

THE VOICE MAGAZINE

January 5, 2005
Volume 13 Issue 1

The Best of 2004



Belfast's Gritty Side

Photo feature

Internship or Bust

One student's journey

Never too late to DIY

Lifelong learning takes many forms

BEST OF THE VOICE 2004

Jan 5, 2004

Volume 13, Issue 1

Welcome To the Voice PDF

The Voice has an interactive table of contents. Click on a story title or author name to jump to an article. Click the bottom-right corner of any page to return to the contents. Some ads and graphics are also links.

MEMORABLE ARTICLES FROM THE PAST YEAR

TRAVEL PHOTO FEATURE: BELFAST'S GRITTY SIDE

Originally published March 3, 2004

John Buhler

NEVER TOO LATE TO DIY

Originally published June 14, 2004

Janice Behrens

INTERNSHIP OR BUST

Originally published April 14, 2004

Sara Kinninmont

WHEN YOU'VE SEEN BEYOND YOURSELF - Sgt. Pepper's, a Vinyl Revolution

Originally published January 14, 2004

Lonita Fraser

THE PHYSICALLY DISABLED KNOW NO BOUNDS

Originally published February 25, 2004

Shannon Maguire

NATURE NOTES - FAUNAL ADAPTATIONS

Originally published February 4, 2004

Zoe Dalton

FROM MY PERSPECTIVE - RESPs

Originally published July 28, 2004

Debbie Jabbour

LOST AND FOUND - Ghost in the Mirror

Originally published June 9, 2004

Bill Pollett

DEAR BARB - Choosing a program

Originally published August 25, 2004

Debbie Jabbour

CMIS 245 COURSE INTRODUCTION

Originally published April 28, 2004

Katie Patrick

TAKING NOTES: EYE ON EDUCATION

Originally published January 28, 2004 and December 17, 2003

Debbie Jabbour

VOLUNTEER VENTURE: OPENING TORONTO'S DOORS

Originally published November 3, 2004

Antonia Cruz



We love to hear from you! Send your questions and comments to voice@ausu.org, and please indicate if we may publish your letter.

THE VOICE

2nd Floor, 10030-107th Street,
Edmonton, AB T5J 3E4
800.788.9041 ext. 3413

Publisher Athabasca University
Students' Union

Editor In Chief Tamra Ross Low

News Contributor Lonita Fraser

Regular Columnists:

Debbie Jabbour, Karl Low, Laura
Seymour, Amanda Lyn Baldwin,
Hazel Anaka, Larry Seymour,
Bill Pollett

Contributors to listings columns:

Zil-E-Huma Lodhi, Lonita Fraser

THE VOICE ONLINE:
WWW.AUSU.ORG/VOICE

The Voice is published every
Wednesday in html and pdf format

Contact *The Voice* at:
VOICE@AUSU.ORG

To subscribe for weekly email
reminders as each issue is posted,
see the 'subscribe' link on *The Voice*
front page

www.ausu.org/voice

The Voice does not share its
subscriber list with anyone

Special thanks to Athabasca
University's *The Insider* for its
frequent contributions

© 2003 by The Voice

BELFAST'S GRITTY SIDE

John Buhler



John Buhler has contributed to the Voice since October, 2003. His articles often include striking photos of places or events that bring the reader a sense of having been there. This travel feature, published March 3 2004 [v12 i9] is no exception. The four murals, photographed in different locales around Belfast, tell a story of conflict and diversity that words alone could never convey...

Load Me Up played over my headphones. Raw and edgy, the lyrics of Vancouver's Matthew Good Band warned of "ticking in the overhead." This struck me as an unusual offering for in-flight music on an international route. While I peered at the blue expanse of the North Atlantic below me, the song described "bodies in the water, floating all around you," and I tried to brush aside my apprehensions about visiting Belfast.

Later, traveling by train from Dublin to Belfast, I was surprised to see no sign of a border separating the Irish Republic from Northern Ireland. The train had quietly whisked passengers along the coast of the Irish Sea, through meadows, around lakes, and past the Mourne Mountains. But as we approached Belfast, graffiti on a grey railway control box read: "26 + 6 = 1." This slogan symbolized the aspirations of Republicans to see the 26 counties of the Republic of Ireland and the six of the northern British province united in a single country. This was my first encounter with Northern Ireland's sectarian divide.

About two hours after leaving Dublin, the train pulled into Belfast. As I made my way through the small station, I discovered that there was no sign of the police or security forces that I had expected to see.

Just outside the station, a thin older gentleman asked me if I was looking for a taxi. When I replied in the affirmative, he grabbed my luggage and threw it onto a pile of suitcases already gathered in the trunk of his black cab. Entering the cab, I discovered four other travelers. We all appeared to be equally surprised by this experiment in mass transit. Overflowing with baggage, the trunk's open lid bounced up and down as the cab headed to its first destination -- the downtown hostel where I would be staying. Soon we came to an area where the buildings were pressed together along narrow shadowy streets. The driver brought the cab to a halt in front of the hostel. Miraculously, my luggage hadn't been lost along the way. Surveying the street outside the hostel, I thought that many of the buildings appeared abandoned, neglected,

grey, and forbidding. Later, I learned that this district was adjacent to Shankill and the Falls, two neighbourhoods made infamous during the height of Northern Ireland's "Troubles." This area would be my "home" during my time in Belfast.

It was a bright spring afternoon, and after checking in, I toured the streets nearby. On one particular block, offices of funeral directors alternated with florist



shops selling funeral wreaths. Walking further, it became apparent that Belfast's landscape was disfigured by barricades and policing devices. The courthouse and police stations were wrapped in metal fencing and razor wire, peppered with cameras, and monitored by watchtowers.

To combat IRA car bombings, Belfast's shopping and financial districts had become pedestrian zones where cars were prohibited. Even the entrances of some pubs and nightclubs were enclosed in barbed wire, guarded by cameras, and controlled by buzzers and electronic locks. And while the British Army had reduced its presence in Northern Ireland, the occasional armoured personnel carrier could be seen on Belfast's streets.

The next day, and with some feelings of guilt, I joined one of the somewhat morbid "'Troubles' tours" of the city that exposed curious visitors to an alien culture. Minibuses and black cabs propelled inquisitive travelers through sectarian neighbourhoods, and made pilgrimages to the city's frequently bombed buildings, like The Crown Liquor Saloon and The Europa Hotel. Even as a visitor to this divided city, however, it was necessary to be cautious. Travel brochures carried warnings not to photograph police or security forces. But the deadly reality of the situation became apparent to me after I purchased a republican newspaper at the Sinn Fein outlet on the Falls Road, and the driver told me to hide it as we passed through Protestant Shankill. In Belfast it was potentially dangerous to be caught with the "enemy's" publications.

On this same tour, I encountered Belfast's 30 year old corrugated iron walls -- ironically dubbed "the Peace Wall" or Peace Line -- that separated the slums of Shankill and the Falls. With British flags and curbsides painted red, white and blue, Shankill's Protestants demonstrated their determination to remain a part of the United Kingdom. In solidarity with the Irish Republic, the Falls, a Catholic area, streetlights were draped with flags in the republican colours of white, yellow and green. According to our driver, thirty years of segregation has only isolated and polarized Shankill and the Falls from each other.

The driver then headed for Belfast's disturbing and often pro-violence partisan murals that reflected the divisions marked out by the Peace Wall. From the sides of homes and businesses, the murals in Catholic neighborhoods echoed Catholic fear and distrust of police and security



forces. There, the Royal Ulster Constabulary, the British police force, was depicted as a snarling wolf with blood dripping from its fangs. In particular, Catholics have accused the RUC and the British Army of being in collusion with Protestant paramilitary groups. Other murals portrayed republican heroes like hunger striker Bobby Sands, historical grievances such as the tragedy of the Irish potato famine

(referred to by Catholics as "Ireland's Holocaust"), and the "Bloody Sunday" slaughter in which unarmed Catholic protesters were gunned-down by British soldiers.

In Protestant East Belfast, a set of murals expressed fears of losing British identity and the threat posed by Catholic paramilitary groups. Illustrated with the disbanded police forces of the UDR (Ulster Defence Regiment) and "B" Specials, one mural asked "WHO WILL DEFEND ULSTER NOW?" Another painting featured the U.F.F. (Ulster Freedom Fighters), a Protestant paramilitary group, and warned "WE SHALL NEVER IN ANY WAY CONSENT TO SUBMIT TO THE RULE OF THE IRISH."

In fact, most of Belfast's Protestants are descended from British Anglicans and Presbyterians granted land in an effort to displace Ireland's Catholic natives. As if to drive the point home, another painting bellowed "IRISH OUT: THE ULSTER CONFLICT IS ABOUT NATIONALITY." A common symbol in Protestant murals was the Red Hand of Ulster. According to legend, a Viking chief pledged that the land in sight of their ships would belong to the first man to place his hand on it. Cutting off his own hand, he then flung the bloody limb on the shore. This image illustrates the "all or nothing" attitude that can be found along Northern Ireland's religious divide. After taking many photographs of these paintings, I realized that no one was embarrassed that a stranger was recording these hate-filled images. As the driver returned our group to the hostel, I puzzled over a society in which portraits of fear and hatred were displayed so openly.

Later that day, I found myself outside a pub where the entrance was covered by a wire cage, and monitored by cameras. I pressed a button, and an electronic hum indicated that the gate was unlocked. Inside, portraits of Elvis Presley, Marilyn Monroe, Mohammed Ali, and Bob Marley congregated at one end of a narrow bar. A photograph of Martin Luther King Jr. incongruously faced an American Confederate flag. The display of these images -- many of them associated with rebellion -- announced that this was a republican bar.

The bar patrons were exceptionally friendly. In their tradition of good "craic" (pronounced "crack"), my hosts almost immediately began to entertain their Canadian visitor with jokes and song. It was startling for me to discover, then, that many of the men around the pub were

convicted terrorists, released under the provisions of the Good Friday Accord. And each of them had a story to tell. One white-haired man angrily recounted the British government's disregard for Bobby Sands' 1981 hunger strike. Sands eventually died of starvation in his attempt to have himself and other IRA prisoners recognized as political prisoners. Sands' death only increased the Catholic community's militancy. Around the room, the group agreed that Margaret Thatcher, in allowing Sands to die, "was the best recruiter that the IRA ever had."



