





Him on the Inside of Me

What is the gender of knowledge?

Who am I? Can we ever know?

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and much more...

Volume 14 Issue 5

Plus: Poetry fiction feature



February 10, 2006 - Volume 14, Issue 05

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR CLASSIFIEDS



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

[b][i]RE: The Value of Discussion, v14i4[ei][eb]

I really enjoyed the recent article by Rebecca Brewer, "The Value of Discussion at Athabasca University." She makes a valid point, one that I had not really thought about, but now I realize that I have been missing out, too. AUSU should post a survey, and possibly take this issue to AU, in my opinion. I have had study buddies that are in the same boat as her, living overseas and the time difference not allowing any tutor contact besides email, which can be very frustrating. Thank you Rebecca for bringing this issue to light.

Andrea in Alberta

[b][i]Hi Andrea. This is a good point. One thing you should know is that we've had a few students comment about the difficulty of contacting a tutor during regular hours when they live overseas. It's a difficult issue to address, but perhaps more online asynchronous communications tools would address this. I know the university is experimenting with some new software, and we hope it will address this issue and provide more of a community environment, while preserving the option to work in isolation for the many students who prefer that and choose AU for this reason. [ei][eb]

THE VOICE MAGAZINE

1200 10011 109th Street Edmonton, AB T5J 3S8 800.788.9041 ext. 2905

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THE VOICE ONLINE: WWW.AUSU.ORG/VOICE

The Voice is published every Friday 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

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

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Who am I?

For centuries, philosophers have debated the definitions of various objects. Take trees, for instance. Plato believed in an ideal tree. All other trees attempted to imitate the ideal tree (thereby unifying the concept of a tree). Later era philosophers argued that the concept of a tree is a composite of all the trees we have ever encountered. Either way, it is easy to see why the idea becomes such a moot problem. How exactly do we know a tree is a tree, even though it is individualized from every other tree we have seen? Clearly, we don't think twice about whether or not a Brachychiton, native to Australia, is actually a tree, even if we have never seen one before. Particularly when inter-species trees differ in almost every physical aspect. What are the defining characteristics that distinguish trees from say large plants (for example, banana trees aren't actually trees), humans, or insects? Indeed, we can't even say that trees don't move from location to location, because there are the famous walking palms of Peru that defy this restriction, displacing themselves about a foot every five years.

While the solution (if one exists) to the question about trees may not impact our lives, the implications extend to a question that is, arguably, far more disgruntling. The question being, "Do you know who you are?" Likewise, "What makes you *you*?" The answer may seem obvious, like the one about trees, but it is infinitely more complex.

You can start out by saying, "I am me," meaning "I am Pam." This response implies that your identity is associated primarily with your name. Certainly, especially in literature, names become important symbols that associate personalities to individuals. But this brings on the question, "Would you be an entirely different person if you were given another name?" What about people who change their names? Do they become entirely different people? The same problem arises with roles. Once I cease being a student, am I a whole different Pam? Symbolic identity is not quite the same as identity.

Associating your identity with your physical being won't do the trick either. To put it into perspective, my sister-in-law recently said that her new year's resolution was to lose weight so that, "there would be less of her around." While literally this statement is true, it doesn't mean that some part of her has disappeared, that there's less of who she really is.

Most people agree that there is a fundamental identity that remains the same as we grow-up, despite changing attitudes, opinions, and gaining in knowledge and experience. There is something "deeper" and "at the core" that distinguishes you from every other person. It is something making you truly unique. Our personalities and qualities are manifestations of who we really are, but it is not what defines us. Unfortunately, such an explanation leaves us more baffled than before, because then what is there that we can describe ourselves by, if not by personality traits, attitudes, or actions? What is there that causes all these reactions to be emitted from within? Who knows? Pam certainly doesn't.

A dear friend of mine once, in the midst of questioning his existence, claimed that he was sorely affected by people's opinions of him because these opinions determined who he was. It didn't matter what he thought of himself, because if no one else believed it, it became null. His disturbing conclusion was that he didn't really exist as an individual. Instead, he was but a composite of other people's opinions based on his personality traits, attitudes, and actions. While I disagree with him entirely, that there has to be something else to a person that defines them, I have still been unable to find that "else." Much like Berkeley's "ideal" world, this argument is difficult to dispute. And it has certainly left me as baffled as ever as to discovering who I am.

