that gurgling noise the sun makes
as it lets itself be pulled inexorably under the wa-
ter.

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\$

By Amber O'reilly

Only paper
 only paper
 only everything
 I take for granted
 everything they can only dream of.
 Smoothing the folds
 of poisonous greed,
 I look up,
 shrink.
 why do I have
 what They need?
 Even here
 the Unfairness
 gnaws at my pocket. cries
 Feed Me Feed Me
screaming
insatiable
hunger
 I am sorry.
 should I wish
 to have less
 so You can have enough?
 My one thousand dollars of shame
 could have been
 Life
 for the
 Dying.
 Hate how
 \$
 strangles
 Dreams.
 I've always had
 control
 over what I
 buy.
 Want
 care
 conscience
 battle it out
 inside but the outcome's
 in my hands.



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Creativity



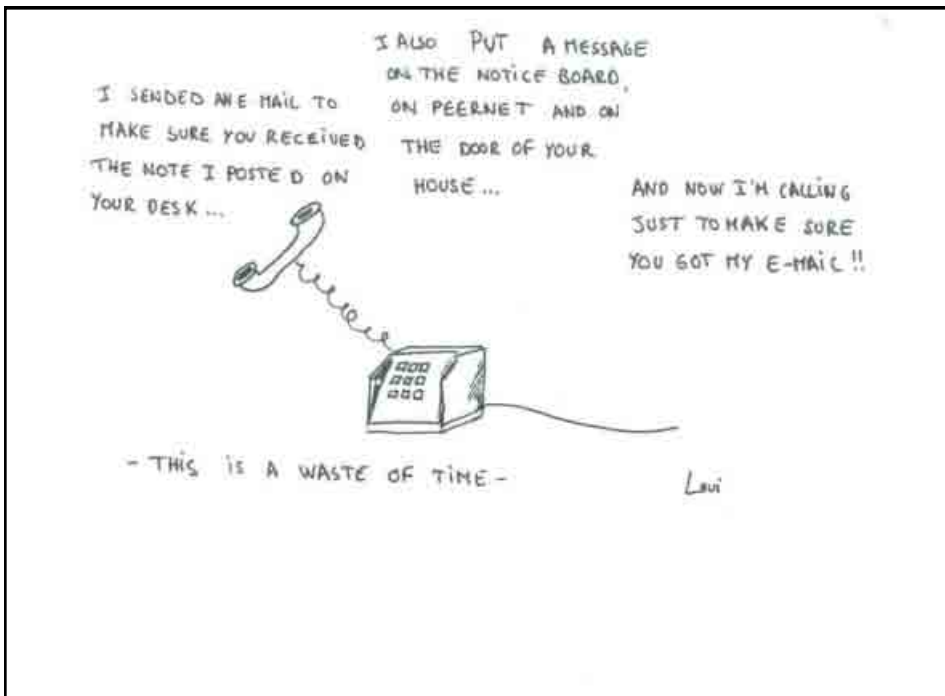
On one of the days when we had that eerie fog ascend from the sea about our campus, I went out and snapped some pictures. It is from the side of our docks looking out towards the sea.

Picture taken by Aaron.

Send your pictures, drawings or any other piece of art and share your creativity with the Pearson Community.

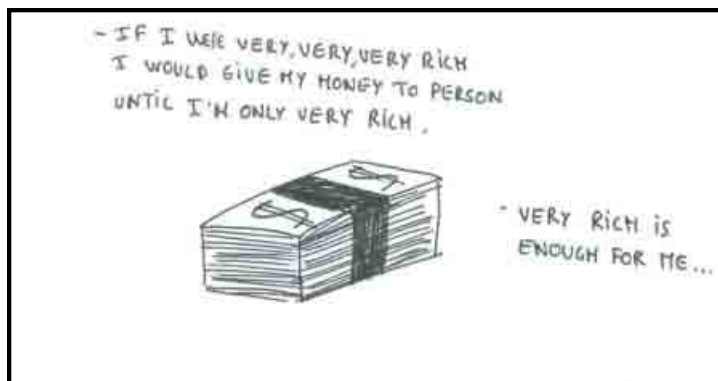
Check out the deadline every week.

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by Levi

Creativity



by Levi

Next issue is on October the 12th, Deadline for sending contributions is on October the 8th.

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Creativity

REASON WITH ME!

By Felix Tettey

There are so many ideas and opinions concerning the same issue; there definitely has to be consensus. Consensus does require that:

- Both parties be willing to give up their ideologies so as to try the other's
- One of the parties subsequently allows the other ideology to be applied
- One whose ideology is being applied respect that of the one whose has been put on hold.

Consensus however does not imply that:

- One opinion is treated with greater respect
- One who is willing to put his ideology on hold be disrespected
- One whose ideology is being applied be seen as superior

The progression of the world depends on reaching consensus. The peace of the world rests on consensus building. Take a moment to reason; how willing are you to reach a consensus on whatever subject it may be; be it the 10:30 rule or gay rights in Uganda! Think aloud!

JOKES CORNER BY RAIED HAJ YAHYA

Would you please move your cars?

It had been snowing for hours when an announcement came over the intercom: "Will the students who are parked on University Drive please move their cars so that we may begin plowing." Twenty minutes later there was another announcement: "Will the nine hundred students who went to move fourteen cars return to class."

"What time does the library open?" the man on the phone asked.

"Nine A.M." came the reply. "And what's the idea of calling me at home in the middle of the night to ask a question like that?"

"Not until nine A.M.?" the man asked in a disappointed voice.

"No, not till nine A.M.!" the librarian said. "Why do you want to get in before nine A.M.?"

"Who said I wanted to get in?" the man sighed sadly. "I want to get out."

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Next UBUNTU edition will be published on October 12. Submit your stories and articles by October 8!