Having lost a family member to sectarian violence, another-middle-aged Catholic man in the pub had spent time in prison after retaliating against the killers. "You don't want to hurt people, but sometimes you have to," he said.

Another patron explained the pub's need for security measures: several years ago, Protestant paramilitaries sprayed the bar with machine gun fire. Three people died in that attack, murdered in the same room where we were now talking and drinking. Looking around the pub once more, I realized that the pub's windows were all bricked-in. Isolated from the outside world, and knowing that people had been slain on this site, I felt a wave of claustrophobia wash over me.

Searching for an excuse to leave, I asked if there was an inexpensive restaurant in the vicinity. One of the pub's patrons, who had been reading a newspaper, recommended a Chinese take-away. As he was heading home anyway, he offered to share a cab that would let me out a couple of blocks from the restaurant.

It had rained while I was in the bar, and grey clouds still hung in the sky. As the sun hadn't fully set, this unfamiliar section of the city was bathed in tones of grey and brown.

Following the directions I'd been given, I walked along a street where the ruins of blackened buildings stood like open wounds. I suspected that these places had been burned or bombed in some past explosion of sectarian violence. It occurred to me that this must be Shankill.

I crossed the street, and entered the Chinese restaurant. Inside, a Chinese cook prepared food on a stainless steel counter, while a pale blond woman with a heavy Northern Irish accent stood behind the cash register and took my order.

"What part of the States are you from?" she enquired, cheerfully.

After telling her that I was from Canada, she explained that it was my "drawl" that had made her assume that I was American.

My drawl? I was completely taken aback. I'd lived all of my life in Canada, and had never thought of myself as having a drawl.

"Yes, I guess it is softer than an American accent" she offered, perhaps noting my puzzlement.

Similarities between American and Canadian accents aside, it dawned on me that she may not have heard a Canadian voice before. How many Canadians go to Shankill for Chinese take-away?

"Have you been to city hall?" the young woman ventured. "They have tours, you know." "And the pubs around Queen's University are just grand" she added.

Another customer, presumably a regular, entered the restaurant. She immediately began to prod him for advice about places to visit in Belfast. Her attempt to enlist his help was unproductive.

"He's from Canada," she added. This was met with no response from the rather embarrassed customer.

"Oh, and there's the Ulster Museum – it even has treasure from the Spanish Armada" the cashier announced proudly. While recommending that I see the Giant's Causeway, a famous area on Northern Ireland's coast, she packaged the food for me.

Thanking the young woman for her suggestions, I headed out onto the rain-soaked streets. Once more passing the blackened ruins on my way back to the hostel, I thought about the men at the bar, and the sectarian murals that I had seen earlier that day. The news reports out of Northern Ireland -- the ones that I had heard most of my life -- had always involved nameless and faceless victims and terrorists. Shankill and the Falls, however, had now become real places for me. I had met former IRA terrorists, and listened to their stories. Through the sectarian murals, I had even witnessed something of the fear and hatred that divided Northern Ireland.

After my time in Belfast, reports on terrorist activities, decommissioning, and especially Northern Ireland's peace efforts took on a much greater significance for me.

Again on the flight home, I listened to *Load Me Up* on Air Canada's in-flight music system. This time, though, I didn't hear it with a personal sense of apprehension or foreboding. I knew that I was safe. I worried, instead, for the Northern Ireland's fragile future.

For your information . . .

In the past, some travel information sources advised tourists to avoid Northern Ireland during the "Marching Season" (from about July 12th to August 12th). In spite of its violent reputation, however, Belfast is generally quite safe for tourists.

For information on Belfast's hostels, contact www.youth-hostels-in.com/belfast-hostels.htm.



Janice Behrens is now a regular *Voice* contributor through her weekly lifestyles column, *The Good Life*. This article was one of her first contributions to *The Voice*, and it exemplifies the uplifting style and common sense approach to living well. A thoughtful and intriguing piece, *Never Too Late to DIY* not only inspires readers to continue growing throughout their lifetimes, it also embraces the AU philosophy of lifetime learning, and mid-life career change. It was first published on July 14, 2004 [v12 i27].

A few weeks ago I was walking our dog around the neighbourhood, when I came across a woman pulling weeds from the flower garden in front of her home. I complemented her on her beautiful cottage which, with its thatched roof and ivy covered-walls, reminded of a Hobbit house, or an illustration from a Beatrix Potter book. We got to talking about gardens and the difference in taste between vegetables bought from a supermarket and those pulled straight from the soil.

She surprised me by telling me that she had never done a single bit of gardening before retiring five years earlier from a career as a pediatric surgeon. Her original plan had been to sell the house and spend the remainder of her days roaming the world with her dentist husband, an avid sailor. All this changed, though, when her husband died suddenly and unexpectedly of a stroke a year before they were both to retire. Out of the blue, she found herself facing her senior years alone. To make things worse, she had secretly been dreading the prospect of retirement. "So much of my identity", she told me, "was wrapped up in my job. It was the place where I was completely in control of my universe, solving other people's problems, caring about other people's health. I was tremendously good at what I did, and in a sense that became my protective shell."

Her father had been a merchant banker, and her mother had once been a concert violinist. They were, she told me, "intelligent and creative people, with a wide range of interests." Her childhood was filled with visits to art galleries and music recitals and poetry readings. As an only-child, she also spent many summer days alone in the garden, collecting snails and beetles and classifying backyard plants. She got her first chemistry set when she was seven, and knew from that moment on that she wanted to be a scientist, "to explore everything, learn about everything. There was nothing, then, no type of knowledge, that wasn't fascinating to me."

This eclectic range of interests followed her into her freshman year at Yale, where she had studied, of course, biology and chemistry, but also art history, anthropology, political science, modern drama. It started to change, though, when she realized that she was getting A-pluses in her "hard science" courses, and B's and A-minuses in some of her other classes. "Despite the fact that I loved everything I was studying, I began to feel the pressure to excel in order to make it into med school. I began to concentrate on those areas where I was strongest". Like most professionals, of course, this narrowing of focus continued throughout the remainder of her education and, in her case, throughout her professional career until, "by the time I was middle-aged, I had become as specialized as the insects that I had collected as a child."

In the months leading up to her retirement, she experienced a sense of anxiety almost verging on panic. At the same time, though, she was burnt-out and ready for a rest; simply too exhausted to continue. So she attended her retirement party, said her farewells, and "sat at home, twiddling my thumbs and wondering what exactly was supposed to happen next, what I was supposed to fill the rest of my life with now that I had nobody else's life to save. It was the strangest thing to discover was that I really didn't have any skills or interests outside of my career. I had rarely read a book or a magazine outside of medical journals. I didn't know how to knit, how to sew, how to cook. My husband and I had spent so much of our lives working, that we had rarely sat down to home cooked meals. We had lived off of restaurant meals, and take-out, and boil-in-the bag entrees.

"Fortunately I had some close friends that I could lean on for support. One of them is a gifted gardener and her husband is a great cook, nothing gourmet, but lots of good comfort foods like meatloafs. They showed me all the basics about gardening and about cooking more interesting meals: how to prepare the ground in the spring, which bulbs to buy, how to take the time to prepare a satisfying meal. It felt so good to be grounded in that way. Just to pull weeds with my hands was such a tremendous feeling."

In the months and years following, she began to stretch herself even more. Instead of hiring somebody to re-tile the bathroom floor, she decided to figure it out and do it for herself. She could certainly afford to hire somebody to do it, as she would have done in the past, but she says that she was driven, in a joyful way, to find push herself.

"I suppose I've always been a bit obsessive" she said, "about learning new things and challenging myself. Also, it was a great way to connect with my old friends and to develop new relationships with people. I took some adult education classes, photography and basic furniture making. I set up a dark room in the basement and made myself a coffee table. I began to go to the local library and take out books on everything I could imagine. For some people it may be second nature to have a variety of basic, useful skills, but for me it was almost a revelation that everything, from changing the oil in my car to perfecting a bechemel sauce, can be an adventure, even a sensual experience, and a way to engage with life."

And what's next? "I don't know. I've got my eye on some watercolour paints and a canvas."

I think I have a new role model.



WRITE FOR THE VOICE!

Contact The Voice editor at voice@ausu.org for details on writing for The Voice. Provide a sample selection of writing and preferred genre.



Internship or Bust is the journey of every student preparing to leave the cocoon of student security to navigate the bustling world of resumes, cover letters, and coveted internships with the most promising companies. Originally published on April 14, 2004 [v12 i15], this article is, like many of Sara's contributions, one that takes the reader along for the ride. Anecdotes and details abound, injecting the article with a reality and sincerity that brings leaves the reader wanting more...

Several months ago, after years of toiling away at my Bachelor's Degree with a major in English, and waitressing to pay for it all, I realised that I was finally in the home stretch of my post-secondary education. I had just five classes to go before I was to be unleashed upon the world, yet, truth be told, I wasn't ready. All I had to get by on was my imagination, creativity, youthful enthusiasm, and way with words. The articles I'd written for *The Voice* were an asset, but I needed more.

I knew I had all the raw materials, many of which were desirable to prospective employers, but I lacked the one thing that would bring them all together into a marketable package: work experience. It became clear that I was suffering from SS (student stigma). SS is a rarely acknowledged condition that runs rampant among post-secondary students. Its symptoms include being educated, but inexperienced. One direct contributor to SS is the vicious cycle known as the need-experience-to-get-experience paradox. Many a graduate has felt helpless at the hands of this infuriating conundrum. Although I had been in denial about my condition for many years, I knew that with a little persistence I could beat it. All I needed was a heavy dose of work experience. But where could I find such a thing?

The search for the elusive experience became my own private El Dorado. As I searched, it became apparent rather quickly that work experience often camouflages itself in the form of an internship. An internship is an aberrant work situation in which a student works for no pay. The company gets free labour while the student gains valuable experience; sort of a win-win situation, except for that no-pay part.

To ease my search, I made a list of places where I thought I might enjoy interning. It was a short list. In the end, I simply emailed my favourite magazine, *Jane*, asking if they offered summer internships. I suppose it may seem impractical or imprudent to put all of one's eggs in one basket, perhaps it even seems like a recipe for failure, but at the time it seemed perfectly reasonable.