God's claim, "I am who I am" suddenly takes on a whole new meaning. Do you know who you are?

The Gap Widens



If you want to catch a glimpse of what he future may look like, you could do a lot worse than spending a few hours wandering around downtown Vancouver on a Friday night. Walk up the line of haute couture

chain stores called Robson Street, for instance, and see the wealthy twenty-somethings carrying shopping bags filled with two-hundred dollar blue jeans. Listen to the beeping of Blackberries and the sound of *50 Cent* ring tones. Each designer store doorway is a little stream of wealth emptying out into the great river of bling rolling up and down the sidewalk.

A few blocks away on Granville, you can see the homeless runaway kids, burnt out of meth, huddled in doorways. You can see the schizophrenics staggering around with transistor radios propped to the front of their shopping carts, the drunks staggering out into the street oblivious of the buses bearing down on them, and the after work partiers lining up outside the Roxy and the Yale.

A little further east, a little further north, you can see the truly damned lying face first in the gutter, waiting for the end of the night, the end of the world, to come rolling over on top of them. There are prostitutes who won't live to see their fourteenth birthdays getting into the font seats of sports utilities being driven by suburban marketing reps. There are rooming houses filled with the sick and the dying and the invisible shivering underneath thin, filthy blankets.

A few years from now, this city of immense contrasts will host the 2010 Winter Olympic Games. The local newspapers and phone-in radio shows are all a-buzz with the news that, due to escalating construction costs, the budget for the games has risen from an estimated 470 million to a new estimate of approximately 520 million. We are being told by the organizers that there was no way to predict this upturn in costs. We are told that there will be a rich legacy of new sporting facilities for the city.

When this happens, many of the people who are now living in these cockroach infested rooming houses will be dead. Many of the ones who have replaced them in their bug-infested beds will be turned out onto the streets to make way for the tourists. A handful of the young and wealthy will have world class skating facilities. The gap widens, and life goes on.

How'd I'd feed my family widout picklin' 'n' cannin' I just don't know.

Tell me about it! My last batch was a full dozen. I nurses 'em 'til I passes out backwards. Then I eats. Then I nurses 'em agin. It's only bin the last coupla days they's slept long enough fer me to git out fer a bit.



A dozen! My land! I've had four hunnnerd seventysix o' the little gubbers but not one batch bigger 'n' ten!

You must be worn to a snot! yesterday young Norbert come home with tears in 'eez eyes. Turns out some fulle at school called 'een

way it is. Why just

Naw. The little sprouts

keeps me young. I fears fer 'em, though, world the

> some fuller at school called 'eem the "n" word.



Oh, them eyes! Them precious, lovin' little eyes! Ain't that the wisdom o' the ages, though? How kin anybody look into them eyes 'n' ever afterwards <u>bring '</u>emselves to say the "n" word?



Poetry by....

Gregory Ryan

Apocalyptic Vision

A dream yields an essence of the past.

Prostrate before altars where no one worships

lays the Deity of Man.

This place belongs to a generation forged in furnaces that technology built, then deconstructed for a better purpose—

the end of a man

hides between the pages of a desiccated book about sex, love pain and mystery.

This the vision;

this the future;

this the end.

Elizabeth

Elizabeth telephones to ask how I'm doing so far. It's a gift to be in the beam of Elizabeth's interest. There's something loving in her way with words.

We walk a remember when trail.

Elizabeth invites me in, she understands.

Her prayer is a spiritual renaissance touching my spirit:

It breaks free, soars into a sunlit sky where broken-nes passes between us.

Him on the Inside of Me: On Being Bisexual in the Academic Classroom *Carole Trainor*

They want me to come to their classrooms and talk ideas about men and women as though I absolutely were one -- the right one (I better be the right one). They want me to behave like I'm on the other side of the world from his eyes -- eyes that gaze onto me; eyes that are always two inches away from my face looking onto me like I was something he could never be. But, I know those eyes. They are no different from my eyes. And, he is no more the criminal than me for his looking. But, here is my crime: one day I will walk behind those eyes and tell them "maybe I am him in this moment, and maybe he is me." And, suddenly, I am banished by both him and her. Suddenly, I am public enemy to them all.

They say that no one's saying it, but everyone is saying it. Their glances and their silences are the way they write it down. It's in their talk, their texts, and their classroom conversations. Somebody is in 'the know.' Somebody is on the wrong side. Who are their deep and heartfelt, sweet as berries, smiles for? Not for the wrong kind. Not for the kind that love in clumps.

Who do academic ideas belong to? Are they his? Are they hers? What man stands apart from the minds of the academic women when his mind has joined in true communion? Is it his coin now, or is it hers? Somewhere there are children and their pockets are full of coins, but their mothers have died in poverty. Whose coins line the pockets of our children now? Our children, who sit in deep and righteous judgement looking for the wrong kind of human, who is bound to steal their precious coins.

Somewhere there is a young girl memorizing her fathers words as though she were a tiny him (Is she not a tiny him?).

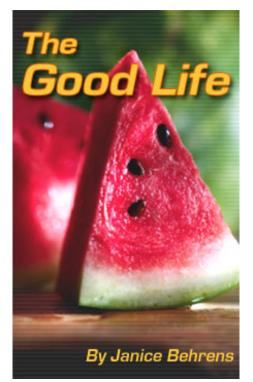
Big ideas belong to him who grabs them first and claims them for his own. She will need to stake claim to ideas that are big like his, but let them come from her mind, not his. He will grab them and make them his own. He will try to sell them like they are tomatoes in the marketplace.

All shoes are shined, pants and skirts are creased, confidence has been got, but something is ripping at the tissues of someone's insides. They are looking for him on the inside of me. Nobody is looking for me on the inside of him.

Our schools were conceived like babies through the separation of him from her. His power comes from the cock and it gives him steady work in the marketplace. Her power comes from getting some of that power away from him. It's a bad cock, and it has no nerve endings so you can grab it like a big stick and use it to do good things with.

Her eyes are my prison. They demand I stay outside of his own internal tissue and fight for what is right. I am wrong if I am not right. His eyes are my prison. He would rather watch over me than set me free. Her eyes are my prison. She would rather do the same. I am a tiny little sparrow. Together they will help keep the hemispheres apart.

How do I tell them in three minutes or less? How do I take apart the hemispheres of my mind so I can stand outside of one to look at the other? How do I decide who has the worst of me and who has the best of me when each of them knows I am neither a fool nor liar? When do each of them know they have but all of me all of the time when I am not being forced to tell half the truth half of the time depending on which side of him or her I sit when I am in the classroom of those who hold firm to their place in the market.



Sweet Mystery of Life

In the story entitled "The Final Problem," Sir Arthur Conan Doyle tried to put an end to his most famous fictional creation by having Sherlock Holmes plunge to his death from the top of the Reichenbach Falls, locked in a deadly embrace with his nemesis, the evil Professor Moriarty. The massive public outcry that followed this storyline was enough though to cause Conan Doyle to reconsider this end. He chose to bring Holmes back soon afterwards in the story entitled "The Adventure of the Empty House." To this day, the image of Holmes with his pipe, his eccentricities, and his deer-stalker hat, remain iconical pop culture images. And, as most everybody knows, Agatha Christie's delightful murder mystery play *The Mousetrap* holds the record for the longest unbroken run of any theatrical show. What these clues point to, my dear Watson, is the undeniable popularity of the mystery genre.

Over the course of the past fifteen years or so, there have been plenty of signs pointing to the onset of the aging process, including a trend towards ever-increasing dress sizes and a growing taste for easylistening music. Don't get me wrong; I can still cut loose on the dance floor if there is some good funk or blues playing. One of the most enjoyable aspects of aging though has been my steadily growing

appreciation for the quieter joys of a well-written mystery novel. There is just something so comfortably middle-aged about settling in for the night (or morning, or afternoon) with a box of chocolates and a good mystery novel. The other day, for instance, my daughter and I were seated side-by-side on the couch, with a blanket draped across us. I was reading P.D. James' *Devices and Desires* (2004) for the third or fourth time, while my daughter was reading the latest Lemony Snicket. It was pure bliss.