Luckily, it turns out that I had, unknowingly, unearthed the motherload of internship opportunities. *Jane* magazine's publisher, Fairchild Publishing, not only offers internships all year round, all of which count as credit for school, but they offer internships at all 14, soon to be 15, of their magazines. Now that I had found this bounty, I had to figure out how to make a piece of it mine. Most importantly, I needed Fairchild to realize that they wanted me as much as I wanted them. No small task, indeed. The only thing I could do was to rely on my arsenal of imagination, creativity, youthful enthusiasm, and way with words. I used this fierce quartet of skills to write, quite possibly, the least conventional cover letter in existence. Risky yes, but how else can you get anyone to take notice of you in a page or less?

Meanwhile, that pesky voice of reason in my head kept taunting me. *Are you crazy? Do you know how many people apply for those things? And if you do get it, how are you going to be able to afford to live in New York? It doesn't matter. You probably won't even get a response.*

It's a good thing I tuned that voice out. Sometimes ignorance is bliss. So what if hundreds of people apply, how long does it take to whip up a cool cover letter and email it off with a resume? I had nothing to lose except maybe the few hours it would take me to write the letter, and even then it would be good practice.

Despite all my optimism, I was admittedly astounded when I got an email telling me that upon reviewing my resume that I had been selected to interview for an internship opportunity. To many, it might seem crazy to fly from Vancouver to New York at my own expense, to interview for an unpaid internship that I may or

may not get, but for me it would have been crazy not to. Sure, it was possible I'd fly all that way and not even be chosen, but the alternative would be that I'd never know what could have been. If I didn't go, I would likely always wonder.

Once my plane ticket was bought, my hotel room was booked, and my best friend was recruited to support me on my journey, I threw myself into preparing for my interview. I put together a portfolio of all my published writing, and updated my resume. And, for the first time, I had a legitimate excuse to indulge my chronic magazine-buying impulse. I spent hours reading and researching Fairchild magazines, two of which, luckily, happen to be my favourites: *Jane* and *Details*. I took notes on my favourite columns, articles, contributors, and, basically, on anything that I thought might be relevant to the interview process.

Again, I think ignorance is bliss. Because I truly hadn't expected a positive response, I was rather nonchalant about the whole thing, which didn't mean I was unprepared, it just meant I didn't fully realise what a big deal it was. I had no idea what to expect. It felt great simply to have been chosen for an interview, but I kept in mind the fact that it was a distinct possibility that I might show up to find hundreds of other people who also felt great about having been chosen. My only recourse was to make sure I was prepared, so that I would stand out from my competition.

I spent the entire flight from Vancouver to New York going through the notes I'd taken on the various Fairchild magazines. My carry-on bag was full of issues of *Jane*, *Details*, and *W*. I had no choice but to focus my research on those three for the rest of Fairchild's magazines are trade publications that aren't available on news stands, with the exception of *Elegant Bride*, which, in truth, I contemplated buying if only to give my boyfriend a heart attack.

Apart from my marathon magazine reading, I tried to prepare myself for what I thought would be potential interview questions. While it seems the majority of twenty-somethings are somewhat self-absorbed, myself included, I realised I was wholly unprepared to answer questions about myself. It seems simple and straightforward, in theory anyway. How hard can it be to answer questions about yourself? No one knows you any better than you know yourself, but it's not that easy. It's like trying to describe the sound of your own voice. Of course, you know everything about it, but just try and describe it to someone else; chances are even if you could, their perception of it is likely to be drastically different than yours.

In an effort to appear at least somewhat articulate when it came time to talk about myself, I embraced self-absorption at a whole new level. I took notes on my strengths, my weaknesses, my writing goals, my writing influences, my favourite authors, my favourite books and movies, the accomplishment I'm most proud of, my role models, and, of course, why they should choose me as their intern. As I got off the plane at JFK, I felt confident that I would be able to answer almost anything they threw my way.

The morning of the interview, my friend and I went to the famed Hudson Hotel for a leisurely brunch. I tried to relax and enjoy my french toast instead of dwelling on what was in store for me later that day. Afterwards, seeing as it was a beautiful day, we decided to walk the twenty-five blocks to the interview. We walked from West 59th down to 34th, right across from the Empire State Building. While she went in search of Macy's, I walked into the building that I hoped housed the antidote to my stigma.

I signed in with the security guard in the lobby and took the elevator up to the 5th floor conference rooms. Once on the 5th floor, I signed in again, but this time with the head of human resources. With my nametag on and my information packet in hand, I headed into the conference room to join my fellow SS sufferers. The room was set up in such a way that there were tables along three of the walls, each with pictures of the magazines looking for interns lined up on them. In between the tables were three rows of twelve chairs. I breathed a sigh of relief as I realised that I hadn't entered a room equipped to seat hundreds, simply a couple dozen. Despite my being over twenty minutes early, the whole first row and half of the second were already full. I sat down and started going through my packet. The atmosphere was one of masked nervousness. Clearly, the majority of us were nervous, but we all valiantly attempted to hide it. I was a lot calmer than I had anticipated, but I won't lie I was definitely a little on edge as I sat and waited for things to begin.

The room was full of women with the exception of about four guys. Some sat quietly reading and filling out their information packets. Others sized up the competition. A few chatted with their neighbours. As I'm a

die-hard people-watcher, I sat and observed the goings-on around me. There was a girl in the back row who kept trying to sneak looks at what the girl next to her was writing on her forms. Another girl in the front row was wearing a petal pink satin suit that was either recycled from a bridesmaid stint at a relative's wedding or a remnant costume from the movie *Steel Magnolias*.

I also took time to scan the three tables looking at the magazines that would have internships available. *Women's Wear Daily*, *W Accessories*, *Elegant Bride*, *Vitals*, *Details*, *Home Furnishings News*, *DNR*, *W*, and *Supermarket News* all had openings for the summer term. As I looked between the heads of the people in the front row, I tried to see where the *Jane* representative would be sitting. I wasn't the only one who realised there was absolutely no sign of anyone from *Jane* being present for the meeting. There were murmurs all around the room. "Where's *Jane*?" "Why isn't *Jane* here?" Clearly, I hadn't been the only one with my sights set on interning at the magazine.

I had no time to dwell on the fact that the magazine I had my heart set on wasn't even an option. The head of human resources came in and got the proceedings under way. She gave us a run down on what to expect over the course of the hour and a half we'd be there, and gave us a brief overview of Fairchild itself. Once she was done, the representatives from the magazines each stood up and told us what type of internships they were offering, whether editorial or fashion based. Each one described the duties that would be expected of us, as well as the availability needed. Some were looking for as many as five interns, others only one or two. All of the reps were very candid in stating that the positions were in no way glamorous. I believe comfortable shoes were stressed many times, especially for the fashion positions. The girl sitting next to me was going to have to think twice about the towering stilettos she was wearing if she was given a position, and maybe even the lacy g-string that was a good three inches above the waistband of her jeans, just for good measure.

I appreciated the honesty about the types of tasks that would be required of us: researching, fact checking, transcribing, gathering daily media clips, and various administrative duties. The blunt reality of it, I'm sure, dissolved the misguided notion that many of us had of the magazine business being a glamorous one. My only disappointment, besides the whole *Jane* not being there thing, was that only one of the nine magazines mentioned anything about the possibility of actually getting to do some writing. Most of them flat out stated that there was no chance of doing any writing. While their honesty was commendable, it was still a letdown. *Supermarket News* was the only one that mentioned writing as a required duty. In fact, the rep said that in all likelihood that we could have up to twelve or thirteen by-lines by the end of the summer, if we were motivated. Despite the fact that *Supermarket News* would have been my very last choice when I initially walked in the room, I now knew who I had to interview with right off the bat. My ego, of course, balked, wanting me to interview with the better-known magazines, but my practical realistic I-want-to-be-a-writer side told me to get real.

After all the presentations, the chairs were cleared away and we had the chance to interview with the reps of the magazines that interested us. Despite my ego telling me to head straight to *Details*, I went for *Supermarket News*, which, for the record, is not a tabloid although I know it sounds like one. It's a trade magazine, for people like managers of Safeway or Walmart, that reports on the latest in food trends and developments in that industry. Later on, I did interview with *Details* and *Vitals*.

Since all the reps had stressed the need for their interns to be motivated, responsible, and organised, my background in distance education was invaluable. As we all know, we would likely never get a single assignment done if we didn't possess those qualities. In each of the interviews, it was the skills and qualities that relate directly to my time as an Athabasca student that were my greatest asset, while all the self-absorbed soul searching I had done on the plane ended up being a moot point.

Overall, I know the interviews went well. I left with no regrets. Whether or not I stood out among the other candidates, remains to be seen. For now, I'm simply playing the waiting game. If anything comes from my time in New York, work experience or not, it is that I have added another skill to my arsenal in the fight against SS: interview skills. Now, I am that much closer to being ready to be unleashed upon the world, and embracing life after school, a life that doesn't include the words "you have a choice of fries or salad with that."

WHEN YOU'VE SEEN BEYOND YOURSELF

Lonita Fraser

Sgt. Pepper's, a Vinyl Revolution

Originally published January 14, 2004



Sgt. Pepper's hit the airwaves nearly forty years ago, and the revolution it launched can still be detected in many modern releases, though younger music fans may be unaware of the roots of the signature Beatles pop/rock sound. This trend-setting early concept album has a profound affect on Lonita Fraser, and *When You've Seen Beyond Yourself*, originally published on January 14, 2004 [v12 i2] is an eloquent and passionate homage to the power and lasting influence of a great work of art.

For Christmas someone gave me the DVDs of *Willy Wonka & the Chocolate Factory* and *The Who's Tommy*; both exceedingly strange films in their own right - one a messianic pinball odyssey, the other a candy-coloured slap on the wrist to bratty children

and the greedy. Watching them both made me very nostalgic for another strange film, *Yellow Submarine* -- an animated fantasy of the Fab Four saving Pepperland from the Nazi-like, music-hating Blue Meanies - which led me to watching it and thinking about its origins, and the doors those origins opened up musically.

In 1966, the Beatles announced their retirement from live performance; after becoming bored with touring, and realising that the need to perform their songs in front of an audience was also restricting their ability to make music. They wanted to create an album that would do the touring *for* them. They retired to their Abbey Road studios and produced *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, an album that was so densely produced that it *couldn't* be performed live with the technology of the time. In each song, the Beatles tried to take their music, and by extension popular music itself - and its audiences - somewhere it hadn't been before; somewhere they'd begun to go previously with their albums *Revolver* and *Rubber Soul*, and where the Beach Boys had begun to go with the release of their album *Pet Sounds*.