Although I had read the odd Agatha Christie and Dorothy L. Sayers book growing up, my love of mysteries hadn't really begun to develop until I was in my mid-thirties. I was on a road trip with my husband through the American southwest, when the tape player in our Subaru began eating all of our music tapes. We stopped at a used bookstore in Albuquerque to pick up some material to pass the time during the long hours of driving. The owner of the store recommended a book called *The Jim Chee Mysteries* (1990), written by Tony Hillerman, a more-or-less local writer. The mysteries are set on and around the Navajo reservation in New Mexico. The stories are filled with fascinating insights into Navajo spiritual practices, art, social etiquette, and culture. I was instantly hooked and have since borrowed from the library every one of Mr. Hillerman's books.

Part of my enjoyment derived from reading mystery novels lies in the details and atmosphere that surround the frequently formulaic unfolding of the plot. Conan Doyle's mysteries would be far less captivating if it weren't for the wonderful descriptions of Holmes' and Watson's Baker Street digs and the fog-filled streets of London. When reading the books, it is sometimes possible to almost smell the pipe tobacco hanging in the air and hear the sound of horses hooves clopping by outside.

The greatest benefit of mysteries though comes from matching wits with the writer, by solving the clues and guessing the culprit before it is spelled out for you. It's the same sort of enjoyment that comes from filling in crosswords and completing Soduko puzzles. In each of these forms, we are able to grapple, for a change, with problems that are ultimately solvable. Unlike the larger conundrums of life, we know that these smaller mysteries will ultimately be resolved. Perhaps that is why reading mysteries has become so much more enjoyable for me in recent years. Having had so much time to wrestle with the more challenging aspects of life, there is something very comforting about settling down with a problem that will be fully sorted out on or before the final page.

References

Doyle, S.A.C (1960). *Complete Sherlock Holmes*. Doubleday. Hillerman, T. (1990). *The Jim Chee Mysteries: Three Classic Hillerman Mysteries*. HarperCollins James, P.D. (2004). *Devices and Desires*. Vintage.

Mandy Gardner

ardner

Will Harpers' Health Scare Him into being Conservative toward the Planet?

Mandy Gardner

On January 26th of this year, our new Prime Minister sought precautionary treatment for a chest cold. Given his history of asthma, it is <u>reported</u> that he is susceptible to nasty lung ailments. This leads one to wonder: is this Conservative man capable of seeing the connection between environmental reform and his own health issues?

Harper himself has made the most obvious connection, stating in 2006, "We all have fairly serious concerns about the environment and about our health. In my personal case, we are talking about the contents of the atmosphere and I have been a lifelong sufferer from asthma. I am very concerned about my respiration and how this agreement (Kyoto) will affect my respiration." Obviously, we are now led by a man unimpressed with Kyoto protocols and other ideas put forth by traditionally 'green' parties. So what then, does Mr. Harper plan to do about the fact that Canada

is one of the world's biggest contributors (per person) of greenhouse gases? (The Independent Environmental Map of the World, 2006) What does Mr. Harper plan to do about the fact that these emissions are creating more and more cases of asthma each year?

It's difficult to say, given that the environment isn't one of the Conservative's key issues. How can the environment not be a key issue when our own land is melting under the greenhouse effect and distinctive Canadian wildlife is paying the price? Harper <u>says</u> the Conservative Party will "stand up for action to ensure clean air, land, and water" in communities, but makes no note of how it will be done. He has precious little time to spare, given the short lifespan of minority governments such as his. How does he propose to deal with these issues when he hasn't even got a plan? It sounds to me like an unsuitable man is leading our Parliament.

Yes, the Conservatives <u>state</u> they will "stand up for accountability, opportunity, security, families and communities," but that is simply not enough when the climate is already changing and affecting our lives. It's time for our Prime Minister to step up and see the truth staring him in the face. When you need a hospital check-up every time you've got a chest cold, isn't it obvious what needs to be a priority?

Reference

The Independent (2006). The Independent Environmental Map of the World.

AUSU THIS MONTH



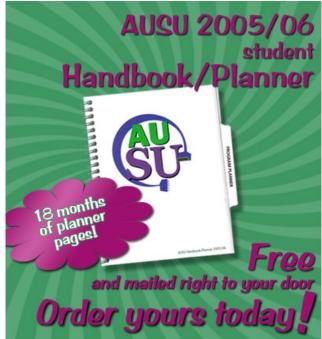
AUSU Election, Now Under Way

The 2006 AUSU election is now open, and members can expect to see campaign materials from candidates on this website and in our forums. Below is the candidate sheet, as approved by our Cheif Returning Officer, Bevan Iwaskow. Candidates will be invited to create campaign posters for you to view, and as they become available you'll be able to access them by clicking on each candidate's name. If the name is blue and underlined, then there is a poster ready for viewing. We hope you all turn out to vote this year, for the council that will provide student services through March 2008!