Sgt. Pepper was a boundary pusher of what was possible, both conceptually and actually, for popular music and its performers. It began expanding the vocabulary of popular music not only by including orchestration, more complex melodies, cultural themes and influences, sampled sounds, tape looping, etc. (many of these sounds were on-the-spot studio innovations from George Martin, and even equipment tampering), but also by allowing people to realise that such things were possible. Record albums in general also began to become works of art in their own right, created and crafted rather than merely a recording of a performance.

The evolving view of what the album could be and accomplish, helped give rise to *Sgt. Pepper* earning the reputation as the first concept album; an ill-deserved label in the sense that it carried no cohesive theme throughout its entire song base, other than that of experimentation. The Beatles had attempted to make it a whole concept, but gave up after the first couple of songs - the rest having no discernible theme, and the album's "bookend" feel is kept alive by the reprise of the opening song near the end of the record.

Years before the band had broken new ground by writing their own music, pushing other musicians to follow suit, and *Sgt. Pepper* continued that tradition of originality. Lyrically many of the songs are deceptively simplistic, yet they are highly symbolic and metaphorical. In form as well as content it also breaks new ground. It was the first album to include the lyrics on the sleeve. This called attention to the words as a separate entity, an element of the creative work having its own merit just as valid as the other components, and showing, even, that lyrics can stand on their own as poetic works without their musical bed. The audiences become far more aware and conscious of the content of a song, and other artists become more conscious not only of the content of their own work, but also the content of the work of others. Musicians began to be seen as something more than mere performers of instruments; they are now creators, artists, and craftspeople.

The attitude of experimentation was not confined merely to the physical appearance of the album and its content. The album encouraged, and reflected, the same attitudes societally. The 60's were an era of experimentation with mind-altering and expanding drug use; free and open love; protesting against the stuffiness and rigidity of the past and the institutions created by the established authority figures of the day; protesting against military actions abroad that many felt the west had no part in; and so on. Musicians, and people in general, began to realise the vast areas of choice and freedom that were now opening up to them. People began to realise not only what changes could be made, but also that change itself was possible - radical change.

The album may have been aimed at the Beatle's traditional audiences, but it wasn't to be handed to them only; it was meant to take them somewhere new. Most current popular music doesn't do this; it doesn't provide any challenge - good or bad - as it's designed for people to like it without any effort. Because of its level of newness and experimentation, *Sgt. Pepper's* wasn't intended as a mass-market, moneymaking commodity - something else one can't claim about most current popular music. The wide appeal of The Beatles would ensure that anything they produced would have an audience, but would by no means ensure that release any success - financially, critically, or popularly.

The album appealed to the musicians and audiences who were ready to go beyond what popular music had been offering them, to experimenters, rebels, those looking to grow past or thwart traditional music-makers, cultural leaders, authority figures, and anyone afraid of challenge to the status quo; those who would be offended by its free-thinking, musical experimentation, and non-Western themes and sounds. This album had challenged the dominant culture by espousing a spirit of experimentation and change, and encouraging those same things in others. The album, and the men who created it, challenged traditional musical styles and uses, beliefs (personal and cultural), personal habits and rights (drugs, sexuality, religion, etc.), attitudes, and morals.

The film that album gave birth to, *Yellow Submarine*, is an innovator and groundbreaker in its own right - but that's a story for another day.

Lonita has been an AU student since early 2002, and is studying towards a Bachelor of General Studies in Arts & Science. She enjoys writing, creating websites, drinks far too much tea, and lives in hopes of one day owning a plaid Cthulhu doll. The most exciting thing she's done so far in her lifetime is driven an F2000 racecar, and she's still trying to figure out how to top that experience. Her personal website can be found at <http://www.lonita.net> and what you can't find out about her through that, you can ask her via email: lonita_anne@yahoo.ca

THE PHYSICALLY DISABLED KNOW NO BOUNDS

By Shannon Maguire

Originally published February 25, 2004



Some people have a grim outlook about the capabilities of the disabled; they believe that a disability may somehow lower a person's quality of life. But the people who do have physical disabilities are constantly showing us that these people are wrong. One of the most exciting areas in which they do this is the world of sports. People with physical disabilities have found very creative ways to continue to play a wide range of very challenging sports. Some people play these sports at the amateur level and others go on to become Olympic athletes. The sports that are being played by people with physical disabilities are not what most people would expect. I was pleasantly surprised when I found out that there seems to be a sport for almost every disability, there is a way to play highly competitive and physical sports such as hockey, and there are some sports, that I have never even heard of, that were created with the physically disabled in mind.

Did you know that the Martin 16 sailboat can be rigged for use by a person with quadriplegia? You can control the sailboat by breathing into a straw attached to your chest. This is just one of the many innovations that have been developed to ensure that everyone regardless of their physical condition can participate in the sports they love. At the Olympic level there are restrictions on which athletes can compete in certain sports. For instance, only blind or partially sighted individuals can play goal ball professionally. Community leagues, on the other hand, often do not place restrictions on who can play. They welcome everyone, even individuals without disabilities. Many people without disabilities are also becoming involved in sports leagues and using equipment designed for individuals with disabilities. One example is the Martin 16 sailboat which is often used by people without disabilities because the boat is safer and easier to use than many other types of sailboats.

Did you know that people with quadriplegia can play rugby and people with a locomotor disability can play hockey? Wheelchair rugby and sledge hockey are both Paralympic sports along with soccer, wheelchair basketball and judo. These sports are quite physical and competitive, but that does not stop people with physical disabilities from playing them. There are also many other team and individual sports being played in the summer Paralympics. Some sports that can be seen in this summer's Olympic and Paralympic Games in Athens, Greece are:

| | | |
|------------|--------------|------------------|
| Archery | Fencing | Shooting |
| Athletics | Football | Swimming |
| Basketball | Goalball | Table Tennis |
| Boccia | Judo | Tennis |
| Cycling | Powerlifting | Volleyball |
| Equestrian | Sailing | Wheelchair Rugby |

It is estimated that 160 Canadian athletes will be participating in the Paralympic Games this summer. The current winter Paralympic sports are:

Alpine Skiing Sledge Hockey
Nordic skiing Wheelchair curling

There are also many sports that I was not aware of before I visited the Canadian Paralympic Committee's website. One of these is goal ball, which was designed for people who are blind or partially sighted. The object of this sport is to roll the ball across the court to the other team's goal while opposing players attempt to stop the ball. Everyone, regardless of the extent of their vision impairment, must wear a blindfold. The ball is equipped with bells to allow players to locate it and the court contains raised lines to help players position themselves.

Another sport that is new to me is boccia. This sport is played in wheelchairs and the object is to place your team's balls closer to the opposing team's balls than another ball called the jack. It is quite a complex and interesting team sport.

As you can see, a physical disability is not going to prevent people from continuing to play sports. Creativity, hard work and a determination to remain active and have fun has resulted in numerous sports being played recreationally and competitively by many people with physical disabilities. If you would like to learn more about these sports you can visit:

The Canadian Paralympic Committee website at www.paralympic.ca

The 2004 Olympic and Paralympic Games website at www.athens2004.com

The Athabasca University Sports Club has links to other sport sites for people with and without physical disabilities at www.ausu.org/clubs/ausc/index.php

Every second counts...

**Phone
first!**



Call 9-1-1 or your local emergency number right away at the first signs and signals of heart attack and stroke. Don't wait even a few minutes.

Phone first!

... and become part of the Chain of Survival™



To learn more

www.heartandstroke.ca

1-888-473-4636



NATURE NOTES

from the backyard to the biosphere

By Zoe Dalton

Faunal Adaptations: The Fascinating And The Befuddling

Originally published February 4, 2004

Turn on the television on any day at any time, and you will be sure to find at least one show featuring animals; open any book, and there will almost surely be at least one reference to animals.

While it may seem that we live in an entirely human-dominated world, animals are in fact all around us: in reality, in myth, and in symbolism. Animals have continued to fascinate, to entertain, to command people's attention throughout time, and while the relationship between humans and non-human animals has not always been one of respect, it has throughout time remained one of awe.

What is it about the animal world that so fascinates us? Is it the seemingly endless diversity of species, the similarities in form or behaviour between so many animals and ourselves, or the marvelous ingenuity of design that pervades the animal kingdom? Undoubtedly, each of these factors plays a role in our unending interest in the world of animals.

The Kingdom *Animalia* is broken down into the categories of *Phylum*, *Class*, *Order*, *Family* and, most familiar to the layperson, *Genus* and *Species*. This kingdom, to which we humans also belong, is filled with creatures so strikingly different from each other that within such a grouping can be found everything from the delicate, sessile sponges of the sea floor to the mighty elephants of Asia and Africa. While sponges and elephants, Amoebas and humans are linked in this classification system at only the most general level, such linkage indicates a common ancestor, one organism from which we, through a process of evolution, all emerged. Yes, it is true that we split off from this shared ancestry many, many aeons ago. But how, and why?

Evolution, the process in which organisms undergo alterations in behaviour and form, is understood as being intricately linked with something called natural selection – better known to many as the scenario of survival of the fittest. As a result of natural selection, any given organism is considered to be that which is best adapted to the environment as it is in that place, at that time. As the environment changes, so must the organisms dependent on it if they are to persist.

One of the most intriguing aspects of zoology, or the study of animals, is investigating exactly that: the adaptive features of animals in relation to their environment. Some adaptations seem so logical, so ingenious, that one can hardly believe evolution is thought of as a random process.

Take the English moth species that, during the industrial revolution, transformed from a light beige colouration to a dark charcoal colour. Why such a change? As the trees on which this moth rested became increasingly covered in airborne soot, and thus changed from a light bark colour to black, beige moths were suddenly maladapted to their now-changed environment. These light-coloured moths were no longer well-camouflaged, and became easy prey for a predator on the lookout for a tasty snack on a sooty tree.

The story goes that over time, those moths which by random mutations of the genes emerged from the pupa darkly coloured, and thus well-camouflaged on the soot-covered trees, were best able to survive in the changed environment in which they found themselves. As survivors, it was these dark moths that were able to reproduce, thus creating more moths just like themselves, and eventually creating a strain different from that common in pre-industrial times. This moth can be seen to have gone through a rapid evolutionary process in which, through natural selection, a randomly-generated dark coloured moth became that best able to survive and reproduce. An evolutionary event witnessed in our own time: Fascinating without a doubt.

What about those creatures that sport what can only be thought of as some kind of maladaptation? What can be said about those species with features that just don't seem to fit their environment; how can the presence of their particular way of coping with their surroundings be explained in the evolutionary terms discussed above? One of the most common situations in which are witnessed what appear to be maladaptations is where a species utilises more than one habitat type. Picture the seal, sea lion, or walrus: exceedingly clumsy on land or ice, but magical swimmers in their primary habitat: the sea.

Another of my personal favourites is the Red-necked Grebe. A phenomenal swimmer and quite a flyer, this diving bird seems equally at home in the water as in the air. But goodness gracious, whatever you do, Grebey, do not make a touch-down on land. This bird, which occasionally ends up on *terra firma* as a result of accident or miscalculation, will find itself land-bound, unable due to its specialized, lobed toes, to move about on the ground. Wildlife rescuers are, from time-to-time, called upon to relieve these poor birds of their land-locked state, and to replace them to their primary habitat: the water. Without such assistance, the unfortunate Grebes would have perished, stranded and alone on foreign soil.

From an evolutionary perspective, is the lobed toe then a maladaptation, something which makes the bird rather ill-suited for its environment? The Grebe, which frequently must fly above land in its travels from one water body to another, is literally stranded if it miscalculates and ends up on the ground. How, then, could one say that the Grebe is best suited to its environment?

The answer lies in looking at what, in fact, comprises the main environment of the Grebe as a species. The lobed toe is *the* feature that makes Grebes such strong swimmers, such strong divers, and such successful underwater hunters. Thus while the lobed toe acts in a maladaptive capacity while the bird is on land, any negative impacts it may have in the occasional Grebe's life is more than made up in the population by being a decidedly positive adaptation to life in the water. Thus, when trying to understand an animal's adaptations, we must always ask, 'adaptation to what'? The Grebe is perfectly adapted to life in the water. The presence of land between the water bodies to which it is so well-adapted is simply a royal pain in the occasional individual Red-necked Grebe's life...

Ah evolution, something to ponder on these long winter evenings, something to remind us of the never-ending wonders of the outside world as we remain huddled inside in a state of quasi-hibernation. Constant, ever-changing, and resulting in endlessly novel forms of life, evolution in the animal kingdom is something to behold. Sometimes amusing, occasionally baffling, the adaptation of animals to their environment is always awesome. Here's to a continuing fascination with the animal world, and a growing recognition of the wonders our kingdom has to offer.

Zoe Dalton is a graduate of York University's environmental science program, and is currently enjoying working towards a Master of Arts in Integrated Studies with Athabasca U. She can be reached for comments or questions at zk_dalton@hotmail.com.

FROM MY PERSPECTIVE Registered Educational Savings Plans

Debbie Jabbour



Originally published July 28, 2004

As a proud new grandmother, I've been thinking a lot about how I will be fulfilling the many promises I made to my grandson while he was still in the womb. One of those promises is that I will do everything I can to ensure his access to post secondary education. Given that by the time he is likely to be going to university, he will need tuition funds in the vicinity of \$20,000 a year, any contribution I can make will be essential.

The reality, however, is that saving for education is a difficult task. I wish I could have done it for my own children, to prevent them going into debt carrying the burden of student loans, but I couldn't. When you are part of the middle class, struggling to raise a family of five, keeping food on the

table and dressing them well, not to mention giving them a few benefits like dance and music lessons, there is simply nothing left over to stash away in a savings account. Even that changed once I became a single parent. Struggling just to survive meant there was no longer room even for small benefits. When you have four school-aged children and are trying to figure out how to scrape up money for four sets of school fees, supplies, and clothes, saving money for university is a very distant wish on some far-away dream horizon.

Things haven't really changed. I'm not in any position to save for university, and I'll be facing significant student loan repayment myself. But I do want to do whatever I can to make life easier for my grandchild, so I've vowed to start some savings, regardless of how small, in the hopes that once I graduate I may one day find myself in a position where I can make some "real" contributions to those savings.

To that end, I've been checking out my options. Through my involvement with the student union, I've become quite familiar with Registered Educational Savings Plans (RESPs) and the Canada Education Savings Grant (CESG). As far as I'm concerned, these are benefits for the rich, and this opinion is reinforced the more I read about the topic.

RESPs are considered by many to be a good way to invest money toward education, and these investment plans are marketed to people by various companies belonging to a lucrative scholarship "industry." For many years, government regulations meant that if parents did not use these investment funds for post secondary education, a portion was lost - funds which the companies then re-invested to cover investment growth for those whose children did attend university.

In 1998 the government changed the regulations to expand the list of eligible post secondary institutions to include colleges, and under the new family plan, parents were allowed to transfer unused funds to another child or to their RRSP. The industry also received a boost in 1998 when the Liberals implemented the CESG as part of their "improved" education budget. The CESG provides 20 cents for every dollar parents contribute to a child's RESP, matching funds up to a maximum of \$400 yearly - meaning that the more you can afford to save, the more the government helps you!

Even though they received a huge financial boost from these new regulations, the RESP industry has other problems. The Alberta Securities Commission 2002 industry report has revealed that in Ontario, several companies have been barred from taking on new business, while others are required to make monthly reports. The same has occurred in Alberta, where five scholarship plan dealers registered in the province in 2002 were found to be in breach of securities legislation (*Edmonton Journal*, July 21, 2004). Where does the problem lie?

The Securities Commission stated that although the investments themselves are safe, the companies in question are guilty of misrepresentation, and misleading and aggressive sales tactics, among other issues. Individuals

signing up were not adequately informed regarding what would happen if the plan was terminated, and returns were often quoted as much higher than they actually were. Some sales reps said they worked for a non-profit organization, even though the plans and their distributors are very much for-profit. The Alberta Securities Commission is working with these firms to try to fix the problems cooperatively, but it certainly seems that those who have extra money that they plan to invest in RESPs need to follow the adage, "buyer beware."

I certainly don't need further proof that RESPs are not a benefit to help low-income and disadvantaged families send their children to university, but a recent Statistics Canada report has provided it anyway. It came as no surprise to read that this report has confirmed that even though the government has aggressively marketed the CESG over the last four years since its inception, almost half of all Canadian parents with children under 19 remain unaware of the program.

What about the 53.2 percent who were aware of the program? They have higher incomes, better education, and are more likely to own their own homes. Thirty-five percent of those with incomes less than \$15,000 were aware of the grant, compared to 69.5 percent of those with incomes of more \$40,000.

Of parents with a high school diploma only, 36.6 per cent know about the grant, compared to 73.6 awareness among parents with post-graduate degrees. Similar statistics were apparent in home ownership, with only 38 percent of renters knowing about the grant, while 60.4 percent of "mortgage free homeowners" were aware.

These findings support what many have been saying about these education grants from the start: they are a perk for the rich and those who can afford to save. Surely it cannot be that difficult to see the obvious? Individuals who only have a high school education, who make \$15,000 a year, and who are paying rent, cannot even begin to think about stashing savings in a bank account for their children to access many years from now. On the other hand, individuals with university degrees, making good money, owning their homes mortgage-free, with plenty of cash to spare and earning over \$40,000 a year, can easily put away yearly savings of \$2000 per child. High income, privileged families are therefore eligible to receive \$400 of government grant money every year, while low-income families continue to be shut out of post secondary educational opportunities.

During the last four years, the federal government has given \$2 billion in registered education savings plans to this grant program. Direct study grants for low-income students only amounted to \$474.45 million for the same period. Even more telling is the fact that banks and mutual fund companies have flooded the market with RESPs, considering these a lucrative industry. Some statistics indicate that it costs the government \$1 billion a year just to administer the RESP/CESG program (see SUDS report, *The Voice*, August 3, 2003. v11 i36). Add to that the Alberta Securities Commission report on this lucrative industry, and one really has to wonder why the government continues to insist that they are supporting post-secondary education.

In Alberta, of course, babies born during Alberta's Centennial next year will "benefit" from a government grant of \$500 to further boost the savings of those wealthy enough to start an RESP for their newborns (see *Taking Notes: Alberta Government to Give \$16 Million for Education. The Voice*. Feb 18, 2004. v12 i07)

I find it deeply disturbing that saving for university is big business, a lucrative industry that primarily benefits the rich. But in spite of my ideological issues with RESPs, and CESGs, if I can manage it, I'm not averse to taking some government money if it means I can help my grandchild access post secondary education. In all honesty, I doubt any savings plan or grant will make much of a dent in what he will be paying for university, but at the very least, saving toward that goal will reinforce for him the importance of a university education.

Parents should scrutinize RESPs: Though investments are safe, sales methods sometimes questionable. Ray Turchansky, *Edmonton Journal*, July 21, 2004.

Many families, especially poor, unaware of education grants. *Edmonton Journal*, July 25, 2004. Sarah Schmidt, CanWest News Service, Ottawa.

Debbie is a native Edmontonian, and a single parent with four daughters. She has worked as a professional musician for most of her life, and has enjoyed a rich variety of life experiences - with many more to come! Debbie is working towards an eventual doctorate in psychology.



GHOST IN THE MIRROR

Originally published June 9, 2004

Bill Pollett

*I'm looking for the face I had
Before the world was made*
W.B. Yeats

Sometimes, standing before the bathroom mirror, I find myself confronting the wraith. Like a swamp creature, he rises up to meet me as if from the depths of a great dark pool. In a gesture of friendship or demonstration of harmless intent or display of malice, he shows me his slightly crooked teeth, his abdominal paunch, his sagging chest. He has shadows beneath his eyes.

The bathroom mirror is not the only place that I've seen him. Sometimes I'll catch a flickering glimpse of that wary, bewildered expression in unlikely spots - the window of a nighttime bus, the back of a spoon, the surface of a silvered toaster. I've seen him in grainy home movies projected on basement walls, in an ancient Polaroid found wedged beneath the cushions of a couch.