This year's candidates are: MacDonald McInnis - Calgary, AB Joy Krys - Edmonton, AB Jamie Czerwinski - Sherwood Park, AB Sarah Whaley - Surrey, BC Lisa Priebe - Calgary, AB Karl Low - Calgary, AB Tania Davies - Carlsbad, CA Alica Robichaud - Saint John, NB Zil-E-Huma Lodhi - Waterloo, ON Barbara Rielly - Westport, ON Megan McIntyre - Niagara Falls, ON Angele Gaudette - Sudbury, ON Real Beaulieu - Nepean, ON Peter Tretter - Greely, ON Lonita Fraser - Hamilton, ON

AUSU Course Evaluations

Would you like to know what students have thought of an AU course? If so, you are not alone. Many students find the input of their peers invaluable when selecting courses or a program of study. AU students may not have cafeterias and hallways in which to share this knowledge, but AUSU has provided an alternative: AUSU Course and Program Evaluation surveys. Accessible through the "Course Evaluations" link on the right side of the top bar of AUSU.org, these surveys ask a series of questions about AUSU courses and programs. Students may rate each course or program only once, to ensure the validity of the results, so you must be logged in to access a survey form. Anyone, however, may view the results. If you haven't already, please rate some courses you have taken so that others may benefit from your experience. Note: these surveys are not the ones that AU distributes with their course manuals. No AU staff or faculty member has access to the AUSU website, nor can they determine who has filled out a survey. Your anonymity is assured.





Dear Barb:

I just started a new job that I thoroughly enjoy. My dilemma is that I am attracted to a coworker. I work closely with this woman and I think she is also attracted to me. My problem is that she is married. She is quite flirtatious with me, which makes me wonder if she is happy in her marriage. My feelings are quite strong toward this woman and I would like to pursue a relationship with her. All my buddies are telling me to stay away from her, that I'm just asking for trouble. I'm not sure I want to let this go. Maybe we were meant to be together. Don't we have a right to find that out?

Brian - Manitoba

Thanks for writing Brian.

I understand your feelings of urgency, but I think you need to slow down. You said you just started this job, so I'm going to assume it's only been a few weeks or months.

To feel an attraction for someone you work with is not all that uncommon. ling a lot of time together and obviously working toward the same goals, but frequently that's

You are spending a lot of time together and obviously working toward the same goals, but frequently that's where the relationship ends.

You both need to set some boundaries. Brian, you have to consider the fact that this woman is married. If this were to progress beyond a work relationship it will affect more than just the two of you. Think about this woman's husband and the families of both parties that would be affected if this marriage were to breakdown. You did not mention if there are children involved.

You said she is flirtatious. How do you know that she is not just a person who flirts as part of her nature? Some people do this, but it is harmless fun and they have no further intent but to flirt.

I think you need to put this into perceptive and pull back a bit from this situation. If you are unable to do this, perhaps consider transferring to another department in the company.

On the other hand, if this woman were to separate from her husband and you feel a mutual attraction, then go for it!

I'm sure you probably don't like this advice. Good luck Brian. As you know, ultimately the choice is yours.

Problems with your boyfriend/girlfriend, family member or friend? Send in those questions!!! Maybe your question could help someone else resolve a dilemma in their life.

E-mail your questions to <u>advice.voice@ausu.org</u>. 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.



Ве Му...