I used to think he was confined to these out-of-the-way places, these lost regions. Lately, though, I've learned that he is closer than I thought; that we travel in the

same circles. There are mutual acquaintances. He's been seen at my barber's, my favourite coffee shop.

There are rumours about him, contradictory and inconsistent. So and so says that he has beautiful handwriting, but is unreliable and ill-tempered. Such and such has heard, from a reliable source, that has unpaid parking tickets and a weakness for women in red dresses. Some say he smells of garlic and is insincere. Others, that he has a slight tremor and owns eleven cats.

From what I have been able to gather, it appears that we have several common interests and affinities. Stilton cheese, for instance, and German ghost stories and country and western songs about highways and train wrecks.

Sometimes I'll catch myself daydreaming, inventing a whole reality for him. I imagine him shopping at Sears and organizing his attic. I picture him clumsily dancing a polka with his wife, or comforting his daughter after a bad dream.

Standing before him in the bathroom mirror, I sense that he has travelled toward me across vast, lonely distances. I sense, also, that he has come with the intention of conveying some sort of message to me. But perhaps the message is half-remembered, or he knows there is no language we share that can adequately express it. Perhaps he thinks I am not ready for it. Whatever the case, nothing is ever said. We simply stare at each other, in awkward silence, until eventually we turn our backs and leave.



Originally published August 25, 2004

Dear Barb:

I am in my first year at AU. I haven't chosen a major yet and I'm not sure what direction to pursue. I enjoy working with people, but my parents want me to go into accounting. Do you have any suggestions on how I can do what I want without hurting my parents? They are funding my education, so I feel an obligation to consider their wishes.

Tim in New Brunswick

Hi Tim, as you know choosing a career is an important decision that requires careful thought. A good part of your life will be spent working in your chosen field, therefore it is very essential that you choose a path that will be not only fulfilling, but will provide you with the type of lifestyle that is important to you.

Your parents probably have their rationale for wanting you to go into accounting. Perhaps it is a family tradition. Was your father an accountant; maybe his father as well? Or do they own a family business and have a position for you when you finish school?

There could be many reasons your parents want you to go into this specific career. However, most parents want their children to be happy. You don't mention if you have discussed your wishes with your parents. Moreover, you may want to investigate further what career you want to pursue. Working with people can include many different careers; social worker, teacher, human resource person, psychologist, the professions are varied.

Fortunately there is an abundance of information available on the Internet to assist you in finding information about various careers. You can take aptitude tests online; as well most career counseling centers offer similar tests. Usually the results of these tests mirror your interests, as we generally like to do what we do best. Additionally AU offers a self-assessment quiz on their web site under "Services to Students." The test only takes a few minutes to complete. Afterwards you can discuss the results with an online academic adviser, either through email or telephone.

Perhaps you could then present the results to your parents. They may be more open to your desires if they see that your skills indicate the direction you should be following. Sharing this information with your parents will further reinforce your position.

When you consider that you will be spending approximately 10,000 days of your life working, you certainly have to do something where your skills, values and interests are all fully utilized. The ultimate pay off will be a sense of accomplishment and fulfillment, thus giving you a more positive attitude in all aspects of your life.

Ultimately Tim, I'm sure your parents want you to lead a happy and fulfilled life, rather than doing something that you don't want to do just to make them happy. Your question was a difficult one that requires a sensitive balance; therefore I hope I was able to help in some way.

E-mail your questions to advice.voice@ausu.org. Some submissions may be edited for length or to protect confidentiality: your real name and location will never be printed. This column is for entertainment only. The author is not a professional counsellor and this column is not intended to take the place of professional advice.



CMIS 245 COURSE INTRODUCTION

Katie Patrick

Originally Published April 28, 2004

Do you use your PC merely as a word processor for typing essays and other coursework? Or do you think of your PC as an account manager, a graph and chart producer, a presentation tool, and a gateway to the world through the internet?

Athabasca University's new course, Microcomputer Applications in Business (CMIS 245), is a hands-on course that will allow you to embark on a practical learning adventure with your computer. Not only will you soon view your computer in the exciting ways mentioned above, but CMIS 245 will equip you with a variety of tools for successful Windows operation.

Throughout the course, relevant business applications are emphasized where appropriate as well. Divided into 14 lessons, Microcomputer Applications in Business (CMIS 245) first begins with an introduction to "the basics" associated with Windows. Over the next 3 chapters, you will explore Microsoft Word -- discovering editing, macros, formatting, tabs, indents, ruler use, guidelines, and more. In short, you will be introduced to a myriad of Word features which will transform your word processing experiences!

Once you have mastered Word, you will embark on an Excel adventure, first discovering the rudiments of this popular spreadsheet, then delving deep into the world of spreadsheet design, graphs, and charts, as well as the mathematical functions of the program.

Over lessons 9 to 11, you will be introduced to the Access database, and have hands-on practice in creating tables, reports, and more. Next, you will learn how to initiate and design professional quality Power Point presentations and slides in a fascinating, practical manner. Lastly, your final lesson deals with a comprehensive overview of the internet and its many applications -- a useful tool in today's world.

Your evaluation from the 3-credit Microcomputer Applications in Business (CMIS 245) course results from four assignments (worth 17.5% each), one quick quiz (worth 5%), as well as a final exam (worth 25%).

Offered through Athabasca University's School of Business, CMIS 245 is offered in 3 formats; through the traditional individualized study, through grouped study, and through the popular fast-paced e-Class option.

Having no prerequisites, you are able to register in Microcomputer Applications in Business today to gain practical knowledge about your computer programs' many capabilities!

For further information on CMIS 245, you can visit the course syllabus at:
www.athabascau.ca/html/syllabi/cmis/cmis245.htm



This column focuses on a wide range of issues affecting post-secondary students. Students are encouraged to submit suggestions and educational topics they are concerned about, or personal experiences with courses or university situations they feel other students should know about. If suggest a topic or a course alert for Taking Notes, contact djabbour@ausu.org

ATTENDING AU ON STUDENT LOANS

Debbie Jabbour

Originally published January 28, 2004

Are you an AU student on student loan, or are you planning to apply for a student loan? If so, there are some important things you should be aware of.

To be considered full time, students don't necessarily have to be carrying a full course load of 15 credits per semester. You are considered full time if you successfully complete at least nine credits a semester (four months), or the equivalent of 60% of the full course load. Taking only three courses a semester can make full time studies more manageable, and you are still eligible for full-time funding. For graduate students a single graduate course per semester may qualify you for full time status (depending on the faculty).

What about course extensions? Undergrad students on student loan are expected by student finance to complete their courses in four months. However, you will receive one free extension at AU, giving you the equivalent of 6 months to complete the course. Extensions to a course are not considered when determining a full course load. Students on loan can still request course extensions, but they need to ensure that these extensions will not put them into the maximum course limit.

As a full time student, getting courses done on time can be challenging, and Athabasca University monitors the progress of funded students. If you are making no progress at all in your courses, you run the risk of having your student funding discontinued. If you find yourself heading for trouble - ask for help before it's too late. The registrar's office can advise you and connect you with counselling services if needed. AUSU also provides peer support through the study buddy program, mentor program, online forums, and coffee/study groups. For information go to: <http://www.ausu.org>

Funding for full time students is not available in every province, and different provincial funding agencies may have variations in their policies. AU's registrar's office tries to be as flexible as possible with funded full time students, but they do have to conform to provincial legislation, so make sure you are aware of the policies in your province. AU's registrar's department has prepared a comprehensive information sheet that goes out with every student loan funding letter. Access it at: <http://www.athabascau.ca/html/depts/registry/forms/pdf/funded.doc>

3 YEARS OR 4?

Originally published December 17, 2003

What is the difference between a three-year bachelor degree and a four-year bachelor degree? Well, for one, it's a difference between a total tuition a little over \$16,000 or more than \$22,000 (based on current AU per course cost of \$541). But does that extra year really make a difference? Well, it depends on what your goals in life are. University people will tell you that a four-year degree is always preferable because it allows you to get into graduate programs. This is generally true, although students should closely research their program of choice to ensure what the admission requirements are. At AU, the Executive MBA does not even require a completed undergrad degree.

What about employers? Do they differentiate? Not necessarily. A BA is a BA, regardless of how long it took or how much it cost. An undergraduate degree at three years is just as valid as a four year degree for many, if not most, employment opportunities. Of course, there are specializations, and these are sometimes the best way to go. University certificates and diplomas that can be achieved in one or two years are often excellent ways to beef up one's resume and improve career prospects without spending excessive time, money and energy.

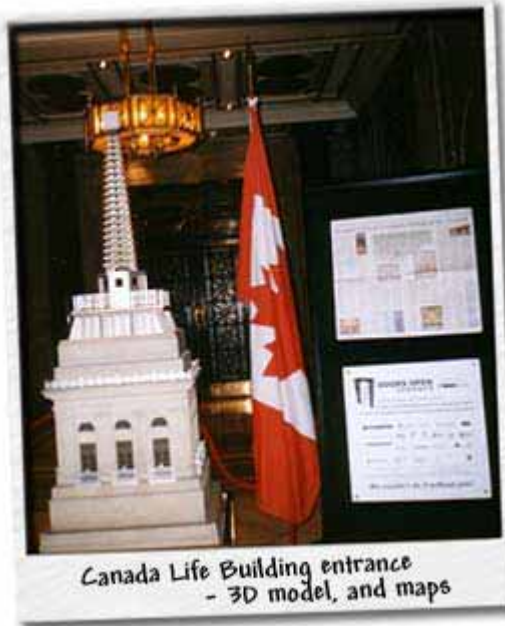
The choice of how many years really depends on where you want to go in the future. If you want to continue on with your education and are in pursuit of a Master's degree, a PhD, or a professional designation - then a four year undergrad degree may be required. If you just want to improve your job prospects, get better credentials, or just say you have a university degree - then three years or less is plenty.

VOLUNTEER VENTURE

Opening Toronto's Doors

Originally published November 3, 2004

Antonia Cruz



"Where the doors open for a weekend each year, during the spring season, brightening up the town with plenty of joy and cheer," [1] I recalled, as I thought of continuing my spring travels in Toronto. This year, however, instead of traveling around with my backpack, I decided that I would trade it in for something different, and chose instead to help other travelers in the city...