Be my fugu chef, my chief of staff. Be my Druid priestess, my crime scene specialist. Be my evil genius in torn black stockings, my comic opera heroine, my seventeen function wristwatch. Be my Sasquatch. Be an undercover reporter, the one who discovers my hidden superpowers. Be my Hound of the Baskervilles, howling on the moors. Be my Boy Scout campfire smores. Be my trailer park tornado. Be my ripe tomato. Be my garlic clove, my bright red rose. Be my Afghan black hash, my hidden sorrow, my bottomless lake. Be my financier, my legal tort, my diplomat cake. Be my Philby, my Sasha, my mole. Be my Black Adder, my Mad Hatter. Be my star-kitten, my thunderbunny, my cherry-bomb. Be my oxygen tent, my silver Be my Guy Fawkes, my Europop diva. Be my election bullet. promise, my magnum opus, my scientific experiment gone horribly awry. Be my looking glass tie. Be my muse, my wet dream, my tinpot dictator. Be my Moriarty, my homecoming party. Be my jazz funeral. Be my morality play, my ghazal. Be my Sanskrit phrasebook, my scratchy Leonard Cohen album. Be my Tokyo Rose, my Typhoid Mary. Be my Ben and Jerry's. Be my midnight steel guitar, my doppelganger, my crepe-Suzette. Be my Beowulf, my Swedish twins, my seven deadly sins. Be my voice in the wilderness, my fifteen minutes of fame. Be my familiar. Be my Martha Stewart, my Calamity Jane. Be my back-alley-knee-trembler, my fallen

angel. Be my Gorgonzola, my holy roller. Be my *boulevardier sans pareil*. Be my assassin, be my gospel choir. Be my Penthouse pet. Be my seventy-six duster, my six pack of Pil. Be my Rolls Royce with chrome plated grill. Be my transformer, my shot of tequila south of the border. Be my Russian princess in robes of velvet. Be my Elvis. Be my Knickerbocker sundae, my payday, my snow day. Be my dark continent, my fever dream, my gypsy queen. Be my PhD thesis, my Reeses' Pieces. Be my Machiavelli, my St. Teresa, my Boadicea, my power trio. Be my Scheherazade. Be my treasure map, my Bermuda triangle. Be my evidence of life on another planet. Be my magic lantern, my shadow puppet. Be my klezmer band, my Flying Dutchman. Be my second coming. Be my opium den, my swami, my friend. Be my Margaret Atwood, my Chrissie Hynde.

Just don't be, for Chrissake, my Valentine.

AU E-LETTERS UPDATE

AU launched the e-letters project on December 15 to enable undergrads to view registration, withdrawal, extension, exam and final grade letters online. The response to the program has been monitored by AU staff in these initial weeks.

The response rate so far has been high. Business Analyst Patricia Soluk reports that so far 6120 students have opted to receive e-letters, while 3080 have chosen to continue receiving their letters by postal mail. AU staff are also impressed with the new program as they note that this allows them to send out letters much more quickly and alert students to important changes immediately. However, AUSU notes that students must make certain they log in to MyAU regularly to check for letters if they wish to receive new information as soon as it is released. A primary benefit of this new program is that e-letters will be retained online so you can retrieve the information any time you need it without waiting to call the university during business hours.

AU hopes to convert more letters to e-letter format and to bring the graduate centers on board as well.



From Where I Sit

Hazel Anaka



Reader Response

Like for every writer before or after me, writing is a solitary pursuit.

Writers write for all kinds of reasons. In her book, entitled "The Right to Write: An Invitation and Initiation into the Writing Life" author Julia Cameron insists,

We should write because it is human nature to write. Writing claims our world. It makes it directly and specifically our own. We should write because writing is a powerful form of prayer and meditation ... because writing brings clarity and passion to the act of living ... because writing is sensual, experiential, grounding ... because writing is good for the soul ... because writing yields us a body of work, a felt path through the world we live in. (1999)

I think most writers eventually choose to share their writing with others. Some choose the published word. Others carefully handpick which trusted soul will see their first efforts.

Sometimes writers claim to picture a particular reader as they toil over the keyboard. Other equally successful writers insist they write strictly for themselves. I probably straddle the fence doing some of each.

That's why I am always surprised when I get reader feedback. Somehow, I forget that once the writing leaves my care and custody it's 'out there.' Being read, being clipped and saved, and being shared. It's truly humbling.

When people in my local community or beyond stop me and say how much they enjoy the column or a particular article -- I'm pleased. When they get specific and say it made them laugh, cry or think -- I'm touched. When readers take the time to write to my editors -- I'm impressed.

It looks like a clipping service is responsible for the appreciative thank you card and pin I received this week from the Provincial Director of the Terry Fox Foundation in Calgary. She referenced the column I wrote about Terry last September on the 25th anniversary of his run. The column appeared in The

Triangle newspaper.