My venture began a few weeks before the day of the "Doors Open Toronto"[2] event in May. On the overcast Saturday morning, I arrived at New City Hall. Inside of the building, there was a large group of people, eagerly wanting to help out on event day. As everyone picked up their volunteer information packages about our assigned locations, we waited to gather in the city council chamber for the presentation, which began shortly afterward with a short video highlighting the city of Toronto and ended with guest speakers highlighting the importance of helping out on the fifth anniversary of such an event. *"Wow, I never knew the need to help out on an event such as this!"* I thought.

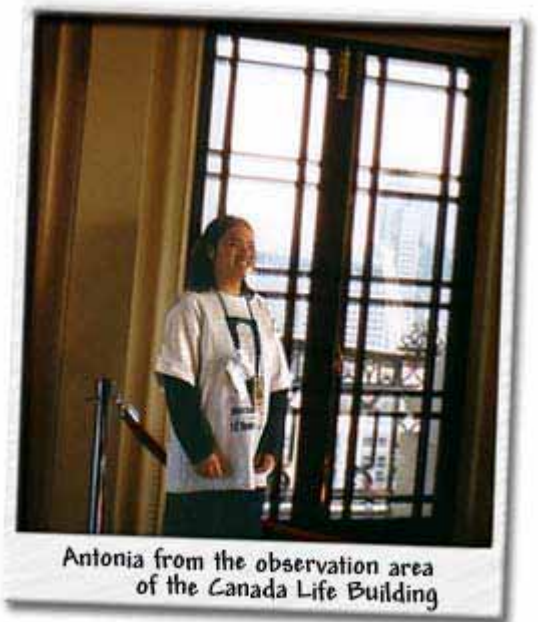
Before I knew it, time had passed and it was the day of "Doors Open Toronto". So, on a sunny spring Saturday in May, I was set to begin. Dressed in my blue and white volunteer shirt with my volunteer name tag hanging around my neck, I boarded the subway to my assigned location. On the way, I quickly re-read the information sheet about the location I was assigned to: "At 17 stories and 280 feet, it was the tallest building on University Avenue at the time", I read from the list of facts, trying to remember as much as I could about the building.

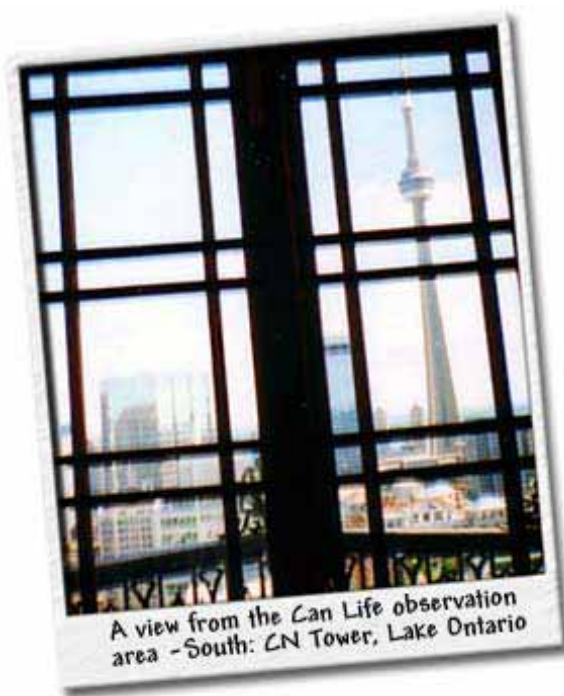
Arriving early at the location, I decided to have a look around my assigned location. From the outside, I looked up to see the lighted weather beacon forecasting the clear weather of the day. Inside, I noticed the beautiful Roman columns and high ceilings that flanked the entranceway.

Seeing a short lineup for the elevator ride, I decided to take the elevator to the enclosed observation area on the top floor. Looking out the floor to ceiling windows seventeen stories above the city, I could see the CN Tower, with Lake Ontario in the background from one side, and the giant buildings towering over the downtown core of the city from another. On the ceiling of the observation area was a giant chandelier high above. Slowly, the sun began to shine through the clouds and a slight breeze blew through the open windows, creating the perfect viewing conditions for the day.

Heading back downstairs, I went to the area where there was a movie presentation about the building. People sat in the room with their eyes glued to the screen. Through a series of short clips, the movie depicted life during the early days of life in Toronto and told about the history of the building's construction. In the same room, there were display areas where people could walk around and look at the artifacts taken from the original offices.

When it was time for my shift at the Canada Life Building in the afternoon, I stood in front of the giant mahogany doors behind the iron gates.





"Hello. Welcome. Straight ahead to the elevators; turn to the right for the movie presentation about the building," I said politely to the crowds approaching the door. I stood in the doorway holding the door open for the visitors, from babies in carriages to seniors in walkers, from people who were familiar with Toronto, to foreign travellers. People of all ages, cultures and backgrounds came through the doors. It seemed as though everyone wanted to participate in the Doors Open experience!

"Can such an insignificant gesture as opening the door and greeting people make a difference in the city?" I wondered.

Just when I thought I was about to give up, more crowds continued to trickle through the doors, asking questions such as "When was this building built?", "Where can I find more information about Doors Open?", "What are some of the other Doors Open Toronto buildings located around here?", "What can I do when I go inside the building?", "Why is it called the Canada Life Assurance Company Building and not the Canada Life Insurance Company Building?", "What do the different coloured lights on the weather indicator mean?", etc., the visitors were

eager to learn!

Suddenly, a limousine pulled up at the front door, and a huge crowd of people emerged. One by one, women in fancy dresses climbed out of the car, followed by men in tuxedos. A photographer climbed out last, draped with photography equipment, and proceeded to set up in front of the building. Posing for the camera, the bride, groom and the rest of the wedding party stood in front of the Canada Life building, using it as a scenic background for their wedding photos. Some of the passers-by asked what was going on, as there was quite a commotion out front. I told them about the Doors Open event and proceeded to guide the crowds past the wedding party and into the building. Despite the commotion in front of the building, the crowds were even more eager to tour the Canada Life building.

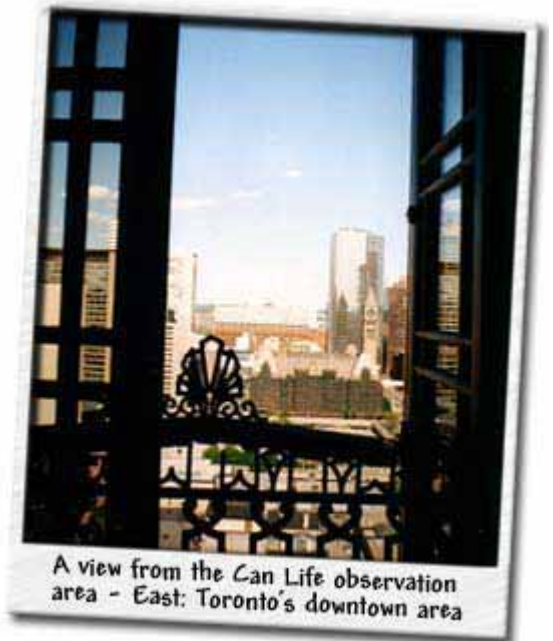
Before I knew it, the day was over as quickly as it began. Sadly, it was time to turn away people who wanted to enter the building. As the last group of people left, I was left in awe as to the impressive turnout of the amount of people who visited the Canada Life building today. "2000 people came to the building today," I heard one of the other volunteers mention.

With the crowds gone, I took one last final elevator ride to the top of the building and had a "private tour" with the group of volunteers who were also working on the building that day. "Click." With my camera I captured the memories of the day in this majestic landmark.

As I look back on that sunny day in May, I look at the photographs laid out on my desk and see magnificent scenes of Toronto. I close my eyes and imagine closing the giant mahogany doors on the travels of the day, hoping to re-open them again another year, with a "hello" at the door...

1 Cruz, Antonia. "Poetry Palette: Toronto Travels." The Voice Magazine. 5 May 2004.

2 Doors Open Toronto. May 2004 - <http://www.doorsopen.org>





Searching for Internships

Lonita Fraser

LifeTime Media, Inc. - PR and Marketing Intern

Job Location: New York - New York, NY, United States

Job Description: We have a wonderful opportunity for the right candidate to join our team as a Marketing and PR intern for immediately or during the spring semester. You will be trained for a variety of special projects including:

- Announcing and publicizing our 10th anniversary and the relaunch of the company
- Marketing and PR for each of our books--published books and upcoming books
- Learning to create marketing and promotional plans for books
- Conceiving and organizing PR events that tie into book topics, which can then be linked to specific books
- Assisting in the creation of a platform and mission statement, a BRAND for the company
- Seeking out new and alternative sales channels

In our small office you will be exposed to and have a say in a broad range of projects. You will report directly to president of the company.

Job Requirements: Organized, impeccable with details, strong verbal and written skills; excellent phone manner; former PR or sales/ marketing experience, or book publishing background or strong interest is a plus; college senior or recent grad preferred.

How To Apply: e-mail: jobs@lifetimemedia.com

Contact Information: Jacqueline Varoli Grace, President, LifeTime Media, Inc., 352 Seventh Avenue, New York, NY, United States 10001. Phone: (212)-631-7524. FAX: (212) 631-7529

Fishnet NewMedia - NewMedia Designer Intern

Job Location: Cape Cod - Sagamore Beach, MA, United States

Job Description: Individuals selected for the internship program will have the opportunity to work closely with our current staff in a challenging and upbeat professional environment. Candidates for the NewMedia Designer internship MUST have a portfolio and have expert knowledge of Photoshop and HTML. A degree in Art and/or Design is preferred. Production experience using Illustrator, Flash, Quark/PageMaker, CGI, JavaScript, etc., will be a plus. Strong interpersonal and communications skills required. All internships positions are full-time - Monday thru Friday. Candidates should contact us via our Web site only (no phone calls, please).

How To Apply: To be considered for an internship complete the following online application. Only candidates selected for interviews will be contacted.

Contact Information: S. Morlock, Fishnet NewMedia, 180 State Road, Suite 3U, Sagamore Beach, MA, United States 02562 - WWW: <http://www.ahoy.com>

Fishnet NewMedia - Marketing/PR Assistant Intern

Job Location: Cape Cod - Sagamore Beach, MA, United States

Job Description: Individuals selected for the internship program will have the opportunity to work closely with our current staff in a challenging and upbeat professional environment. Candidates for the Marketing/PR Assistance internship must have strong writing and communication skills, expert knowledge of the Web, keen research skills, and a creative mind. Strong interpersonal and communications skills required. All internships positions are full-time - Monday thru Friday. Candidates should contact us via our Web site only (no phone calls, please).

How To Apply: See above

Contact Information: See above

SCHOLARSHIPS & AWARDS

SPECIAL AWARD FOR NORTHERN RESIDENTS

Award Amount: \$2500

Deadline: January 31

Notes: Offered to long-time residents of the Canadian North requiring financial assistance. Application forms and further information may be obtained from the ACUNS Web site.

Contact Information:

Association of Canadian Universities for Northern Studies
405 -17 York Street
Ottawa, Ontario K1N 9J6

Phone: (613) 562-0515

Fax: (613) 562-0533

Toll Free: n/s

Web Site: <http://www.cyberus.ca/~acuns/EN/awards.html>

E-mail: acuns@cyberus.ca

ENERGY AMBASSADORS - STUDENT COMPETITION

Award Amount: \$1000

Deadline: January 16

Notes: Open to undergraduate students who are in full or part-time attendance at an accredited post-secondary institution in Canada for at least six months between September 2003 and January 16, 2005. 20 students will be chosen from across Canada. Students or teams of students must write a summary of a scholastic project that had energy efficiency or reduced energy use as its theme. Please see Web site for more information.

Contact Information:

Office Of Energy Efficiency
Natural Resources Canada
580 Booth St. 18th floor
Ottawa, Ontario K1A 0E4

Phone: 613-943-8058

Fax: 866-375-7453

Toll Free: 866-333-3970

Web Site: <http://energyambassadors.nrcan.gc.ca>

E-mail: ambassadors.ambassadeurs@nrcan.gc.ca

MENSA CANADA SCHOLARSHIP PROGRAMME

Award Amount: \$1000

Deadline: January 31

Notes: Awarded to students enrolled full-time in a Canadian post-secondary institution on January 31, 2005. Candidates must write a 250-word essay, in English or French, describing their career plans, goals and the means undertaken to reach them. Applications are accepted only by email. Please consult the Web site for details.

Contact Information:

Mensa Canada Scholarship Programme

Web Site: <http://www.mensacanada.ca>

Application Address: <http://www.mensacanada.ca>



CALL FOR PAPERS - Urban and Rural Flows and Counterflows

February 10-12, 2005

Splendid Isolation: Urban and Rural Flows and Counterflows in Electronic Music and Related Media

Berlin, Germany

Held in conjunction with club transmediale.05

"The relationship between communication technologies and the city has been a long and complicated one, where the density of communicative activity has often been taken as defining characteristic of urban life. By contrast, rural areas have been idealized and marked by the relative absence of these technologies, a perception which tends to obscure the social and spatial consequences of communication technologies in rural areas. Out of this dichotomous set of associations has emerged a constellation of forces, ideas, images and experiences which have defined both the city and rural zones in unique and singular ways.

The history of art and music bears many traces of this productive tension, in which being immersed in city life and rural hermitage act as polar opposites. Popular music has been identified with contrapuntal movements that fluctuate between the celebration and derogation of both the rural and the urban. Within this interplay, various technologies, in particular electronic communication, have provided the principle forms of mediation between urban and rural areas, bridging and binding people and places in multiple ways and creating new hybrid territories situated within a shared mediasphere. In this context, the challenges of cultural production in and between rural and urban regions continue to be inflected by the specific demands of electronic/digital production, distribution and consumption.

This conference intends to address topics relating to the many debates and discourses produced by the intersection of cultural production, electronic arts/media, and social relations in urban and rural settings. We encourage artists, practitioners, journalists, writers and academics to participate in what promises to be provocative conference. In keeping with the overall themes of transmediale and club transmediale [BASICS], which investigate the aesthetic and ethical foundations of a hyper-potential culture, papers should address, but need not be restricted to, the following frameworks:

- * (Exo/Endo)Polis: electronic music, urban/ruraldynamics, and cultural politics
- * Refashioning Networks: circuits, nodes, communities, scenes and subcultures and extended milieu
- * Mediations: the rural/urban digital nexus, imagining/ representing nature in the city/the city in nature; electronic music and the experience of nature
- * Counterflows: fluctuating movements between urban and rural music subcultures
- * The Best of Both worlds: bridging the urban/rural divide
- * Splendid Isolation: productivity between seclusion, media networking and boredom; sound cultures beyond the major metropolises
- * Perforating the Mainstream: marketing the margin
- * Opposing Urbanity: f(r)actions of rural subcultures in the metropolis
- * The City and Its Other: critiques from the centre and periphery, speaking from and to rural and urban perspectives"

Abstracts should be no longer than 250 words and are due by November 15, 2004. Panel proposals are also welcome. Please submit them to: conference@transmediale.de

MEPHISTOS

March 5-6, 2005

Providence, Rhode Island USA

<http://www.brown.edu/Students/Mephistos/>

Mephistos is an international graduate student conference in the History, Philosophy, and Sociology of Science, Technology and Medicine. The purpose of the conference is to stimulate open discussion among graduate students. The graduate community at Brown University, in association with the Committee on Science & Technology Studies, is proud to host the twenty-third annual edition of the event.

4TH ANNUAL NATIONAL PEER SUPPORT CONFERENCE

Details to follow...

Jan 14 - 16/2005

Provided by Lonita Fraser

2005 Hawaii International Conference on Arts and Humanities Honolulu, Hawaii USA

Jan 13 - 16/2005

Contact: Attn. Andrew Burge, 2005 Hawaii International Conference on Arts and Humanities
PO Box 75036, Honolulu, HI 96836 USA
<http://www.hichumanities.org/> humanities@hichumanities.org

The 3rd Annual Hawaii International Conference on Arts and Humanities will be held from January 13 (Tuesday) to January 16 (Friday), 2005 at the Sheraton Waikiki Hotel in Honolulu, Hawaii. The 2005 Hawaii International Conference on Arts and Humanities will be the gathering place for academicians and professionals from the arts and humanities related fields from all over the world.

The main goal of the 2005 Hawaii International Conference on Arts and Humanities is to provide an opportunity for academicians and professionals from various arts and humanities related fields from all over the world to come together and learn from each other. An additional goal of the conference is to provide a place for academicians and professionals with cross-disciplinary interests related to arts and humanities to meet and interact with members inside and outside their own particular disciplines.

Topic Areas (All Areas of Arts and Humanities are Invited)

American Studies, Archeology, Architecture, Art, Art History, Dance, English, Ethnic Studies, Film, History, Landscape Architecture, Languages, Literature, Linguistics, Music, Performing Arts, Philosophy, Religion, Second Language Studies, Speech/Communication, Theatre, Visual Arts, Other Areas of Arts and Humanities, Cross-disciplinary areas of the above related to each other or other areas.

Contributed By AU's *The Insider*

- **iCORE (Informatics Circle of Research Excellence) Summit - Aug. 2005 -Banff.**
The second annual iCORE Banff Informatics Summit will bring together leading information and communications technology (ICT) researchers for three days. The field of informatics encompasses computer science, electrical and computer engineering, physics and mathematics. (403) 210-5335. <http://www.icore.ca/>.
- **Sheldon Chumir Foundation for Ethics in Leadership Symposium - Oct. or Nov. 2005, Calgary.**
The Chumir Foundation promotes an active, involved citizenry and principled leadership. (403) 244-6666. <http://www.chumirethicsfoundation.ca/>.
- **InfraEDUCA 2004 - June 25-27 - Pragati Maidan, New Delhi -** The exhibition will be synergetic platform showcasing recent developments in Basic & Primary Education, Higher Education, Coaching Institutes, Specialized Courses, Vocational Training & Career Prospects, Distance Learning Systems, International Universities and Programs, E-Learning Tools and Educational Kits, Computer Education, Government Schemes and Programs etc. Details: <http://www.friendzexhibitions.com/infraeduca2004/index.htm>.
- **PISTA '04 - July 21-25 - Orlando, Florida -** Information and Communication Technologies (ICT) are transforming our societies, therefore papers about research results, solutions and problems of the applications of ICT in Politics and Society are highly encouraged. Details: <http://www.confinf.org/Pista04/website/default.asp>
- **EDUTEX Bangladesh 2004 - July 28 - 30 - Dhaka, Bangladesh.** EDUTEX Bangladesh 2004 is the platform for you to promote your Institutions and services and to recruit students in Bangladesh. Details: <http://www.expam.com/bangladesh/>

Know of a conference that is not on this list? Contact voice@ausu.org with the details and we'll list it in Conference Connections.

classifieds

Classifieds are free for AU students! Contact voice@ausu.org for more information.

Adventure! Teach English Worldwide. Get TESOL Certified in 5-days. Study In-class, Online or by Correspondence. Travel & Earn \$\$\$\$ Job Guarantee. Find out more at globaltesol.com or 1-888-270-2941

AU BUSINESS STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION (AUBSA) NOW ONLINE! The AU Business Students' Association website is now online at <http://www.ausu.org/clubs/aubsa/index.php>. If you are an AU business student, or a student with an interest in business, this club is for you! Contact aubsa@ausu.org for more information. It's free to join!

THE VOICE

2nd Floor, 10030-107th Street, Edmonton, AB T5J 3E4 -- Ph: 800.788.9041 ext. 2905 - Fax: 780.497.7003 attn: Voice Editor

Publisher Athabasca University Students' Union

Editor In Chief Tamra Ross Low

News Contributors Lonita Fraser, Shannon Maguire, Zil-E-Huma Lodhi

Regular Columnists: Debbie Jabbour, Karl Low, Laura Seymour, Amanda Lyn Baldwin, Hazel Anaka, Larry Seymour, Bill Pollett, Barbara Godin

Contributors to listings columns: Zil-E-Huma Lodhi, Shannon Maguire, Lonita Fraser

THE VOICE ONLINE: WWW.AUSU.ORG/VOICE

The Voice is published every Wednesday in html and pdf format

Contact *The Voice* at: VOICE@AUSU.ORG

To receive a weekly email announcing each issue, see the 'subscribe' link on *The Voice* front page. *The Voice* does not share its subscriber list
Special thanks to Athabasca University's *The Insider* for its contributions

© 2004 by The Voice