It reminded me of those online readers of my column who wrote to Tamra after the pieces on Buddy's death and the growing problem of rudeness and incivility. It reminded me of the long letter from a lonely, elderly reader in Edmonton who saw my article on clutter in a Saskatchewan farm paper. It reminded me that my story on the vet shortage resulted in some, shall we say, 'animated' phone calls between some local vets and the Provincial Registrar. It reminded me of a small gift that I received from a CEO in Calgary after an article referenced his company. It reminded me of the cowardly, unsigned letter attacking my credibility that I received when my column first debuted in a local paper.

It reminded me that readers read what I write and filter it through their own understanding, experience and judgment. It reminded me that I can't (nor should I try to) please everyone. It reminded me that though there's no one here at the keyboard but me, many are out there finding value in my efforts. That's reason enough to go on, from where I sit.

Reference

Cameron, J. (1999). The Right to Write: An Invitation and Initiation into the Writing Life. Tarcher Press.

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TALK ABOUT CANADA SCHOLARSHIP QUIZ

Value: \$500 - \$5,000 Number of Awards: 61 Application Deadline: February 20

Description: For Canadians or permanent residents. Must be eligible to attend a post-secondary institution by September 2006 and participate in the online Talk About Canada Scholarship Quiz from January 23 - February 20. Must achieve perfect score on the quiz

Instructions: For further information, please visit the website posted below

Contact Information: Judy Anderson Program Manager / Directrice Operation Dialogue / Opération Dialogue Web Site: <u>www.operation-dialogue.com/index.html</u> Email Address : janderson@operation-dialogue.com

GM'S "DRIVEN TO SUCCEED" SCHOLARSHIP GIVEAWAY Value: \$2,000 Number of Awards: 5 Application Deadline: February 28

Description: GM is offering up a total of \$10,000 in awards, plus giving you the chance to score a new set of wheels for a whole lot less than you might think. So you could be one of 5 lucky winners and get \$2,000 with GM's "Driven To Succeed" Scholarship Giveaway!

Instructions: Click here for your chance to WIN \$2,000 in GM's "Driven To Succeed" Scholarship Giveaway: <u>http://www.studentawards.com/campaign/GM/landing.asp</u>

CANADIAN SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF RELIGION UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT ESSAY CONTEST

Value: 1st prize \$200; 2nd prize \$100 Number of Awards: 2 Application Deadline: April 18

Description: Must be enrolled in undergraduate studies at a Canadian university or college and submit 10-a 15 page essay on a topic related to religious studies. Essays may be assignments from a religious studies course.

Instructions: Letter from religious studies department required. For further information, please visit the website posted below

Contact Information: Canadian Society for the Study of Religion (CSSR) / Société canadienne pour l'étude de la religion (SCÉR)

Web Site: www.ccsr.ca/CSSR/index.htm

Voice Events Listings

On and off campus events worldwide

To list events in your area, e-mail voice@ausu.org with the word "events" in the subject line.

alberta

LIFE & TIMES OF THE MOTORCYCLE

Now until September 17, 2006 Wetaskiwin, AB - Reynolds-Alberta Museum 10:00 AM - 5:00 PM Adults \$9; Seniors \$7; Child \$5; Family \$25 under 6 is free - 1-800-661-4726 - <u>ram@gov.ab.ca</u> <u>http://www.reynoldsalbertamuseum.com</u> Visit 'Life and Times of the Motorcycle', an extraordinary exhibition featuring 150 of the most influential motorcycles in the past 100 years of motorcycling.

british columbia

12TH ANNUAL VICTORIA INDEPENDENT FILM & VIDEO FESTIVAL

January 27 to Feburary 05, 2006 - Victoria, BC Capitol 6 and Odeon Cineplex \$8.00 per film plus \$2.00 membership (one time purchase). Festival Box office located at 808 View Street, corner of Blanshard and View Sts. 250.389.0444 - <u>info@vifvf.com</u> - <u>http://www.vifvf.com</u>

SPRING THEATRE CLASSES

Feburary 06 to May 01, 2006 - Kelowna, BC Kelowna Actors Studio Ticket Prices Call venue (very reasonable) Kelowna Actors Studio 250-862-2867 info@kelownaactorsstudio.com http://www.KelownaActorsStudio.com

ontario

SCIENCE SATURDAYS WITH MCMASTER UNIVERSITY

January 22 to May 28, 2006 - Hamilton, ON 1:00 PM - 3:00 PM Hamilton Children's Museum

Adults - \$1.00 - Children - \$3.00

905-546-4848 childrensmuseum@hamilton.ca

McMaster University science students provide hands-on science activities for children and families. Venture Physics and

Let's Talk Science Team bring along "the phunky physics roller coaster" and other creative science demonstrations and

activities.

DATES: Saturday, January 22, 2006 Saturdays, February 5 & 12, 2006 Saturdays, March 12, 19 & 26, 2006 Saturdays, April 16 & 30

Saturdays, May 21 & 28, 2006

6 yrs and up

maritimes

ST. JOHN'S CIRCUS: GROUP PRACTICE

St Johns, NF - Tuesdays - Mun Athetics building - FREE <u>http://nick.wirelesszero.net/cgi-bin/juggling/YaBB.cgi</u> Everyone's a Star! Juggling, Unicycling, Magic, Clowning, Poi, Diabolo, Fire, and whatever YOUR skill(s) is! Tues At 7:00 PM - Thurs At 7:00 PM - Sat At 2:00 PM Sessions usually run about 3 hrs...

123 SENSE

St Johns, NF - Saturdays - 12:00 PM - 5:00 PM Eastern Edge Gallery, 72 Harbour Drive free entrance 709-739-1882 - <u>http://www.easternedge.ca</u> Jean Klimack (Winnipeg); Dave Yonge (B.C); Tania Lewis (NY/Newfoundland) These three artists present in different mediums (video, drawing and photography) odd senses of the everyday, urban myths and gentrification.

To list events in your area, e-mail voice@ausu.org with "events" in the subject line.



GEOLOGY FOR NON-GEOLOGISTS - HOUSTON

March 6, 2006 - March 9, 2006 - Houston, Texas, USA <u>http://www.peice.com/eventdetails.aspx?event=102400&ref=Allconferences&frfi=16734</u>

This popular four-day course will provide non-geologists with a practical understanding of the principles used by petroleum geologists in the search for oil and gas. The session will include both the scientific background and the practical applications of geology. The tools, techniques, and vocabulary of the petroleum geologist will be emphasized throughout the course. A complete set of course materials and lunches are included.

Delivery Method: Classroom Training Fee: \$ 1995 USD CEU: 3.2 Continuing Education Units PDH: 32 Professional Development Hours

NASS SPRING BREAK: BACK TO THE EVIDENCE

March 8, 2006 - March 11, 2006 - San Diego, CA, USA <u>http://www.spine.org/06SprgBrk.cfm</u>

NASS Spring Break will be a high-energy interactive meeting focusing on controversial and non-traditional topics. Look forward to interactive symposia and debate sessions. NASS Spring Break will provide physicians an opportunity to share current information and concepts relating to spinal problems in an open, interactive relaxed atmosphere.

ON-LINE METHODS IN CHILDREN'S LANGUAGE PROCESSING March 21, 2006 - March 22, 2006 - New York

Understanding how children process language, in real time, is necessary for building comprehensive theories about language acquisition. This workshop is the first scientific gathering specifically dedicated to a new field of research that explores such issues, experimental developmental psycholinguistics. This workshop provides a forum in which scholars from different areas of expertise (psycholinguistics, language acquisition, and cognitive neuroscience), particularly those interested in applying on-line methods to study children's language processing, will discuss how current and developing empirical approaches can inform about language processing mechanisms in children.

RISK MANAGEMENT CONFERENCE 2006

March 24, 2006 - March 26, 2006 - Mont Tremblant, Quebec <u>http://www.mfrc.mcgill.ca/?section=Conferences</u>

A conference fee will be charged to cover expenses (C\$250 for academics, C\$500 for practitioners and C\$100 for students). Presenters, discussants and chairs will be provided with free accommodation. Conference participants are responsible for their own travel and accommodation expenses. Conference participants are eligible to pay discounted hotel rates starting at C\$199 per night, for arrival on Thursday March 23rd and departure Sunday March 26th.

The conference will be held at the Fairmont Resort Hotel situated at the foot of <u>Mont Tremblant</u> in Quebec's Laurentians.



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



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

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1200, 10011 109th 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 Reference/copy editor Jo-An Christiansen News Contributors Lonita Fraser, Zil-E-Huma Lodhi

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The Voice is published every Friday in html and pdf format

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